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THE CITY COMPANIES.*

1. ENGLISH society may be said in one respect to resemble those who are instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven, and that is in constantly producing for our examination things new and old. Compared with the storm-tossed nations of Western Europe, our vessel has navigated the ocean of history under gentle gales. For eight centuries no wave of conquest has swept over us. For four centuries we have had hardly as many years of civil war. No sudden upheaval of the lower social strata has destroyed the surface with the goodly things that grow upon it. But simultaneously with this immunity from abrupt change and convulsion, and indeed as the prime cause of it, the hand of the reformer has never, during the four centuries to which I have referred, been idle amongst us. We have made at least as much progress, we have developed at least as high a civilization, as any of our neighbours. I am not going to dwell on the advantages of this gradual and steady method of admitting the growth of new ideas and adapting old arrangements to change of circumstances. I only now point out one effect of it, which is, that the old and the new stand side by side in singular companionship, and that in setting about the newest reforms we find ourselves engaged in examining the nature of social growths so old that their origin defies accurate analysis. The House of Lords throws out a new Franchise Bill, and we discuss what took place during the Barons' war. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council incurs obloquy about a new, or newly revived, ecclesiastical ceremonial, and the

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* When this paper was put into shape, there was published only one volume of the Blue Book; which contains the Reports and Memoranda of the Commissioners, and the Oral Enquiry. Where not otherwise specified, my references are to that vol. Quite lately two other vols., containing the returns made by the Companies, have been published, and I have been able to insert some matter from them. There are more to come, which will show in detail the state of the accounts and properties.

ancient relations of Church and State are straightway brought on the carpet. And the same thing happens with the subject of this paper.

2. In one of those skilful touches of graphic colour which lend beauty to all that Mr. Froude writes, he expresses the feeling with which in the year 1856 he regarded the London Guilds. I will quote a small portion, only adding that the whole is well worth reading for a view of the functions of the Guilds in the days of their vigour :—

> "The names and shadows linger about London of certain ancient societies, the members of which may still occasionally be seen in quaint gilt barges pursuing their now difficult way among the swarming steamers, when on certain days, the traditions concerning which are fast dying out of memory, the Fishmongers' Company, the Goldsmiths' Company, the Mercers' Company, make procession down the river for civic feastings at Greenwich or Blackwall. The stately tokens of ancient honour still belong to them, and the remnants of ancient wealth and patronage and power. Their charters, or such fragments of them as the mildew and the rats have spared, may still be read by curious antiquaries. But for what purpose they were called into being, what there was in these associations of common trades to surround with gilded insignia, and how they came to be possessed of broad lands and Church preferments, few people now care to think or inquire." *

3. So it seemed in 1856. Enquiries there had been, and by Royal Commissions too. But the City Companies as a rule disliked enquiry and resisted it; and because those who cared to think or enquire were few, resistance for the time was effectual. Even then, however, there were keen eyes seeking what was behind that pageantry which struck Mr. Froude as equally picturesque and hollow. There were Londoners moved by zeal for the public interest, and I may without invidiousness towards others mention Mr. James Beal as the foremost and most energetic among them, in whose minds the visible phenomena raised a serious practical question. They thought that vast funds—designed for the public benefit—were being wasted by their administrators in feasting and show, or being absorbed in payments to the administrators themselves. In their view the existence of the Companies was a public scandal, and an injury to Londoners in particular; and they called for the dissolution of the guilty bodies and the application of their property to civic purposes.

4. Others there were who, not seeing evidence on which to found any verdict of condemnation, still thought there was a very strong case for thorough public enquiry. They saw that the Companies were public bodies, originally charged with important public functions, still exercising some such functions, and holding possessions which had been handed down by their predecessors during long ages. There was at least a fair ground for thinking that property so situated was public property. For myself, I have now for many years advocated reforms of laws relating to charitable endowments, and amongst

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* Hist. of England, vol. i. p. 40.

others of endowments administered by the Companies. But with respect to their other possessions, I was fully conscious of my ignorance of the facts, and of the legal and other difficulties which, when known, they would be certain to raise. Therefore, in speaking to Londoners of the City Parochial Endowments and other funds wasted or misapplied, I have been careful to warn my hearers that of the Companies' funds not known to be the subjects of charitable trusts, I said nothing, except that there ought to be an enquiry. The distinction between the two classes of funds is, as will be seen, still necessary to insist upon.

5. Audiences willing to listen to discourses on the subject of endowments have very much increased of late years. Increasing knowledge is dispelling the dull fog of apathy. The incessant activity of Mr. Beal and his coadjutors, and the strong convictions expressed by them, told as the years ran on. The few who in 1856 cared to think and enquire became many. The diffusion of education, of the habits of reading and discussion, and of political power, brought fresh forces into operation. The movement in London for an efficient Local Government stimulated questions as to the proper relations between the Companies and the Municipality. After the election of 1880, it was seen that the time for an enquiry had come. A Royal Commission was issued, which, unlike the two former Commissions on Municipal Corporations, was directed to the special subject of enquiry and report upon the Companies. Those bodies have for the most part met the enquiry fully and fairly, though in several cases under protest. And the result is a Report containing information enough to supply grounds for judging what steps should next be taken.

6. The object of this paper is mainly to induce people to read the Report and to judge of its purport for themselves. They will not find it uninteresting; nor is it one of those which are destined to lie unused in pigeon-holes. But even for those who will read it, and still more for those who are unable to do so, it may prove useful to expound what is the extent and nature of the subject on which so much has been said, and to examine how far it is a proper one for legislative action. This I will endeavour to do in a dispassionate spirit, and as one who feels the real difficulties which surround the question. If I can help on the discussion, which there will be plenty who come after me to conduct to more definite issues, that must suffice for the present. Even that is not quite easy: especially as it is necessary to exhibit legal doctrines, and those doctrines not familiar to any large class of lawyers, in language that can be understanded of the people.

7. First, what are those bodies which have been known as guilds, mysteries, societies, fraternities, brotherhoods, liveried companies, and

by other names; and are now usually known by the name, which though not accurate I use here because it is common, of the City Companies. The description given in the Report of the Municipal Companies of 1834, ascribed to Sir Francis Palgrave, indicates most of their functions:—

> "The Companies were probably in their original conformation not so much trading societies as trade-societies instituted for the purpose of protecting the consumer or the employer against the incompetency or the fraud of the dealer or the artizan, and equally with the intent of securing a maintenance to the workman trained to the art, according to the notions of early times, by preventing his being undersold in a labour-market by an unlimited number of competitors. Furthermore, the Companies acted as domestic tribunals, adjudicating or rather arbitrating between master and man, and settling disputes: thus diminishing hostile litigation and promoting amity and good-will. They were also in the nature of benefit societies from which the workman, in return for the contributions which he had made when in health and vigour to the common stock of the guild, might be relieved in sickness or when disabled by the infirmities of age. This character speedily attracted donations for other charitable purposes from benevolent persons who could not find any better trustees than the ruling members of these communities, and hence arose the numerous charitable gifts and foundations now entrusted to their care. They also possessed the character of modern clubs. They were institutions in which individuals of the same class and families assembled in social intercourse."

8. To this must be added that offices of religion appear prominently amongst their objects. For instance, the Skinners had in the reign of Richard II. "been accustomed to hold one guild or fraternity to the honour of God and the precious Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to find and sustain two chaplains" to perform divine service for the souls of Richard's ancestors and of the members of the fraternity. They were then empowered to hold lands for the sustentation of the two chaplains and other works of piety. They appear subsequently to have borne the name, among others, of "The Master and Wardens, and Brethren and Sisters of the guild or fraternity of the Body of Christ of the Skinners of London."

9. Besides their relations towards the trades and towards their own members, the Companies formed part of the Municipal Government of London. It is probable that municipal governments of towns generally were developments of the guild system. It is certain that in London the guilds and the Municipality were closely related. The Report states that for a short time in the reign of Edward II. the craft guilds, the bodies now represented by the Companies, were substituted for the wards as the constituent parts of the Municipality. In former times money was raised in the City by precepts issued by the Corporation to the Companies, requiring a certain rate from each. Up to the year 1835 it was necessary before any one could obtain full citizenship, that he should become a member of some Company. Freemen of the Companies have still the right of being

admitted to the freedom of the City. The Court of Common Hall, which consists exclusively of liverymen of the Companies, still elects the Sheriffs of the City, its Chamberlain, its Bridgemaster, and its Auditors of Accounts. It practically elects the Lord Mayor, by presenting to the Court of Aldermen two persons of whom that Court chooses one. It was on these grounds that the Commission appointed to enquire into municipal corporations claimed to enquire into the affairs of the City Companies as being municipal corporations, but the claim was resisted as above mentioned.

10. The recent Report, signed by nine * Commissioners out of twelve, regards the Companies as having, about the end of the fourteenth century, become in effect a municipal committee of trade and manufactures, and as being, when incorporated, which happened not long afterwards, an institution in the nature of a State Department for the superintendence of the trades and manufactures of London.

11. It will conduce to a clearer conception of their position if I give a specimen of the powers which they assumed to exercise, and which the Crown assumed formally to confer upon them. A charter granted by Edward III. (A.D. 1827), to "our beloved men of our City of London called Skinners," states that "by the advice and assent of all men of the mystery aforesaid in the City dwelling," it had been ordained

> "That every fur should be after a certain manner or fashion (set out in the charter), and that no Skinner or Philippar should sell old furs other than those which are taken from vestments (as stated in the charter): for as much as of the old furs and capuches, as well the nobles as others of the community aforesaid, believing them to be new, whereas they are old, are by the same philippars often deceived; and that no skinner or philippar any fur, other than as old, for the cause before mentioned, by the streets and ways or the market in the said City, in no wise do carry about for sale."

The charter then approves the ordinance, and empowers the men of the mystery to assign honest and faithful men for enquiry in the City and suburbs, so that the Mayor might punish and chastise delinquents on their testimony, and that the offensive furs should be forfeited. It then goes on to give the men of the mystery similar power with respect to furs sold at fairs in Winchester, Stamford, Bury St. Edmunds, and other fairs within the realm. Similar powers with respect to other trades are given by various charters to other Companies. I don't know that there are any means of determining how far these powers, nominally so large, were workable or actually worked in practice; but that matter, however interesting, cannot be discussed here.†

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* Earl of Derby, Duke of Bedford, Viscount Sherbrooke, Lord Coleridge, Sir Sidney Waterlow, M.P., Messrs. Albert Pell, M.P., Walter H. James, M.P., Joseph F. B. Firth, M.P., Thomas Burt, M.P.

† There is evidence that in the reign of Henry VIII. the powers were corruptly exercised, which Mr. Froude considers to indicate a decay in honesty. But what was

13. Such were the characteristics of the Companies in their external and internal aspects. Externally they were a part of the municipal system; they exercised powers of control over the trades whose names they bear; and they played a useful part in administering gifts made for charitable or public purposes. Internally they promoted technical education by apprenticeship, they settled disputes between their members, they operated as benefit societies, they were clubs of a convivial character, and they maintained religious services. Before enquiring how far they have fallen away from their old position it will be better to get some idea of the number and magnitude of these institutions.

14. The Commissioners find that there are in existence seventy-four * Livery Companies, *i.e.*, Companies some of whose members are entitled to wear a peculiar dress; twelve great ones and sixty-two minor ones. There are two classes of members: liverymen who may wear the dress, and ordinary freemen or freewomen. The governing bodies or courts are self-elected, the members being chosen for life out of the ranks of the livery. There are upwards of 7,000 liverymen, and the number of freemen and freewomen is conjectured at 10,000. Their possessions, including halls and some other things which do not produce income, are estimated as worth from £750,000 to £800,000 a year, from which, however, large deductions have to be made for the purpose of discussing the propriety of legislation. The capital value, says the Report, cannot be less than fifteen millions sterling, likely to increase to twenty millions in the next twenty-five years by the falling-in of building leases.

15. Against this estimated income is set the sum of £200,000 a year, which is affected by specific trusts and is applied by the Companies accordingly. Another sum of £110,000 a year is set off as representing non-productive property and interest on debts, leaving £440,000 available income. Of this they are taken as saving £15,000, and actually spending £425,000. Their expenditure is classified thus:—

£150,000	in public or benevolent objects.
100,000	in banqueting.
175,000	in maintenance.
£425,000	

The item of "maintenance" requires further analysis. It is made up of three main constituents. First, salaries to officers amounting to £60,000; secondly, Court fees, or payments made to members of the governing bodies for attendances, amounting to £40,000; and

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the amount of pre-existing honesty? The furriers of the thirteenth century appear to have been ready to defraud their customers. Did the Skinners' Guild prevent that?

* Thirteen have become extinct since the report of 1884, and there are a few small Companies unliveried.

£75,000 for rates, taxes, repairs, and improvements. In this last sum the largest item is restoration and decoration of the Companies' halls, thirty-four in number.

16. It will be borne in mind that these sums are roughly, in some instances very roughly, calculated. But the Commissioners have leant to understatement rather than exaggeration. An ably written Dissent Report has been presented by Sir Richard Cross, Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, and Mr. Alderman Cotton, who has also signed an earnest protest. But I do not find that these opponents of the Report object to the calculations of which I have tried to give the effect briefly. Indeed, Mr. Alderman Cotton seems to consider that the income is larger than the Report allows. I think it may be taken that, whatever errors may be discovered hereafter, the figures now given afford sure ground for such discussions as arise now. Setting trust property aside, the corporate property in question may be considered as representing a present value of eleven millions of money, increasable in twenty-five years to at least fourteen.

17. I now return to the question, how far the character of the Companies, as disclosed by their charters, has been lost? The extent of their present connection with the Municipality has been stated. The religious element has wholly disappeared. Probably it was in many cases bound up with the practice of masses for the dead, which at the Reformation was deemed a superstitious practice, so that property devoted to maintain it was confiscated to the Crown. With regard to their convivial character and the assistance extended to their own members, it is probable that those objects are still regarded by them quite as fully as is either desirable or demanded by their original constitution. They also contribute substantially to objects of benevolence and general public utility. In all these respects, except so far as they differ in wealth, the Companies appear to stand on the same footing.

18. But with respect to the important question, how far their main characteristic, that of Trade Guilds, is preserved? there is a considerable difference between them. Connection with trades may exist in two ways: first, by the members of the Company being all or mostly of the trade whose name it bears; secondly, by the Company having functions to perform with regard to that trade. I suppose that nobody will deny that the original Trade Guilds were formed by the association of people of the same trade. But most of the City Companies must have included men of other trades many centuries ago. They have conferred their freedom, as of right, upon the descendants of their members, and upon apprentices of their members, quite irrespective of their trades, and have sold it to strangers of all kinds of callings. The Apothecaries' Company still consists exclusively of trade members. The Stationers' Company

state that they consist exclusively of members of the trade of a stationer or bookmaker, "and their children and descendants born free." But the others consist mainly, some entirely, of strangers to their trade. This fact has caused much astonishment in bygone times as well as recently. It is said that Queen Elizabeth, the amplitude of whose gowns must doubtless have made the price of silk interesting to her, sent to the Mercers' Company to know why it was so dear, and marvelled much to learn that only one or two of the Company knew anything about silks at all.

19. The Companies rely much on this early disconnection of their members with their ostensible trades, and the subsequent grants of charters, as an answer to the charge that their property was acquired in a character which they do not now fulfil. One would like to know, were it merely on the ground of historical interest, how many of the Sovereigns who granted charters were aware of the facts, and how many were under the same impression with Queen Elizabeth, and, I may add, with Englishmen generally. The Skinners' Company have a list of their members, twenty in number, in the twenty-third year of Henry VI. There is one skinner among them. The others answer to the descriptions of doctor, gentleman, butcher, dyer, joiner, grocer, and silkwife, or have no trade or description at all. Now, just seven years before this time, Henry VI. granted a charter to the Skinners, confirming and extending the great powers over the fur trade which they received from Edward III. (see *sup.*, par. 11). Is it possible that any statesman could knowingly have committed a most delicate jurisdiction over a trade to a motley and fortuitous group of persons with only one expert among them? Yet we find the same thing done, not once or twice, but in multitudes of instances.

20. In the Dissent Report (p. 59) the views of its framers on this point are thus stated:—

> "Their decay as trade organizations had certainly commenced at the outset of the sixteenth century, and probably by the end of it they had practically ceased to be of any use for industrial purposes. The period of the cesser of the connection of the companies with the trade and manufactures of London is approximately that of the Reformation, and as Catholicism was of the essence of their religious rules, at the time when they ceased to have any control over the trades and industries from which they took their names, they also ceased to be in any real sense religious fraternities. Thus, of their three original functions, two—those of common worship and association for commercial purposes—became obsolete about four centuries ago. Their remaining function, that of hospitality and charity, has since this period been the only one which it has been possible for them to discharge. It appears to us to be important to insist on this side of the case. We think that one of the results of this Commission has been to prove very clearly that for the last four hundred years the Companies of London have been mainly what they are at the present day—viz., associations identified in name with trade and

manufactures, but whose real objects have been rather hospitality and benevolence. They have certainly received charter after charter from your Majesty's royal predecessors at periods when such associations could not possibly have been called into existence for any other purposes."

21. This statement appears to me open to much exception so far as regards connection with trades. It was just about four and a half centuries ago that the Skinners were receiving from Henry VI. a grant of enlarged powers over the fur trade, and the Grocers were receiving from the same King their first grant over the trade in spices and drugs. The powers of the Skinners were recognized and confirmed by subsequent charters down to the reign of Charles II., and, having been encroached on by James II., were restored by Act of Parliament in 1690. Much the same thing happened to the Grocers; and in their case there is evidence that they actively used their powers down to the year 1649. I find a like history in the case of all the other Companies whose charters I have been able to examine, some seven or eight in number. In fact there are still seven Companies which retain more or less power over the trades whose names they bear:—viz., the Fishmongers; the Goldsmiths; the Apothecaries, who are a comparatively recent offshoot from the Grocers; the Founders; the Gunmakers; the Scriveners; and the Stationers.

22. At what time the Companies practically ceased to be of any use for industrial purposes is a question which admits of much doubt. But I find it impossible to read the series of charters without concluding that the Companies clung tenaciously to their privileges and jurisdictions up to the last; that the Governments who granted the charters did so in the belief that the Companies were active and useful superintendents of their trades; and that when they ceased to be such, the most important reason and characteristic of their chartered existence died away.

23. The present condition of the Companies appears to me to be more correctly summed up in the Report, at p. 19:—"The condition in which, with few exceptions, they have been allowed to continue in existence (apart from the administration of their trusts) has been, at all events for the last two centuries, that of societies, in some instances very richly endowed, the only purposes of which have been entertainments and benevolence." Even this will probably appear not quite accurate when we consider the account of expenditure given above (par. 15). It appears that £100,000 a year, about 20 per cent. of the available income, is spent in management; and of this, £60,000 being taken to pay the working staff, £40,000 is paid for superintendence pure and simple, all the superintendence being exercised by the Courts. It should be added, I think, that the Companies exist also for the purpose, or at least with the effect, of

giving to their senior members posts carrying some patronage and some emolument.*

24. It will be seen from the foregoing statement that there has been considerable misconception of the case by the earnest advocates of the claims of Londoners against the Companies. We have heard of three-quarters of a million, or even of a million, a year which may be applied to education and to wipe out the school rate. The work of the Commission has thrown a flood of light on these matters. One great cause of error has been the omission to distinguish properly between property held for corporate purposes and that held upon trust for external objects. But, besides this, in discussing whether the Companies are obsolete, sufficient allowance has not been made for the variety of their original objects, nor for the fact that they do spend substantial amounts on external objects of public utility. Neither, I think, has it been observed, in advancing claims for Londoners, that such claims would be very weak as against the Irish lands, and as against English lands not in London; which lands form a large, though by no means the largest, portion of the possessions in question.† But after all these deductions there remains a very substantial question, whether there is not a case calling for the interference of the Legislature to readjust the corporate property, and a very substantial property to the benefit of which Londoners may fairly prefer claims.

25. It is obvious that all this discussion is so much beating of the air if the City Companies are private bodies and their property private property. The Report proposes interference by the Legislature on the ground that the Companies and their possessions bear a public character. Nobody proposes to confiscate private property. The predatory instinct of which Lord Salisbury has recently spoken, and which has before occurred to him as the inspiring motive of other honest attempts to recover for the public benefit what belongs to the public, does not exist; at least, it does not exist among the reformers of endowments. Mr. Beal, or the nine Commissioners, or I, may all err in taking for public property that which is really private, and, if so, the error can be shown. When it is shown, the claim founded on it will fall to the ground.

26. The question then whether the Companies and their property

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* The Companies vary much in this respect. The most salient instance, I think, is that of the Mercers, whose corporate income is £47,341 per annum, and their trust income £35,417. During the last ten years they have spent £90,000, or £9,000 a year, in fees to Members of their Court. The Court has 30 Members, and "is recruited from a livery of 97, on which certain families are represented by as many as 9 or 10 Members" (Rep. p. 25). I have not myself verified these figures, which have been supplied to me by a gentleman who has done so, and on whom I can rely. But they should not be stated without adding that this Company is one of those whose income has very much increased of late years, and that they have applied nearly, if not quite, the whole increase to works of public usefulness.

† The rental of these two classes of lands may be put roughly at £75,000 a year.

are of a public or private character lies at the threshold of the controversy. It is hardly denied that the Companies themselves had, and still have, public functions. But that their property is of a private character is asserted very broadly and earnestly. I subjoin some passages from the Report of the Dissentients, by which it will be seen that they protest not only against legislation, but even against enquiry:—

> "With respect to . . . . their corporate property, the Companies have in their returns, while giving full information as to the situation and rental of the property, protested against this part of the enquiry as illegal. It is obvious that the Companies are perfectly justified in making this protest, for their corporate property is as much their own, and with as full right of disposition in the eye of the law, as that of any private individual, and the Crown has no more right to enquire into the mode in which it was acquired, and the way in which the income arising from it is spent, than it has to make similar enquiries with respect to the estate or income of a landed gentleman or merchant. (P. 60.)
>
> "This corporate estate is, in our opinion, clearly in the strictest sense of the term the private property of the Companies, as they have themselves stated in their returns, and we are glad to say that our views have received confirmation from a legal authority of the highest rank, the present Lord Chancellor." (P. 64.)

Lord Selborne's opinion was given before the Commission. When asked questions suggesting redistribution and interference by the Legislature, he used the following expressions in his answers:—

> "I rather decline to contemplate anything which may be done in the way of redistribution of the City Companies' funds. . . . . The City Companies, assuming them to be (as I believe them to be in law) absolute and perfect masters of their own property, as distinct from that which they hold on trust, could do nothing better with it than promote objects which were for the public interest. . . . . The funds which I call their own property were derived, as far as my knowledge extends, from their own subscriptions and gifts by their own members and others, intended to be for their absolute use. (P. 159.)
>
> "Interference by Parliament with the private property of the Livery Companies must be an act of oppression and spoliation, although disguised under the terms of 'restraint of alienation' or allocated to the support of objects of acknowledged public utility.'"—*Alderman Cotton.* (P. 72.)

27. Probably such questions are ultimately decided according to broad political tendencies and views of the relative advantages and disadvantages of readjustments of property by the Sovereign Power. But most men draw a broad line of distinction between property in the hands of a natural person, and property in the hands of a corporation or artificial body enduring through long periods of time. Most men think that the Sovereign Power may rightly interfere with corporate property more often and more readily and on a larger range of grounds than it can rightly do with private property. Many will judge whether or no there is in this case what is commonly, not very accurately, called a right in the Legislature to interfere,

according as they judge that the property falls within the one category or the other. Therefore, at the risk, or rather with the certainty, of being both dry and tedious and too brief for complete accuracy or clearness, I will endeavour to explain my view of, first, the law bearing on such a case; and, secondly, the wider considerations which should determine legislation upon it.

28. In the first place, let me again enforce the distinction between the trust property of the Companies, and their corporate, which they call their private, property. Forgetfulness of this distinction is always tending to error. I could wish that the Report had been cast into two separate channels for the two classes of property, showing only the necessary points of contact between them, such as the cost of a common management, and the contests whether particular lands belonged to one class or the other. As regards corporate property, the Company directs the mode in which it shall be applied without legal control; and it is, on any view of the Company's obligations, applicable to the various purposes of the corporation without specific appropriation of any portion of it to any one purpose. In the case of the trust property, the Companies are only the trustees and managers of it. The whole benefit of it is specifically appropriated to the purposes declared by the donors. In their management and application of it the Companies are amenable to the ordinary law and tribunals, just as individual trustees are. For the purposes of legislation it should be put on precisely the same footing with other charitable endowments. In the present discussion I throw it out of consideration altogether.

29. The legal decisions which throw light on this subject are of two classes: those which relate to Municipal Corporations proper, and those which relate to these very Companies, or similar ones.

30. In the year 1818 * Lord Eldon decided, in effect, that the Court of Chancery could not control a Municipal Corporation in the disposal of the property vested in it by law. When the unique language in which Vesey was wont to disguise Lord Eldon's judgments is translated into English, the reasoning appears to be as follows: all corporations, civil or ecclesiastical, hold their property for corporate purposes; yet all have by common law the power of parting with their property uncontrolled by any tribunal; ecclesiastical corporations have been placed under restraint by statute, but within the range allowed them by statute they are free from control by any tribunal; no case can be found in which action has been taken against a corporation merely on the ground that it was dealing with corporate property for other than corporate purposes; or, in other words, to hold property for corporate purposes does not raise a trust enforceable at law.

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* Mayor of Colchester v. Lowten, 1 Vesey and Beames, 242.

31. It is remarkable that a short time previously the Court of King's Bench had expressed an opinion that the Court of Chancery had the jurisdiction which Lord Eldon denied. I refer to this, not as throwing any doubt on the legal soundness of Lord Eldon's decision, for he and not they knew the law of Chancery, but as showing the sense entertained by men accustomed to administer justice that to deal with corporate property for non-corporate purposes was a wrong, and required a remedy.

32. Indeed, nothing could show the shortcoming of the law in a more striking way than Lord Eldon's reference to the exploits of ecclesiastical corporations. At common law they could deal with their property as they pleased. They did please, or divers and sundry of them pleased, to deal with it so as to impoverish the Church and enrich their families. To stop this process restraining statutes were passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whereby Bishops and other corporations were forbidden to grant any larger interests than leases for twenty-one years or three lives, on which "the old accustomed yearly rent" should be reserved. Under this law ecclesiastical dignitaries went on making leases of lands belonging to the Church to members of their families, reserving only the old rent which was paid in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Lord Eldon says he could find episcopal estates worth £1,000 or £2,000 a year, where the rent reserved to the See was only £50, and the difference went into the pocket of the lessee; viz., the Bishop's executor or some one whom he favoured. Such a system was downright robbery of the inheritance of the Church for the benefit of its present incumbent. But because the Bishop was not a "trustee," *i.e.*, held not on any specific trust, but only for corporate purposes, courts of law had nothing to say to such doings. Such decisions as these only show the limited action of a court of law, and are of no avail in a forum which decides on wider grounds of justice and public policy. In fact they show that dealings with property may amount to actual plunder of a public institution, and yet be quite legal.

33. I will show presently how the Legislature dealt with Municipal Corporations in the year 1855. Up to that time "the corporate property was not subject to any trust. The corporation might do with it whatever they chose; and, generally speaking, no relief could be obtained either at law or in equity for any misapplication of that property." *

34. In the year 1878 it was held that an incorporated guild at Newcastle, consisting of seven members, could legally divide among them the sum of £1,750 belonging to the corporation. But there was no evidence of the contents of their charter, or of the objects of the society. There were no rules, and the custom had been to

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* Parr v. Att.-Gen., 8 Clark and Finnelly, 431, per Lord Campbell.

deal freely with their property.* This is, so far as I know, the only legal decision on the question whether the members of an incorporated guild may lawfully without a dissolution of the society divide its assets among themselves. Such a division was made on the occasion of the dissolution of Doctors' Commons and of Serjeants' Inn; in the former case I think by Act of Parliament, but I do not know the circumstances of either case.

35. There have been many cases, in which the question has been raised between the Companies and the Attorney-General, suing on behalf of the State, whether land given to a Company has actually been affected with a trust for specific charitable objects. I will illustrate the nature of these questions by Laxton's case.† In the year 1556 Laxton, being minded to erect a school at Oundle and also an almshouse, devised land to the Grocers' Company. In his will he stated that he had agreed with the Company and had set out to them certain lands for the payment of the stipends of the schoolmaster usher and poor men, and for repairs of the house. His directions to the Company were, that they should obtain an old guildhouse at Oundle, and employ it as a school and almshouse; that they should provide a schoolmaster and an usher; that they should pay the schoolmaster yearly £18 and the usher £6 13*s*. 4*d*.; that they should pay to seven almsmen eightpence weekly apiece; and that they should pay £1 4*s*. yearly for the maintenance of the house. At Laxton's death the rental of his lands was £50 a year: the payments which he specified amounted to £38 a year; there was therefore a surplus of £12, as to which the testator said nothing. The question raised in the year 1848 was whether, when the property had enormously increased in value, the Company were bound to apply the increase or a proportion of it to the charitable uses. It was held that they took the surplus as their corporate property, and were not bound to make more than the specified payments in support of the school and almshouse.

36. I have not before me the amount of income of this property in the year 1848. From the returns made to the Commission I gather that in 1881 the gross rental amounted to about £4,860, with prospect of increase when leases fall in. The Company states the net rental at about £4,000. But the Company are still only bound by law to make the specified payments of £38 a year. In point of fact they have taken a much more conscientious view of their position than the law has forced upon them. As the property increased in value they gave larger amounts to the almspeople and to education; and they show that their present annual outlay on these objects is about £3,250.

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* Brown *v.* Dale, L.R. 9 Chan. Div. p. 78.
† Att.-Gen. *v.* Grocers' Company, 6 Beavan, 526.

37. To show on how narrow a distinction the decision in this case turned, if the testator had added that after the specified payments the residue of the income would be £12, and had given that to the Company, the objects would have all shared equally in the property. I suppose there are few people who have studied this class of cases without feeling dissatisfied with the canons of construction applied to them, which were laid down in early times, and followed the rules applicable to gifts of private estates. Gifts in perpetuity raise different considerations. It is absurd to suppose that a man, whose main intention is to found a school enduring for ever or for centuries, can intend that when the value of everything has undergone a vast change, his object shall be starved. The reasonable rule would have been one which provided either for proportionate sharing in good fortune and in bad, or for an adequate maintenance of the main object. But whenever such a rule could not be spelt out of the instrument of foundation, often a very informal affair, the legal donees, unless constituted bare trustees as to the whole, have been held entitled to the whole increase. And such has been the result in the great majority of instances.

38. In deciding Laxton's case, Lord Langdale used expressions on which the Companies place some reliance. He said that, on the construction which in his opinion the will ought to receive, the income "belongs as private property to the Company." It is obvious, however, that this expression only means that it was property not affected by the charitable trusts in question, or, in other words, was part of the general corporate property. As between corporate property and private property in the sense in which an individual holds private property, there was no controversy before the Court.

39. How careful Lord Langdale was to confine himself to the exact claim made in such cases appears from his judgment in Kneseworth's case.* Kneseworth had devised lands to the Fishmongers' Company in the year 1518, for the purpose of obits anniversaries, masses, beadsmen, and aid to prisoners. In the year 1550 the City Companies purchased from the Crown all the property which in their hands was affected with superstitious uses, and was therefore forfeited to the Crown. The Attorney-General claimed Kneseworth's lands for the charitable uses of his will; but Lord Langdale held that, with the exception of a trifling rent-charge for aiding prisoners which had always been paid, the whole property was given to superstitious uses, and had passed to the Crown, and so back to the Company, free of those uses. Therefore the provisions of Kneseworth's will were, with the aforesaid exception, at an end, and the claim of the Attorney-General had nothing to rest on. As regards any other claim which might be made against the Company on more general grounds, Lord

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* Att.-Gen. v. Fishmongers' Company, 2 Beavan, 151.

Langdale does not commit himself: "having regard to the nature of the present suit, which seeks to establish the trusts of Kneseworth's will, and to carry them, and not any other trust created in any other manner, into execution," he goes on to determine whether any existing trusts of that will are being violated.

40. The broad result of the decisions to which I have referred is this: that, apart from statutes, both civil and ecclesiastical corporations were free to deal with their property uncontrolled by law; that in one case the members of a guild with no public objects, and no objects defined by charter or rule, were held entitled to take the money of the guild; that in many cases it has been decided that particular lands given to City Companies are part of their general corporate estate, and not charged with the specific charitable trusts mentioned in the instruments of gift: but whether by the very nature of their constitution, or by the character in which their property was acquired, some trust for charitable purposes fastens upon their property, is a question which has not been discussed.

41. Such a question suggests itself when it is seen in how many charters charitable objects are referred to. I subjoin some specimens:—

The Mercers' charter states that many men of the mystery did frequently "fall into so great poverty and want as to have little or nothing whatever to support themselves, unless through the bounty of others faithful in Christ pitying and assisting them from a motive of charity; and that on that account the men of the mystery had a wish and intention of contributing some certain provision for such poor, and for a chaplain." Then follows the act of incorporation and a licence to hold lands of the value of £20 per annum in aid of the support as well of the poor men of the said mystery as of on chaplain, &c. (*Mercers' Return*, p. 8.)

The Goldsmiths' charter is founded on a recital that many person of that trade had lost their sight, or become so crazed and infirm that they were disabled to subsist but of relief from others: and that divers of the said City, compassionating the condition of such, were disposed to give and grant divers tenements and rents in the said City to the value of £20 per annum to the Company towards the maintenance of the said blind, weak, and infirm. I quote this from the Report (p. 12), not finding a copy of the charter among the published returns.

42. There is similar evidence as to several other Companies that one of their original objects was the support of the poor: I may mention the Merchant Taylors, the Fishmongers, the Vintners, the Tallow Chandlers, and the Grocers; each Company taking the poor of its own body or its own craft as objects of compassion.

43. I am not suggesting that suits should be instituted to try

such questions. They would meet with great legal difficulties on a variety of grounds, and even if successful would produce a very unsatisfactory result. In fact, the limitations under which a Court of Law works, and must work, makes it a bad tribunal when it is called upon to readjust the application of property settled under circumstances which have undergone a complete change. It appears to me that all the broad considerations in this case point to the interference of the Legislature as the right thing. There are some differences in the Companies which would be brought out by such an enquiry as the Report recommends. To the bulk of them the following considerations apply.

44. They are totally different bodies to what they were formerly. The bulk of their property was acquired in their old character. They were important portions of the Municipal Government. They now play only a small part in it. Their principal functions were superintendence and regulation of trade and of craftsmen. With some few exceptions, those have passed away. The charters show that religious services were one object of their endowments. Those ceased at the Reformation. The charters also show that aid to the poor, the very poor who could find no subsistence, was another object of their endowments. That remains, but the poor of the craft who are now helped are, at least to some extent, not the very poor, nor can this class of objects absorb so much of the endowments, but that a large surplus must remain. Ought it not to be taken, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that the Companies acquired property in that character, and for those purposes in which and for which they were incorporated, and so enabled to acquire and preserve it? And if that character has passed away, and those purposes have failed, which is the most just and decent thing: that the property should be taken by the miscellaneous groups who by descent, purchase, or otherwise have come into the place of these trade societies, or that the State should step in to readjust it?

45. Add the further fact that this broad question cannot be tried by any ordinary legal tribunal, because the Courts have decided that to hold property for corporate purposes does not create a trust of which they can take cognizance. It may here be useful to recollect that the Municipal Corporations were, speaking generally, beyond the control of the law in their dealings with corporate property. Therefore the State intervened by restraining alienation, and by directing that the property should be applied in the payment of various expenses, such as those of gaols, police, officers' salaries, &c.; and, if more than sufficient for these purposes, for the public benefit of the inhabitants and improvement of the borough.* This created trusts for public objects, which are, in the legal sense, charitable trusts.

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* Municipal Corporation Act of 1835, sec. 92, 94.

And an attempt of an outgoing council to anticipate the action of the reformed council, by devoting large sums to Church of England purposes, was held to be illegal.*

46. But the Companies themselves, much to their credit, while claiming unfettered legal ownership, admit that there are moral *limits to it.* That principle runs throughout their statements. They have constantly acted on it, and for centuries have kept their property without dividing it. Their most eminent supporter, Lord Selborne, says, as quoted above by the Dissentient Commissioners, that their funds are derived from their own subscriptions, and from gifts intended to be for their absolute use. *But then the thought* inevitably occurs, for whose absolute use? Those who subscribed to set the guilds on foot five or six centuries ago, or to repurchase after the confiscation three centuries ago, could not have intended that their successors, many of whom might have purchased a place in the Corporation, should take its property on the plea, however true, that its functions had become obsolete. So we find that Lord Selborne immediately adds: "I do not think the present generation ought to put those gifts into their pockets," though he emphatically refuses to admit that they are on the footing of public trusts.

47. The matter under discussion will be best illustrated by reference to a concrete instance; and I take Laxton's case for an example.† Let us suppose that a motion is made in the Grocers' Company that Laxton's estate be divided among its members. What reason could be given for it? None that I know of, except that Laxton had made the Company legal masters of his property, and had created no trust enforceable in a court of law, other than the charges of £38 a-year. But why had Laxton devised his land to any trustees at all? He himself tells us: because he was minded to erect a school and an almshouse. For what did he in his lifetime agree with the Company to let out lands to them? He himself tells us: it was for payment of the stipends of the schoolmaster, usher, and almsmen, and for repairs of the house. There is not a word that I can find in his will, nor in the agreement as he states it, to indicate that he designed any pecuniary benefit to the Company. And yet, because he specified in his will the amounts which at that time he must have considered sufficient for his objects, and because these amounts made up £38 a-year, whereas the rental of his land was found to be £50, and because he said nothing about the balance, the result follows that, three centuries afterwards, the only objects that Laxton appears to have cared for are still to have £38 a-year, and the surplus, between £4,000 and £5,000 a-year, is to be swept off into the general corporate property of the Company.

48. That is the argument on the face of the will against treating

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* Att.-Gen. v. Aspinall, 2 M. & C., 613.

† *Supra*, pars. 35, 36, 37.

Laxton's lands as corporate property at all—an argument which, though proved to have been insufficient in a court of law, is, I think, overwhelming *in foro conscientiæ*. But when we come to the proposal to divide this corporate property among the members of the corporation, we may fairly go behind the will. Why did Laxton choose such trustees for his school and almshouses at Oundle? Can we suppose that it was not the character of the Company that determined his choice?* His will was made in 1556, while the crisis of the Reformation was still undecided. His foundation has a religious side to it, for the almsmen were to be "beadsmen for him in the said house"—*i.e.*, to pray for his soul. His trustees also had by charter a religious side to their character. They then held by charter, and continued to hold by subsequent charters, important jurisdiction over their ostensible trade. They held a prominent position in the Municipality of what then was by far the most extensive, populous, intelligent, and powerful city in England. Without discussing the present position of the City of London relatively to real London or to the rest of England, or the relative position of the Grocers' Company to the Municipality, and without at all derogating from the honour or dignity of the members of that Company, we may confidently say that the Company does not fill the character for which Laxton chose it, and that if its members were now to take his property to themselves, they would be taking what was put into the legal custody of very different people, between whom and themselves there is but an artificial connection.

49. If then it were possible that such a motion as I have supposed could find acceptance with the Grocers' Company, would it not be an indecent thing and a shock to the conscience? And would it not be thought right that, Law being found deficient, the Legislature should step in to put the law on a juster footing? We know that the supposed division is impossible: the history of the Company and their present language prove it. Claiming to be legal owners in the fullest sense, they admit a moral obligation not to take the *corpus* of the property for the benefit of their own members. But what an admission that is! Does it not lead to something very like a trusteeship, though not specific enough for a court of law to fasten on it? And how is it reconcilable with the outcry of "oppression or spoliation" raised against a proposal to turn the moral obligation into a legal one?

50. It is true enough that not every moral obligation can be so dealt with, even when it concerns property. All of us are under moral obligations to use our possessions well. But the first obligation of an individual is to use his property to maintain himself, his family, and dependants, and he is the sole judge of the amount required for that,

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* I presume he was a member of the Company, but do not find it stated.

and of the objects to which he shall apply any surplus he may have. The obligation here is of a different kind. It is the chief obligation. It applies to the whole property, or at least to a portion capable of being ascertained, in favour of objects capable of being ascertained, by other means than the judgment of the legal owner. It seems to me impossible to say that the Sovereign Power may not rightly and wisely turn the moral but non-legal obligation attaching to Laxton's lands into a legal obligation; just as it performed the same process in the case of the Municipal Corporations.

51. On behalf of the Companies, two other pleas are put forward in addition to, or rather in support of, the plea of absolute legal right. One is that after the confiscation of property given to superstitious uses, the Companies purchased it back again; and the other is that after the Fire of London they bore the burden of restoration. The Dissentients say * that those who supplied money after the Fire may be regarded as second founders, and that the present income, both corporate and trust, of the Companies is really the interest of the capital which was thus invested. They add: "At the time when the house property of the Companies was rebuilt they had long ceased to have any connection with the trades which they originally to some extent represented, and were precisely what they are now—private associations having for their main objects charity and hospitality."

52. As regards the restoration of buildings, this argument seems to me inapplicable. Probably few of such buildings now exist, or would be worth very much if they did. That which gives its enormous value to City land is the situation, and the sites were not destroyed by the Fire. As regards both occurrences, the same considerations apply which have before † been insisted on, viz., that for the present generation to take to itself what was given three or even two centuries ago to the corporation it represents, and has been handed down ever since, is indecent and wrong, whatever the form of the gift may have been, or whoever may have been the donor. Moreover, I have before shown ‡ that the Companies' connection with trade was not severed so early as the Dissentients think, and that even as late as the Fire, much more at the date of the confiscation, they were widely different in character from what they are now.

53. It is worth while, however, to enquire a little deeper into the circumstances of the repurchase, because there is reason to think that the Guilds got favourable terms from the Crown on the ground that the confiscated lands were applied by them to charitable purposes. Burnet § tells us that when the Bill for confiscation was introduced into the House of Lords in 1547, it was opposed both by

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* Report, p. 61. † *Supra*, par. 46. ‡ *Supra*, par. 21.

§ Hist. Reform., vol. ii. p. 94.

Cranmer and the Popish Bishops from different standpoints. But it passed, and was then opposed in the House of Commons by some burghers, who represented that "their boroughs could not maintain their churches and other public works of the guilds and fraternities" if the rents belonging to them were given to the King. The members for Lynn and Coventry "were so active that the whole House was much set against that part of the Bill for the guild lands; therefore those who managed that House for the Court took these off by an assurance that their guild lands should be restored to them; 'and so they desisted from their opposition, and the Bill passed on the promise given to them, which was afterwards made good by the Protector."

54. This promise did not extend to the City Companies, but it would seem—for the story is not quite clear—that they also asserted, probably with truth, that their lands were applied to charitable uses. In his work on the twelve great Companies, Herbert sets out a document entitled "A particular note of such charitable good uses as are performed by the twelve great Companies of London out of such rents as they purchased of King Edward VI." I subjoin one of the accounts set out by the Grocers:—*

	£	s.	d.
Purchased of the King in rent .	86	8	0
Sold tenements to buy same . .	65	2	4
Payments yearly out of the rents purchased—			
In pensions to four decayed brethren	30	0	0
In exhibitions to scholars . . .	15	6	8
Towards maintenance of a school .	10	0	0
In alms to poor	50	0	0
Sum . .	£105	6	8

And Herbert quotes a passage from Strype, who, speaking of these repurchases, says, "which possessions, when they had cleared them again, they employed to good uses, according to the first intent of them, abating the superstition."

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55. The lands were reconveyed to the Companies by letters patent in the year 1550. But some doubts were subsequently raised as to the completeness of this conveyance, and the Companies found it worth their while to procure an Act of Parliament in the year 1607. In this Act it is recited that the Companies had enjoyed the lands and "employed them to the comfort of many good subjects, and great relief of the poor, and other good and charitable uses." I have not been able to lay hold of complete copies of these documents, but from the quotations given in the present Report and Appendix, and in Mr. Beavan's Report of Kneseworth's case, it

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* Vol. i. pp. 114, 115.

would seem as though the prevailing idea, both with the Crown and the Companies, was that the lands were repurchased for charitable purposes, and had been so employed since the purchase.

56. It is a matter of course to hear in this discussion that if the State interferes with the property of the Company, there is nothing to prevent it from taking away the private property of any private person. That is always said in these cases, as it is indeed sometimes in cases where there is not the smallest ground for contending that the property under consideration is private property. But nobody can suppose that the Legislature will act in this case unless convinced that the Companies are public bodies, and their property, or at least a large part of it, public property. I will quote a few lines from Hallam's * remarks on Henry VIII.'s dealings with the monastic lands:

> "I cannot, until some broad principle is made more obvious than it ever yet has been, do such violence to all common notions on the subject as to attach an equal inviolability to private and corporate property. . . . In estates held as we call it in mortmain there is no intercommunity, no natural privity of interest, between the present possessor and those who may succeed him: and as the former cannot have any pretext for complaint if his own rights being preserved, the Legislature should alter the course of transmission after his decease, so neither is any hardship sustained by others unless their succession has been already designated or rendered probable. Corporate property therefore appears to stand on a very different footing from that of private individuals; and while all infringements of the established privileges of the latter are to be sedulously avoided and held justifiable only by the strongest motives of public expediency, we cannot but admit the full right of the Legislature to new mould and regulate the former, in all that does not involve existing interests, upon far slighter reasons of convenience."

The sixty years that have elapsed since Hallam wrote these sentences have not, I believe, weakened the force of opinion in favour of either of his conclusions.† The notions which he found common then are common now. Practically no man is alarmed for private property merely on account of new adjustments of corporate property.

57. Another argument which I believe to be a recent invention, and which at all events has been used *ad nauseam* of late years, is that interference with endowments will stop gifts to public uses. I have often asked, but have never been told, on what evidence such a suggestion is founded. To me it appears that all probability and all evidence is the other way. I have several times in words and writing during the last fifteen years stated publicly my reasons for so thinking.‡ A few weeks ago I laid them in a very brief shape before the Charitable Trusts Commission, and was glad to find them supported by the latest experience of the Charity Commissioners.

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* Const. Hist., vol. i. p. 108.

† Mr. J. S. Mill discusses the question with greater fullness and admirable lucidity, and with the same general conclusions.—*Dissertations*, vol. i. p. 1.

‡ See "Dead Hand," pp. 122, 224.

The question is one of considerable interest, but space will not permit me to enlarge on it further now.

58. The nine Commissioners who signed the Report are clearly of opinion "that the State has a right at any time to disestablish and disendow the Companies of London, provided the just claims of existing members to compensation be allowed." But they do not recommend that course. "We are of opinion," they say,

> "That the State should intervene for the purposes of—
>
> "1. Preventing the alienation of the property.
>
> "2. Securing the permanent application of a considerable portion of the corporate income thence arising to useful purposes.
>
> "3. Declaring new trusts in cases in which a better application of the trust income of the Companies has become desirable."

When they come to further details they recommend—

> "4. Publication of accounts.
>
> "5. That admissions to the Livery Hall shall not confer the Parliamentary franchise as is now the case.
>
> "6. A reorganization of the constitution of the Companies where practicable."

These are the main recommendations, and it is proposed to work them out by the now familiar machinery of a Commission, which I presume would operate by way of Parliamentary scheme.

59. Nobody who has followed with approval the arguments brought to prove that the Companies and their property are of a public character will think that these proposals go too far in the direction of encroachment on the Companies. As regards No. 3 and No. 4, I would far sooner see such an alteration of the general law relating to endowments as would avoid the necessity of dealing with separate groups by separate machinery. But in the present bad state of the law, alterations of which have been proposed and defeated for 50 years, we must be thankful if we can get a good privilegium in a strong case. As regards No. 6, I believe that reorganization will not be found practicable,* at least in most cases; and I think that any measure will be defective that does not provide for the dissolution of Companies in all proper cases. Wherever Companies have become mere clubs I think they should lose their charters. There seems to me to be good ground for depriving of their charters those Companies who have ceased to perform the whole or the great bulk of the functions which they undertook. And if funds now belonging to different Companies are to be devoted to the same or like objects, a common management will be necessary to avoid confusion and waste.

60. On the other hand, those who have formerly advocated a sweeping destruction of the Companies will probably be convinced by the disclosures now made that such an operation would be very rough and unjust. There are great differences in the position of

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* So, it would seem, do the Dissentient Commissioners, p. 70.

different Companies; in many, if not in all, of the Companies there is a mixture of objects which it would not be right to treat all in the same way: and there are personal interests, either in actual enjoyment or immediately in prospect, which should not be disturbed or disappointed. Then things must be the subject of careful enquiry, and it is only after they have been thoroughly thrashed out, that any action, except provisional action, can be taken without risk of well-founded discontent.

61. I will only touch one more topic. Admitting that only rightful legislative action is proposed, is it necessary or expedient? The Dissentients say: * "We think that objects of acknowledged public utility are more likely to be promoted by the spontaneous action of the Courts than by schemes forced upon the Companies by a Commission." I must say that the present activity of many Companies is the most agreeable chapter in the Report. I am not acquainted with the interior of any of them: but I suppose that, like other composite bodies, they have their reforming and their conservative parties. I should guess that the interest lately manifested in their affairs by the world outside had strengthened the hands of the reformers, and had increased the amount of reform. However that may be, the amount of public work now undertaken by the more opulent Companies is very substantial. Moreover, nobody who has been much versed in the administration of endowments can fail to bear in mind the immense difficulty of turning them to good effect, and keeping them so at work. And yet I cannot share the opinion expressed by the three Commissioners, nor do I think it will be generally accepted. Considering that there are periods of supineness as well as of activity both among trustees of endowments and among the public; considering the recent date of much of the activity now relied on; its still imperfect extent; the amount of friction and leakage shown by the £100,000 a year which is spent in management; the large proportion still spent in feasting and decorations; the fact that people do not enter the Companies with the object of becoming managers of public endowments, but for other objects which they must naturally prefer; the entire exclusion of other Londoners, among whom the property mostly lies, and whom its wise application mainly affects, from a voice in its application: I would rather rely on fixed trusts, on publicity of accounts, on governing bodies selected with a view to administration, and on responsibility to legal tribunals, than I would on the spontaneous action of the Companies, however generously they may be disposed at the present time.

ARTHUR HOBHOUSE.

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* Report, p. 76.

DR. JOHNSON.

IF we should ever take occasion to say of Dr. Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare what he himself said of a similar production of the poet Rowe's, "that it does not discover much profundity or penetration," we ought in common fairness always to add that nobody else has ever written about Shakspeare one-half so entertainingly. If this statement be questioned, let the doubter, before reviling the reviewer, re-read the preface, and if, after he has done so, he still demurs, we shall be content to withdraw the observation, which, indeed, has only been made for the purpose of introducing a quotation from the preface itself.

In that document, Dr. Johnson, with that unrivalled stateliness of his, writes as follows:—"The poet of whose works I have undertaken the revision may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit."

The whirligig of time has brought in his revenges. The Doctor himself has been dead his century. He died on the 13th of December 1784. Come, let us criticise him.

Our qualifications for this high office need not be investigated curiously.

> "Criticism," writes Johnson in the 60th *Idler*, "is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may by mere labour be obtained, is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critick."

To proceed with our task by the method of comparison is to pursue a course open to grave objection, yet it is forced upon us when we find, as we lately did, a writer in the *Times* newspaper, in the course of a not very discriminating review of Mr. Froude's recent volumes, casually remarking, as if it admitted of no more doubt than the day's price of consols, that Carlyle was a greater man than Johnson. It is a good thing to be positive. To be positive in your opinions and selfish in your habits is the best recipe, if not for happiness, at all events for that far more attainable commodity, comfort, with which we are acquainted. "A noisy man," sang poor Cowper, who could not bear anything louder than the hissing of a tea-urn, "A noisy man is always in the right," and a positive man can seldom be proved wrong. Still in literature it is very desirable to preserve a moderate measure of independence, and we therefore make bold to ask whether it is as plain as the "old hill of Howth," that Carlyle was a greater man than Johnson? Is not the precise contrary the truth? No abuse of Carlyle need be looked for here or from me. When a man of genius and of letters happens to have any striking virtues, such as purity, temperance, honesty, the novel task of dwelling on them has such attraction for us, that we are content to leave the elucidation of his faults to his personal friends, and to stern, unbending moralists like Mr. Edmund Yates and the *World* newspaper.* To love Carlyle is, thanks to Mr. Froude's superhuman ideal of friendship, a task of much heroism, almost meriting a pension; still it is quite possible for the candid and truth-loving soul. But a greater than Johnson he most certainly was not.

There is a story in Boswell of an ancient beggar-woman who whilst asking an alms of the Doctor described herself to him, in a lucky moment for her pocket, as "an old struggler." Johnson, his biographer tells us, was visibly affected. The phrase stuck to his memory and was frequently applied to himself. "I too," so he would say, "am an old struggler." So too, in all conscience, was Carlyle. The struggles of Johnson have long been historical—those of Carlyle have just become so. We are interested in both. To be indifferent would be inhuman. Both men had great endowments, tempestuous natures, hard lots. They were not amongst Dame Fortune's favourites. They had to fight their way. What they took they took by storm. But, and here is a difference indeed, Johnson came off victorious, Carlyle did not.

Boswell's book is an arch of triumph, through which, as we read, we see his hero passing into eternal fame, to take up his place with those

> "Dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

Froude's book is a tomb over which the lovers of Carlyle's genius will never cease to shed tender but regretful tears.

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* "The late Mr. Carlyle was a brute and a boor."—*The World*, October 29, 1884.

We doubt whether there is in English literature a more triumphant book than Boswell's. What materials for tragedy are wanting? Johnson was a man of strong passions, unbending spirit, violent temper, as poor as a church-mouse and as proud as the proudest of church dignitaries; endowed with the strength of a coal-heaver, the courage of a lion, and the tongue of Dean Swift, he could knock down booksellers and silence bargees; he was melancholy almost to madness, "radically wretched," indolent, blinded, diseased. Poverty was long his portion; not that genteel poverty that is sometimes behind-hand with its rent, but that hungry poverty that does not know where to look for its dinner. Against all these things had this "old struggler" to contend; over all these things did this "old struggler" prevail. Over even the fear of death, the giving up of this "intellectual being," which had haunted his gloomy fancy for a lifetime, he seems finally to have prevailed, and to have met his end as a brave man should.

Carlyle, writing to his wife, says, and truthfully enough, "The more the devil worries me the more I wring him by the nose;" but then if the devil's was the only nose that was wrung in the transaction, why need *Carlyle* cry out so loud? After buffeting one's way through the storm-tossed pages of Froude's "Carlyle"—in which the universe is stretched upon the rack because food disagrees with man and cocks crow, with what thankfulness and reverence do we read once again the letter in which Johnson tells Mrs. Thrale how he has been called to endure, not dyspepsia or sleeplessness, but paralysis itself:

> "On Monday I sat for my picture and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself lig[illegible] and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and, in a short time, waked and sat up, as has long been my custom; when I felt a confusion in my head which lasted I suppose about half a minute: I was alarmed and prayed God that however He might afflict my body He would spare my understanding. . . . . Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain and so little dejection, in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it. In order to rouse the vocal organs I took two drams. . . . . I then went to bed, and, strange as it may seem, I think, slept. When I saw light it was time I should contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, He left me my hand. I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me, as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands. . . . . How this will be received by you I know not. I hope you will sympathize with me; but perhaps
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> 'My mistress, gracious, mild and good,
> Cries—Is he dumb? 'Tis time he shou'd.'
>
> "I suppose you may wish to know how my disease is treated by the

physicians. They put a blister upon my back, and two from my ear to my throat, one on a side. The blister on the back has done little, and those on the throat have not risen. I bullied and bounced (it sticks to our last sand), and compelled the apothecary to make his salve according to the Edinburgh dispensatory, that it might adhere better. I have now two on my own prescription. They likewise give me salt of hartshorn, which I take with no great confidence; but I am satisfied that what can be done is done for me. I am almost ashamed of this querulous letter, but now it is written let it go."

This is indeed tonic and bark for the mind.

There is an old-fashioned book, still known to the curious, and which sixty years ago enjoyed considerable popularity, called "The Miseries of Human Life, or the Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive, with a few Supplementary Sighs and Posthumous Groans from Mrs. Testy, as overheard by the Rev. James Beresford." I cannot help thinking that in early life Mr. Froude must have read these volumes, and had his fancy fired by them.

If, irritated by a comparison that ought never to have been thrust upon us, we ask why it is that the reader of Boswell finds it as hard to help loving Johnson as the reader of Froude finds it hard to avoid disliking Carlyle, the answer must be that whilst the elder man of letters was full to overflowing with the milk of human kindness, the younger one was full to overflowing with something not nearly so nice; and that whilst Johnson was pre-eminently a reasonable man, reasonable in all his demands and expectations, Carlyle was the most unreasonable mortal that ever exhausted the patience of nurse, mother, or wife.

Of Dr. Johnson's affectionate nature nobody has written with nobler appreciation than Carlyle himself. "Perhaps it is this divine feeling of affection, throughout manifested, that principally attracts us to Johnson. A true brother of men is he, and filial lover of the earth."

The day will come when it will be recognised that Carlyle, as a critic, is to be judged by what he himself corrected for the press, and not by splenetic entries in diaries, or whimsical extravagances in private conversation.

Of Johnson's reasonableness nothing need be said, except that it is patent everywhere. His wife's judgment was a sound one—"He is the most sensible man I ever met."

As for his brutality, of which at one time we used to hear a great deal, we cannot say of it what Hookham Frere said of Landor's immorality, that it was

"Mere imaginary classicality
Wholly devoid of criminal reality."

It was nothing of the sort. Dialectically the great Doctor was a great brute. The fact is he had so accustomed himself to wordy warfare, that he lost all sense of moral responsibility, and cared as little for men's feelings as a Napoleon did for their lives. When the battle was over, the Doctor frequently did what no soldier ever did that I have heard tell of, apologised to his victims and drank wine or lemonade with them. It must also be remembered that for the most part his victims sought him out. They came to be tossed and gored. And after all, are they so much to be pitied? They have our sympathy, and the Doctor has our applause. I am not prepared to say, with the simpering fellow with weak legs whom David Copperfield met at Mr. Waterbrook's dinner table, that I would sooner be knocked down by a man with blood than picked up by a man without any; but, argumentatively speaking, I think it would be better for a man's reputation to be knocked down by Dr. Johnson than picked up by Mr. Froude.

Johnson's claim to be the best of our talkers cannot, on our present materials, be contested. For the most part we have only talk about other talkers. Johnson's is matter of record. Carlyle no doubt was a great talker—no man talked against talk or broke silence to praise it more eloquently than he, but unfortunately none of it is in evidence. All that Mr. Froude gives us is a sort of commination service writ large. We soon weary of it. Man does not live by curses alone.

An unhappier prediction of a boy's future was surely never made than that of Johnson's by his cousin Mr. Cornelius Ford, who said to the infant Samuel, "You will make your way the more easily in the world as you are content to dispute no man's claim to conversation excellence, and they will therefore more willingly allow your pretensions as a writer." Unfortunate Mr. Ford. The man never breathed whose claim to conversation excellence Dr. Johnson did not dispute on every possible occasion, whilst, just because he was admittedly so good a talker, his pretensions as a writer have been occasionally slighted.

Johnson's personal character has generally been allowed to stand high. It, however, has not been submitted to recent tests. To be the first to "smell a fault" is the pride of the modern biographer. Boswell's artless pages afford useful hints not lightly to be disregarded. During some portion of Johnson's married life he had lodgings, first at Greenwich, afterwards at Hampstead. But he did not always go home o' nights; sometimes preferring to roam the streets with that vulgar ruffian Savage, who was certainly no fit company for him. He once actually quarrelled with "Tetty," who, despite her ridiculous name, was a very sensible woman with a very sharp tongue, and for a season, like stars, they dwelt apart. Of the real merits of this dispute we must resign ourselves to ignorance. The materials for its discussion do not exist; even Croker could not find them. Neither was our great moralist as sound as one would have liked to have seen him in the matter of the payment of small debts. When he came to die, he remembered several of these outstanding accounts; but what assurance have we that he remembered them all? One sum of £10 he sent across to the honest fellow from whom he had borrowed it, with an apology for his delay; which, since it had extended over a period of twenty years, was not superfluous. I wonder whether he ever repaid Mr. Dilly the guinea he once borrowed of him to give to a very small boy who had just been apprenticed to a printer. If he did not, it was a great shame. That he was indebted to Sir Joshua in a small loan is apparent from the fact that it was one of his three dying requests to that great man that he should release him from it, as, of course, the most amiable of painters did. The other two requests, it will be remembered, were to read his Bible, and not to use his brush on Sundays. The good Sir Joshua gave the desired promises with a full heart, for these two great men loved one another; but subsequently discovered the Sabbatical restriction not a little irksome, and after a while resumed his former practice, arguing with himself that the Doctor really had no business to extract any such promise. The point is a nice one, and perhaps ere this the two friends have met and discussed it in the Elysian fields. If so, I hope the Doctor, grown "angelical," kept his temper with the mild shade of Reynolds better than on the historical occasion when he discussed with him the question of "strong drinks."

Against Garrick, Johnson undoubtedly cherished a smouldering grudge, which, however, he never allowed any one but himself to fan into flame. His pique was natural. Garrick had been his pupil at Edial, near Lichfield—they had come up to town together with an easy[illegible]nited fortune of fourpence—"current coin o' the realm." Garrick soon had the world at his feet and garnered golden grain. Johnson became famous too, but remained poor and dingy. Garrick surrounded himself with what only money can buy, good pictures and rare books. Johnson cared nothing for pictures—how should he? he could not see them—but he did care a great deal about books, and the pernickety little player was chary about lending his splendidly bound rarities to his quondam preceptor. Our sympathies in this matter are entirely with Garrick; Johnson was one of the best men that ever lived, but not to lend books to. Like Lady Slattern, he had a "most observant thumb." But Garrick has no real cause for complaint. Johnson may have soiled his folios and sneered at his trade, but in life Johnson loved Garrick, and in death embalmed his memory in a sentence which can only die with the English language: "I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

Will it be believed that puny critics have been found to quarrel with this colossal compliment on the poor pretext of its falsehood? Garrick's death, urge these dullards, could not possibly have eclipsed the gaiety of nations, since he had retired from the stage months previous to his demise. When will mankind learn that literature is one thing and sworn testimony another.

Johnson's relations with Burke were of a more crucial character. The author of "Rasselas" and "The English Dictionary" can never have been really jealous of Garrick, or, in the very least, desirous of "bringing down the house" as "Beverley" or even "Hamlet," but Burke had done nobler things than those. He had made politics philosophical, and had at least tried to cleanse them from the dust and cobwebs of party. Johnson, though he had never sat in the House of Commons, had yet, in his capacity of an unauthorized reporter, put into the mouths of honourable members much better speeches than ever came out of them, and it is no secret that he would have liked to make a speech or two on his own account. Burke had made many. Harder still to bear, there were not wanting good judges to say that, in their opinion, Burke was a better talker than the great Samuel himself. To cap it all, was not Burke a "vile Whig"? The ordeal was an unusually trying one. Johnson emerges triumphant.

Though by no means disposed to hear men made much of, he always listened to praise of Burke with a boyish delight. He never wearied of it. When any new proof of Burke's intellectual prowess was brought to his notice, he would exclaim exultingly, "Did we not always say he was a great man." And yet how admirably did this "poor scholar" preserve his independence and equanimity of mind! It was not easy to dazzle the Doctor. What a satisfactory story that is of Burke showing Johnson over his fine estate at Beaconsfield, and expatiating in his exuberant style on its "liberties, privileges, easements, rights, and advantages," and of the old Doctor, the tenant of "a two-pair back" somewhere off Fleet Street, peering cautiously about, criticising everything, and observing with much coolness:

"Non equidem invideo, miror magis."

A friendship like this could be disturbed but by death, and accordingly we read:

> "Mr. Langton one day during Johnson's last illness found Mr. Burke and four or five more friends sitting with Johnson. Mr. Burke said to him, 'I am afraid, sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you.' 'No, sir,' said Johnson, 'it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state indeed when your company would not be a delight to me.' Mr. Burke, in a tremulous voice, expressive of being very tenderly affected, replied, 'My dear sir, you have always been too good to me.' Immediately afterwards he went away. This was the last circumstance in the acquaintance of these two eminent men.'

But this is a well-worn theme, though, like some other well-worn themes, still profitable for edification or rebuke. A hundred years can make no difference to a character like Johnson's, or to a biography like Boswell's. We are not to be robbed of our conviction that this man, at all events, was both great and good.

Johnson the author is not always fairly treated. Phrases are convenient things to hand about, and it is as little the custom to inquire into their truth as it is to read the letterpress on bank-notes. We are content to count bank-notes, and to repeat phrases. One of these phrases is, that whilst everybody reads Boswell, nobody reads Johnson. The facts are otherwise. Everybody does not read Boswell, and a great many people do read Johnson. If it be asked what do the general public know of Johnson's nine volumes octavo? I reply, Beshrew the general public! What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public got to do with literature? The general public subscribes to Mudie, and has its intellectual, like its lacteal sustenance, sent round to it in carts. On Saturdays these carts, laden with "recent works in circulation," traverse the Uxbridge Road; on Wednesdays, they toil up Highgate Hill, and if we may believe the reports of travellers, they are occasionally seen rushing through the wilds of Camberwell and bumping over Blackheath. It is not a question of the general public, but of the lovers of letters. Do Mr. Browning, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Stephen, Mr. Morley, know their Johnson? "To doubt would be disloyalty." And what these big men know in their big way hundreds of little men know in their little way. We have no writer with a more genuine literary flavour about him than the great Cham of literature. No man of letters loved letters better than he. He knew literature in all its branches—he had read books, he had written books, he had sold books, he had bought books, and he had borrowed them. Sluggish and inert in all other directions, he pranced through libraries. He loved a catalogue; he delighted in an index. He was, to employ a happy phrase of Dr. Holmes, at home amongst books, as a stable-boy is amongst horses. He cared intensely about the future of literature and the fate of literary men. "I respect Millar," he once exclaimed; "he has raised the price of literature." Now Millar was a Scotchman. Even Horne Tooke was not to stand in the pillory: "No, no, the dog has too much literature for that." The only time the author of "Rasselas" met the author of the "Wealth of Nations" witnessed a painful scene. The English moralist gave the Scotch one the lie direct, and the Scotch moralist applied to the English one a phrase which would have done discredit to the lips of a costermonger; but this notwithstanding, when Boswell reported that Adam Smith preferred rhyme to blank verse, Johnson hailed the news as enthusiastically as did Cedric the Saxon the English origin of the bravest knights in the retinue of the Norman king. "Did Adam say that?" he shouted: "I love him for it, I could hug him." Johnson no doubt honestly believed he held George III.

in reverence, but really he did not care a pin's fee for all the crowned heads of Europe. All his reverence was reserved for "poor scholars." When a small boy in a wherry, on whom had devolved the arduous task of rowing Johnson and his biographer across the Thames, said he would give all he had to know about the Argonauts, the Doctor was much pleased, and gave him a double fare. He was ever an advocate of the spread of knowledge amongst all classes and both sexes. His devotion to letters has received its fitting reward, the love and respect of all "lettered hearts."

Considering him a little more in detail, we find it plain that he was a poet of no mean order. His resonant lines, informed as they often are with the force of their author's character—his strong sense, his fortitude, his gloom—take possession of the memory, and suffuse themselves through one's entire system of thought. A poet spouting his own verses is usually a figure to be avoided; but one could be content to be 130 next birthday to have heard Johnson recite, in his full sonorous voice, and with his stately elocution, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." When he came to the following lines, he usually broke down, and who can wonder?—

"Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee.
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the gaol.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end."

If this be not poetry, may the name perish!

In another style, the stanzas on the young heir's majority have such great merit as to tempt one to say that the author of "The Jolly Beggars," Robert Burns himself, might have written them. Here are four of them:—

"Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell;
Wild as wind and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

"Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that banish care.
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirit of an heir.

"Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

"When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full and spirits high—
What are acres? what are houses?
Only dirt—or wet or dry."

Johnson's prologues, and his lines on the death of Robert Levet, are well known. Indeed it is only fair to say that our respected friend, the General Public, frequently has Johnsonian tags on its tongue:—

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed."

"The unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain."

"He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

"Death, kind nature's signal of retreat."

"Panting time toiled after him in vain."

All these are Johnson's, who, though he is not, like Gray, whom he hated so, all quotations, is yet oftener in men's mouths than they perhaps wot of.

Johnson's tragedy, "Irene," need not detain us. It is unreadable; and to quote his own sensible words, "it is useless to criticize what nobody reads." It was indeed the expressed opinion of a contemporary called Pot, that "Irene" was the finest tragedy of modern times; but on this judgment of Pot's being made known to Johnson, he was only heard to mutter, "If Pot says so, Pot lies," as no doubt he did.

Johnson's Latin Verses have not escaped the condemnation of scholars. Whose have? The true mode of critical approach to copies of Latin verse is by the question—How bad are they? Croker took the opinion of the Marquess Wellesley as to the degree of badness of Johnson's Latin Exercises. Lord Wellesley, as became so distinguished an Etonian, felt the solemnity of the occasion, and, after bargaining for secrecy, gave it as his opinion that they were all very bad, but that some perhaps were worse than others. To this judgment I have nothing to add.

As a writer of English prose, Johnson has always enjoyed a great, albeit a somewhat awful reputation. In childish memories he is constrained to be associated with dust and dictionaries, and those provoking obstacles to a boy's reading—"long words." It would be easy to select from Johnson's writings numerous passages written in that essentially vicious style to which the name Johnsonese has been cruelly given; but the searcher could not fail to find many passages guiltless of this charge. The characteristics of Johnson's prose style are colossal good sense, though with a strong sceptical bias, good humour, vigorous language, and movement from point to point, which can only be compared to the measured tread of a well-drilled company of soldiers. Here is a passage from the Preface to Shakspeare :—

> "Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on, through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness and read the commentators."

Where are we to find better sense, or much better English?

In the pleasant art of chaffing an author Johnson has hardly an equal. De Quincey too often overdoes it. Macaulay seldom fails to excite sympathy with his victim. In playfulness, Mr. Arnold perhaps surpasses the Doctor, but then the latter's playfulness is always leonine, whilst Mr. Arnold's is surely, sometimes, just a trifle kittenish. An example, no doubt a very good one, of Johnson's humour must be allowed me. Soame Jenyns, in his book on the "Origin of Evil," had imagined that as we have not only animals for food, but choose some for our diversion, the same privilege may be allowed to some beings above us "who may deceive, torment, or destroy us for the ends only of their own pleasure."

On this hint writes our merry Doctor as follows :—

> "I cannot resist the temptation of contemplating this analogy, which I think he might have carried farther, very much to the advantage of his argument. He might have shown that these 'hunters, whose game is man,' have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps or kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a ship, and stand round the fields of Blenheim, or the walls of Prague, as we encircle a cockpit. As we shoot a bird flying, they take a man in the midst of his business or pleasure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them perhaps are vertuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma, as a human philosopher in the effects of the air-pump. Many a merry bout have these frolick beings at the vicissitudes of an ague, and good sport it is to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive, and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. The paroxysms of the gout and stone must undoubtedly make high mirth, especially if the play be a little diversified with the blunders and puzzles of the blind and deaf. . . . . One sport the merry malice of these beings has found means of enjoying, to which we have nothing equal or similar. They now and then catch a mortal, proud of his parts, and flattered either by the submission of those who court his kindness, or the notice of those who suffer him to court theirs. A head thus prepared for the reception of false opinions, and the projection of vain designs, they easily fill with idle notions, till, in time, they make their plaything an author; their first diversion commonly begins with an ode or an epistle, then rises perhaps to a political irony, and is at last brought to its height by a treatise of philosophy. Then begins the poor animal to entangle himself in sophisms and to flounder in absurdity."

The author of the philosophical treatise "A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil" did not at all enjoy this "merry bout" of the "frolick" Johnson.

The concluding paragraphs of Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary are historical prose; and if we are anxious to find passages fit to compare with them in the melancholy roll of their cadences and in their grave sincerity and manly emotion, we must, I think, take a flying jump from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Newman.

For sensible men the world offers no better reading than the "Lives of the Poets." They afford an admirable example of the manner of man Johnson was. The subject was suggested to him by the booksellers, whom as a body he never abused. Himself the son of a bookseller, he respected their calling. If they treated him with civility, he responded suitably. If they were rude to him, he knocked them down. These worthies chose their own poets. Johnson remained indifferent. He knew everybody's poetry, and was always ready to write anybody's Life. If he knew the facts of a poet's life, and his knowledge was enormous on such subjects, he found room for them; if he did not, he supplied their place with his own shrewd reflections and sombre philosophy of life. It thus comes about that Johnson is every bit as interesting when he is writing about Sprat, or Smith, or Fenton, as he is when he has got Milton or Gray in hand. He is also much less provoking. My own favourite Life is that of Sir Richard Blackmore.

The poorer the poet the kindlier is the treatment he receives. Johnson kept all his rough words for Shakspeare, Milton, and Gray.

In this trait, surely an amiable one, he was much resembled by that eminent man, the late Sir George Jessel, whose civility to a barrister was always in inverse ratio to the barrister's practice; and whose friendly zeal in helping young and nervous practitioners over the stiles of legal difficulty was only equalled by the fiery enthusiasm with which he thrust back the Attorney and Solicitor General and people of that sort.

As a political thinker Johnson has not had justice. He has been lightly dismissed as the last of the old-world Tories. He was nothing of the sort. His cast of political thought is shared by thousands to this day. He represents that vast army of electors whom neither canvasser nor caucus has ever yet cajoled or bullied into a polling-booth. Newspapers may scold—platforms may shake—whatever circulars can do may be done, all that placards can tell may be told; but the fact remains that one-third of every constituency in the realm shares Dr. Johnson's "narcotic indifference" and stays away.

It is of course impossible to reconcile all Johnson's recorded utterances with any one view of anything. When crossed in conversation or goaded by folly he was, like the prophet Habakkuk (according to

Voltaire), *capable du tout*. But his dominant tone about politics was something of this sort. Provided a man lived in a state which guaranteed him private liberty and secured him public order, he was very much of a knave or altogether a fool if he troubled himself further. To go to bed when you wish, to get up when you like, to eat and drink and read what you choose, to say across your port or your tea whatever occurs to you at the moment, and to earn your living as best you may—this is what Dr. Johnson meant by private liberty. Fleet Street open day and night—this is what he meant by public order. Give a sensible man these, and take all the rest, the world goes round. Tyranny was a bugbear. Either the tyranny was bearable, or it was not. If it was bearable, it did not matter, and as soon as it became unbearable the mob cut off the tyrant's head, and wise men went home to their dinner. To views of this sort he gave emphatic utterance on the well-known occasion when he gave Sir Adam Fergusson a bit of his mind. Sir Adam had innocently enough observed that the Crown had too much power. Thereupon Johnson:

> "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig. Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the Crown? The Crown has not power enough. When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government power can be abused long; mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny that will keep us safe under every form of government."

This is not and never was the language of Toryism. It is a much more intellectual "ism." It is indifferentism. So, too, in his able pamphlet "The False Alarm," which had reference to Wilkes and the Middlesex Election, though he no doubt attempts to deal with the constitutional aspect of the question, the real strength of his case is to be found in passages like the following:—

> "The grievance which has produced all this tempest of outrage, the oppression in which all other oppressions is included, the invasion which has left us no property, the alarm that suffers no patriot to sleep in quiet, is comprised in a vote of the House of Commons, by which the freeholders of Middlesex are deprived of a Briton's birthright—representation in Parliament. They have, indeed, received the usual writ of election; but that writ, alas! was malicious mockery; they were insulted with the form, but denied the reality, for there was one man excepted from their choice. The character of the man, thus fatally excepted, I have no purpose to delineate. Lampoon itself would disdain to speak ill of him of whom no man speaks well. Every lover of liberty stands doubtful of the fate of posterity, because the chief county in England cannot take its representative from a gaol."

Temperament was of course at the bottom of this indifference. Johnson was of melancholy humour and profoundly sceptical. Cynical he was not—he loved his fellow-men—his days were full of

"Little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

But he was as difficult to rouse to enthusiasm about humanity as is Mr. Justice Stephen. He pitied the poor devils, but he did not believe in them. They were neither happy nor wise, and he saw no reason to believe they would ever become either. "Leave me alone," he cried to the sultry mob, bawling "Wilkes and Liberty." "I at least am not ashamed to own that I care for neither the one nor the other."

No man, however, resented more fiercely than Johnson any unnecessary interference with men who were simply going their own way. The Highlanders only knew Gaelic, yet political wiseacres were to be found objecting to their having the Bible in their own tongue. Johnson flew to arms: he wrote one of his monumental letters; the opposition was quelled, and the Gael got his Bible. So too the wicked interference with Irish enterprise, so much in vogue during the last century, infuriated him. "Sir," he said to Sir Thomas Robinson, "you talk the language of a savage. What, sir! would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do so?"

Were Johnson to come to life again, total abstainer as he often was, he would I expect denounce the principle involved in "Local Option." I am not at all sure he would not borrow a guinea from a bystander, and become a subscriber to the "Property and Labour Defence League;" and though it is notorious that he never read any book all through, and never could be got to believe that anybody else ever did, he would, I think, read a larger fraction of Mr. Spencer's pamphlet, "Man *versus* the State," than of any other "recent work in circulation." The state of the Strand, when two vestries are at work upon it, would, I am sure, drive him into open rebellion.

As a letter-writer, Johnson has great merits. Let no man despise the epistolary art. It is said to be extinct. I doubt it. Good letters were always scarce. It does not follow that because our grandmothers wrote long letters, they all wrote good ones, or that nobody nowadays writes good letters because most people write bad ones. Johnson wrote letters in two styles. One was monumental—more suggestive of the chisel than the pen. In the other there are traces of the same style, but, like the old Gothic architecture, it has grown domesticated, and become the fit vehicle of plain tidings of joy and sorrow—of affection, wit, and fancy. The letter to Lord Chesterfield is the most celebrated example of the monumental style. From the letters to Mrs. Thrale many good examples of the domesticated style might be selected. One must suffice:—

> "Queeney has been a good girl, and wrote me a letter. If Burney said she would write, she told you a fib. She writes nothing to me. She can write home fast enough. I have a good mind not to tell her that Dr. Bernard, to whom I had recommended her novel, speaks of it with great commendation, and that the copy which she lent me has been read by Dr. Lawrence three times over. And yet what a gipsy it is. She no more minds me than if I were a Branghton. Pray, speak to Queeney to write again. . . . Now you

> think yourself the first writer in the world for a letter about nothing. Can you write such a letter as this? So miscellaneous, with such noble disdain of regularity, like Shakspeare's works; such graceful negligence of transition, like the ancient enthusiasts. The pure voice of Nature and of Friendship. Now, of whom shall I proceed to speak? of whom but Mrs. Montague? Having mentioned Shakspeare and Nature, does not the name of Montague force itself upon me? Such were the transitions of the ancients, which now seem abrupt, because the intermediate idea is lost to modern understandings."

But the extract had better end, for there are (I fear) "modern understandings" who will not perceive the "intermediate idea" between Shakspeare and Mrs. Montague, and to whom even the name of Branghton will suggest no meaning.

Johnson's literary fame is, in our judgment, as secure as his character. Like the stone which he placed over his father's grave at Lichfield, and which it is shameful to think has been removed, it is "too massy and strong" to be ever much affected by the wind and weather of our literary atmosphere. "Never," so he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, "let criticisms operate upon your face or your mind; it is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out; but it often dies in the socket. From the author of 'Fitzosborne's Letters' I cannot think myself in much danger. I met him only once, about thirty years ago, and in some small dispute soon reduced him to whistle." Dr. Johnson is in no danger from anybody. None but Gargantua could blow him out, and he still burns brightly in his socket.

How long this may continue who can say? It is a far cry to 1985. Science may by that time have squeezed literature out, and the author of the "Lives of the Poets" may be dimly remembered as an odd fellow who lived in the Dark Ages, and had a very creditable fancy for making chemical experiments. On the other hand, the Spiritualists may be in possession, in which case the Cock Lane Ghost will occupy more of public attention than Boswell's hero, who will, perhaps, be reprobated as the profane utterer of these idle words: "Suppose I know a man to be so lame that he is absolutely incapable to move himself, and I find him in a different room from that in which I left him, shall I puzzle myself with idle conjectures, that perhaps his nerves have by some unknown change all at once become effective? No, sir, it is clear how he got into a different room—he was *carried*."

We here part company with Johnson, bidding him a most affectionate farewell, and leaving him in undisturbed possession of both place and power. His character will bear investigation and some of his books perusal. The latter indeed may be submitted to his own test, and there is no truer one. A book, he wrote, should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it. His frequently do both.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

THE COLONIAL MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

THE attention of the English public has been drawn during the last few months to a movement that has arisen in Germany for the purpose of acquiring colonial possessions in countries over the sea. This movement is older than these few months, but it would not, perhaps, for a long time even yet have excited any interest among politicians outside Germany, if it had not been shown in the present year that the German Government, and especially the Chancellor of the Empire, was disposed to support the movement with the power of the State. It is quite intelligible that the English public should follow this movement with careful attention, and even with a certain feeling of disquiet, so long as it was still uncertain what importance it might assume for international commerce. It is therefore the more desirable to obtain as quickly as possible a clear understanding of the whole bearing of the question. For more than two centuries the German race in Europe has taken the chief part in trans-oceanic colonization and culture. Holland and England have founded the most flourishing and enduring colonies of modern times, and England in particular has, through the advantage of her maritime situation, the development of her fleet, and the mastery she has by long experience acquired in the art of colonising, risen gradually to the position of undisputed leader in this field. England stands at the head of a movement which has sprung in the first instance no doubt from the enterprise of individuals or of nations, but which is at the same time the outcome and expression of the collective development of Europe. When we speak of colonising, we always mean the extension of European culture, whether it be done by this or by that member of the family of European peoples, and just as we cannot recognise an equal right on the part of

Chinese or Negroes to found colonies, so we cannot think of an English, Dutch, or French colony as being completely severed from all participation on the part of other European nations. Whatever may happen in this field will always be, within certain limits, of an international character and importance. For nowadays colonies are no longer founded by the migration of peoples, but by the emigration of individuals.

Hence it is that, though Germany never till a few weeks ago had a single square mile of colonial possession, her share in colonization has yet been long a very important one. Her political impotence did not permit her to do what other nations did every year—viz., acquire new territory for the surplus of her population. But meanwhile such a surplus had already existed for long, and had to seek outlets for itself without Government direction. The number and capacity of the German population always permitted a great crowd of Germans to join as private persons in the colonizing movements which were conducted by other countries on State means. Since the Dutch, English, and French settled in North America, Germans have continually shared in the work by which the great colonies of our time have been established there. The United States alone contain to-day more than 11,000,000 Germans, and in the veins of native-born Americans there flows a considerable admixture of German blood. Germans have gone in thousands to other foreign colonies, and contributed to their growth. But no attempt has been made by them in the last hundred years to found an independent colony of their own.

Of course, hardly any European colony of importance has been founded for a long time now by any country except England, and, if we leave Algeria out of sight, it would appear as if the German and Latin peoples of the Continent had in this century lost all expansive power. This fact is due to no hindrance by main force on the part of England, whose long habituation to an exclusive supremacy at sea has certainly produced a certain sensitiveness in the Englishman towards other nations—a sensitiveness which, as it seems to me, flows less from apprehension of future dangers than from satisfaction with the existing situation and the desire to preserve it undisturbed. Nevertheless, it was impossible for England to have caused the standstill of colonization among Continental nations, because England, after her great colonial acquisitions at the beginning of this century, was hardly in a position to do justice to new colonies, and could feel no need for new enterprises of that sort, which would have led to entanglements in Europe. England acquired vast territories in Asia, Australia, Africa, and America without drawing the sword; year after year new ground was always falling subject to the Colonial Office, and she would have been possessed with the spirit of an irrational child if she sought to employ her already sufficiently taxed powers to prevent a colonisation on the part of other nations which involved no danger to herself. England had then as little thought as she has to-day of monopolizing trans-oceanic colonisation, nor in truth could she have such a thought.

The explanation of the pause in colonisation by the Continental Powers is to be discovered in two other facts. First, in the great absorbing power of the United States, which had no difficulty in receiving almost all the Continental emigration, and, besides, offered better prospects to the emigrant than a new and still unopened territory elsewhere could possibly do. Secondly, in the unsettled and fermenting condition of the chief Continental States at home, which gave themselves up mainly to agitations on theoretical or practical questions of home politics, of constitutions, and the like, and were therefore not favourably disposed either to an expenditure of State resources in trans-oceanic enterprises, or to a great increase of the industry of the country. Now, both these conditions are prerequisites of colonisation: you must have a surplus of men in order to found agricultural colonies, and you must have a surplus of industrial products in order to found commercial colonies. And besides, an assured and firmly established political condition at home is necessary for a people who would permanently and independently employ such a surplus of men and products in trans-oceanic colonies.

But while Continental nations have been mainly occupied since the end of the Napoleonic wars in devising or carrying out new arrangements of political life, and while the political world has had its attention engrossed with the situation at home, and never considered how the number of emigrants, especially from Germany, increased year by year, there was all the time in process of development the most powerful incentive that has ever produced a colonising movement. Since the third decade of our century, the network of railways and telegraphs has continually extended more and more widely over Europe, and one line of steamships after another has connected the shores of Europe with those of other parts of the earth. One consequence of this has been a rapid extension of the market for produce, and a second consequence a great increase of production. People were to all appearance fighting in Europe for nothing but popular rights and political theories, and yet there was growing up all the time a new world of practical forces whose importance was soon to eclipse the world of principles and doctrines. Besides England, continental countries like France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, pushed into these markets of the world; and if the war of 1870 was kindled by the brand of national ambition, there mingled with the consciousness that the very existence of Germany as a nation was in question, the further consciousness that the fusion and union of the economic forces of the country for the struggle in the great markets of the world were also in question. The issue of the war gave to Germany for the first time the possibility of organizing and uniting these economic forces by political means. From that time forward Germany has been able to enter the markets of the world with the same weapons as other nations.

Italy and Germany were the only great Powers of the Continent to which other parts of the world remained hitherto shut for purposes of political colonization. All other great Powers, and even smaller Powers like Holland, Portugal, and Denmark, had their colonies beyond the sea; others, like Austria and Russia, had fields for colonization on the Continent itself. Germany and Italy alone were confined to boundaries centuries old. And yet the natural need for expansion was far greater with Germany than with most of the other European nations. While the increase of population in France was continually declining, it was regularly rising in Germany. Emigration reached the figure of 200,000 souls a year, and for some years now was exceeded by the emigration of Great Britain alone. Railway extension, carefully promoted by the Imperial Government, had since 1870 given an incentive to production in all departments. In those fifteen years the industrial development of Germany has gone forward with rapid strides, and has been able to meet the requirements imposed on a civilized people by a commerce transformed by mechanical inventions. But Germany has been overtaken by the same difficulties which threaten the other civilized nations of Europe: over-production has for years made itself much felt there in the most various departments; an over-production not merely in industrial products, but also in men of superior education, who are therefore unable to find vent for their faculties at home. To the previous redundancy of hands, of simple power of labour, there is now added a redundancy of heads and of wares. Consequently, the need of colonies, both for agriculture and for trade and industry, has become ever stronger. And while this need has been growing, one of the old outlets for German produce and German labour—viz., Russia—has been ever more and more firmly shut against Germany.

Formerly the surplus labour of Germany had two great markets, North America and Russia. There used for centuries to flow to the Eastern Slavonic countries a great number of manufacturers, professional men, artisans, merchants, day labourers, and a great quantity of German commodities. But Russia began twenty years ago to put in force a so-called national doctrine, which proposed to exclude foreign—*i.e.*, in this particular case, especially German—commodities and men as much as possible from the Russian markets. A high protective duty has more and more effectually excluded German commodities, and national jealousy has as effectually debarred German citizens from the natural outlets of Central Europe. It would need a new war to break down this barrier, and that is not the policy of the German Empire. While, therefore, the need of a new outlet grew rapidly stronger, the old outlet was as rapidly narrowed by the protectionism of Russia. If Germany was not to resort to force, she was compelled to give her whole strength to seeking by peaceful means openings elsewhere which might offer a compensation for those she had lost in Eastern Europe.

Then, to aggravate the situation still more, there came the Socialist agitation, which spread rapidly ten years ago, and led four years later to the attempt on the life of the Emperor. The Government turned itself against this movement with its whole energy, stopped its spread as far as possible, and undertook with the greatest zeal to introduce legislative reforms for the purpose of mitigating, if not removing, prevailing evils in the condition of the lower classes with all the resources at the disposal of the State. A loud, hot fight sprang up in all circles in the country over this social reform. The Government hoped by an energetic reconstruction of the inner conditions of production and industry to find correctives for the growing distress and the increasing numbers of those who suffered from low wages or absolute want of work. Many believed that by such ameliorations at home, sufficient outlet would be created for the annual surplus of men and commodities. The agitation for these reforms has brought about many and great ameliorations, and it still continues to bear fruit in the ingenious proposals of which the Chancellor of the Empire is the author. But the conviction has already for a long time pressed itself on individuals, that no enduring protection from the dangerous pressure of over-production is to be looked for in this way. They see that the extent and character of the German soil would not be sufficient, even with the most scientific cultivation, to furnish the annual increase of population with such an income as is required in a civilized nation in our era. For some years the annual increase of population has been something like half a million, and now it is 600,000. Voices have accordingly been raised from time to time, demanding for Germany colonies of her own, and at the same time a regulation of emigration. They point out that, with all the liberality of many foreign colonial Governments and all the favour shown by the United States, the German emigrant and the German merchant can yet never count on the security and the advantages which the Englishman, the Dutchman, or the Portuguese enjoys. Consular protection can never be equal to the protection of one's own Government; the customs and all other conditions of trade will be regulated according to the practice and profit of England, America, and Portugal, but never according to that of a foreign State like Germany. Both as agriculturist and as trader the German is continually compelled to associate with, and subordinate himself to, peoples foreign to him in language, law, and custom, which is in the first place a loss to himself materially, and in the next is hardly consistent with the dignity of a State like Germany. People began to see, what everybody in England long knew, that the trade of a mother-country with her own colonies was far more advantageous than trade with the colonies of other nations. They remembered that in many countries it was German travellers and scholars who had done most to investigate, open up, and make known those countries for the European market, and that the reward of this work had never fallen in any adequate measure to Germany. They bethought them that the German foot had landed on many points of the world beyond the sea, and had just as good a right to political protection from its native country as the English, Dutch, or any other. And finally, they said that Germany was in a position to apply as great, or even greater, power to the protection of German interests beyond the sea than Holland or Portugal could employ for theirs.

These considerations led, two years ago, to the formation of a Union for the purpose of preparing the way for the acquisition by Germany of colonies of her own, of regulating emigration, and of instituting a propaganda in Germany for both these objects. And how urgent the need for both actually is has been shown by the rapidly growing interest in the efforts of the Union in the course of the last two years. Under the lead of Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg it has extended itself over all Germany, and, with the assistance of many earlier societies established for similar purposes, it has brought large sections of the people to take a concern in aims that were hitherto quite foreign to the German public.

The Government long held itself aloof, nay, averse, from the new movement. It entertained a strong traditional prejudice against emigration, and also against all policy of colonization, a prejudice caused by the extensive emigration that was taking place, and strengthened by the Conservative character of the Prussian bureaucracy and the bureaucratic distrust of all popular agitations. In these circles, too, a belief still prevailed in the omnipotence of the State, which was supposed to be quite competent to provide sufficient work for a population of any extent. This bureaucratic self-satisfaction borrowed support from the Liberal teaching which had not yet emancipated itself from a belief in the infallibility of the doctrine of Free Trade and *Laissez faire*. Free Trade Liberalism had, indeed, only two years before, under the lead of the Deputy Bamberger, energetically opposed the attempt of the Imperial Chancellor to engage the Empire in the acquisition of the Samoa Islands, and it contended still that German subjects were able to pursue their callings with quite sufficient success in the colonies of foreign Powers, and that for Germany to acquire colonies of her own would only be to impose a useless, nay, an injurious burden upon the State. Liberalism accordingly took up an attitude of antagonism to the efforts of the Colonial Union. But on the other hand, its efforts found powerful friends in a band of commercial houses which had been established, for longer or shorter periods, in countries beyond the sea, and which knew by their own experience the importance of this colonial question for Germany. Among these, one in particular was the firm of Lüderitz, who had settled in West Africa. The proprietor of Angra Pequena entered last year into an alliance with the Imperial Chancellor for the national recognition of his acquisitions, and thereby gave occasion for the practical intervention of the Chancellor in this field.

Prince Bismarck had long appeared to take no interest in the colonial movement, waiting to see whether there was anything more in it than a mere passing excitement. The failure of his proposals to support a German firm in the Samoa Islands, five years before, justified the Chancellor in maintaining an attitude of cautious reserve as long as public opinion furnished no probable ground for thinking that, if the Government renewed its action in behalf of German commerce in distant parts, it would not be again left in the lurch by the Reichstag. But the Chancellor was bound to take up a different position towards colonies already acquired, from what he had taken up towards the demand for acquiring colonies. The call for political protection to trans-oceanic property regularly acquired could hardly be refused to German subjects by the Chancellor of the German Empire, so far as the power of the State permitted. Accordingly, the transactions about Angra Pequena were carried out and concluded, in so far as they openly expressed the will of Germany to take the colonial acquisitions of German subjects under the protection of the Empire. When once this decision of the Government was taken in the case of Lüderitz, it naturally opened the way for a series of analogous cases. Other commercial houses asked for the same protection in the Cameroons and other parts of Africa. This forced the Chancellor to send a man-of-war, and, soon afterwards, a special squadron, for the purpose of accurately investigating the legal claims of these commercial houses on the spot, before the Empire would assume the responsibilities involved in the grant of its protection. The officers and ships entrusted with this duty are now again under way, having hoisted the German flag at several parts of West Africa, after examination of the legal rights of the case.

The Chancellor soon found an opportunity of explaining in what sense alone he had sent out this expedition, in connection with another question on which he spoke before the Reichstag. The need of cherishing

German trans-oceanic commerce, and giving it greater security and convenience, had led to the plan of subsidizing one or more steamship lines in the same way as has long been done in England, France, and elsewhere. The Chancellor accordingly laid a proposal last winter before the Reichstag, in which he asked 4,000,000 marks for this purpose. But the Liberal parties, again under the lead of Herr Bamberger, stood up against this proposal on exactly the same grounds as had formerly led them to oppose the Samoa scheme, and they declared that any such subsidy was not only useless but injurious. In spite of the impressive speech of the Chancellor, the matter was referred to a committee, with very unfavourable prospects. In this committee the Chancellor took occasion to explain his position towards the colonial question. He said it was far from the thoughts of the Government to acquire colonies by means of the power of the State, but it was the duty of the Empire to protect her subjects in their possessions, and whenever and wherever a German subject acquired in a regular way a landed freehold that stood under the dominion of no other civilized State, and invoked the protection of the Empire, he might be assured that such protection would not be withheld. Here was the intention of the Government openly declared, and declared in favour of the aims approved by the popular movement so far as they were advanced by the acquisition of commercial colonies or commercial stations. In the meantime the proposal for the steamship subsidy will again come up before the newly-elected Reichstag.

Nothing is further from the ideas of the founders of the Colonial Union, as well as from the movement produced by them, than the ambition of making trans-oceanic conquests. Neither the political position of Germany nor its fleet is adapted for this task. What is aimed at is simply an open path in the peaceful competition with other European nations for the extension of European civilization in other parts of the world—a competition which might at the same time offer us the advantage of a new outlet for our production and population—a competition, indeed, whose political conditions and consequences will doubtless be accommodated to the justice and moderation shown by other Powers in respect to our justifiable wishes. And this is a demand which every State in Europe must recognize as warrantable, and most of all England, which marches at the head of those nations who have inscribed peaceful and open competition on their flag. It is a demand whose justice no German Government can mistake, and whose loyalty towards the claims of other Powers Prince Bismarck has repeatedly demonstrated in the great care and respect he has exhibited for the rights of friendly Governments. It is also a demand on whose fulfilment the prosperity and peace of Germany depends, although people in Germany are not sanguine enough to expect from the acquisition of a few colonies the complete amelioration of social grievances or golden mountains of material wealth. For, compared with the great achievements England and France have made in the field of colonisation, the desires of Germany can only appear very modest. We know very well that there is no new America or India to be discovered, and that no territory stands any longer open to us that can be compared with the plains of North America. We know also that no trans-oceanic country will for a long time be able to offer to the German emigrant the advantages he finds in the United States. No German colony will ever have the attractive power of North America. But there is a remnant of emigration fields where European races have not yet established a preponderance, and commercial fields which promise rich work for European civilization for generations yet. If we Germans, owing to our Continental situation, have but little prospect of becoming a predominantly seafaring nation, yet that very Continental situation compels us to assert in season, and with all our might, our national right to trans-oceanic possession and acquisition. The colonial acquisitions which England has for decades been making every year, and whose present extent far exceeds the bounds of what even England's colonizing power can use for generations, do not deter us, but rather confirm us in the opinion that we have actually nothing to fear from the jealousy of certain ill-advised English politicians. Of this the latest utterances of the English Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, give us the most complete assurance.

At a time when a new continent of the extent of Africa has been opened up, and when this has been largely the fruit of long and laborious toil on the part of German pioneers and men of science, it would be self-renunciation for an active, hardworking nation like the Germans to fold their hands on their breast and look idly on, while all the civilized nations of Europe were securing to themselves shares in the work to which by interest and honour they are called. Germany has sufficiently proved since her reconstruction that she respects foreign rights and seeks nothing but peaceful competition; but she has also shown that she is not disposed to suffer any violation by others of her own equal right to the same advantages. It is therefore a just cause of surprise that a part—only a small part, I am sure—of the English press should have countenanced the idea that this colonial movement in Germany contains the germ of antagonism against any State or people in the world, except the savage tribes and rude States of the South. These too anxious politicians are particularly zealous in assuming an antagonism against England. I should like much to satisfy them on this head, especially as the danger so often arises only out of the anxiety. Since what time has any civilized European tribe set up a doctrine of monopoly in colonization? Or what nation would not injure itself if it sought to exclude every other from the promotion of civilisation? Can we even rationally speak of antagonism in fields that are not yet opened up, that are, so to say, not yet existing for us, and which can only promise to be of any use and importance even for England when English or German or other European labour has opened them up for European needs and commodities? Can we speak of rivalry in countries like Africa, America, or Australia and the islands of the South Sea, when the whole resources of Europe will not for any visible time be equal to develop them to the extent of which they are capable. Only unreason can propagate such ill-grounded opinions without reflecting how even the flattest absurdities can stir up, though it may be for a short time only, popular excitements which might cause serious disturbances to the political and economic relations of whole States. It is desirable that such disturbances of public opinion should be opposed in time both in England and in Germany. All the more so because this subject is now before the most competent tribunal possible. For one of the chief aims of the Conference summoned at the instance of Germany for the settlement of the Congo question is the timely prevention of any possible rivalries in the field of colonization by fixing on all sides the interests and rights of each Power. The colonisation question is not in principle of a national, but of an international character, so far as it deals with presuppositions of international law. And it would give high satisfaction to the representatives of the Colonial movement in Germany, if the friendly Powers succeeded in finding fixed rules for the now very important colonial work of nations. What we in Germany wish is security for our private business operations in uncivilised lands, a security which neither our Government, so far as it is able, nor any foreign Power, can deny to us on principle. We therefore expect from the Congo Conference now sitting, a practical settlement of the questions of the occupation, protectorate, and annexation of uncivilised lands and of the rights to great rivers.

The principle on which that Conference has been based is that of complete equality of right among the leading nations of Europe and America with respect to those countries and peoples that have not yet come under European civilisation. The Conference has shown itself disposed to recognise the task proposed by the King of the Belgians' Association, which consists in this—to organise the basin of the Congo politically, and to open it to European civilisation. Every people in Europe will share in the advantages of the new African State in the measure in which its special capacities and culture fit it to do so. Germans, French, English, Portuguese will acquire in the new Congo State the importance which they can win by their trade, their labour and capital, their colonisation and cultivation of the land itself. The river Congo throughout its whole basin will, as a matter of international law, bear no specifically national character, but will be English, German, or French, just as far as private labour will make it so. We expect to see this principle applied to the remaining tasks of the Conference also. What has been done for the Congo cannot be refused to the Niger; and the same principle of the common interest of European civilisation must serve to furnish the basis for settling the other questions which concern the political relations of European Governments with uncivilized countries.

The German has hitherto been willingly received as a fellow-labourer in all English colonies, and we have rejoiced at the frequent recognition in the English press of the capacity and industry of German colonists. Relationship in language, character, force, and endurance renders a union of Englishmen and Germans in some sense easier than a union of either with Latin or Slavonic races. It would therefore be all the more foolish to encourage groundless and aimless jealousies between the two German races in a field where the labour of the one can only support that of the other. The noble and useful task of civilizing savage countries and peoples cannot possibly be the occasion of jealousy, but only of competition. And as England has never thought of excluding German labourers or merchants from her ports, mines, or coffee plantations in Asia or Africa, so now she will not try to hinder Germany from acquiring colonies of her own. Besides, it seems to me that the expectations entertained outside of Germany of immediate practical results from the present movement are often extravagant. We in Germany have as yet neither the means nor the intention of undertaking a great colonial crusade. Our aims are more modest. But we do desire, not only in a private but also in a political form, justice and protection in foreign lands for whatever we may acquire by our own labour, capital, or intelligence. This desire is too just to awaken anxiety in any country of Europe.

BARON VON DER BRÜGGEN.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIALISM:

Le Socialisme Contemporain. Par EMILE DE LAVELEYE. Bruxelles: Muquardt.
Contemporary Socialism. By JOHN RAE, M.A. London: Wm. Isbister (Limited).

TWO works have lately made their appearance, each with this heading, and both are exact and full. The merits of M. de Laveleye, both as an interpreter of social phenomena and as an economic philosopher, are very high and are fully recognized. Few persons who write on social questions have the art of clearness and the gift of thoroughness to the extent that M. de Laveleye possesses those faculties, and his work, "Le Socialisme Contemporain," is characterized by the literary merits for which he is so distinguished. Mr. Rae has supplied the English reader with an excellent work, in which the tenets of the authors whose career he handles are stated justly and reviewed with fairness and temper. Both authors have dealt with these topics as the historians of mental and moral philosophy have been accustomed to examine the subjects which they treat. They have thrown the exposition of certain prominent opinions which are identified with certain names into a set of biographies of opinion. Naturally, M. de Laveleye deals generally with the Teutonic phase of socialism. Mr. Rae has apparently followed the same lines, but, as it appears to me, independently. The latter writer has also undertaken an exposition and a criticism of Mr. George's work, which, under the name of "Progress and Poverty," has been extensively read and reviewed by English and American writers. It is sufficient to say that both works are well worth a careful perusal. But it will be obvious that it is impossible, in the brief limits of a review like the present, to deal fairly with two books in which a very great amount of personal opinion is condensed, carefully stated, and conscientiously weighed. It will be sufficient for the present purpose if one attempts to deal with the general question as fairly and distinctly as possible.

The word "Socialism" is in the last degree ambiguous, or, if my reader pleases, elastic. In one sense it includes not only all critical investigations into the progress, the arrest, and the retrogression of civilisation, but any effort which individuals, governments, or communities make in the direction of detecting social mischief, and in providing remedies against that which they discover. It is possible to include under the socialist hypothesis any religious movement which has intended to benefit humanity generally, any theory of the philosopher, from Plato to Herbert Spencer, which disputes the excellence of present arrangements, and propounds more or less drastic remedies for discovered and reputed evils, and any effort which Governments and Legislatures have attempted and carried out with a view to controlling and modifying individual action. In short, all that people call Altruism may be called Socialist action. The disinterested teaching of religion, the purposes of an active benevolence, the perseverance with which men have given themselves to public ends, the self-denying energy of missionaries, the labours of men like Sharp, Clarkson, Howard, Macaulay, Wilberforce; the spirit which founds and maintains almshouses and hospitals, which supplies lifeboats, which insists on justice to inferior races, and even resents cruelty to animals; the temper which makes men gentle to the young, the sick, and the weak; the impulse which urges delicately nurtured women into the work of hospital nursing, and even into that of the Genevan Red Cross; the courage with which physicians risk health and life in the midst of infection and contagion, and a thousand other efforts too numerous to recapitulate, are part of that enthusiasm which may not be a complete corrective to selfish egoism, but is, it will be found, a singularly efficacious palliative of it, and a powerful check to that further development or other aspect of the Socialist impulse which seeks to effect by force that which it despairs of achieving by a generous and spontaneous effort. It cannot be denied that selfish and personal purposes have over and over again materially aided the progress of human societies and of civilisation in general. But they have aided them indirectly, unconsciously, unintentionally, and therefore have no merit, and can claim none. The genuine progress of human civilisation is due to disinterested and self-denying labours on the part of those who have looked for no reward beyond the satisfaction of duty or conscience, or, if you will, of an overpowering and overmastering sympathy for others. Of course, it is possible to allege that any social virtue may be referred to a personal end, that the just, the generous, the benevolent and the beneficent among men, are as much the creatures of a personal constitution and an irresistible motive as the reverse characters are occasionally said to be. But whatever be the analysis which people make of characters and motives, few persons will hesitate to allow that the usefulness of those who persistently pursue ends which confer large benefits on others is incontestable, and that those men must be entirely enamoured of anarchy who would wish to discourage or even disparage the tendency.

On the other hand, Socialism is used to denote the purposes of those who desire and would wish to achieve the absolute reconstruction of society, either by the force of government, or by a popular upheaval, or by terrorism and anarchy, by any means other than that which is of spontaneous and gradual development. Sometimes the scheme is the dream of a philosophic student, or the leisurely criticism of a man of the world, who tells us what he would do if he had the power, and society were plastic. The "Cyropædia" of Xenophon, the "Republic" of Plato, the "Utopia" of More, the "Oceana" of Harrington, are systems of Socialism which were conceived in the closet, and never were imagined to have any existence beyond the ideal of the writer. Sometimes, as in "Gulliver's Travels," the ideal is one of a savage and wanton misanthropy; once, as in Rabelais, policy, or fear, or temperament, shrouded the purpose of the writer in so gross a form, that it is difficult, perhaps impossible, occasionally superfluous, to guess what the author would be at. In our own day, though the object of writers on social facts may be as unreal or impracticable as it ever was in the epoch of political romance, it is no longer necessary or expedient to disguise the longing for political reform, or discontent at existing practices, in the sketch of an imaginary republic, any more than one needs, in order to criticise an administration, to convey one's sentiments in a vehicle like the "Beggars' Opera."

Civilized governments have learned, or are learning, though with great reluctance, that they must submit to criticism. It is doubtful whether those whose lot in society is the hardest, get, or ever will get, much benefit from the freedom of the Press, for the cheapest and freest Press reaches them very imperfectly, or not at all; and if it does, the political element, which is progressively becoming the social element, treats the subject in a manner which conveys very little meaning to them. But the utterances of the Press are very useful to Governments; not so much as guides of action—a claim often made by the Press, and always a ridiculous claim—but as exponents of opinion among those by whom action may be led. It has been proved over and over again, that the repression of uttered opinion has no effect on the persistency with which an opinion is held, or even on the success with which it is disseminated. It grows in intensity as it is ostensibly suppressed, and as it always has the start of the censor, it is constantly able to elude pursuit and work in secret. Now, when a people cherish a secret, of which the Government is uninformed, the strangest surprises ensue. A few months before the Long Parliament met, the agents of Laud informed him, and he informed the King, that the policy of Government had been absolutely successful, and that Puritanism was extirpated. In a short time it overturned Church and King, the administration and the prerogative, the traditions of a thousand years, and an authority which was zealously maintained by religion and law. It cannot, I think, be doubted that a free Press would have given warning of the coming storm. It is alleged that Frederick the Great met criticisms on his conduct and policy by saying: "My people can write as they please, as long as I act as I please." But no ruler has ever disdained to mould his action, in some degree at least, by what his people think and say. These, however, are almost the commonplaces of government, though they are accepted with infinite distaste.

The discontent which is felt very generally with the condition of modern society has been largely enhanced by the traditional attitude of political economy. In its beginnings, this, the youngest of the philosophies or sciences, was as severe on the existing order of things as any criticism of Lassalle or Marx, and, considering the times, was more bold and outspoken. The social miseries of the French *roturier* set the pens of the Economists to work in France. The work of Adam Smith is full of sharp criticism, of pungent epithets, of denunciations, which are more outspoken and severe than can be found in the writings of this economist's successors. The "ruinous extravagance of Kings and Governments," "the mean and malignant sophisms," "the passionate confidence of interested falsehood," "the sneaking arts of underling tradesmen," which he alleges are the characteristics of those whose policy he criticises, are not conciliatory phrases. Cold and formal as the manner of Smith is, his friendship and admiration for Hume did not lead him to incorporate in what he wrote that cynical hatred for all human liberty, except that of sceptical opinion, which Hume constantly betrays. On the contrary, all his sympathies are with those who work. He even denies the name of productive utility to all but those who labour after that wealth which produces or procures the means of life, and even exaggerates his case when he claims the fullest freedom for them. My readers will remember the honest indignation with which he examines the atrocious law of parochial settlement.

The next teacher of the science exercised, I cannot help thinking, a most baleful influence over it. Ricardo was an acute and prosperous stockbroker, who busied himself mainly with two things. One was the phenomena of agricultural production under the worst possible conditions, those of an artificial price for the product, and an energetic stimulus given to population under the laws which regulated the price of labour, tied the labourer to the soil, and in the factory districts demanded the labour of the young. Ricardo examines the phenomena of this state of things without being apparently conscious that the causes of all lay in the extreme badness of the law, and were entirely artificial. The other topic was that of ways and means, the process by which the ever-increasing charges of war and government were to be met; and on this topic the student will search in vain for a just exposition of taxation, its incidence, and, what is still more important, the effect of taxation on industry. It was surely not impossible for Ricardo to have detected what Porter saw at a glance, that the real burden of the great Continental war fell on labour, while the capitalist and the stockbroker were making enormous gains from the expenditure and the exigencies of Government.

The fact is, political economy and the treatment of the subject were falling into the hands of opulent persons, or of those who were familiar with opulence—in one well-known instance into the hands of one who was a parasite on opulence. To such persons the phenomena of the production of wealth were of supreme, of even exhausting importance. They troubled themselves very little, scarcely at all, with the most important of all social problems—the agencies by which the distribution of wealth was assisted or impeded. They were more concerned with the manner in which the few get rich, no matter how, than with the causes which kept the many poor, however much they may have added to the process by which the few grew wealthy. Ricardo argued against Succession Duties, on the ground that one should not tax savings, forgetting that the only thing you can tax is what a man can save. All of them gave an exaggerated importance and an exaggerated mobility to capital; none of them seeing that the function of capital is to give, not original, but continuous employment to labour, and all of them practically deriving their theory of capital from the machinery of bankers' loans.

It is inevitable that human nature has estimated, and always will estimate, the labour men give by its utility. We conclude that the man who adds to human wealth, either by supplying the first necessaries and comforts of life, or the means by which those necessaries or comforts are procurable, is more valuable, more useful, more praiseworthy, and more worthy of survival than a man who gets wealth. It is an instinct with mankind to believe that supremely necessary and supremely useful work is the best kind of work, and that the man who produces food, clothing, and shelter, is worth very much more than the man who trades in them. It is in vain that economists dwell on the utility of the tradesman or the middleman, and allege that when society adopts a service it has pronounced in favour of its usefulness. But, even when the functions of the carrier and the merchant are acknowledged, the value of the mere jobber and speculator is open to question. Men grow opulent on time bargains, on corners, on brokerage, on agencies, and it is suspected, with reason, that they get wealth, and not only do not add to wealth, but actually diminish it or impede its economical distribution. When, however, they belong to another class—*i.e.*, the inactive and unconscious recipients of an increasing opulence, to the creation of which they have contributed nothing—there is a growing discontent at the process, and a growing dissatisfaction with the objects of the process. Men naturally ask, If the value of land has grown a thousand-fold to the owner, by no effort on his part, but most assuredly by the efforts of others, how can the policy and justice of such a result be defended? When it is seen that the efforts of those who possess political power, or who have possessed it, have been directed towards lightening the burdens and increasing the resources of one kind of property, and that apparently the least defensible, when such property transfers taxation from itself to the occupier, from itself to the general body of taxpayers, and even claims exemption from charges which are put on analogous kinds of property, the discontent is heightened. But this is the case with the rent of land. Local taxation in England, even that which is imposed for the purpose of making the occupation of land possible, and thereupon of heightening its value, is paid by the occupier. Thus, for example, the city of Oxford has been very properly restrained from pouring its sewage into the Thames, and has thus been compelled to find another outlet for a necessary incident of human habitation. The cost has been defrayed, or is being defrayed, by the occupiers, and the owners have been enabled, first to put the charge of improving, or, to be more accurate, of rendering habitable what they possess, on other persons, and next, by consequence, to ultimately compel those who have improved the estate to pay interest or rent on their own outlay.

The two Houses of Parliament are keenly alive to the interest of the landowner, and to the duty of robbing others on his behalf. In the last Parliament the Tory Government transferred permanent charges of a million and a half annually from the landowners to the general body of taxpayers. In the present Parliament the landowners have been strong enough to plunder the same body of persons—*i.e.*, the mass of the English people—of £200,000 a year for the purpose of maintaining roads, means of communication without which agricultural land would be valueless, and the cost of which therefore should be borne cheerfully and honestly by landowners. Even the devotion or gratitude of the Whig party to the Government is not strong enough to resist the impulse towards pillaging the public for the benefit of landlords. The Administration cannot count on the support of its followers when the landed interest is bent on getting a share of the taxes. But this has been the policy of Parliament for more than two centuries, from the date of the Restoration, when the incidents of the feudal tenures were redeemed at the cost of the public, down to the last and successful demands on the Government at the instance of Messrs. Pell and Read and their astute adviser Major Craigie.

In the same way property in land, nay, even money devised for the purpose of investment in land, is relieved of one kind of succession duty, that of the probate, and is visited by a very qualified tax on the other kind of succession duty. All other kinds of property (the distinction between which and that in land, as far as the mere character of the property goes, is a lawyer's juggle) pay a double death duty. The late Government, true to the detestable instincts of the landed interest, increased the charges on the latter kind of property, and left the other kind as it was. It appears that the courage of Mr. Gladstone and of Mr. Childers shrinks from grappling with the problem of putting the same duties on what is technically called real estate as are levied on personal property, and as the vitality of a Ministry is of supreme interest to itself, with some reason; for the "public spirit of the Whigs" will not allow them to make a sacrifice on behalf of justice. But the plea on which death duties are levied (the tax being bad, because it permits the rich to escape the tax by a *donatio inter vivos*, while it visits the less opulent to the full) is that, as the recipient of a legacy or succession has not earned its value, he may justly be called on to contribute from his good fortune, is doubly applicable to rent. It has increased in value through the last four centuries, sixty-fold on arable land, twenty-fold on natural pasture, and more than a thousand-fold on ground rents. This increase has been effected, beyond any other labour than that of appropriation, on behalf of the owner. It is indeed sometimes said that the landowner can claim an enhanced rent on the ground of his outlay on improvements. Such a plea is decidedly untenable in the case of ground rents, where the improvements are first made by others, and then appropriated by the landowner. But a little investigation will show that it is equally untenable in the case of what are landlords' outgoings under what is called the English system. They could not be effected by a tenant on a yearly holding or on any short lease. They were effected by the tenant on a beneficial lease. When the charge was incurred by the landlord, the cost is exactly identical in principle with the waste or consumption of wealth which is necessitated in the process of agriculture, with this difference, that it was far less in amount; for it is quite certain that the charges of permanent improvements have never been equal in quantity to the capital which the prudent tenant finds himself compelled to be provided with for good husbandry. Besides, it was as certainly paid for in an enhanced annual rent as the tenant's outlay has been in farmer's profit. On a farm of 400 acres, at an average rental, a tenant needs to have a capital of at least £4,000, which is turned over from year to year, or, in other words, invested in the land which he cultivates. But apart from the purchase-money of his estate, the landlord has rarely invested one-fourth of such a sum in permanent improvements, and what he has invested is not indeed indestructible, but is very enduring, is necessary for the development of any rent whatever, and is therefore as essential to the origin of rent as the land and the farmer's stock are. But in the rent paid by a tenant, say 30*s*. an acre, or £600 a year, the interest on the landlord's outlay, essential though that outlay is, will be found to be infinitesimal.

There is indeed an answer, and a complete answer, to those who allege that natural rent—*i.e.*, the gradual appreciation of agricultural land, should be appropriated by the State. It is that value has for a great part of its area been given for it on the faith that it is as sacred as any other kind of property (and it may be with some reason alleged that the prospective increase in value was contained in the price); that the obligations of society are continuous; that a new departure, in which an existing generation repudiates such obligations, is not only unfair, but suicidal, because it extinguishes confidence and discourages enterprise; and that it is impossible to distinguish between the sanctity of different kinds of property. Unluckily, foolish lawyers have given a peculiar sanctity to one kind of property; and quite as unluckily foolish landowners have surrounded one kind of property, and that the least obviously defensible, with peculiar privileges and peculiar exemptions. If at any time hereafter the popular voice irresistibly demands the nationalization of land, the extinction of the landowner's rights and enjoyments, and the partial or complete confiscation of his interests, the landowners will have to thank the lawyers and themselves for the discouragement which has been given to the advocates of their defensible rights, and for the successful violence with which these rights have been assailed.

It cannot be denied that the form of Communism which attacks the English land system, and, despairing of remedial measures, seeks to overthrow private property in land, is already in the air. It is not advocated by penniless and desperate adventurers, for men of position and means have given in their adhesion to the movement, and are thorough in its advocacy. Now, there is no position which is maintained with greater difficulty than that of an unreformed institution, which has no friends in its present shape, and is criticized by an increasing party which is eager to destroy it. There are numbers of clear-headed and honourable persons, who have a well-merited dislike to the English land system, who see in it a thousand evils, and little or no countervailing good, but who have no desire to see land put on any other footing than that on which personal property is placed, except in so far, as they argue, that the settlement of that which is a limited quantity is a greater violation of good sense than the settlement of that which may be indefinitely extended in quantity. But, on the other hand, there are a number of other persons, and apparently an increasing number, who credit the private ownership of land with being the source of all, or nearly all, the social mischiefs of modern civilization. As long as landowners cling to anti-social expedients, such as primogeniture, the power of strict settlement, and the conveyance of land by secret deeds unquestionably are, so long will those who would advocate the maintenance of private property in land be disabled from defending what is legitimate, and must leave the field to those who assail the institution itself.

The revision and even the invasion of the rights of private ownership in land has already got beyond the stage of theory. Sixteen years ago, I argued, from a careful examination of the state of husbandry in the south of Ireland, from Wicklow and Waterford to Kerry and Limerick, that nothing short of what are now called the three F's could satisfy the situation in Ireland. I do not assert that had they been granted in 1870, much that is deplorable and disheartening would have been averted; but I am certain that the concession of 1882 would have been timely then, but is scouted as incomplete at present. I am persuaded that had the Act of 1876, relative to English holdings, been like that of 1883, instead of being the barren acquiescence in a principle, and an entire refusal of all details, the Farmer's Alliance would be less minatory than it now is, or than it is likely to be, in some form or another, in Scotland, in Wales, and ultimately in England. We have acknowledged at last a double ownership in land. The system is complete in Ireland, for no rational person expects that the Land Commissioners' rents will ever be raised in the interest of those who will hereafter have nothing but a rent charge. Unless we are greatly misinformed, discontent in Scotland is engaged in formulating very startling demands and very drastic remedies. It will not be long before the same feeling will take shape in England, and the old-fashioned political economists will find that they have misinterpreted their science, and that they must needs prepare themselves for other social phenomena than those which they have hitherto held to be normal and natural.

I cannot, on the principles of Mr. Ricardo and Mr. Mill, justify the legislation which is past or that which is impending. Though these writers have not carried the doctrine of freedom of contract to the extent which has seemed good to certain parties, they certainly never contemplated the contingency of the State making bargains for grown-up men, or of its modifying the contracts into which such persons have entered. Nor does any one now doubt that it would have been better if the assisted parties in the contract had been able to do without this assistance, and does not regret that the assistance was needed. But granted that they could not, that the law had given such power to one of the parties in the contract that the other could not make a fair bargain, two questions arise? Is not the interest of the producer of wealth more important than that of one who produces nothing, but simply shares in the product; and next, granted that it is of supreme importance that industry should be encouraged, is not the existing relation of capital to land injurious to the tenant, a hindrance to the growth and distribution of public wealth, and ultimately a serious drawback to general prosperity? Parliament has answered these two questions in the affirmative, and the precedent is of very grave significance. What if it be discovered and emphasized that the public health of the towns, and especially the condition of labour, is seriously deteriorated by the ordinary tenure of building sites in towns, especially in London? What if the English people traces much of its misery to the settled estates of great landowners and great corporations? The leading Conservatives are beginning to throw the farmers overboard, and to profess that they desire nothing more than the free admission of the county labourers to the Constitution. Does any reasonable person believe that these blandishments will avail, when those labourers are taught, as they assuredly will be taught, who are responsible for so much of the misery of their condition? The Democracy, whatever it is called, will not be so discriminating as to reserve all their wrath for employers in towns, for the Manchester and Birmingham capitalists, and ignore the condition of Hatfield and Woodstock. And conversely, when they discover the mischief of a settled estate in the county, they will not long be blind to its evil in a town. I do not know whether Mr. Broadhurst's Bill is within measurable distance of becoming law, but I am pretty sure it would be well for the town proprietors if it were.

But though it appears that Communism is making very definite progress in relation to the English land question among certain classes of Englishmen, while Socialism in a modified form—by which I mean the accommodation of economical relations to distinct social ends—has made very considerable progress in the British Parliament, and the anti-social tenets of Fair Trade and Protection are only avowed to be ridiculed, the English nation has not taken a single step in the direction of that Continental Socialism which M. de Laveleye has so acutely analysed, and Mr. Rae has described. Continental Socialists have admitted and deplored that the seed they sow in England does not yield a crop, does not even germinate. When the English workmen went to the meeting of the International at Geneva, they came back bewildered with the unpractical schemes which were there ventilated with the object of regenerating or reconstructing society. When they sent out their delegation to Paris a twelvemonth ago, they could suggest no better remedy for social mischief than their own trades' union. They have no animosity to the capitalist, though they wish to get a greater share of his profits. They do not desire to make war on the State, nor to claim its assistance. The best among them wish to be part of the State, to be admitted to the Constitution, to have an effective voice in the selection of representatives, and to be themselves represented in Parliament by some of their own order, or by men who know them and their wants. I cannot recall a single instance in which English working men have asked for a State subvention, or a department which should look after their own interests, or anything beyond a State inspection of employers and their works. When the calling is peculiarly risky, employers are particularly heedless, and the risks of which they complain can be generally obviated.

The English Government has never affected the function of a special providence for the working man. For centuries it was his jealous step-mother, which denied him, as far as possible, freedom of thought and freedom of action. It has never formulated the rights of man. It has never pretended to regulate his life in his interests. It has let him see that as long as he is out of the Constitution he must expect little or nothing in the way of consideration, and that when he is in it, he must take his own way in order to get his demands conceded. And, to do them justice, the leaders of the working classes have never advised their followers to squeeze the Constitution for the benefit of labour, as land-owners do for land. There are, indeed, symptoms that the raw advocates of Tory Democracy may enter on the dangerous course of stimulating disaffection towards the social relations in which labour finds itself. If they do, their words will be so many boomerangs, which may be aimed at others, but will hit those who utter them; for if the English people is not affectionate towards employers, it is the very reverse of affectionate towards landlords. A century or more ago the highest wages in England were paid at Woodstock. Perhaps a Birmingham elector may ask Lord Randolph Churchill why so lamentable a change has come over that poverty-stricken little borough.

The English working man does not appeal to the State for favour or assistance. He is strongly convinced, and he has the vague memories of centuries to assure him, that men get on by their own efforts; some men individually, the mass collectively. He believes, and rightly believes, a great deal more in the principle of association than he does in that of revolution. He does not call capital theft, or property either, for he knows the functions of the one and the conveniences of the other. But he is under the impression that the employer gets more of the common profits of the customer and employés' labour than is fair, and he has a mind to better himself and his fellows if he can. And men who set themselves honestly to work on the solution of this problem are more and more removed from Socialism the more completely they master it.

It is, I think, true that the mischief of competition is not seen so manifestly or felt so forcibly in England as it is abroad. The English race has been active in getting money, but it has been generous in the use of it. It has always looked on gripping and penurious selfishness with marked dislike. When its wealth was at the lowest ebb, just at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it passed a poor law, centuries before any other European nation, or, indeed, before any nation whatever recognized that the destitute should be fed and clothed and housed. It would rather be extravagant than mean. The voluntary efforts of Englishmen in the satisfaction of public duties are enormous and amazing. Their hospitals, their charities, their institutions are incessantly demanding aid, and are as incessantly supplied. If distress of an exceptional kind arises, people give, sometimes capriciously and unequally, but always freely. It is probable that the voluntary donations of Englishmen, in which I include the United States and the Colonies, are ten times as much as the voluntary gifts of the whole of the world besides. If one puts a franc into the plate at an exceptional collection in a French Church, the gendarme will make one a low reverence; if one puts a shilling into an English collection for any considerable purpose, one is rightly thought mean if one's appearance justifies a larger expectation. Now the habit of systematic alms-giving is fatal to Socialistic impulses, for the essence of the former is to do a duty oneself, of the latter to bid somebody else do it, and to force him to do it, if he be unwilling. It would be an error to believe that genuine alms-giving is confined to the very opulent, among whom it is rare, or to the middle classes, with whom it is a habit; for the working classes, apart from the sacrifices which they make for common purposes, are notoriously generous to one another. Kindness may be superficial. I once travelled by sea from Genoa to Marseilles in the company of a Frenchman and a woman, the latter alone and in distress. I witnessed the incessant and almost affectionate politeness of the Frenchman, and regretted that I was not so acute and supple in my courtesies. But when we had all landed at Marseilles, I saw that polite Frenchman seize the only cab that could be gotten and leave the poor lady on the quay for the practical attentions of the less demonstrative Englishman.

In point of fact, the foreigner has been tutored into the belief that Government is the only supernatural force which he has to recognize. But he concludes that a supernatural power is bound to supernatural beneficence, or that it must be superseded, displaced, or modified. In his management of the German people, Bismarck is entirely consistent. He has his plan, probably the best which can be used or at least that he can use. He sympathized with Lassalle, till he found him personally inconvenient. Then he persecuted him, or repudiated him, or threatened him, as the case may be. Since that time he has renewed his acquaintance with Lassalle's theories, and is cautiously giving him and his theories an apotheosis.

I remember that a friend of mine, some time since in the House of Commons, told me of a conversation he had with this arbiter of Europe, as the newspapers call him, on the subject of the impending war between Russia and Turkey. The Chancellor was frank. "If," he said, "the Emperor does not go to war, he will have to reckon with his people, and his dynasty is in peril. If he does, he will have to endure bankruptcy. There is no doubt as to what course he will choose." The European Governments have created their Frankensteins in the various forms of Socialism with which they have to deal.

The most striking illustration of the sentiment with which the English workman regards the State is seen in the relations which he recognizes in the legal relief of destitution and the claims of labour. He demands that he should make his own bargain with his employer—of course collectively, as he is too weak to do so individually, and under the application of the joint-stock principle to capital and employment he is becoming increasingly weak. But in order to make this bargain, he is obliged to demand that he may be able to refuse the terms offered him. He is, however, in this peculiar position: if he refuses he loses wages, which in his case are capital and profit; if his employer holds out, he only loses profit. He may therefore fairly claim that he should have some protection against the peculiar disability in which he is placed while he is making his bargain, to be assisted in that by the State, or by the general body of wealth-owners if he fails.

I do not say that he puts his claims on society in this form of words. As a matter of fact, he is very anxious to find the fund, by which he may keep going till the terms of his bargain are settled, from the corporate resources of his own organization, or from the resources of associations which are similar or analogous to his. But he assuredly would resent any attempt to deny relief to destitution, whether it were brought about by unforeseen calamity, or by recklessness, or by drunkenness, or by vice and crime. *A fortiori*, he would resent its being denied to those who had failed in what I may call an industrial speculation—*i.e.*, an attempt to better wages by refusing to work for inadequate wages. I do not think that any one who analyzes the true economical significance of the relations of labour and capital can have any doubt that his contention is just.

On the other hand, he has never affirmed the doctrine, which underlies all Continental Socialism, that the State is bound to find him employment. He has borne his share, and a full share, in depressed trade and restricted industrial enterprise. He sustains the real losses of the time in which capital is timid and credit is coy. He has the greatest interest in the maintenance of commercial integrity, for upon his shoulders fall the heaviest burdens which commercial dishonesty induces on industry, and most of the calamities which misdoing inflicts on society. But he does not charge society at large with the frauds of traders and speculators, with the effects of rings and corners, with the sins of Governments and the follies of Administrations. He is not, I repeat, at war with the organization of society. Hence he does not demand the aid of Government, or believe that his prosperity depends on this party or that, or, failing them, on a party of the future, which he is to construct. As long as he is of this mind the syrens of contemporary and Continental Socialism will pipe to ears as deaf as those of Ulysses, though, unlike his, to ears which have not been stopped by artifice. Only, he is shaky about the land, and unless reform is speedy, there is risk that he may formulate his discontent.

J. E. Thorold Rogers.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE EVANGELICAL PARTY.

IT is just over thirty years since an article appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, entitled "Church Parties." Its object, as stated by its author on its republication in pamphlet form, was "to show how much of good exists in all the great parties of the Church, and to prove that the evils and follies, often attributed to whole parties, are really confined to their extremes." But, besides this, it answered the further purpose of a kind of handbook of the Church of England, defining more distinctly than had before been done the frontiers and the mutual relations of the three great Church parties, and assigning to one of them—the Broad Church—a name which, if not unknown before, had certainly not till then come into general use.

But thirty years is a generation of men; and some of our spiritual pastors who now occupy our pulpits, then occupied—or did not yet occupy—their cradles. And further, the last thirty years have been a time of very rapid movement in ecclesiastical matters. Among the events of these three decades have been the Bennett, the Purchas, and the Voysey judgments; the publication of "Essays and Reviews" and of Bishop Colenso's works, and the proceedings resulting therefrom; the revival of Convocation; the modification of Clerical Subscription and of the Act of Uniformity; the Burials Act; the almost complete separation of the Universities from their organic connection with the Church; the revision of the translation of the New Testament. And, coincident with these events, there has been a movement of opinion, silent and unmarked for the most part, which makes a description of Church parties as they were thirty years ago read like a piece of ancient history. Neither the High Church, nor the Evangelical, nor the Broad Church party stand where they did then; old leaders and old watchwords have been succeeded by new; neither the relative position nor the relative strength of Church parties is what it was. And in one of them, the so-called Evangelical or Low Church party, the change has been so marked that it may be worth while in no unfriendly or captious spirit to inquire whence this change has arisen and what it portends.

That the Evangelical party has declined in influence and in numbers will hardly be denied. The author of the article already referred to mentions, as one indication of the relative strength of the different sections into which the Church of England is divided, that "The *Record*, which is the organ of one extreme party, and the *Guardian*, which is the organ of the other, have about an equal circulation." Now the circulation of the *Record* is but a fraction of that of the *Guardian*; and although the *Guardian* has long ceased to be the organ of an extreme party, and now aims rather at representing the Church generally, though from a distinctly High Church point of view, yet this is not enough to explain the remarkable change in the whole relative position of the two newspapers. Again, to take another test. Whereas in 1858 the Additional Curates Society, supported mainly by the High Church, had an income of rather under £13,000 per annum, and the Pastoral Aid Society, supported mainly by the Low Church, of a little over £30,000, now the former Society has 646 additional curates wholly or partly dependent on it, and the latter 540 clergymen and 168 lay agents, and although the income of both societies has greatly increased, yet that of the Pastoral Aid Society has not doubled, while that of the other has more than trebled. One more test we may apply with a still stronger result. The elections to Convocation, since that body, through the exertions of Bishop Wilberforce, had the power of speech restored to it, are understood to have been generally a *bonâ fide* representation of the clergy; and in Convocation the High Church party has pretty much its own way.

But it is not necessary to have recourse to figures to prove the decadence of the Evangelical party. Indeed, it is not so much a falling-off in numbers as a decline in influence and motive force. It is quite possible that numerically the Evangelicals may be holding their own, or even increasing; but that they are relatively as strong, as operative a force as they were fifty years ago, is what probably no one would venture to affirm. They have still a great command of money, their good works do not languish, funds are forthcoming to found theological halls, and to imprison obstinate Ritualists, many of their ministers are active, useful, influential men; but as a party they fail to exercise that influence upon the Church which their numbers, at least among the laity, would entitle them to claim. Not only in Church Congresses and in Diocesan Conferences, but in the whole working and organization of the Church, the High Church party have, if not an absolute supremacy, at least a dominant and overpowering influence. And by steadily pressing their advantages, by persevering work, by a noble readiness to undertake the forlorn hopes of the Church, they have, starting from the position of an unpopular and scarcely tolerated section, fairly won for themselves the central position in the Church's line; a position which the Evangelicals, with their far greater advantages, might well have made their own.

There can be no doubt that this failure to establish in the Church of England a position worthy of their principles and of their spiritual ancestry is due to more causes than one. It is due, perhaps, in the first instance, to the somewhat individual and separate character of Evangelical religion, which trusts rather to purely spiritual than to material forces, and which seems to find its natural sphere of action rather in the congregation than in a wider organization. It may also be due in no slight degree to the fact that the work, both of the original Evangelicals and of the original High Churchmen, is to a great extent done; that while the one party has succeeded, to an extent which forty years ago would have seemed incredible even to the most sanguine, in leavening the Church with a regard for order and authority, and with a taste for a decent and even an ornate ritual and architecture, the other has introduced Evangelical teaching far beyond its own pale, so that doctrines and phrases formerly characteristic of a clique have now become common property. But whatever the causes may be, those who believe that if the Evangelical party could rise to its opportunity, it might still have before it a noble and a fruitful future, may be excused for regretting its present condition, and may be permitted to offer such suggestions as they can towards its revival.

There is so great a temptation to any party, ecclesiastical or political, to modify insensibly its professions under pressure of external circumstances, that it is always well for them from time to time to study their pedigree, to "look unto the rock whence they are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence they are digged." Not indeed that it is desirable for any party to stand still. If the political organizations of the present day should insist upon repeating the watchwords of fifty years ago, they would be regarded as harmless but useless lunatics; yet it is impossible to judge how far any body of men are faithful representatives of the principles of their predecessors without looking into the charter, so to speak, of their incorporation. The Conservatives of to-day may, without inconsistency, adopt proposals which their predecessors of a generation back opposed; but they would be false to their principles if their policy were not shaped with a view to preserving all that can be preserved of old forms and old institutions. And, in like manner, the Evangelicals may not unreasonably adopt much against which their fathers protested, and lay aside much to which their fathers clung; but if they wish to retain the name, they must not ignore the principles which alone can give them the right to bear it. If, then, we uncover the foundations of the Evangelical revival of the last century, we shall find that it was distinctly and emphatically a revival of spiritual religion. Its leaders did not, indeed, like the followers of George Fox a century earlier, discard the externals and the visible expressions of religion, yet they made them of small account in comparison of the inward and spiritual realities. They, for the most part, adhered to the Church in which they found themselves; but they were not greatly careful to magnify the Church at the expense of other denominations. They accepted the Episcopal form of Church government, but, with the exception of the Wesleys, they seem to have attached no special value to it. And they certainly made no secret of the fact, that they felt themselves bound by a far stronger tie to Evangelicals who were not Churchmen than to Churchmen who were not Evangelicals.

Now here, as it seems to us, we come upon the explanation of the fact that the Evangelicals of the present day do not hold so strong a position as they might seem fairly entitled to. They hold in the main the doctrines on which their spiritual forefathers insisted. If they have so far moved with the times as to have given up the verbal inspiration of Scripture, and to put less prominently forward the awful doctrine of never-ending punishment, they still hold with unwavering steadfastness the doctrines of the Atonement and of Justification by Faith only, and the more spiritual view of the Sacraments. But in respect of Church matters they have, insensibly it may be, yet very really, altered their position. It is not merely that they care more for decent ceremonial, for good singing, for well-kept churches—these things are only part of a general onward movement in matters of taste and culture, which has affected all forms of ecclesiastical and social life—it is that they have suffered themselves to be frightened by the cry of "Low Churchmen" or "Bad Churchmen," and have kept their Evangelical principles in the background and brought their Churchmanship somewhat ostentatiously to the front. We need not quarrel with the Evangelical curate if he chooses to adopt a coat and a collar which, thirty years ago, would have marked him as that now forgotten creature, a "Puseyite;" nor with the rector, if he saves himself the trouble of a walk to and from the vestry by preaching in that surplice which in his predecessor's eyes was Protestant in the reading-desk but Popish in the pulpit: the real grievance lies in that sacerdotalism-and-water to which the younger men of the party are too much addicted, and in the moral cowardice which induces the professing representatives of Venn and Newton and Scott to seek allies, not in the Evangelical Nonconformists, with whom on all essential points they are at one, but in the High Churchmen from whom on many essential points they differ.

It is here that the modern Evangelicals, even the more pronounced among them, have most conspicuously diverged from the footsteps of their predecessors. Of Henry Venn, we are informed by Bishop Ryle,* that he frequently, and even habitually, preached in the chapels of Lady Huntingdon's Connexion—Nonconformist chapels, be it remembered, in the eye of the law, though using the Church prayers. Newton's Diary is full of instances of his free intercourse with Dissenters, both in and out of his parish.† "Went to the Baptist Meeting-house," in his own parish of Olney, "to hear the sermon to the young people." To Captain Scott, an officer who left the army and devoted himself to the ministry among the Dissenters, Newton writes: ‡ "My heart is as much with you, I trust, as it would be had you the most canonical appointment, and the most regular sphere of service. And I would as willingly hear you in your usual places, as if you preached in St. Paul's." On an occasion when some friends had breakfasted with him on their way to the Baptist Association, he writes: § "I hear there was a very large assembly there. Some hundreds, I suppose, went from Olney. I should like to have gone myself, but thought my presence would not be agreeable to some. Ere long the effects of bigotry and party spirit will cease." In the following year, however, the Association met at Olney, and Newton had got over his scruples, for he attended the sermons,|| and four of the Baptist ministers dined with him at the vicarage. Again, in December of the same year,¶ he attends the meeting of Baptist ministers, and expresses his pleasure in uniting with them. A few years later** he was present at the settlement of his old friend, Mr. Whitford, over the Independent Church at Olney; and in the same year he was present when a new minister was ordained over the Baptist Church. Thus it was evidently his usual practice, as clergyman of the parish, to be present on any special occasion at the Nonconformist chapels, just as in the present day the rector of a mother parish would naturally attend the re-opening of a district church. And in 1785 he writes to his wife, who was staying with Nonconformist friends at Southampton: ††

"If you shall be asked to stay the sacrament, I should like you to do it, if you choose it. It would be an impropriety in me to join with them, considered as a minister of the Establishment, otherwise I would cordially make one of their occasional communicants; but I see no impropriety in your being one. My wife and any of my people have my full consent to 'eat of

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* "Christian Leaders of the Last Century," p. 276.

† "Life of John Newton." By Rev. Josiah Bull. P. 160.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 166.

§ *Ibid.* p. 205.

|| *Ibid.* p. 211.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 215.

** *Ibid.* p. 221.

†† *Ibid.* p. 230.

that bread and drink of that cup' with Mr. Kingsbury and his people, and he and they shall be heartily welcome to share with us at St. Mary, Woolnoth. And I should not be sorry, but glad, if such testimonies of mutual love and consent in the great truths of the Gospel could sometimes take place among those who are ranked under different denominations."

In the same spirit, Thomas Scott, the venerable commentator, did not scruple to preach the anniversary sermon of the London Missionary Society; and in a letter to a Scottish minister he says: "I am a moderate Episcopalian, and a Pædo-baptist; but am entirely willing my brethren should be, some Presbyterians, and some Independents, and not extremely unwilling that some should be Baptists; rejoicing that Christ is preached, and the essentials of true religion upheld among persons of different sentiments, and only grieved that each one will be what he is *jure divino*, and judge and condemn others." Toplady, again, the author of the well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages," preached * not only in Lady Huntingdon's chapels, but at a great Methodist gathering at Trevecca. But it is needless to multiply instances. It will not be denied that, while the earlier Evangelicals may have felt a difficulty, as *Ministers of the Establishment*, in entering into full communion with Nonconformists, it was on this ground alone, and not on the ground of their being schismatics, or outside the pale of the Catholic Church, that they abstained from doing so. The fact is, that there had come down from the paternal government of the Tudors a traditional notion, that to dissent from "the Establishment" was hardly compatible with the character of a loyal subject; not to be of "the King's religion" was like refusing to accept the current coin of the realm, and establishing a private mint of one's own: and therefore, although the Evangelical acknowledged the closest spiritual alliance and brotherhood with like-minded men of whatever denomination, yet, socially and politically, "the Establishment" was in effect a barrier against complete intercommunion. That Newton had no notion of any spiritual or ecclesiastical frontier-line separating him from Evangelical Dissenters is obvious from his approving of his wife's receiving the Communion with them: that he did feel that there would be "an impropriety" in his doing so himself can only have been due to his regarding himself as being debarred from it by his allegiance to a State Institution which he calls "the Establishment."

Now, whatever views may be held in the present day as to Church Establishments, it is certain that this notion of the State conferring a monopoly in religious matters is now practically obsolete. Indeed, the most ardent defenders of the Establishment principle in our own day are precisely those who desire to widen, as far as possible, the terms of religious communion, while men who would regard as sinful any approach to ecclesiastical communion with Nonconformists, are to be found on the same platform with them, demanding the separation of Church and State. It may be true, as Nonconformists contend, that the State connection gives the clergy of the Established Church an unfair social advantage over others, though the social line of demarcation is rapidly disappearing with the growth of a more kindly feeling on the one side and of wider culture on the other. It is no doubt true that the Act of Uniformity, which the Bishop of Liverpool has well described as a curse to the Church, still keeps Churchmen and Nonconformists apart, so far as formal intercommunion is concerned;[*] but, short of this, there is nothing in the fact of Establishment to hinder the Evangelical party from coming forward as the much-needed link between the Established and the non-Established Churches of England.

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* Ryle's "Christian Leaders," p. 374.

It will probably be replied to this, "True, the earlier Evangelicals within the Church did turn naturally to the Evangelicals without it as their allies, but this was because their position in the Church was so isolated, they met with so little sympathy or encouragement from either clergy or people, that they were driven to look outside for the brotherly sympathy which they would have sought in vain within. The Evangelical clergyman, whose one ambition was to win souls for his Master, could not hesitate between the fox-hunting, port-wine-drinking rectors whom he met at visitation dinners, and the humble and illiterate Dissenting minister who, like himself, desired only to preach the Gospel. But in our day, Evangelical clergymen have a distinctly acknowledged status within the Church; they are welcomed at Ruri-decanal Chapters and Church Congresses; and while they maintain their own special standpoint, they find plenty of opportunities of co-operating with High Churchmen without compromise of principles on either side. Why, then, should they seek for allies outside the pale?" The reply is obvious—viz., that while Evangelicals and High Churchmen may most usefully co-operate as members of the same outward organization, yet there must always be a difference of principle between them, which is hardly compatible with any very close and intimate union. Good men of all parties have the same object in view; they are partakers of the same hope; they can join in the same prayers and the same sacraments; but so long as the one party maintains, and the other denies, a sacerdotal element in the Christian Church, so long it is impossible for them to be really at one. For this is, in fact, the crucial question; all others run up into this: Are Christian ministers *Sacerdotes* or *Presbyteri*? Is their ministry essential for the people's access to God in worship and sacraments, or are they, simply for the sake of order, the delegates and representatives of the Christian Church? Or, to put the same question in another shape: Has Christ established any one form of organization for His Church as of divine, and therefore of universal and perpetual obligation, or is each Christian society free to develop its own institutions according to its felt needs? Is Episcopacy *jure divino* in any such exclusive sense as to shut out all non-Episcopal communities from the title of Churches, or at least to put Episcopal Churches on a higher and all others on a lower plane? Those who believe that this is so must of course find it impossible to enter into any kind of formal or recognized communion with non-Episcopal societies; but upon those who place forms of government among things non-essential there lies the responsibility of explaining why they hold aloof from Churches which in all essential matters of belief and practice are at one with themselves.

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[*] The present legal position of this question of intercommunion is curiously illustrative of the tendency of English legislation to remedy acknowledged wrongs by the smallest possible interference with the existing law. After Mr. Fremantle had been forbidden by the Bishop of London to preach at the City Temple, a legal opinion was taken by agreement, which was to the effect, that whereas by Act of Parliament all persons alike were forbidden to attend conventicles, this prohibition has been repealed by the Toleration Act so far as regards the laity only; a clergyman therefore breaks the law by attending any kind of worship outside the Established Church. This is one of the many anomalies which remain on the Statute-book simply because it is easier to ignore than to repeal them.

It is, of course, impossible, nor does our argument require us, to discuss here the question of the exclusive claims of Episcopacy. A fair statement of the case may be found in an article published in the *Edinburgh Review* in October 1851, and afterwards republished by the author, Professor Bonamy Price, entitled "The Anglo-Catholic Theory;" but the gist and kernel of the whole matter is contained in the opening sentences of Bishop Lightfoot's Essay on the Christian Ministry—

> "The Kingdom of Christ, not being a kingdom of this world, is not limited by the restrictions which fetter other societies, political or religious. It is in the fullest sense free, comprehensive, universal. . . . It has no sacred days or seasons, no special sanctuaries, because every time and every place alike are holy. *Above all, it has no sacerdotal system.* It interposes no sacrificial tribe or class between God and man, by whose intervention alone God is reconciled and man forgiven. Each individual member holds personal communion with the Divine Head."

It is well that the distinction between the sacerdotal and the unsacerdotal theory of Christianity should have been thus unequivocally formulated; and it follows logically from this principle, that, however strong a preference may be felt for Episcopacy as the ancient historic form of Church government, yet there can be no tenable ground for insisting upon it as essential; nor for refusing to recognize as legitimate Churches such organized Christian societies as are without it. Episcopacy, in fact, for the greater number of reasonable persons, stands on the same ground as Monarchy. A man may be a loyal subject of Queen Victoria without believing in the divine right of kings, and without refusing to recognize the republican governments of France, of Switzerland, and of the United States. The divine right of bishops is a more ancient, perhaps a less incredible, superstition; but it is a superstition, and it still exercises an unhealthy influence on the mutual relations of the Churches of the Reformation.

Nor is this a question which can be regarded as unimportant. For we must take note of the remarkable phenomenon, that while, on the one hand, the Evangelicals within the Church of England have receded more and more from their earlier relations with those outside, these latter, on the contrary, have during the last half-century been drawing together in a very marked and striking way. We believe that formerly it was, though by no means an unheard of, yet certainly an unusual, thing for the minister of one denomination to occupy the pulpit of another. The Wesleyans had not—some of them have not even now—definitely taken their place in a line with the Nonconformists; the Presbyterians still held to a certain modified theory of Apostolic Succession, and were not quite clear as to the validity of an independent ministry; and the Baptists, for the most part, held rigidly Calvinistic views which caused them to maintain a somewhat separate and unsympathetic attitude. But now an occasional interchange of pulpits between Methodist, Congregationalist, and Baptist ministers appears to be quite as common as between neighbouring clergymen; more common probably than between High and Low Churchmen. A Congregationalist minister seeking a preacher for a special occasion would look naturally for one of his own denomination, but would not hesitate to accept, nor would his congregation object to his accepting, a Presbyterian or a Wesleyan. And this being so, why should Evangelical men in the Church of England, who do not attach any exclusive authority to Episcopal ordination, and whose doctrinal sympathies are naturally more with Evangelicals outside than with High Churchmen inside the Established Church, object to interchange of ministrations with those with whom they agree, when they do not ordinarily hesitate to accept such interchange with those from whom they differ?

This question of the formal relations between the Episcopal and non-Episcopal Churches is one which in the interests of Protestantism urgently requires reconsideration, and it can be taken in hand only by the Evangelical and Broad Church sections of the Church. The Nonconformists, whatever may be their wishes on the subject, cannot demand admission uninvited into alien pulpits, and the High Church party would of course oppose such admission almost to the death. We say "almost," because we do not believe that if it were legalized they would secede from the Church; it would not affect them personally, as it would of course be simply permissive, and they would decline to avail themselves of the permission: they would probably treat it as they have done the introduction of Evening Communions, which indeed must appear to them a still greater profanity than the introduction of alien preachers into Church pulpits. Indeed, if it were once an accomplished fact, it would be by no means impossible for High Churchmen, without any dereliction of principle, to accept it as an irregularity to be tolerated, on the ground that Dissenting ministers are lay members of the Church, and that lay preaching has been by no means an unknown thing in the Church Catholic. It will be said, where will be the advantage in forcing an unwelcome and unsought change of this kind upon the clergy, when any of the people who desire to hear a Nonconformist preacher can do so by simply going to his own chapel? But this is really not the point. Those who desire to make it possible for Nonconformists to take part in Church services would not desire it less if they were persuaded that this liberty would never be used; their object is, in the interest of our national Christianity, to remove from the Statute-book whatever legal barrier now exists between the Church of England and other Protestant Churches. No word of the Prayer-book need be altered; no clergyman would be obliged to do anything that would hurt his conscience; the bishop might, and doubtless in many instances would, interpose his veto; but the Church of England would no longer stand, as she does at present, in entire organic separation from all the Churches of the Reformation except the Episcopal Churches of America, Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies; she would no longer be in the position, while recognizing with one-sided and unrequited liberality the validity of Roman orders, of stigmatizing the ministers of the Scottish Church, of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches of the Continent, and of the great Nonconformist bodies at home, as mere laymen whose ministrations are invalid, and who must submit to Episcopal ordination before they can be admitted to her pulpits.

In fact, the present attitude of the Church of England with regard to other Christian bodies is an anomalous and a somewhat recently assumed one. There was a time when she was universally regarded as the natural leader of the Churches of the Reformation; when the Archbishop of Canterbury enjoyed a kind of informal Patriarchate of Protestantism; when ministers of foreign Protestant Churches found a ready welcome within her pale, and when no difficulty would have been raised against their ministering in her churches. By the influence, first of Laud, and then of the reactionary divines of the Savoy Conference, she has been estranged from these natural allies, and has either stood in cold isolation or has cast wistful glances towards the unreformed Churches, with whom she has in common, not the inward unity of the spirit of freedom and progress, but the outward uniformity of Episcopacy.

To those indeed who hold that Episcopal government is of the essence of the Church, so that those who lack it are outside the one body, this isolation must be inevitable; we are cut off from the unreformed Episcopal Churches because they will not acknowledge us, and from the reformed non-Episcopal Churches because we cannot acknowledge them. But the vast mass of the laity of the Church of England are thoroughly Protestant at heart; they value Episcopacy as a venerable system, as a link with the past; many of them dislike Nonconformity because they associate it with a certain meanness and narrowness of religious life; but they would feel no scruple in following the example of their Sovereign by attending Presbyterian worship in Scotland, nor would it in any way hurt their conscience to hear a Nonconformist preacher in England. Unhappily, as it seems to us, the Evangelical clergy, dreading the reproach of bad churchmanship and of encouraging schism, have more and more shrunk from acknowledging the ecclesiastical principles of their forefathers, and in calling themselves Evangelical Churchmen, have laid increasing stress on the substantive while passing somewhat lightly over the adjective. And, in consequence, they have forfeited the position they might have held as the champions of English Protestantism, while their High Church rivals, who have had the advantage of knowing their own mind and of never being afraid to assert their principles, have succeeded in winning a position from which they can dominate the Church of England. The more far-sighted indeed of the Evangelical leaders have long foreseen and deplored this danger. The present Bishop of Liverpool, so long ago as the year 1854, said: "There is wanted among the Evangelical members of the Church of England a greater readiness to co-operate with all who hold Scriptural truth, of every denomination."* It is only to be regretted that since his elevation to the Episcopate Dr. Ryle has somewhat backslidden from his former liberality. When the late Dean Stanley revived the suggestion, long ago made by Dr. Arnold, that parish churches might, under proper regulations, be available at convenient hours for Nonconformist worship, the Bishop of Liverpool denounced this as "Liberalism run mad;" and during the discussions on the Burials Bill he professed his readiness to "stand shoulder to shoulder" with High Churchmen in resisting so reasonable and healing a measure.†

It is unfortunate for the Church of England that the Evangelical party should have thus abdicated the position which might have been theirs; for there were two functions, both greatly needed, which no other section of the Church could have performed. In the first place, had the Evangelical party shown the courage of their convictions, and, without legal prosecutions or hostile demonstrations against others, simply kept steadily before them the ideal of a non-sacerdotal Church, co-operating freely with the High Church party in all matters not of a party character, acknowledging their equal right to exist, yet not "giving place by subjection" to them, they would have secured an adequate position and influence to that Protestant element which all admit to be a co-ordinate factor in the Church with the so-called Catholic element, and would have kept open the door of sympathy and intercourse with the non-Episcopal Churches of Great Britain, America, and the Continent. Nor would this have been an unimportant service to the Church of England. For while it is desirable that the High Church party should have a perfectly fair field, it is clear to most unprejudiced observers that of late years they have had an influence quite disproportionate to their numbers, if laity as well as clergy be reckoned, and that the Church has suffered from this one-sided development. And, in the second place, the Evangelicals might have rendered a not less important service by exercising a moderating influence on the Broad Church party. For it cannot be denied that the danger to which the more liberal thinkers of the Church are specially liable is that of leaning too exclusively to the intellectual and neglecting the spiritual aspect of religion. That many who are commonly classed together under the ambiguous title of Broad Church are in the highest and purest sense Evangelical no one can deny who knows anything of Arnold, Maurice, Kingsley, Campbell, Norman Macleod, not to mention living names; but still the fact cannot be gainsaid, that the danger of this school is to think too much of pulling down and too little of building up, to forget that what the mass of the people need is simply "godly edifying." And if the Evangelicals, instead of "standing shoulder to shoulder" with the High Churchmen against the Burials Bill, had been willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with the Liberals against sacerdotalism and exclusiveness, the Evangelicals would have gained in breadth of sentiment, and the Liberals in unction and charity. The time has long gone by when either of the three great sections of the Church of England could have laid any claim to sole possession of the ground; the best hope for the future is that all should learn to understand each other better, and that each should contribute towards the life of the body that particular gift which it possesses. And undoubtedly the whole Church is the poorer by the fading out or absorption of the old Evangelical party, with its traditions of spiritual worship, of earnest devotion to the service of the common Master, of hearty sympathy and co-operation with all, by whatever name they might be called, whom they believed to be penetrated with the love of the one Lord.

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* "Essay on some of the Chief Wants of the Church of England." By J. C. Ryle. 1854.

† See Report of Church Congress at Croydon.

Another function which might be most usefully fulfilled by the Evangelicals of the present day is that of maintaining the importance and raising the standard of the pulpit. The favourite sphere of the Evangelical of the earlier part of this century was the proprietary chapel in London, or Bath, or Cheltenham, or other important towns. He preferred it not only because the looser connection with the diocesan and parochial organization gave him a more independent position, but also because the freedom from parochial duties enabled him to concentrate himself upon what he regarded as the chief function of a minister—preaching. The proprietary system has well-nigh if not wholly passed away: Mr. So-and-so's Episcopal chapel has developed into S. So-and-so's Church; its galleries and pews are gone; its pulpit has been divorced from its reading-desk, and has come down many feet nearer to the sea-level: an æsthetic chancel has marred its rectangular rigidity. But with its absorption into the parochial system has come in too many instances the absorption of its minister into the distractions of parochial work. And the degradation of his preaching from being the great opportunity, long and carefully prepared for, of feeding his flock, to be an unwelcome adjunct of the Sunday services, to be thought of perhaps for the first time on the Saturday evening, when the week's whirl has left little power of thought in the weary brain. It is true that among the leaders of the High Church party there are men upon whose utterances crowds hang week by week in breathless attention; but it is also true that among the rank and file there are very many who suffer themselves to be so engrossed by the myriad activities of a modern parish, as to leave no time for that systematic study and quiet thought without which preaching is but the periodical turning of the tap of a cistern which is never replenished. No doubt the sermons of the old Evangelicals were long and somewhat dry; but they had stuff in them; they went to men's hearts; they turned upon great Gospel truths, and not upon ecclesiastical pettinesses. We would not, indeed, hear the modern Evangelicals repeat with parrot-like monotony the old shibboleths of their predecessors; old jewels need re-setting; but if they would act in the spirit of their forefathers, and, without neglecting or undervaluing the many new agencies which modern needs have called out, would still give their best thought and their freshest hours to the work of preaching, and would study not only the Scriptures and the writings of the Reformers, but also, along with these, modern literature and modern thought, they would find that the pulpit has not been wholly eclipsed by the press, and that not women only, but thoughtful and busy men, would welcome "spiritual direction," if it came to them with the authority, not of a priest having "dominion over their faith," but of a fellow-man, penetrated with a sense of his responsibility, and giving them matter which he had painfully wrought out on the anvil of his own heart and experience.

It remains to consider the question: Is there any future in store for the Evangelical party, or is it destined to a painless but inglorious extinction by being absorbed into the rear-ranks of the High Church? And this resolves itself into the further question: Is it, as a body, capable of growth and self-adaptation? or is it set and fixed in the rigidity which follows death? For clearly no religious or political system can live which adopts for its motto, without modification, *Stare super antiquas vias*. Doctrines once true may become relatively false for lack of the renovating breath of life. To use the strong words of Edward Irving: "When the Holy Ghost departs from any set of opinions or form of character, they wither like a sapless tree." It cannot be denied that much of what was called Evangelical doctrine has lost its hold upon the minds and consciences of thoughtful men, and from this many have hastily inferred that the Evangelical system has done its work, and that the time has come to write its history and its epitaph. It is not so, or at least it need not be so, if only the children of the Evangelical prophets, instead of building their fathers' sepulchres, would rise to the height of their fathers' principles, and would assert, in contradiction to sacerdotalism and sacramentalism, that great principle of the spirituality of religion which has always been the basis of any revival of the Christian life, and which is but the modern form of that doctrine of Justification by Faith which Luther, with such keen insight into the inner truth of things, pronounced to be the *Articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*. By so doing they might still do an inestimable service for English Christianity. The Church of England has never in all its history displayed so much vigour and earnestness as it is doing now. Not only in the way of outward organization, as recorded, for example, in the "Official Year-book," lately published for the first time by the Christian Knowledge Society, but in the self-denying activity of her clergy, she is doing much to make up for past arrears; unhappily, much of this energy and earnestness runs in a sacerdotal channel. "A well-worked parish" is too often not one in which the laity, inspired by a rector who trusts them and consults their wishes, have learnt to feel that *they* are the Church, and that they have their place in its administration; rather it is one in which a large and well-organised staff of clergy is incessantly occupied in ecclesiastical functions; but in which the great body of the laity—if they are not alienated from attendance at the Sunday services by fidgety and worrying changes in ritual—are made to feel that they are outsiders, mere hangers-on in the outer court of the Temple. And yet if a clergyman will treat his people in a manly, straightforward way, saying plainly what he means, without *arrière-pensées*, without professional assumptions, without by-ends, seeking to promote not his own views but the Kingdom of Heaven, acting on the principle "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto," he will earn from them a confidence and support which is better worth having than the adulation and worship of a clique of devotees. Nay, more, a man of wide sympathy, who cares more for the end than for the means, more for brotherly kindness and godliness than for "Churchiness," may really make himself the centre of the religious and social life of his parish in a way that goes far to realize the claims of the Church of England to be still the National Church. This is an ideal which has been practically carried out by not a few Broad Churchmen; and it might be equally well carried out by Evangelicals, if they would be a little less anxious to be considered "good Churchmen," and more ready to recognize that wider conception of the Church which alone is consistent with the principles of their Fathers.

Such work as this is really demanded by the circumstances of our times. There is a tendency in the present day to develop a kind of spurious Congregationalism which weakens the religious life. The parochial system, on which the whole theory of the Church of England is based, is far less influential than it was. The present Bishop of London, when he returned to the diocese in which he had worked as a parish priest before his elevation to the See of Lincoln, complained that clergymen spoke no longer of their parish but of their congregation. It is a tendency which has been long at work. Active thought and inquiry on religious questions is sure to have a disintegrating effect, and it is easier for people to form little centres based on dogmatic agreement than to adhere to a wider brotherhood comprehending large varieties of view. But it would be a great loss to the cause of organized Christianity if the Church of England should fall in with this tendency, and should cease to offer an example and opportunity of a higher ideal. Congregationalism has its place, and a noble one, in the religious history of the past; it has valuable elements to contribute to the Church of the future; but if Christianity is ever again to assert itself as the salt of the earth, as the bond of human society, as the dominant element in all human life, the motive power will hardly be found in a vast number of federated but independent republics; it will be necessary to economise power and to gain unity of direction by some greater concentration of force. It is of course hopeless to imagine that the nation will ever again be united in any one of the existing religious organizations; probably the best ideal that can be aimed at at present would be that in each parish the Established Church should be so administered that it should serve as a kind of centre to the whole line, on which the Nonconformist regiments should rest as wings, and which should give a certain amount of unity of action without sacrificing the independence of the allied forces. Nor do we believe that Nonconformists in general would refuse to concede this kind of hegemony to the Church of England. There are few Englishmen so democratic as not to like to see a duke in the chair at a public meeting; no one's susceptibilities are hurt by allowing precedence to a man of acknowledged rank and position; and the Church of England has the advantage of an ancient and not inglorious descent, of dignified surroundings, and of possessing almost everywhere greater weight and importance than any other single denomination. But to avail herself of these advantages she needs in her official representatives a spirit of liberality and large-heartedness, such as may enable them to recognize in the ministers of other Churches, not unauthorized and unwelcome intruders, but fellow-workers to the same end, officers of other regiments in the same army.

Unfortunately the policy of the party now in the ascendancy is to make the line of demarcation more and more distinct, and to make loyalty to the Church consist in isolation from other Protestant denominations; a policy which, under the circumstances of modern times, can only result in lowering the Church of England from her historic position as the acknowledged leader of English Christianity * to that of a narrow or Episcopal sect. The Church of England can never become in any sense national by exclusive claims, by sacerdotal pretensions, by becoming the Church of the Middle Ages or the Church of the fourth century; she may become national by claiming to take her part in every movement for the good of the nation at large, or of any class in the nation, and by preferring the cause of truth and justice even to that of religion and piety. Upon such lines as these, a modern Evangelical party, emancipated from the Calvinistic fetters of their predecessors, might yet appeal with no small effect to the Christian laity of England. And in so doing they would show themselves the true successors of those who a century ago were branded as unfaithful to the Church, because they cared more for what to them was the truth of God than for rigid ecclesiastical correctness.

One other reason we shall urge, in conclusion, for pressing this subject, not only upon the Evangelical party, commonly so called, but upon all the more liberal section of the Church of England. Whether or not Disestablishment is likely to take place, and whether it is likely to take place soon, are questions which may perhaps be treated as doubtful; but assuredly no discussion on Church matters can proceed without taking it into account as a possibility, and that

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* We should be the last to exclude the Church of Rome from the title of a Christian Church; but the members of that Church would hardly claim to be adherents of *English* Christianity.

not in the distant future. If it comes, the Church of England will have to take an entirely new departure. Stripped of her ancient endowments, she will have to rely upon the devotion of her people; torn from her ancient moorings, she will have to seek new anchorage. In that momentous crisis, the party which comes best prepared will have the game in its hands. And it cannot be denied that, at the present moment, the High Church party is working with admirable skill and foresight to get into its own hands the organization of the Church of England, with a view to future contingencies. In Convocation, in the annual Church Congress, and in the Diocesan Conferences, which are now an established institution in every Diocese but one,* the men who pull the wires and who are the active organizers, are, with few exceptions, the moderate High Churchmen.† And, admirable as are many of these men for their zeal and self-devotion, yet their influence, if unbalanced, would be fatal to the future of the Church of England. For their whole policy is a narrow one. Their conception of Christianity is limited to the four corners of the Prayer-book. They have no idea of a truly National Church, except as the result of the acceptance by the whole nation of the existing Anglican system. And if, upon the Disestablishment of the Church of England, the shaping of its future constitution should be in their hands, the result would be a Church in which Dr. Arnold, and Dean Milman, and Charles Kingsley, and Arthur Stanley would not have found a home; a Church of the clergy and not a Church of the people. In providing for the future government of the Church their first care would be to keep the substantial power in the hands of the clergy; and it is not by a clerical Church that the social and intellectual problems of the coming age can be successfully met. But if the Evangelical and Broad Church parties, clergy and laity alike, were united in demanding that the Church should be popular in its constitution, and that the laity, who are, after all, the mass of the Church, and for whose sake the Church exists, should have as preponderating a voice in its government as they have in other Protestant Churches, the Church of England might become, not less, but more national, and might come forth with new life from the furnace of Disestablishment. But it will be too late to think of this when the crisis is upon us. As things are going now, the Clerical party, aided by the adhesion of the Evangelicals, and the indifference of the great mass of the laity, are rapidly becoming masters of the situation. What would be the ultimate result of this, may be seen only too clearly by the actual condition of things in France and Belgium. There, clericalism has had its way; a highly organized Church offers to the laity every advantage except freedom of thought and action; there is no lack of services, of confraternities, of picturesque persons, male and female, in mediæval costumes, ready to minister to the bodily, the intellectual, and the spiritual needs of the people. And, as the nett result, we see, not only an absolute alienation of the great mass of the male sex from all outward profession of religion, but a fierce and irreconcileable hatred for all persons and things dedicated to its service. We do not, indeed, anticipate that clericalism would rouse such passions in England as confront it on the Continent; the milder temper of the Church of England, the domestic ties which bind the clergy to the people, and the existence, side by side with the Establishment, of vigorous democratic churches, are a sufficient guarantee against such extreme evils; but we do fear an increasing alienation of the thoughtful laity from a Church which should fail to read aright the signs of the times, and to bring forth out of her treasure things new as well as old. It would be well worth while for our ecclesiastical leaders to study carefully and thoughtfully the internal politics of the great Nonconformist bodies. They would find that the form of religious organization which is naturally evolved by the great English middle-class is of an essentially democratic and unpriestly and self-governing type; that it is administered by the people for the people; and that, while it gives ample scope for the influence which depends on superior wisdom and education, it gives little recognition to merely official claims. And it is certain that, in the future, any Church polity which is not to be a mere hothouse plant, fostered by artificial means, must depend upon popular enthusiasm. A Church which excites but a languid interest in the great body of its nominal adherents may be an orthodox, a correctly organized, a cultured Church; it cannot possess the promise of the future. Whether an institution like the Church of England, which was moulded under wholly different circumstances, has vitality enough to adapt itself to a new age, is a question which perhaps admits of doubt; those at least who have been brought up and nourished by her, and who have found in her a combination of reverence and freedom, of antique stateliness and capacity for progress, which they would despair of finding elsewhere, may be permitted to hope that she may have within her yet undeveloped capacities of self-adaptation, and that in "the newe world" which is before us she may be able to perform the difficult but much-needed work of turning the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.

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* If Bishop Philpott of Worcester underrates the value of talk, it is perhaps in the present day a fault on the right side.

† By moderate High Churchmen we would be understood to mean those who, while holding sacramental and sacerdotal doctrines, abstain from extreme forms of expressing those doctrines, whether by word of mouth or by ritual act.

R. E. BARTLETT.

FROM SIBERIA TO SWITZERLAND:

THE STORY OF AN ESCAPE.

ESCAPES of political and other convicts from Western Siberia are more frequent than is generally supposed, but from Eastern Siberia, though often attempted, they seldom succeed. Save for convicts under sentence of penal servitude, and actually imprisoned, it is easy to elude the vigilance of the police and get away from a convict village or settlement, but it is almost impossible to get out of the country.. The immense distances to be traversed, the terrible climate, lack of money, the absolute necessity of keeping to the high roads, prove, except in a very few instances; insuperable obstacles to final success. In order to be really free, moreover, it is imperative for a fugitive not alone to pass the frontier of European Russia, but to reach some country where he runs no risk of falling into the clutches of the imperial police. Even in Germany he is liable to be recaptured, and is really safe only in England, France, or Switzerland. Hence, to make good a flight from Eastern Siberia requires a conjuncture of so many favourable and nearly impossible circumstances as to render a complete escape a rare and remarkable event. But the incentives to escape are as great as the obstacles to success. No life can be more horrible than that of a political exile in the far east or far north of Siberia. Even at Irkoutsk the mean temperature is fifty degrees below the freezing-point of Réaumur; for many months of the year the sun in some parts of the country shines but two or three hours in the twenty-four, and for days together darkness covers the face of the land. A man untrained to manual labour, or unacquainted with the arts of trapping and killing wild animals and collecting peltry, turned adrift in the remoter parts of Siberia, runs the risk of perishing of hunger and cold. A Russian refugee, now at Geneva, tells that, during his sojourn in Eastern

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Siberia, he spent the greater part of the long winter in bed, rising only to swallow some rancid oil, the sole food he could obtain. To escape from such a life as this a man will risk almost anything. Even incarceration in a central prison, or the penal servitude of the mines, can hardly be more terrible. The trouble is, that the way to freedom lies through Western Siberia and Russia in Europe. The road south is barred by the wild tribes that haunt the frontiers of Mongolia and Manchuria, who either kill or give up to the Russians all the fugitives that fall into their hands.

On the other hand, the escape of a prisoner or of a convict under sentence of penal servitude is far more difficult than the flight of an involuntary exile; the latter may leave when he will, the former must either break out of prison or evade his guardians, and being soon missed he runs great risk of being quickly recaptured. How, in one instance at least, by boldness, address, presence of mind, and good luck, the difficulties were overcome, the following narrative, related, as nearly as possible, in Debagorio Mokrievitch's own words, will show. Other fugitives, for instance Nicolas Lopatin, a gentleman now living at Geneva, who escaped from Vercholensk in 1881, may have encountered great hardships, but, being exiles at large, they were neither so soon missed nor so quickly pursued. Debagorio was under sentence of penal servitude, and the flight from Siberia of a man condemned to penal servitude is almost unexampled. Even rarer than an escape is the true account of one, related by the fugitive himself. Imaginary accounts exist in plenty, but, so far as I am aware, no authentic personal narrative of an escape from Eastern Siberia—at any rate in English or French—has ever before been given to the world.

I first heard of Mokrievitch in May 1881, a few days after his arrival in Geneva, and through the kindness of Prince Krapotkine obtained (and communicated to a London newspaper) a brief sketch of his fellow-exile's adventures; but for certain reasons, that exist no longer, it was not considered expedient to publish the full and complete account which the reader will find in the following pages.

William Westall.

The Arrest.

On the evening of February 11, 1879, several friends of the revolutionary cause, of whom I was one, met at Yuitchevitche's lodgings, in the house Kossarovsky, Yleanski street, Kieff, the town where I was then living. After a short conversation, Anton, myself, and several others left the house with the intention of passing the rest of the evening with our friend, Madame Babitchev. The inevitable samovar was bubbling on the table, our hospitable hostess gave us a warm welcome, cigarettes were lighted, conversation was joined, and an hour or more passed very pleasantly.

Anton was the first to leave, and he could hardly have reached the street when we were startled by a loud report like the firing of a pistol. We stared at each other in consternation, and Strogov, running into the ante-room, looked through the window and listened at the door, in order to find out what had happened. In a few minutes he came back with satisfactory tidings. Nothing unusual seemed to be stirring in the street; and he attributed the report we had heard to the banging of a door in a neighbouring café. So we resumed our conversation and our tea-drinking with quiet minds. But five minutes later we were again disturbed; this time by sounds the character of which there was no mistaking. The trampling of heavy feet in the vestibule, hurried exclamations, words of command, and the rattling of arms, told us only too well with whom we had to do.

The police were upon us.

Notwithstanding our desire to resist, we knew that we should be compelled to yield without a blow. There was not a weapon amongst us. A few seconds were passed in anxious thought. Then the double-winged doors were thrown violently open, and we saw that the ante-room was occupied by a detachment of soldiers, with bayonets lowered and ready to charge. From the right flank came the words, loud and clear: "Will you surrender, gentlemen? I am the officer in command of the detachment."

I looked round and recognized in the officer with the gendarme uniform and drawn sword, Soudeikin in person, then a subaltern in the Kieff gendarmerie, later the famous chief of the political police of the capital.

Despite the imposing military array, the haughty bearing of the officer, the glittering bayonets and stern looks of the soldiers, and the unpleasant sense of having fallen into their toils, the whole affair seemed to me just a little amusing, and I could not help smiling, and saying, in answer to Soudeikin's summons, "Are we then a fortress, Mr. Officer, that you call upon us to surrender?"

"No; but your comrades . . . ." the rest of the sentence, owing to the din, I did not catch.

"What comrades?" I asked.

"You will soon see," replied Soudeikin.

Then he ordered his men to search us, after which we were to be taken to the police office.

The searching over, we were surrounded by thirty or forty soldiers, with arms at the trail, and conducted to the Libed police station. Even before we reached our destination we could see that something unusual had happened. The building was lighted up, and there was an excited crowd about the door. After mounting the staircase we were led into the waiting-room. It was filled with armed men. Pushing my way with some difficulty through the press, I saw on the other side of the room several of our friends. But, my God, what a state they were in! Posen and Steblin Kamensky were bound hand and foot; the cords so tightly drawn that their elbows, forced behind their backs, actually touched. Close to them were Mesdames Arnfeld, Sarandovitch, and Patalisina. It was evident that something extraordinary had befallen in the house of Kossarovsky, shortly after we left. I could not, however, ask our friends any questions, for that would have been taken as proof that we were acquainted. Yet, from a few words dropped here and there, I soon learnt what had come to pass. They had resisted the police, a gendarme had been killed, and all whom we had left at the meeting arrested.

I had hardly made this discovery when a disturbance was heard in the next room—trampling of feet, loud exclamations, and voices in contention, one of which I seemed to know. The next moment a man burst into the reception-room, literally dragging behind him two gendarmes, who tried in vain to stop him. His dishevelled hair, pale face, and flaming eyes, showed that he had been engaged in a struggle beyond his strength.

In a few minutes he was garotted and forced into a seat near us.

"Separate the prisoners one from another!" cried Colonel Novitski.

On this each of us was immediately surrounded by four soldiers.

"If they resist, use your bayonets!" said the colonel.

After a short interval we were called one after another into the next room. I was called the last. On responding to the summons I found myself in the presence of several gendarmes and officers of police, by whom I was searched a second time.

"Have the goodness to state your name," said Colonel Novitski, after the operation was completed.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"In that case I shall tell you who you are."

"You will do me a great pleasure," I replied.

"You are called Debagorio Mokrievitch," said the colonel.

"Yes, that is your name," put in Soudeikin.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, colonel," I answered, giving the military salute.

It would have been useless to deny my identity. My mother, my brother, and my sister were living at Kieff, and I did not want to have them compelled to confront the police and ordered to recognize me.

THE SENTENCE.

We were lodged in the principal prison of Kieff. On April 20, we received copies of the indictment, drawn up by Strelnikoff, prosecuting advocate to the Military Tribunal (he was afterwards killed at Odessa). We were, in all, fourteen prisoners, accused of sedition, of belonging to secret political societies, and of resisting the police. In order to give greater publicity to the trial, we resolved to have ourselves defended by counsel from St. Petersburg, and put forward a request to this effect. But after some delay we were informed that if we wanted advocates we must choose them from among the candidates for judgeships attached to the tribunal of Kieff, and therefore dependent for promotion on the functionary by whom the prosecution was to be conducted. Deeming this a practical denial of justice, we determined to take no active part whatever in the proceedings.

At six o'clock on the morning of April 20, we were taken before the tribunal. Eight of our party were men, six women. The first thing that struck me was the strength of the escort—more than a hundred Cossacks, besides gendarmes and policemen. Officers were running from group to group, giving orders and making arrangements, as if they were preparing for a general action. The women were led off first, after which we men were placed in a large barred carriage, so spacious indeed that we could all seat ourselves comfortably.

Then the procession moved off. At its head rode Gubernet, the chief of the police. After him came the captain of the gendarmerie, Rudov, an old schoolfellow of mine. Our carriage was surrounded by Cossacks, the rear-rank men carrying loaded carbines. All the horses were put to the gallop, and the police, who feared a manifestation in our favour, had cleared the streets of spectators, and ordered a complete suspension of traffic. Not a figure without uniform was to be seen, and strong bodies of troops occupied every street corner.

I need not describe the trial—if trial it can be called: it lasted four days, and ended in the condemnation of three of our number to death; the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My sentence was fourteen years and ten months' penal servitude.

We were led back to prison with precisely the same precautions as had been observed when we were taken before the tribunal. The people were not allowed by their presence in the street to show even silent sympathy, either with us, or with the cause for which we suffered and so many have perished.

After the verdict and the sentence life became a little easier for us. Instead of being compelled to take exercise one by one, we were now allowed to meet and walk about freely in the prison yard. The police had an object in granting us this indulgence. Before the trial several attempts had been made to take our photographs; but this we had resolutely refused to allow. For those who cherish hopes of regaining their liberty, the possession of their likeness by the police is strongly to be deprecated. We were now informed by the authorities of the gaol that unless we complied with their wishes in this matter our meetings and our walks would be stopped. We enjoyed our social intercourse immensely. It was an unspeakable comfort to us.

Three of our little company were under sentence of death, the fate of three others trembled in the balance, and would be made known only at the foot of the scaffold. It was not possible that we could long remain together, and we offered to comply with the wish of our gaolers on condition that we should not be separated until the last. This condition being accepted, our photographs were taken.

The quarters of several of us were in an upper story of the prison, and from our grated windows we could watch the construction of the gallows. The place of execution was a plain about two-thirds of a mile from the prison gates. Those doomed to death, being on a lower story, did not witness these ghastly preparations, and none of us, of course, gave them a hint of what was going on.

At length, and only too swiftly, came the 13th of May. We had been told nothing, but from the completion of the gallows, the behaviour of the warders, and from other signs, we thought that the executions were fixed for the following day. The condemned thought so themselves. Although we did our utmost to keep outwardly calm, the farewells that evening were unspeakably sad. Most touching and agonizing of all was the parting of those who were to die on the morrow with those who expected to follow them a little later on to the scaffold and the grave. Two months afterwards Beltchomsky and Anisim Fedorow were hanged on the same gallows.

Five thousand soldiers and gendarmes escorted our doomed friends to the place of execution. On previous occasions the authorities had thought it well to do their hanging early in the morning, while people slept. This time they did it with pomp, circumstance, and parade. The cavalcade of death did not leave the prison gates until nearly noon; traffic was suspended, but the streets were crowded with spectators, and when the bodies of our comrades swung in the air, the military bands struck up a lively tune, as if they were rejoicing over some great victory.

SENT TO SIBERIA.

From the time of the execution to the date of our departure for Siberia nothing noteworthy came to pass. All sorts of rumours were current touching our destination and our fate. Every day brought a new conjecture or a fresh story. It was said that we were to be confined in one of the dreaded central prisons—that we were to be immured in the casemates of St. Peter and St. Paul—that we were to be sent to Eastern Siberia, to Western Siberia—to the island of Sakhalin—that we were not to be sent anywhere, but to stay where we were.

At length, on May 30, the question was settled. Ten prisoners, of whom I made one, were summoned to the office, and told that we were forthwith to take our departure—whither, our custodians refused to say. The next proceeding was to put two of our friends, who did not belong to the privileged order, in irons and to shave their heads. We others, being nobles, were to be spared this indignity until we reached our destination. For the present we were required only to don the ordinary convict costume, consisting of a long grey capote, marked on the back with a yellow ace for those sentenced to simple transportation, and with two aces for those condemned to penal servitude.

"Will you not tell us whither we are going?" asked one of our number of General Gubernet, as we stepped into the van.

"To Eastern Siberia," said the General, who stood near the door.

Then I knew my fate—fourteen years hard labour—possibly in a region of almost endless night, and as cold as the Polar regions.

The station of Koursk, the cities of Mzensk, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod are passed in quick succession. At Nijni Novgorod we leave the railway and continue our journey, as far as Perm, by water. It is only here that we begin to realize that we are really on the road to Siberia. We are transferred to little three-horse carriages, with a soldier in front and a gendarme by the side of each prisoner. By leaning a little forward it is possible to see the vast horizon before us, and the forests and mountains that stretch for unknown distances on either side of the road. It is difficult to describe the feelings of a captive who for months, or it may be for years, has been under bolt and bar, and whose views have been limited to the blank walls of a prison, when he once more breathes the free air of heaven, and beholds nature in all her grandeur and her beauty. It is as if the liberty for which his soul has never ceased to yearn were opening to him her arms and bidding him be free.

The country through which we were passing was thinly peopled, and buildings and houses were few and far between. The broad highway was bordered in some places by brushwood, in others by immense forests. All sorts of fancies flitted through my brain. I thought of home—of father, mother, and friends—of the cause, of the incidents of my trial, and the dreary future that lay before me: fourteen years' hard labour in Eastern Siberia—a hell hopeless as any conceived in the brain of Dante. And then plans of escape surged through my mind, each wilder and more fantastic than its fellow.

We travel night and day, always with the same soldier and gendarme, though not always with the same driver. On one occasion we change horses at midnight, and shortly afterwards I see that my guards are overcome by sleep. They nod and rouse themselves in turn; their efforts to keep awake are laughable. As for me, my thoughts hinder sleep, but an idea occurs to me, and I nod too, and, drawing myself into my corner, I snore. The stratagem succeeds. A few minutes later my gendarme is snoring loud enough to waken the dead. The soldier, who sits before me, embraces his rifle with both hands and feet, and sways to and fro with the motion of the tarantass, now and then incoherently muttering in a guttural voice. He is deep in dreamland. I rise softly and look out into the night. A million stars are shining in the clear sky, and I can see that we are passing through a thick forest. A spring, a bound, and I could be among those trees. Once there, my guards can no more find me than the wolf that steals through the covert, for I am fleet of foot and eager for freedom. But dressed in this convict costume, how long should I be able to keep my freedom? To regain Russia I must follow the highroad, and the first soldier or gendarme I met would arrest me. True, I might throw away my capote, with its double ace, but I have no hat, and a bare-headed man would invite attention even more than one clad in the costume of a felon. Worse still, I have no arms. I could neither defend myself against wild animals nor kill game; and if I am compelled to take to the woods, game may be the only food I shall be able to procure.

No; I must abandon the idea now, and watch for a more favourable opportunity hereafter. As I come reluctantly to this conclusion I remember—it seemed like an inspiration—that the gendarme has a hat on his head and a revolver by his side. Why not take them? He is still fast asleep, snoring, if possible, harder than ever. I shall never have such another chance. I will do it: two minutes more and then—freedom.

I almost shout.

Holding my breath, and trying to still the beatings of my heart, I creep close to the sleeping man, and lay my hand gently on the hat. He makes no sign, and the next moment the hat is under my capote. Now the revolver! I lay hold of the butt, and try to draw it from the gendarme's belt. It does not come out easily—I pull again—pull a second time, and am preparing to pull a third time, when the snoring suddenly ceases.

Quick as thought I shrink into my corner, breathe deeply and pretend to sleep. The gendarme rouses himself, mutters, and passes his hand over his head. Then he searches all about him, and, evidently alarmed by the loss of his hat, he sleeps no more.

"Hallo, brother!" I say, "you seem to have lost your hat."

"I am afraid I have, sir," he answers in a puzzled voice, at the same time scratching his head by way, probably, of keeping it warm.

"You see what it is to sleep on the road, my friend! Suppose, now, I had slipped out of the carriage! Nothing would have been easier."

"Oh, but you never thought of such a thing, and I am sure you would not do it, sir."

"But why?" I ask.

"Because I have done you no harm, and you do not want to get a poor fellow into trouble! You know yourself how severely gendarmes are dealt with who let their prisoners escape."

"Very well, brother, here is your hat, which I found and hid—just to frighten you a bit."

Just then we reached another station, and the poor fellow, as he put on his head-gear, thanked me quite pathetically, as much for not running away as for restoring his property.

THE CONVOY.

At Krasnovarski we were put in prison again, and there remained several weeks, awaiting further orders as to our disposal, for, notwithstanding what we had been told at Kieff, there appeared to be still some doubt touching the fate in store for us. At length came the final instructions. We were to march with the chain gang of common prisoners to Irkoutsk. It was then that, as an expedient for avoiding penal servitude and eventually regaining my liberty, the idea of effecting an exchange first occurred to me. The device is one frequently practised among the outlaws of Siberia. This is the method of it:—Two prisoners make a bargain, whereby one of the contracting parties takes the name and certificate and assumes the crime of the other, and *vice versâ*. There is, in fact, a complete exchange of identities, and the one who gains by the exchange settles the difference by a money payment. The result is that the man condemned to hard labour becomes a Siberian settler, and the other takes his place at the mines or in gaol. The bargain may appear an unequal one, but a moneyless man will sometimes do a great deal for a small sum of ready cash—especially if he has a passion for gambling or drink—and there is always the possibility that, when the deceit is discovered, the more extreme penalty may not be enforced. In the meantime, moreover, the supposed political prisoner, who is generally of noble birth, enjoys a consideration and some material advantages which are denied to the common malefactor.

During the long tramp of the chain gang these substitutions are effected without much difficulty. The escort being changed every two days, it is impossible for the members of it, in so short a time, to familiarize themselves with the names and condition of the ten or twelve score prisoners who compose the convoy. They can do no more than count heads, and when the officer in command of the party has delivered to his successor the same number of convicts, in each category, which he received from his predecessor, his task is fully acquitted. Whether they are the same persons he cannot undertake to say, and is never asked.

On August 20, or thereabouts—I am not sure to a day—we were once more *en route*, this time on foot. From Krasnovarski the distance is 700 English miles, and the journey, it was reckoned, would occupy about two months. I had thus ample time to make the acquaintance of my convict comrades and carry out the substitution.

We were now put under an altogether different *régime.* Hitherto we had not been able to exchange a word with anybody. I saw about me only my fellow political convicts, and might speak, when occasion required, to none but my guards. Now we were allowed to communicate freely with each other, and with the rather mixed society of which we formed a part. The gang consisted of 170 persons of both sexes and of every class and age; from the babe in its mother's arms to the old man with snow-white hair. Most of them were peasants; yet several among us could claim the privileges of nobility. But the strength of the convoy diminished as we went on, for Krasnovarski is within the limits of Eastern Siberia, and several prisoners were left as colonists at the villages through which we passed.

The escort consisted of an officer and thirty soldiers, armed with old-fashioned muskets. A detachment of three or four marched at the head of the column. The others marched at the side and were supposed to form a military chain. But it was so weak, relatively to its duties, as to be almost worthless, the convoy being increased to a portentous length by the baggage-waggons and the families of the prisoners who were following them into exile. After the baggage-waggons came two carriages occupied by gentlemen malefactors of the nobility, and three in which, when they were footsore, rode the political prisoners.

About six o'clock in the evening the convoy generally reached the "half-stage," a building in which we pass the night. After a march of two days, or of a full day, we had a day's rest at one of the buildings known as *étapes,* or stages. On these occasions the prisoners are ranged in front of the building and counted. If the count be right the gates are opened, and with cries of joy the weary wayfarers throw themselves into the court. Then, pushing and hustling, clanking their chains and cursing like demons, they fight their way into the house, struggling desperately for the best places. The first comers take possession of the benches; the others lie where they can. When all are inside the gates are closed, but the doors are not barred until nightfall.

The "stage" is a small wooden barrack—with a large court, formed of palisades, in the rear—divided into several compartments, one of which is assigned to the nobles of the convoy; but like all the others it is far too little for its destined purpose. The prisoners are as closely packed as herrings in a barrel. A few only can find places on the benches. The others have to sleep on the damp and dirty floor. Next to the benches the most desirable spot is under them, for there it is a little cleaner and the sleepers are less likely to be disturbed than on the open floor.

The struggle for places over, the barrack-yard becomes very lively. The prisoners are preparing the evening meal; some laying fires, others putting a few scanty morsels of food into a pot—for our fare is terribly meagre; others bringing water and making tea. After supper we are again counted, driven inside, and left there for the night. No one is allowed to go out for any purpose whatever; but as a substitute for latrines large wooden pails are placed in the corridor. The presence of these abominations among so many people in ill-ventilated rooms renders the air unutterably foul; its odour is something quite peculiar, as all who have had occasion to enter the prisoners' quarters at night, or, still worse, early in the morning, well know.

In the same corridor, but at the other end, is the *maidan*, a sort of itinerant shop, which serves at the same time as a club and gambling saloon; for the prisoners are much given to play. This *maidan* is an institution common to every Siberian convoy and gaol. The *markitant*, or keeper of it, is always a prisoner. The post, which is much coveted and very profitable, is sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds of the sale, often considerable, are added to the common hoard. For one of the first proceedings of the prisoners is to form themselves into a society, which is a faithful reproduction of the rural *mir*. They elect a *starosta*, who also acts as general cashier, and appoint him an assistant. The authorities, on their part, always recognise this system of self-government, and acknowledge the authority of the *starosta*. All orders are communicated through him, and he makes all payments on behalf of the community. He acts, in short, as general intermediary between the prisoners and their custodians—bribes, when it is necessary, the agents of justice, and pays a regular tribute to the executioner, in consideration whereof that official is good enough, often at the risk of his own back, to wield his whip with all possible consideration for the feelings of his victim.

The scene in the *markitant's* den on a rest day was very queer, and, well painted, would make a striking picture: the players round the capote-covered table, as excited and as intent over their game as if they were playing for thousands of roubles instead of fractions of kopecs—the shouting and gesticulating onlookers, following with keenest interest the varying fortunes of the game—a ruined gambler bargaining with the *markitant* for an advance on a coat, a pair of shoes, or an old watch—a convict asleep on the floor—another mending a rent in his clothes—a third hammering at his irons. He is widening the rings that shackle his legs, in order that he may slip them off when he is on the road—walking in irons not being precisely an amusement. The sentries and the officers cannot fail to hear the clang of the hammer, but the custom of removing irons while on the march is so common as to have the force of a recognised regulation, and is seldom, if ever, objected to by the commander of an escort.

Day followed day with unvarying monotony, but every one brought us nearer to our destination, and though I had not yet ventured to effect an exchange, I never wavered in my resolution to escape on the first favourable opportunity. Almost every day we met vagabonds, as runaway convicts are called, making for Russia. Their dress, their closely-cropped hair, and their general appearance left no doubt as to their quality. Yet neither the officer of the escort nor the local authorities paid the least attention to them, so common are fugitive convicts on Siberian roads. When they met us they would draw on one side, sometimes saluting the officer. I have known old friends meet in this way.

"Hallo, Ivan Ivanovitch, how goes it?" would call out one of the tramps to a man whom he recognised in the chain gang.

"Ah, is that you, Iliouschka?" would answer the other pleasantly. "What! have you become a vagabond[*] already?"

"Yes, I am on the look-out for cheap lodgings; I dare say I shall soon get accommodated."

This in allusion to the certainty, sooner or later, of his recapture.

Political prisoners on the march enjoy privileges which are denied to ordinary convicts. They are not fettered; they can, when so disposed, ride in the carriages which accompany the convoy, and they are allowed fifteen kopecs (threepence) a day for food. On the other hand, the orders in our regard given to the officers of the escort were exceedingly stringent; orders, however, which for the most part it was impossible to execute. For instance, they were enjoined to keep us always apart and not let us on any account mix with the other prisoners. But the weakness of the escort, and, above all, the arrangement of the buildings at the *étapes*, or halting-places, rendered observance of this injunction so extremely difficult that it was seldom enforced.

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[*] As vagabonds are frequently mentioned in this narrative, and Mokrievitch himself became one of them, it may be well to explain that the wanderers so designated are simply tramps unfurnished with passports. A double stream of these waifs is always on the move through Siberia—one towards the east, the other towards the west—the latter free, the former generally in bonds. Many of the involuntary settlers either do not take kindly to work, or find their lot intolerable, and so make off on the first opportunity, begging their way, and living on the charity of the peasants, who never refuse a destitute traveller a crust of bread and a night's lodging. Not a few of these wanderers sink under the hardships to which they are exposed, or freeze to death in the forests, and the survivors are nearly always arrested before they reach the frontier of European Russia; but they cause the police a world of trouble. Having no papers, they are able to give false names, and deny being fugitive transports—which they almost invariably do. There is then nothing for it but to write to whatever address a man may give—generally some remote village—and inquire if he is known there. Should the answer be in the negative, the fact is taken as proof of the paperless one's guilt, and he is sent back in chains to the interior of Siberia. As likely as not, however, it will be in the affirmative, for there prevails among these outcasts a strange yet regular trade in what the vagabonds call "nests." For instance, Ivan Ivanovitch, being in want of money, sells to Peter Iliouschka, who has a few kopecs to spare, the name and address of some mujik of his acquaintance, who long ago left his native village for parts unknown—or, perhaps, his own name and address. This is Peter's nest, and when he falls into the hands of the police he tells them he is Paul Lubovitch, from, let us say, Teterwino, in the government of Koursk. On this, a missive is sent to the *starosta* of

The Substitution.

We were within fourteen days of Irkoutsk before I succeeded in effecting an exchange of identities with a convict condemned to simple exile. Many others followed my example. Of the 170 men who composed the convoy not more than fifty were under sentence of penal servitude, and at least twenty of them obtained substitutes. So far as the prisoners were concerned, this was done quite openly; concealment, in fact, would have been impossible, even if it had been necessary—and it was not necessary; for so long as the convoy held together, and the communistic organization endured, betrayal was not to be feared. The traitor would have died within a few hours of his treason by the hand of one of his comrades—and this all knew.

My substitute, a peasant by origin and a burglar by profession, agreed to the exchange of identities in consideration of a sum of sixteen shillings in coin, a pair of boots and a flannel blouse. Two days before our arrival at the *étape*, where it was arranged to carry the agreement into effect, I pretended to have a bad toothache, bound up my face with a pocket-handkerchief, and at the halfway halting-place remained all the time on the bench that served for a bed, as if I were distracted with pain. This I did to hide my features from the soldiers of the escort, one of whom, sharper than his fellows, might otherwise possibly discover the stratagem. The risk was too great, my longing for liberty too intense, to permit me to neglect a single precaution.

Exchanges were most easily effected at the principal halting-places because the escort was changed there. Among the common prisoners the transaction was conducted in the simplest way imaginable. At the roll-call the contracting parties answered respectively to each other's name, took each other's places, and the thing was done. In the case of a political prisoner under special surveillance, just then very stringent, the operation entailed greater risk and demanded more care. I arranged with my substitute that the moment we arrived at the *étape* in question, he should follow me to an obscure corner of the barrack-yard—to speak plainly, to the latrine. The plan succeeded to admiration. In a few minutes we had exchanged dresses. Pavlov, my burglar friend, was transformed into a political prisoner of the nobility, and I became a common malefactor in irons. Though in face as unlike as possible, we were about the same height and build, and, at a distance, might easily be mistaken one for another.

The delivery of the gang to the new escort went off without difficulty. Pavlov lay on a bench with his face bound up. Nobody

Teteriwino, who replies, in due course, to the effect that the village did once possess a Paul Lubovitch, but whether the person in question be the same man he is unable to say. The next proceeding is to send the *soi-disant* Paul to Teteriwino for identification. This proceeding naturally results in the detection of the imposture, whereupon our friend Peter is condemned to a new term of exile, and sent back whence he came.

took any notice either of him or of me, and when the old escort marched away, we knew we were safe. The moment they were gone I went into the common room and got myself shaved and my hair cut close to my head, so that my coiffure might resemble that of my new comrades.

I wondered then, and I have often wondered since, at the ease with which my custodians were deceived in the matter of this substitution. On the register I was set down as a former medical student. I had, therefore, been a member of a university; Pavlov, on the other hand, was almost wholly illiterate. He could hardly open his mouth without betraying his origin and showing his ignorance. His appearance, moreover, was little in harmony with his new character. I, as a noble, had worn my hair and beard long, while his head was closely cropped, and he wore no beard at all. How could all this fail to excite suspicion? For three weeks he acted as my substitute, and it never seems to have occurred either to the officers of the escort or the authorities of Irkoutsk that the *soi-disant* Debagorio Mokrievitch was *not* the real Simon Pure. But for the denunciation —of which I shall speak presently—I do not believe the secret ever would have been discovered, always supposing that Pavlov kept the compact, and he really behaved very well. One day an officer of the escort, seeing by the register that I was a medical student, consulted my substitute touching some ailment he had, and Pavlov, with an impudence that bordered on the sublime, gave him the benefit of his advice. He was fortunately not called upon to put his prescription in writing.

It may be asked why I did not profit by the laxity of the escort during the first part of the journey to escape before we reached our destination. Because I should have been missed at the first halting-place, and by means of the telegraph and an active pursuit, immediately recaptured: I could have had only a few hours' start, and I wanted, at the least, several days.

After the substitution I marched as a common felon on foot, carrying my irons; my allowance was reduced to twopence a-day, while Pavlov had threepence, and could vary the monotony of the way by riding in one of the carriages provided for the political prisoners.

About October 20, 1879, we reached Irkoutsk, where we were to be received and inspected by the higher authorities. Towards eight o'clock in the evening we entered the central prison and were taken into a large room with three doors and two exits. One of these was open and led into an adjoining room, where the inspection took place. Our starosta, standing on the doorstep, called the prisoners one by one, and each, as he was summoned, went into the room, carrying with him his poor belongings, in order that it might be ascertained if he still possessed the articles given him by the Crown. This done, he passed on into a further apartment, where the prisoners were to be quartered for the night.

At length came my turn.

"Pavlov!" shouts the starosta.

"Here," I answer, and, taking up my bag, I enter the audience chamber, and find myself in the presence of several important looking functionaries, sitting at a big table covered with registers.

"Paul Pavlov?" says the presiding councillor, and then, after favouring me with a fugitive glance, he bends once more over his books.

"Yes, your nobleness," I reply, doing my best to speak and look like a peasant prisoner.

"For what crime were you judged?"

"For burglary, your nobleness."

"Are the effects given you by the Government all in order?"

"They are, your nobleness."

"Two shirts, two pairs of drawers, woollen trousers, great coat, pelisse, a pair of boots, leg irons?" enumerated the councillor, in a rapid, monotonous voice.

As each article is named, I say, "It is here," and during the interrogation an obscure personage fumbles in my bag to verify my statement.

This concluded the inspection, and after surrendering my fetters, which I removed without the help of a blacksmith, I passed into the apartment where I was to remain as a prisoner until they took me to the village where I had to be interned as a settler.

I had not long to wait. The fifth day after our arrival the remaining vagabonds of the gang were sent further east, and there remained only the ordinary exiles and prisoners under sentence of penal servitude. An important consequence of the departure of the vagabonds—old offenders who formed the bulk of the convoy—was the break-up of our communistic organization, and the subsequent revelation of my secret.

On the following day the involuntary colonists, of whom I was now one, started for our final destination, a village some forty miles from Irkoutsk, and on November 1st, we arrived at Talminsky, the end of our long journey. For the last time we were paraded and counted in the court of the *volost*. Then, after our effects had been again examined, we received our registers and were handed over to the clerk of the village, who had orders to find us quarters.

The escort went one way, we went another, and we walked through the streets of the great village free men—within the limits assigned to us.

THE FLIGHT.

If I meant to escape I had no time to lose. At any moment I was liable to be betrayed. My comrades among the colonists, as also the prisoners we had left at Irkoutsk, all knew who I was. Any of these, by turning traitor, could earn a considerable reward; even a slight indiscretion might reveal the secret, and the disclosure of my identity to the authorities would lead to my immediate arrest.

It was therefore necessary to go at once; yet I could not start on so long a journey without money, and I did not possess a kopeck. So I sold my great coat, my woollen trousers, and my gloves, for a rouble and a-half. It was not much. After this depletion of my wardrobe, my costume left a good deal to be desired. A regulation pelisse, a fur cap, thin trousers, and ordinary underclothing, did not afford much protection against the intense cold of a Siberian winter. But I dared not hesitate. On November 2nd, at ten o'clock, before noon, I set out from the village. The morning, though cold, was clear and quiet. I made no attempt to hide my quality; it was evident to everybody. My yellow regulation pelisse and closely cropped head showed clearly enough that I was a vagabond. But this gave me little anxiety; I had observed that in Eastern Siberia vagabonds were neither arrested nor questioned. It would be the same with me, I thought, and in this expectation I was not disappointed. My journey as a vagabond lasted about eight days, and I suffered much both from hunger and cold. In the valleys—for the country was hilly—I often experienced a cold so intense that I thought my limbs would freeze as I walked. Sometimes the valley bottoms were filled with a thick fog. Going through one of those fogs was like taking a bath of pins and needles—so keen was the cold—and, though on these occasions I always ran, one of my knees became frost-bitten—my pelisse not being long enough to cover my legs, which were clothed only in light cotton pantaloons.

I generally passed the night in the bath-room of some peasant after the manner of vagabonds, for nobody in Siberia, however poor, is without a vapour bath, the vapour being produced by pouring water on red-hot stones.

One afternoon, just as night was closing in, I reached a village and sought a lodging. I had heard from the experienced vagabonds of the gang that it was always better to ask charity or help from the poor than from the well-to-do. Never, they said, when you are on the tramp, knock at the door of a rich man's house. Go rather to the most wretched cabin you can find.

This rule, based on a wide experience and a profound truth—for the poor naturally receive more sympathy from the poor than from the well-to-do—I deemed it expedient to follow. At the end of the village in question I found a cabin of unprepossessing aspect, and, concluding that it was exactly what I wanted, I went in, making, as I entered, the sign of the cross before the picture of a saint, as is the custom in Russia. Then I greeted my hosts.

"Good day, my boy," answered the peasant, an old man with a long white beard, in a kindly voice.

"Could you sell me a bit of bread?" I asked; for though I travelled as a vagabond I did not like to beg after the manner of vagabonds, and always tendered a piece of money for what I received.

"Yes, you can have bread," said the old man, handing me a loaf.

"Thank you, father; and may I pass the night in your house?"

"I fear that is impossible, my boy. You are a vagabond, aren't you? They are very severe just now about vagabonds, the police are. If you take in a man without a passport you may get fined. Where do you come from, my boy?"

"From the convoy."

"I thought so. I was right then. You are a vagabond."

I answered with a supplicatory gesture, and I daresay I looked cold enough and wretched enough to move the compassion of a harder-hearted man than this good old peasant.

"You fellows generally sleep in the baths, don't you?" he said, after a pause. "Well, go into mine if you like; I can put you nowhere else. And I have heated it to day; you will be warm."

So picking up my loaf, and laying on the table a few kopecks—nobody ever thinks of bargaining with a wanderer—I leave the house. The bath is hard by, and on going in I find that it is quite warm, as the old man had said. The heat is so great, indeed, that I can dispense with my pelisse.

These peasants' bath-rooms are seldom supplied with a chimney. The stones are heated in the middle of the room, and the smoke, after blackening the rafters, finds its way out as best it can. There were no windows, and, in order to look round, I had to light one of the tallow candles which I carried in my bag. They were very useful for rubbing my feet with after a long march. I was in no hurry to sleep, and before lying down on the wooden bench which was to be my couch I had a little operation to perform. My yellow pelisse proclaimed my quality a long way off. That was an inconvenience, and in certain easily conceivable circumstances, might lead to awkward consequences. I meant to change its colour. This I did by smearing the garment with a mixture composed of tallow from my candles and soot from the wall. It was not a very fast black perhaps, but it answered the purpose. Henceforth, nobody, without a pretty close inspection, would perceive that I was a vagabond on the tramp.

This done, I lay down on the bench and was soon fast asleep. I must have slept an hour or two when I was wakened by the creaking of the door, and I heard the heavy steps of a man entering the room. As it was pitch dark I could not see him, and I did not think it worth while to strike a light. The new-comer seemed to be of the same opinion, for, without speaking a word, he groped his way towards my bench and laid down beside me. Though he touched my body he made no remark, and a few moments later I could tell by his regular breathing that he was fast asleep. Then I slept again, and did not open my eyes until I was wakened by the cold—for the bath-room had lost all its warmth, and the temperature was far below freezing-point. So I rose from my couch, donned my pelisse, and, though the sun had not yet risen, I left my snoring bed-fellow, whom I never saw, to his slumbers and resumed my journey.

My plan was to reach the house of a friend about 150 miles from the village where I had been interned. To traverse a region as large as Europe without money was quite out of the question, and even if I had succeeded in doing so it would have been impossible, without papers, either to cross the frontier or leave the country. It is hardly necessary to say that I took care never to ask my way. That would have been a great imprudence. And there was little need, for the roads in Siberia are so few that it is scarcely possible to go wrong. According to my reckoning I was still about thirty miles from my destination. Shortly after leaving the village I saw, near a little cabin by the road-side, a man who eyed me keenly. From his short hair and stubby beard I guessed that he was a recently arrived colonist who had come into the country with a chain gang.

"Won't you come in, brother," he said, "and rest yourself and take a cup of tea?".

I accepted the invitation with pleasure, for I had not broken my fast. We entered the cabin together. It was very small, and on a brick hearth was sitting a woman, probably the exile's wife. My host asked me to take a seat and began to prepare the samovar, an appliance which is found in every Siberian cottage. As we drank we talked.

"Is it a long time since you left the gang?" asked my entertainer.

"Quite lately. I belonged to convoy number four."

"You have turned vagabond then, brother?"

"Yes, what is the good of staying here?"

"You are quite right," returned the exile bitterly. "The country is abominable. I shall do the same thing myself in a month or two. Which way do you go—by the Angara road?"

I gave him an itinerary, though not exactly the one I meant to follow.

"I know all these places well," observed my host. "But do you know you will have to be prudent. The authorities hereabouts are very vicious just now. They arrest every wayfarer they see. You must look out, my brother, or they will arrest you."

"What would you advise me to do, then," I asked, greatly alarmed at this news.

"I will tell you, brother; listen!"

And then he gave me very valuable information; described the villages through or near which I should have to pass, indicating at the same time those that were dangerous and the footpaths by which I might avoid them. He gave me the names and described the dwellings of the peasants with whom I might lodge and, in a word, told me everything which it imported a wandering outlaw to know.

"But why," I asked, "are the police so active just now? I thought this road was one of the safest for vagabonds in the whole country."

"God knows. Perhaps they have found a body somewhere and are looking for the murderer."

I made no remark, but I thought it was much more likely that they had discovered my flight and were looking for me. And so it proved.

After finishing the tea we talked a little longer, and as I took my leave I thanked my host warmly for his hospitality and information.

When I reached the last village before that at which lived my friend, I was quite overcome with fatigue, and faint with hunger and cold; but I counted on a long and quiet rest in the cottage of a peasant woman whose address had been given me by the friendly exile. It was at the extremity of the village, and to get thither I had to pass the head-quarters of the communal authorities. In the light of the exile's warning, and my own fears, this seemed a sufficiently dangerous enterprise. Albeit I put on an air of indifference and took care not to increase my pace, yet I could not avoid an occasional backward glance to see if I was being followed. No one, however, seemed to notice me, and I reached my destination without receiving any unpleasant attentions. The peasant woman welcomed me kindly, if not very effusively. But she was a dear good soul, gave me of her best, and let me lie on a bench and pass the night in her house.

About two hours before sunrise my hostess came into the kitchen and began to busy herself with preparations for breakfast. But I remained stretched on my bench; the cottage was warm, I felt very comfortable, and I saw no reason for hurry. The day was before me, and I had not far to go. So I turned round on my wooden couch and was just sinking into a second slumber when I heard the sound of bells, such as post-chaises and mail-carts in Russia invariably carry.

"Bells!" I cried, starting up. "Does a mail-coach run on this road?"

"No," answered the peasant, "we have no mail-coach here; it is probably a private carriage which is passing through the village."

Meanwhile the bells came nearer; then the sound suddenly ceased, as it seemed not far from the cottage. I did not like this at all. What could it mean?

"Would you mind going to see what or whose carriage it is?" I said. She went, and as the door closed behind her, I jumped off my bench and put on my clothes.

In a few minutes she was back with the news that the carriage belonged to the gendarmes, and that they were questioning the *starosta* and the clerk.

"The gendarmes!" I exclaimed, "who says so—where are they from?"

"From Irkoutsk. It is the coachman himself who told me. He thinks they are after a political runaway."

"In that case, I had better be going," I said, laughing. "They may perhaps think I am the man. Now look here—if they ask you any questions, know nothing. If you do it may be worse for you; they may make you pay a fine. Good-bye" (putting the last of my kopecks on the table).

"Good-by," answered my hostess; "don't be uneasy. I shall not say a word." She was a worthy woman, and a friend in need, that old peasant.

I went out. It was still dark, and I might creep through the village without being seen. The last of the houses passed, I ran at the top of my speed, for I felt sure that the pursuers were at my heels, and the possibility of being retaken enraged me almost past endurance. I had been denounced shortly after leaving the settlement, of that there could be no doubt. But how had the police managed to trace me so soon? I had been very careful, neglected no conceivable precaution, given misleading answers to all who questioned me about my past movements and future plans. I had made long *detours* to avoid the larger villages, and during the latter part of my journey put up only with the most trusted friends of vagabond wanderers. Yet the gendarmes had followed me step by step to my very last resting place, and but for the friendly warning of the bells I should certainly have been recaptured, for I could not have left the village by daylight without being seen. Even now I was in imminent danger; my safety absolutely depended on my reaching my friend's house at once, and lying a long time in hiding. Though I had never been there, I knew the place so well by description—its situation and appearance were so vividly impressed on my mind—that I could find it, even in the dark, without asking a question. It was only about seven miles from the village I had just left. But how could I get thither unperceived? For if I was seen by a single person entering my friend's house, it might be the ruin of us both. Something must be decided on the instant. Day was dawning, the gendarmes were behind me, and by the barking of the dogs I reckoned that the village where dwelt my friend could not be more than two miles away. I looked round. On one side of the road were open fields; on the other thick brushwood grew. As yet, I had not met a soul—nobody could tell the gendarmes in which direction I had gone—but it was now no longer dark, and if I went on, I might encounter a peasant or a wayfarer any moment. Only one thing could be done; I must hide somewhere—even at the risk of being frozen stiff—and remain hidden until sundown, when I might perchance gain my friend's house unperceived. Among the bushes! Yes, that was the place, I could lie *perdu* there all day. But just as I was about to put this plan into execution, another thought came to trouble me. How about my footsteps? Fresh snow had fallen in the night, and the police could follow me to my hiding-place as easily as a hound tracks a deer to its lair. And then I bethought me of an ingenious artifice, about which I had read in some romance. Turning my face to the road I walked backwards towards the bushes, taking care at every step to make a distinct impression on the snow. It was now quite daylight, and a little way off I could see two summer cabins of the Buriats—in winter always empty. Thither I went, always backward, and entering one of the cabins remained there the whole day and far into the night. When I thought all the peasants would be indoors, I stole quietly out, and going stealthily and with many precautions to my friend's house, knocked in fear and misgiving at his door.

To my great relief he opened it himself.

"I should not have recognized you, if I had not just heard all your history," he said, after we had exchanged greetings.

"I am very curious to see myself," I returned, approaching a mirror which hung on the wall. "I have not seen a looking-glass since my arrest."

I was so much altered that I hardly knew myself. I saw before me the reflection of a wild, strange, haggard face, and I could almost have believed I was somebody else.

"When did you hear of my flight?" I asked.

"To-day. There has been quite an inquest here. The gendarmes questioned everybody and searched every house. They followed you step by step to the last village. They found out where you passed the night, and then they seem to have lost the scent entirely. Where have you been?"

I told him.

"Did anybody see you come here?"

"Not a soul."

"Good. All the same, you must not stay here an hour longer than we can help. It would be too dangerous. The police are baffled; but they have by no means given up the quest, and as likely as not will be here again to-morrow. You must not sleep here."

"Where then?"

"At my farm. But first of all you must change your skin."

As he spoke, my friend in need opened a cupboard, and took therefrom some garments in which, when I had arrayed myself and had a good wash, I looked and felt like a new man.

"Is your farm far from here?" I asked, as we sat down to supper.

"About twenty-five versts (fifteen miles), in the depth of the forest, far from any highway. Hunting parties from Irkoutsk visit us there sometimes. Your coming will, therefore, be no surprise for the servants. It is true your hair is just a little short (looking at my head); but that is nothing. You have had typhoid fever, and are going to recruit your strength in the forest. You look haggard enough to have had three fevers."

An hour later we were *en route*, my friend, who had lived many years in the country, himself taking the reins, and he contrived matters so well that nobody in the house knew either of my coming or my going. The police were thrown completely off the scent.

LIBERTY.

As I learnt subsequently, my identity and my stratagem were revealed to the authorities by one of my comrades of the convoy, shortly after I left Irkoutsk. But when the gendarmes went to the village of Talminsky, I had already vanished. Every effort was, however, made to retake me, the quest being kept up night and day for six weeks. Then it was rumoured that a body found in the forest had been identified as mine, and that I had perished of hunger. According to another story, I had been arrested at Nijni Oudinsk, and was being brought back to Irkoutsk. Among the vagabonds who at this time were captured right and left on the high roads throughout the province, were several whom it pleased to call themselves by my name. The deceit was naturally soon detected, but while it lasted the deceivers enjoyed certain advantages, which helped to render their detention tolerable. Instead of walking they rode in carriages, and were accompanied by an escort, and being regarded as important prisoners, they were both better fed and better treated than common malefactors, while their audacity rendered them highly popular with their vagabond and convict comrades. There were at one time no fewer than four false Debagorio Mokrievitches in the gaol of Irkoutsk. The police sought me with great diligence among the political exiles of the province; a most stupid proceeding on their part, for to take refuge with the politicals would have been putting my head in the lion's mouth.

Three other men who about the same time attempted to escape were all recaptured.

I stayed in Siberia a year, making during that time several journeys to the eastward of Irkoutsk. At length the police having abandoned all hope of finding me, I resolved to leave the country. A passport being absolutely necessary, I borrowed the name and obtained the papers of a gentleman recently deceased—Ivan Alexandrovitch Selivanoff. It was in the winter of 1880 that I set out on my long journey of 3,600 miles. I travelled post, by way of Irkoutsk, Krasnoiarsk and Tomsk—towns through which, a twelvemonth before, I had passed as a prisoner. Rather a bold undertaking in the circumstances; but, as I possessed an itinerary-card signed by the governor of the province, giving me the right to relays of horses, I ran no great danger, and left the home of my hospitable friend with an easy mind.

During the journey I met from time to time gangs of prisoners on the way from Russia to Irkoutsk. The clanking of the irons, the yellow pelisses, the worn faces, the weary walk, and the shorn heads of these unfortunates—how familiar they all were, and how the sight of them thrilled me to the soul! And behind the chain gang came the waggons of the political prisoners, among whom, more than once, I recognized the face of a dear friend. But instead of jumping from my carriage and folding the poor fellows in my arms, I had to look the other way!

All went well with me, but once I had a terribly narrow escape of falling a second time into the toils. It so chanced that I passed through the province of Tobolsk in company with a tchinovnik (government employé), whose acquaintance I had made on the road, a big-paunched, rosy-cheeked fellow, with merry eyes and a mellow voice; and, being on his way home after a long absence, in high good humour and full of fun. Once at the end of a long day's journey, we arrived about midnight at a town in the neighbourhood of Tobolsk, and, being tired and sleepy, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. So we went into the travellers' room, ordered tea, and handed our itinerary cards to the starosta of the station, in order that he might make the necessary entries in the travellers' book. Before going to the sleeping-room we requested that the horses might be ready at seven o'clock next morning.

I slept the sleep of the just, rose betimes, and called for the starosta.

"Are the horses ready?" I asked. "And be good enough to bring hither our itinerary-cards."

"The station master will himself bring your itinerary-cards, and as for the horses they are already yoked up."

Half-an-hour later the station-master (otherwise director), came into our room, holding in his hand the itinerary-cards.

"I am sorry to trouble you," he said politely; "but I should like to know which of you young gentlemen is Ivan Alexandrovitch Selivanoff?"

"At your service, sir," I answered, stepping forward.

The station-master looked at me with a ludicrous expression of bewilderment and surprise.

"A thousand pardons," he said at length, with a low bow. "But really—I don't quite understand. The fact is, I knew Mr. Selivanoff, and here I see the same surname and Christian name; the name of the father is also the same, the tchin (rank) likewise! Yet I was told he had died—more than a year ago—but when I saw his name on the card I thought the news must be false, and I came to assure myself. I see that I am mistaken. A thousand pardons, sir, a thousand pardons," and again he saluted me still more profoundly than before.

I felt as if the ground were opening under my feet, and was thinking how on earth I should get out of the scrape, when my companion came—without knowing it—to the rescue.

"What a capital joke!" he shouted, clapping me on the back, and laughing so that he could hardly speak. "One might suppose that the worthy director takes you for an escaped prisoner with a dead man's passport. Ha, ha, ha, what a capital joke to be sure!"

And holding his big belly with both hands, he balanced himself first on one foot and then the other, laughing the while, until he could hardly stand.

"You are quite right," I said, also laughing, though with considerable effort. "It is really an excellent joke. But seriously (turning to the station master), the thing is easily explained. In the part I come from the Selivanoffs are as plentiful as blackberries. The late Ivan Alexandrovitch, your friend, and I were kinsmen, and had a great affection for each other; the name is so common in the province that I could introduce you to a dozen of my namesakes any day."

The station-master seemed satisfied with this explanation. At any rate, he made no objection to our departure, and shortly afterwards we were once more *en route*. But my companion, the tchinovnik, did not cease laughing for a long time. "To take you for a fugitive convict with a false passport!" he would say, "it is really too good," and whenever he remembered the incident he would laugh as if he never meant to stop. I remembered it, as may be supposed, with very different feelings. The escape was a very narrow one, and showed me how much I was still at the mercy of the slightest mishap. But this proved to be my last adventure and my last peril. In May, 1881, I reached Geneva, and felt that I was at last really free.

As most stories of Russian revolutionary life have necessarily, if they be true, a tragical termination, readers of the foregoing narrative may be pleased to know that M. Mokrievitch is still in a land where he feels really free. Though one of the heroes of Russian liberty he has not yet become one of its martyrs. But the time may come when he, as many other fugitives have done, will return to the volcanic soil of his native country, there to take part in the struggle to death which, though unseen, goes always on, and must continue without truce and without surcease until the sun of Freedom shall dawn in the Empire of the Night.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRAINING OF DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

I HAVE tried on various occasions to bring before the country the pressing need of Social Reform. I have urged that the great danger to our country lay in the growth of a poor, miserable and degraded proletariat, living in close proximity to the wealthiest aristocracy the world has ever seen. I have tried to sketch the horrible condition in which vast numbers of our countrymen lived, especially in London and the great seaport towns, and have attempted to show that the real hope of the future lay in rescuing the young from the wretched career to which their parents too often consigned them.

Since that time a flood of lurid light has been thrown upon the condition of "outcast London." The evidence taken on the dwellings of the poor, the disclosures of the supineness of the London Vestries, the half-starved condition of the children in many of our Board Schools—these and many other revelations have produced a painful impression of the rottenness of our social fabric.

It is no doubt quite possible to exaggerate the magnitude of the evil. I gladly admit that the bulk of the nation has made wonderful progress both morally and materially in the last forty years. Yet I fear it must also be granted that there remains a large deposit of human misery in our midst, wholly untouched by the progress of the nation—just as poor, as corrupt, and as hopeless of improvement as at any previous period of our history. I do not feel at all sure that this deposit has not been increasing of late years: at all events the difficulty of earning a living has been growing in the metropolis. I believe that a larger proportion of its population is now on the verge of starvation than was the case ten years ago. The trade of this country has for several years lost its former elasticity, and the rapid increase of population adds to the strain of life, and renders it more difficult for the poor unskilled labourer to hold up his head.

Admitting all that is proved in Mr. Giffen's valuable paper on the progress of the working classes during the past fifty years, I contend that this improvement does not touch the great floating element of casual unskilled labour which abounds in our large towns, and especially in the metropolis. Indeed the very improvement in other sections of society makes it more intolerable that immense numbers of families should live in single rooms, as foul as pigsties, without the decencies or comforts of life, barely eking out a wretched subsistence on two or three days' casual labour per week, nearly half of which goes for the rent of the filthy dens they inhabit. Yet this is the condition in which multitudes of the people in London live, and the same holds good of Liverpool, Glasgow, and most of our large towns.

I am deeply convinced that the time is approaching when this seething mass of human misery will shake the social fabric, unless we grapple more earnestly with it than we have yet done, and my object in these remarks is to point out a new field in which the richest fruits may be reaped if we enter upon it with adequate courage.

In an article which I contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* in 1883, I dealt with the care of the children by the State, and pointed out how inadequate were our safeguards against parental neglect, and how much more drastic was the legislation of America and other countries on this subject. I also advocated the emigration of pauper children to the Colonies, under proper guarantees, and showed how we might thereby drain away much of the hereditary pauperism of this country. I now wish to advocate a system of *industrial training for the children of our destitute classes conducted in night schools up to the age of sixteen.*

I am aware that at first sight this will appear to some a startling proposition, but I believe that a decade will not elapse before it is as commonly admitted to be wise and politic as national elementary education is now.

In order to bring this vividly before the reader, let me depict the life of a London schoolboy in the low parts of the city. He is compelled to attend school from five to twelve or thirteen years of age for five hours a day. Careful inquiry proves that in these poor districts 25 per cent. of the children come to school without breakfast, and have only a piece of dry bread, perhaps with some tea, for their dinner; their physical stamina is unequal to even a moderate intellectual effort, and probably half the school-time is passed in a sort of comatose state, in which they can learn absolutely nothing. They then go home to their miserable dens, where too often a drunken father or a profligate mother makes all happiness or morality impossible. They herd together in a single room, where all ages and both sexes sleep, eat and dwell together. Hard as the school life of such children is, it is much better than living entirely "at home," if such words can be used of their domestic surroundings, and it is no doubt true, as Sir Lyon Playfair has shown, that the mortality of children of school-going age has much decreased, owing to their being less constantly in the foul atmosphere of their fœtid slums. I thankfully admit that compulsory elementary education is the greatest factor yet known or tried for civilizing the youth of "outcast London."

But it is a very imperfect agency; it comes far short of securing a fair prospect of a respectable after-life. Let me sketch still farther the process of youthful development. No children will stay in such filthy dwellings a minute longer than they possibly can; and so they spend their evenings on the streets, hearing and seeing all that is vile and debasing. Fancy what a picture of human life must be formed in the mind of a child who is familiar with the harlot and the drunkard from infancy upwards, and looks on these as the normal development of humanity. Yet so it is in many parts of our great cities. How little chance is there that short Bible lessons—excellent as these are—will counteract the "object lessons" of human wickedness ever floating before their eyes. But the moment of supreme danger comes after leaving school. The little half-grown child of twelve or thirteen, stunted in all but its precocious knowledge of vice, is left free to wander at will by day and night on the streets. The parents of this class as a rule follow no regular trade; they pick up an uncertain livelihood from the innumerable precarious employments of a large city; they have no power to apprentice their children to an honest trade; many of them have no ambition; they have never known anything better than the uncertain livings of the streets, and they are contented that their children should be as themselves. A great proportion of them spend every farthing they can spare on drink, and have less concern for their offspring than the brute creation. Need one wonder that the children of this class—and it is a very large one—should reproduce the likeness of their parents? A few years spent on the streets in what is called "hobjobbing," virtually settles their future lot; it stamps upon them indelibly the features of the tramp, the pauper and the criminal; it feeds the horrible stream of fallen women which makes the streets of London hideous beyond those of any capital in Europe, and it prepares the way for a fresh crop of this baneful harvest in the next generation.*

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* "Year by year, from seventy to eighty thousand London children pass out of elementary schools; of these, possibly the half obtain *bonâ fide* occupation; as for the rest—the poorer part, inhabiting, too, the more densely populated quarters—there is nothing for them but the streets, and the almost certain life of a knave or a fool. It is

For one of the gloomiest elements in the whole case is the extraordinary rapidity with which this degraded population multiplies; the birth-rate is far higher in these low slums than in the respectable neighbourhoods. Little girls frequently become mothers, and I am told that it is not uncommon for women of twenty to have three or four children.[*] The responsibility of bringing human beings into existence seems not to cross the minds of these sunken creatures; that they cannot feed or clothe their children is no hindrance to matrimonial or other alliances; and were it not for the vast infantile mortality, the numbers of the destitute classes would double or treble every twenty-five years. It may be truly said that nothing but starvation prevents this portentous increase.

Now, the sad thing is that no charitable outlay, however vast, could cure this terrible evil. Were we to suppose, as some socialists seem to think, that the thrifty and industrious classes should be made responsible for keeping the thriftless in comfort, this class would multiply far faster than has ever been known before. Parents relieved of all responsibility would neglect their offspring more than ever, and the millions of pauperized wretches would multiply into tens of millions in the not distant future. No wealth could long stand such a drain: the nation would sink into a Serbonian bog, in which all virtue and manliness would perish. No relief is to be found in any remedy which does not aim at producing individual virtue and independence: the proletariat may strangle us unless we teach it the same virtues which have elevated the other classes of society.

This leads me to describe more fully the scheme of reform I propose. It is, in short, an extension to all the destitute children of the land of the excellent system of industrial training which already obtains in the best of our district schools, in the Reformatory and Industrial schools, and in very many private institutions, such as Barnardo's admirable homes in the east of London. It is to give to the thousands what is now given to the tens and twenties of our youthful population—to give it them, not as a reward for juvenile crime, nor as a badge of pauperism, but as a necessary part of education, quite as necessary as "the three R's." It is to make the training of the hands no less than the training of the head a part of national education; it is to conceive of "education" as the fitting of a child for the duties of after-life, and, above all, for earning an honest livelihood.

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probable that, every day, not less than seventy thousand boys and girls are actually 'hob-jobbing about,' utterly helpless, until they hob-job into gaols, penitentiaries, reformatories."—Extract from "The Gaol Cradle, who rocks it?" By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh.

[*] The birth-rate in the prosperous district of Hampstead for the ten years 1871–80 was 24 per 1,000 annually; whereas in the poor and miserable district of Whitechapel it was 36 per 1,000, or just 50 per cent. higher.

Of course the *laissez-faire* school will say this is not the business of the State, just as they said fifty years ago that elementary education lay outside its province: but, if I am not mistaken, this objection will soon be brushed aside when the nation comes to see that we must either undertake this duty or risk anarchy in the future.

It is intolerable that millions of people should exist in our midst unable to live except on charity, because they have been taught in youth no means of livelihood. The little smattering of education got in our national schools by the children of this class is almost rubbed off them in the critical years that succeed school life; it only enables them to read the *Police News*, the *Newgate Calendar*, and such like rubbish, which is the chief literature that circulates in the slums. One sometimes wonders whether this so-called "education" does not in the case of many only multiply their power for evil: the real education they most of all need is not given, viz., the habit of steady useful industry, the ability to turn their hands readily to any useful calling, and the power to fit themselves for a decent life, either at home or in the colonies. The critical period of child-life is from twelve to sixteen; it is then that the habits are formed which determine its future; at that vital stage the child-population of the slums are prowling about the streets getting initiated into the arts of vice and crime.

The best career that is open to the boys afterwards is casual labour at the docks or warehouses—a field that is always glutted with hungry applicants; the best to which they can look forward in after-life is three days' work per week, affording on an average about 15s. per week of income, of which 5s. goes for rent, with a squalid, dirty wife and family usually on the brink of starvation. The career of the artisan, with his 35s. or 40s. per week, is forbidden to the common labourer, for he can get no early training; the great colonial field is closed against him, for he has no money to emigrate with, and, if despatched by charity to the shores of Canada or Australia, he is looked upon as a nuisance by the colonists; he cannot handle tools, he knows nothing of farm labour, he has no foresight, self-control, or independence: the life of the streets and slums of "outcast London," or "squalid Liverpool," has washed out of him every element that goes to make a successful colonist.

And so it happens that while the flower of our population emigrate and build up prosperous fortunes at the Antipodes or across the Atlantic, the residuum remains behind, corrupting and being corrupted, like the sewage of the metropolis which remained floating at the mouth of the Thames last summer because there was not scour sufficient to propel it into the sea.

I can see no end to this vicious circle, unless the State provide for "labour education" as well as mental education in our public school system.*

These ideas are rapidly being carried into effect on the Continent, under the name of technical training; prodigious efforts are being made, especially by France, Germany, and Switzerland, to cultivate the taste and talent of artizans, and they are extending them to a lower grade of schools, and in some places are requiring children to attend so-called "Continuation Schools" at night up to the age of sixteen. But none of these countries needs the precise thing that we require in Great Brtiain; they have not nearly so many neglected children, nor so large a residuum of drunken and depraved parents. With us the case is far more urgent: we have terrible arrears of neglect to overtake; we were the last of the civilized States to enforce national compulsory education, and we shall have to do double work for many years to get abreast of the more advanced nations.

What I should like to see—were it possible of attainment—would be the adoption of *manual training* as a part of all school education in this country. I should recommend that Eton as well as Seven Dials should have industrial education. No country in the world produces so many helpless people among the middle and upper classes as England does. An unwholesome contempt for hand labour runs through all "good society," as it is falsely called; and so it is that when families are left destitute, as frequently happens among our improvident gentlefolk, it is found that none of them can earn their bread; neither sons nor daughters can emigrate, for there is nothing they can do that is of any use in the busy and practical communities of the New World. I believe that in far more cases than is generally supposed "decayed" families in the upper and middle classes are supported by charity.

I much doubt, if an accurate census were taken of the self-supporting part of the population, whether it would not be found that as large a proportion of the people who wear broad cloth are in reality paupers as of those who wear fustian. There could not be a greater social boon conferred on this country than by engrafting on the educational system universally the teaching of some manual trade.

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* "A compulsory labour law, however undesirable in itself, is rendered absolutely necessary by varied and complicated causes, but by one chiefly—viz., the worthless character of many parents,—necessary as a protection to the State. What do the selfish, animalized parents know of parental responsibilities, or care for the use or abuse of youth, the solemn duties of citizens, the basis of society, the weal of the State? Yet all these things are involved in their action towards their children. Themselves living from hand to mouth, they feel that it is right to turn out their children, regardless of all future consequences, on the chance of their somehow picking up a copper or two, and it is amazing to see how many a family can, and do, live thus on nothing to do. Did not *their* parents act thus? Were not they themselves turned out, and have not *they* got along? To the possibility of his children growing up to be sleepy labourers, beer-house loungers, idle paupers, what sleepy labourer, beer-house lounger, idle pauper, ever gives a thought? And if it could arise on his stolid imagination, why should he be shocked at the vision? Everything depends on the medium through which the prospect is seen. His opinion—if opinion he has at all—is that everybody—husband, wife, and children—must 'fend' for themselves, and take their chance."—Extract from "The Gaol Cradle, who rocks it?" By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh.

I am aware, however, that so sweeping a change as this is not within the scope of practical politics, and so I confine my suggestion to the children of what may be roughly called the destitute or semi-pauper class. It will at once occur as a difficulty, that the State cannot undertake the invidious task of discriminating them. Destitution has many shades: the deserving poor sink by imperceptible gradations into the profligate poor; the skilled artisan often falls through intemperance into the lower stratum; many members of the educated professions sink through their own vices into the slums: where are we to draw the line? I admit that a reply must be given to this objection. I propose that the general rule be to require all children after leaving elementary schools (which is usually at twelve or thirteen) to attend night schools in the evening to receive manual training, *unless their parents or guardians can satisfy the inspector that they are usefully employed.* I would not propose that a child who is apprenticed to a trade, or even employed as an errand-boy in a shop, should be compelled to attend, and girls who were urgently needed for household work at home could also be excused, or only required to attend on one or two nights a week. The real object should be to make the meshes of the net fine enough to catch "the street children," those swarms of neglected juveniles whose parents can give no good account of them. It is impossible to estimate the number of this class, but I should not wonder if half a million, or one-tenth of the total number of school children, would be qualified for this wholesome discipline. And further, I have no doubt that as the immense advantages of this industrial training began to show themselves, many parents of a better class would be thankful to let their children share the benefit. It would only be needful to make provision in the first instance in considerable towns, say of over 10,000 population: the rural children do not need much training of this kind; they learn farm work in most cases, which is the best of all training. There would also be much less need of it in manufacturing towns, where children enter the mills as half-timers: the scheme would mainly apply to London and the great seaport towns, and need not impose a heavy burden on the State. We have a magnificent supply of Board Schools ready prepared, where most of the training could be cheaply given in the evening.

I would suggest that the boys should be taught carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking, printing, &c.; the girls sewing, cooking, washing, and domestic economy as far as possible. Some of these branches could easily be carried on in the existing schoolrooms without injuring the furniture; others might require a shed or some cheap structure to be added for the coarse work. It would not be needful to occupy every school; certain centres might be fixed upon within easy reach of the children. The teaching of the boys might be given by skilled artisans, whose wages for two or three hours per evening would not be very high. I do not believe that the whole cost of training half a million children in this way need exceed half a million sterling per annum—say £1 per head; whereas pauperism and crime cost the State fifteen millions a year, and mostly spring from the neglected children of this class.

I predict that within a generation, if we adopt these recommendations, we shall have reduced this heavy tax by one-half. A few years of such training would change the character of a boy's life. Physical labour, well directed and not overdone, is the truest recreation; there is nothing that boys are fonder of than learning handicrafts. When the taste is once formed, and the habit fixed, they may be left to take care of themselves. They will not often relapse into the indolent, hopeless life common to their class. A thousand avenues of useful employment will open up to them which are at present closed. They will find that they are welcome emigrants to every new country in the world.

Let those who doubt this pay a visit to Dr. Barnardo's homes, where 700 boys, rescued from the worst of the slums, are trained to a cheerful, industrious life. He will see there a series of workshops, full of busy young life, and a diffused element of health and happiness which is wonderful, considering the horrible condition from which the boys were taken. The half-time system prevails there, as in the best pauper and industrial schools. It is found that children can do just as much head-work in the forenoon as if the whole of the day were so occupied; and the time given to manual work makes them far more healthy and happy.

I have no manner of doubt that in the poorer schools of the country the half-time system would answer far better than the existing one. The children of this class have but small mental capacity: three hours in the morning exhaust their little stock of nervous power, and the afternoon lessons are wearisome drudgery. The alternation of brisk physical work would make them far brighter and happier. I have carefully followed the discussion on over-pressure, and am convinced that great suffering is caused to a large class of ill-fed and weak children by the ridiculous attempt to force them into the same Procrustean bed with children of double their capacity. All this would disappear with the alternation of mental and physical exercise, and the school days of multitudes of children would become the happiest period of their lives.

I am aware that this suggestion goes beyond the scope of my previous remarks. My main object is to advocate *night labour schools,* after the period of school age is passed; and I don't suppose that the Government would so far change our present system as to adopt the half-time or alternative principle in existing schools. Yet I cannot forbear stating my opinion that it would be much better for many of our poor children to have a couple of hours daily of simple manual instruction in our day schools. It would be capital preparation for the night labour schools which are to follow them.

The main point I wish to enforce is that the State should not let go its grasp of the child population without reasonable security against a relapse into pauperism, and indeed I may say in some cases into barbarism. I can imagine that on the part of many the objection will be raised that we shall create a great over-supply of skilled labour, that we shall flood the market with artizans and lower their wages. A similar objection was urged against the education of the masses fifteen years ago. It was said that the children of the poor would supplant the children of the gentle-folks in the educated professions. We did not listen to that ignoble argument; we did not close the portals of knowledge on the million, in order to keep a monopoly of the learned pursuits in the hands of a privileged class; and I am convinced we shall act in the same broad liberal spirit when it becomes a question of raising the lowest tier of our population. We wish to open to them the portals of industry, as we have already opened the portals of knowledge, and no selfish fears of other classes must stand in the way of it. At one time there was a great outcry against industrial training in prisons and reformatories, because it was expected to interfere with the labour market outside; but that has now passed away, and so in time will the dread that Society will suffer because all the members of which it is composed are more capable of earning their bread.

It is more than probable that work may not be found at home for all this population that we propose to train; but as Greater Britain contains sixty times the area of Great Britain, and only one-third of its population, there is ample room for them there, and this leads me to another branch of my argument.

The economical position of our country makes it imperative that we train our future citizens so that the surplus population may find homes in the thinly-peopled regions of the New World.

Lord Brabazon's article in the *Nineteenth Century* on State-aided emigration brought out this view most forcibly. He quoted from various writers, myself included, to show the tremendous problems we have to face owing to the rapid increase of our population. Permit me to recapitulate, in a few words, what I have written elsewhere on this subject, for it is at the root of the whole question.

This country, like all the settled and prosperous States of the world (France excepted), is confronted by a rapidly growing population; it has increased from 5½ millions in the year 1700 to 10½ millions in the year 1800, and is now (1884) 31 millions in Great Britain alone, and will apparently be 36 or 37 millions by the end of this century, and over 120 millions by the end of next, if the same rate of increase is maintained. It is also to be noted that the rate of increase is steadily becoming more rapid, owing to the great saving of life caused by improved sanitary arrangements, superior medical science, and abundant provision for nursing the sick and poor. Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century the rate of increase was extremely slow in all European countries, ours included. War, pestilence, and famine carried off a great portion of the people, and it is computed that the population of England only increased three millions in the 600 years after the Norman Conquest, or just about the increase of the last ten years. It has further to be added, that emigration was very small until the present century, and that the huge increase of this century, which will be three- to fourfold in Great Britain, is in spite of an emigration of several millions of our people. I see no reason why this process should be stayed in the next century, unless some national catastrophe occur. The death-rate is always falling, the birth-rate keeps up. Agencies for saving life are always increasing, and we ought, as prudent people, to provide against contingencies which are patent to the most careless observer.

We have, further, to face the fact that all this increase goes into our cities—the rural population is steadily decreasing: possibly this may be checked by changes in our land laws, but no changes in them can hinder arable land being turned into pasture where it pays better, nor can hinder labour-saving machinery being introduced. I believe that any relief that can be got from a more minute cultivation of the soil of this little island will not do much to change the course of events I have described. Our cities will keep growing larger and larger, and, I may add, more and more unmanageable. London has grown within this century from 1 to 5 millions of inhabitants, if we include the suburban area, and at the same rate of increase will reach twenty to thirty-five millions at the close of the next century. Let us remember that the world has never seen a city of more than two or three millions of people except this gigantic metropolis of ours. Ancient Babylon and Rome never contained such multitudes as London already contains; and its growth is faster now than ever before in its history. In ten years another million will be added to "Greater London"; and when or how is this process to stop?

Again, let me point out that the whole increase of our population for many years past has been fed with foreign food: we grow less than we did twenty or thirty years ago. One-half the population of Great Britain is now fed with foreign food; soon it will be three-fourths; possibly by the end of next century seven-eighths. This is not a cheerful prospect; the world is without any previous example of such a case: there have been great cities living by commerce, such as Tyre, Carthage, and Venice, but never a great nation except ourselves. It is hard to believe that we shall escape some fatal catastrophe unless we are wise in time and spread our population over the unoccupied parts of the globe. It may be said that as long as we can manufacture for the world and import our food in exchange, we are as well off as if we grew it ourselves; but every man of business knows that it is becoming increasingly difficult to enlarge the outlets for our goods, as foreigners with one consent struggle to shut them out by high tariffs, while our colonies fast copy their example. I cannot believe that it is within the range of possibility that population can grow in this island as I have indicated without a desperate struggle for existence arising, in which our institutions and even civilization itself might perish.

We ought to do as a ship does when she sees a storm approaching—reef our sails: we should prepare by fitting our people to use the wonderful safety-valve we possess in our vast colonial empire. We are indebted to Lord Brabazon for bringing before the public the question of State-aided emigration; but I confess I see great difficulties in the way of its adoption. Granted that by an arrangement with the colonies we might secure farms at an outlay—including passage-money and temporary maintenance—of £100 per family, and that we shall have good security for repayment; it would require a million sterling to transplant 10,000 families of 50,000 souls. This would give no perceptible relief. We should need to operate on a far larger scale. These islands could comfortably part with ten times that number of people annually, and most of them would depend upon the Government if it once undertook this duty. We might be called upon to spend ten millions a year in this way, and as several years would elapse before repayment could be made, the State would soon incur an enormous pecuniary liability. But a greater difficulty remains. The demand for emigration would be made by the most useful and productive part of the population; at such time as this, when severe distress prevails, immense numbers of our best artizans would leave the country if tempted by such inviting proposals. We should encounter a scarcity of labour whenever trade revived, and the country would view with disfavour a depletion of its resources to be borne by those who remain behind. Besides, the Government would have to accept all able-bodied emigrants or reject all alike, for discrimination would be invidious and almost impossible. There would be a great risk, besides, of attracting immigrants from the Continent, in the hope of sharing these splendid facilities for settling abroad.

The very class we wish to get rid of would remain behind, like the sediment at the bottom of a well. The wretched pauperized masses that swarm in our large towns are unfit for emigration. If the Government tried to shunt them off on America or Canada, they would meet with the same reception they did last year when some Irish paupers were sent out. The unfortunate creatures would be returned on our hands, and we should only have raised a prejudice against all schemes of emigration. I do not wish to say that this plan may not have to be tried in some exceptional crisis—possibly we may be driven by dire necessity to adopt it; but I do say that it fails to relieve us of the crucial difficulty—how to rid ourselves of the useless and corrupting element in our cities.

Now, the plan I propose goes to the root of the matter; it undertakes to deodorize, so to speak, this foul humanity, it aims at turning into a productive and valuable commodity that which is now a wasteful and poisonous element in our social system. It does so at a very small cost, and by simply extending the educational lines we have already laid down. These boys and girls, well trained in industrial arts, would find their way without much difficulty into the Colonies or the United States; or if State aid had to be given, a very small amount would suffice; many of them would follow town occupations, and would not care to become farmers.

In conclusion, I wish to say a word or two about girls. Undoubtedly the difficulty is greater with them than with boys; they cannot be taught the numerous trades that boys naturally take up. It is not easy in night schools to find appliances for household work which girls most need to learn; besides, they are required from a very early age to help their mothers at home.

But the fact remains, that while a mass of girlhood is going to ruin in London and our large towns from absence of training and want of honest occupation, there is extreme difficulty in finding a supply of properly trained servants. Multitudes of poor women are pinching themselves to live on 5*s.* a week at slop-work, while mistresses cannot get cooks and housemaids at £20 or £30 per annum, with their food! It is a strange anomaly, yet so it is. I can only account for it by the want of any system for transforming the slatternly girl of the slums into the neat and tidy domestic servant. There is no way of bringing supply and demand together save a few benevolent institutions, which do not meet a tithe of the demand. Could not these night training schools do something to bridge over the chasm? Why could not cookery and housework form an essential part of a school girl's education? How much more important for the starving girlhood in the London slums to be fitted for domestic service than to know the heights of the Himalayas or the names of the Plantagenets! Surely there was some truth in the remark of the then Robert Lowe, when Rector of Edinburgh University, that

British education was the worship of inutility! When shall we learn that the first necessity of a human being is to live, and only the second to have book-knowledge?

But another point remains to be noticed in respect of girls. There is a great preponderance of females in this country; marriage is impossible for many of them on this account; while in the colonies and the Western States of America there is an equal preponderance of men, and no colonists are so welcomed as respectable women accustomed to household work. Surely this is an additional reason for trying to qualify these poor girls for a useful life in the colonies, in place of the wretched existence to which they are too often doomed at home.

Finally, I would say that our whole conception of education must be more practical than it has hitherto been. It is all very well to aim at high attainments, but there is such a thing as "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*" We may buy even gold too dear. There are large classes of our population to whom the prime necessity of life is to learn to work, and so to live. This is well expressed in a letter I have from one who thoroughly understands this question: "At present the unused manipulative power of the poor people is much what the unused brain power was before the Education Act. Education was once voluntary, now labour is. Brains were once useless, now hands are." What we want is to liberate that hand power which is going to waste, just as we have set free the brain power. There is a mine of potential wealth which lies beneath the surface. We must sink a shaft which will reach it; or, to change the metaphor, we must transmute this base metal into pure ore by the alchemy of wise and Christian statesmanship.

Samuel Smith.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

THE political situation in France just now is very far from being as simple or as satisfactory as it was when the last of these articles appeared. It was then believed that the Treaty of Tientsin had virtually put an end to the Tonquin expedition, secured peace with China, and opened to us a prospect of commercial development in the far East. But now fresh sacrifices of men and money are required both for Tonquin and for Formosa; and these unforeseen expenses, together with the aggravation in the existing industrial and commercial crisis, due to the cholera epidemic, have greatly increased the financial difficulties which six months ago were already threatening us.

It may nevertheless be affirmed that the position of the Government has been in no way affected by these untoward circumstances. The Ferry Ministry, in whose stability for some time to come we then expressed our confidence, is just as strong in the Chambers now as it was then. The marriage between the Government and its Parliamentary majority, so far from being weakened by the trials through which they have passed together, has been rather cemented by them. Even the meeting of Congress, which in a broad political sense was nothing but a dull and unsuccessful comedy, has, from a Parliamentary point of view, done real service to the Ministry and to the country.

Never did a political question present itself under stranger conditions than that of the revision of the Constitution. By the existing law, neither of the Chambers can by itself discuss or vote constitutional changes. The Constitution can be modified by Congress alone; that is to say, by the two Chambers of Parliament met together in a single Assembly. Congress is thus, in theory, a supreme constitutional authority, the scope of whose decisions can be limited by no power whatever. But Congress can be brought together in no other way than by the votes of the two Chambers, taken separately; and since every constitutional modification must affect the prerogatives of one or of both, it is not likely that either should agree to the meeting of

Congress at all, without preliminary guarantees from the other as to the resolutions which are to be passed there; and it is therefore inevitable that each Chamber must separately debate and decide beforehand the modifications to be introduced into the Constitution, or there can be no Congress at all. Now, what was the attitude of the Ministry and the Republican party with regard to Revision and the Congress? M. Ferry had never been a partisan of Revision; he had never even accepted it in principle till the death of Gambetta made him head of the Republican Union; and he wished to restrict it as much as possible. The members of the Republican Union, on their side, had always made Revision a part of their programme; but they had done so chiefly in order to satisfy a democratic electorate, instinctively hostile to the Senate as an Upper Chamber elected by a restricted suffrage, and they had no desire for fundamental constitutional changes. They wished for the Congress less in order to revise the Constitution than to get rid of the question of Revision. The moderate Republican deputies shared M. Ferry's disinclination, but as a matter of discipline they followed their leader to the field. As to the Republican Senators, they were for the most part opposed to any Revision at all, since the only object of Revision was to diminish the prerogatives of the Senate, or to suppress it altogether; but they were unwilling to give a check to the Ministry; and they preferred to deal with the question once for all at a time when Revision might be rendered painless and inoffensive, rather than leave it to some unknown future, when it might force itself on them in a more formidable shape. Thus the Ministry and the majority in the two Chambers which voted for the Congress were themselves but lukewarm Revisionists. On the other hand, there were in the Chamber, and even here and there in the Senate, a few Revisionists by sincere conviction. Almost the whole of the Radical Left and the Extreme Left of the Chamber of Deputies were of this number. To these must be added some isolated members of the various groups, including even some members of the Right, in both Chambers. But this sincerely Revisionist party was by no means ardent for the meeting of Congress. It had the most incongruous ideas as to Revision. Some wished for a constituent Assembly created for the purpose of changing the Constitution altogether; some were for the suppression of the Senate, some for the suppression of the Presidency of the Republic, some for that of the Republic itself. The Revisionist League, founded by MM. Barodet, Clémenceau, and Camille Pelletan, had brought to light in a lamentable fashion the anarchy of ideas which prevailed among the members of the Extreme Left. They had no wish for the meeting of Congress, because they knew that the proposed revision would deal with very few points, and that this insignificant revision would postpone for an indefinite period all chance of further change. Another reason they had for disliking the Congress—they would lose their best cry at the next elections—Revision. The passing of the new law of military recruitment—an absurd and impossible law, which has so far remained buried under the vote on the first reading—had already taken from them one of their best stalking-horses. They were now about to lose the second. Thus it came about, oddly enough, that the Congress was wished for by those who loved Revision little or not at all, while it was dreaded by those to whom Revision was really an object. The question of principle was lost in the purely electoral question. The revision of the Constitution became simply a weapon which the Radicals wished to keep for future elections, and which the Opportunists wished to snatch from their hands.

Long and laborious were the discussions and negotiations before the two Chambers could be brought to the point of giving the necessary mutual guarantees and voting the calling of the Congress. At last, on the 28th of July, the agreement was concluded, and on the 4th of August the Congress met at Versailles, in that palace of Louis XIV. where with the memories of the great monarch mingle those of the early scenes of the Revolution, and the more recent recollections of the invasion, the re-creation of the German Empire, the Commune, and the vain attempt at a Royalist restoration.

The members of the Congress came together in a state of extraordinary agitation, and, it must be admitted, amidst the universal indifference of the nation, to which the question of Revision, at least in its present terms, signified very little indeed. But the time of holidays was come; and the weather, fortunately, was intensely hot. The heat no doubt exasperated the temper of the deputies; but at the same time it made them sincerely anxious to finish and go. But for that the Congress might have lasted for ever. The Radicals did their utmost, by a process of downright obstruction, to hinder the accomplishment of any result whatever. The majority, on their side, were in constant fear lest some unexpected incident should compromise the agreement concluded between the two Chambers; and this fear of the unforeseen, together with the necessity of obtaining a number of votes amounting to one more than half the theoretic total of the Congress (no account being taken of deaths, resignations, or absences), and the dread of seeing the whole thing turn out a failure, and the Revision question blaze up again at the next elections, reduced them to a state of discipline on which it had been impossible to count beforehand. After a few sittings, in which the violence of the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left produced the most scandalous disorder, the Congress rapidly voted the previous question on every proposition which wandered from the terms of the agreement laid down, passed with equal rapidity those which had been agreed upon, and secured its own release by the 14th of August.

And yet, though the Revision for which it met has come to very little, the Congress itself has had important consequences. In the first place, the immense majority of the deputies, including many of those who were most zealous for Revision, went away disgusted with congresses once for all, and vowing never to call another.* And if this is the feeling of the deputies, it is still more strongly the feeling of the country. It will not readily ask for another revision. In the second place, the pitiable spectacle presented by the members of such an assembly shouting, gesticulating, abusing one another, and almost taking each other by the throat; the impossibility of obtaining any calm and regular discussion, and the consequent necessity of curtailing debate and hurrying on a vote—that is to say, of the practical suppression of minorities—have brought to light the danger that must attend a renunciation of the bicameral principle, and the entrusting of the interests of the country to a single, and necessarily very numerous, assembly. More than one deputy who went up to Congress with no very clear appreciation of the inconveniences of the latter method came back from it thoroughly enlightened. The Congress has also served to show the intolerance, the incoherence, and the childishness which prevail among the Radicals. Take away from the ranks of the Opposition orators the theorists whose words are not more hollow than their ideas, the men embittered by disappointed ambition, the devisers of party cries, the more or less clever *gamins* of the party, and how much remains? M. Clémenceau himself, who now and then seems to have some reasonable ideas, displayed at the Congress nothing but an empty vehemence, which had not even the emphasis of conviction. But while for the Extreme Left the Congress has been in every respect nothing but a failure, it has greatly consolidated the ranks of the Ministerial majority. It may truly be said that the Congress was a triumph of discipline. Every member who adhered to the agreement concluded under the direction of the Ministry pledged himself by that very act to exclude Revision for the future from his electoral programme, and thus contracted an alliance with the Ministry which it will not be easy to break. It was equivalent to an engagement on their part to present themselves under the Ministerial standard at the general elections of 1885.

On the whole, then, in a general view, the Congress may be said to have had happy results. It has cleared the political atmosphere, relieved it of irritating questions, and strengthened the position of a Ministry which, though more than one of its acts is open to criticism, is nevertheless the best that can be constituted under the existing Parliamentary conditions.

From another point of view—that of positive, immediate achievement in the matter of Revision itself—the Congress has certainly done little enough. The work of Revision was virtually confined to a single point: it destroyed the constitutional character of the electoral law of the Upper Chamber, and thus made it possible to alter the method of recruiting the Senate by the simple passing of an ordinary law. The other modifications introduced by the Congress were purely formal, not to say puerile. It abolished prayers at the opening of Parliament; it forbade any future Congress to discuss the question of a Republican form of government; and it forbade the nomination of a member of any of the old reigning families to the Presidency of the Republic. I call these two last clauses puerile, because it must always be possible for a new Congress to revise them, and so re-open the door which they claim to have closed for ever. The Radicals had therefore some plausible grounds for maintaining that the Congress had done absolutely nothing at all; for should the Senate reject all propositions for altering the present electoral law, no change whatever will actually have been made in the political system, except the suppression of masses and prayers which, for the most part, nobody attended. But this extreme verdict can hardly be justified; for it was well known that the majority of the Senate had tacitly bound themselves to accept important modifications in the electoral law. To say the truth, this single result of the Congress does not appear to me a happy one.

The Senate consisted formerly of seventy-five life Senators, nominated by itself as vacancies occur, and two hundred and twenty-five Senators elected for nine years by a departmental *scrutin de liste*. Each department had a number of Senators proportionate to its population; and the senatorial electorate was composed of the deputies, the Councillors-General, and one delegate for every commune. The law which has been passed abolishes the life-senatorships, and leaves the whole three hundred to be elected by departmental *scrutin de liste;* and it also provides that, instead of a single delegate for each commune, whatever its size and importance, the commune shall send up a number of delegates proportionate to the number of its municipal councillors[*]—that is to say, to the number of inhabitants. The suppression of the life-senatorships is much to be regretted. It did not, indeed, satisfy that passion for uniformity and equalization from which France has been suffering for the last hundred years, but it had the advantage of securing to the Senate the services of eminent men of the less popular sort, too busy or too retiring to catch the suffrages of an ordinary electorate. Their irremovability gave us, moreover, a few absolutely independent politicians. But this simple suppression of all differences was, at any rate, better than the other plan proposed by the Ministry, according to which seventy-five senators should have been nominated for nine years only, by the Senate and the Chamber together. Since the Chamber has 500 members and the Senate only 300, the Chamber must necessarily have carried the day, and the seventy-five members thus elected would have been the servants of the Chamber within the Senate. Their position would have lost all its dignity. The change made in the composition of the departmental electorate has the advantage of satisfying the theory of equality. The Senate will henceforth be nominated by universal suffrage twice or thrice removed: that is to say, partly by deputies and Councillors-General, elected by universal suffrage, and partly by the delegates of municipal councillors, who in their turn are elected by universal suffrage. I am not sure that this is a change for the better. It will affect the senatorial representation comparatively little, and yet it will add to the difficulty of finding a solution in the case of those periodical conflicts which take place between the two Chambers on questions relating to the budget. The Ministry at first hoped to introduce into the Constitution an article intended to prevent such conflicts, but it soon became evident that it was not possible to prevent them altogether without sacrificing the financial rights of either the one or the other Assembly; that it was well that the fear of conflict should necessitate concession and conciliation; that, moreover, the Senate will always be disposed to give a preponderating voice in these matters to the Chamber of Deputies. This is true; but it is especially true as long as the Senate is a high and privileged body, elected by a very different constituency from that of the Lower Chamber. The more we assimilate the mode of election of the two Chambers, the more will the Senate be tempted to arrogate to itself an equal share of financial powers. If it were to be nominated, as some Radicals would have it, by direct universal suffrage, it would be impossible to decide such conflicts except by confining the functions of the Senate to purely legislative questions, and leaving matters of finance to the Lower Chamber alone.

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[*] Since these lines were written, the Senate has maintained seventy-five members elected, for a period of nine years, by the Senate itself; but this odd combination will surely disappear at a second discussion.

Be that as it may, it may safely be said that in this great Revision business, on which Gambetta himself went to pieces, the country has come off as cheaply as possible. The cape had to be doubled; the reef had to be cleared; and now the thing is done. Unfortunately for the Government, other rocks still loom ahead.

Four great connected questions form a sort of political reef on which it will be difficult not to founder—the Chinese difficulty, the deficit, the industrial crisis, and Germany.

With regard to Oriental policy the position of the Government is most painful. It inherited difficulties for which it was not responsible, and it was obliged to meet them as it could, without alarming a Parliament ill able to understand a comprehensive foreign policy, and terrified above all things at the necessity of making unpopular sacrifices on the eve of a general election. In Egypt it has been forced to leave things to themselves, and to submit to the failure of the Conference, since it was impossible at once to satisfy the requirements of England and to secure the interests of France; and Europe has witnessed the curious spectacle of two Governments mutually desirous to come to an understanding, but hindered by the wakeful suspicions of the two nations themselves. In China and in Tonquin, M. Ferry had almost retrieved the situation, and brought the whole thing to a favourable termination, when the treachery of the Chinese and the surprise of Bac Lé reopened the whole question and obliged us to enter on a new campaign for the defence of Tonquin, and for the carrying on of a war of reprisals, in which a decisive blow is impossible, and which does immense injury to the commerce of all nations. Under these circumstances, the conduct of M. Ferry and of his negotiator at Tientsin, M. Fournier, has been severely criticized. They have been accused of imprudence, and even of stupidity. But in these criticisms several important points have been lost sight of. It was no imprudence on the part of M. Ferry to make M. Fournier his representative, because he had no choice in the matter. He wished to take advantage of Li Hung Chang's sudden willingness to treat; and Li Hung Chang would treat with nobody but M. Fournier. M. Fournier, on his side, only complied with diplomatic usage in not requiring a duplicate signed by Li Hung Chang of the note which arranged for the evacuation of Tonquin by the Chinese, for the treaty itself implied such evacuation. The note was a simple memorandum, and nobody dreamed of its giving rise to any difficulty. That the Chinese first tampered with and then violated it, only shows that they would have done just the same if it had been a military convention solemnly signed by the Tsung Li Yamen. The real imprudence was General Millot's. That officer, who has never shown any great military capacity, and who owes his high position simply to the favour of General Thibaudin and the Radicals, acted with unpardonable precipitancy in throwing an insufficient body of troops on Lang Son, and thus exposed himself to the check which has so puffed up the pride of the Chinese, and made it necessary to bombard Foo Chow and occupy Kelung. The Government simply suffered for the advance they had made to the Radicals in giving General Millot the command of the troops in Tonquin. They are now forced to send out considerable reinforcements to Tonquin, and to spend fresh millions in bringing China to treat for peace; and it is even now doubtful whether they can lay their hands on material guarantees which will at all compensate us for the sacrifices we have made. In any case the commercial advantages expected from the occupation of Tonquin are postponed, and the protectorate of Annam and the annexation of Cambodia to Cochin China are meanwhile of no practical value.

Yet, in spite of these unexpected difficulties, the Chinese question would be no very grave one if it were not for its adding to our financial embarrassments. The Chambers will certainly vote whatever may be necessary for bringing the campaign to a satisfactory conclusion, and China must sooner or later renounce a resistance which is nothing but childish obstinacy; but the exceptional expenditure incurred by this war will long weigh on our finances. The year 1873 was followed in France by several years of industrial and commercial prosperity, which, notwithstanding the enormous burden of the debt, gave us, at least in appearance, a period of financial splendour. The taxes produced enormous surpluses, so that several taxes were suppressed altogether, without any diminution of the total revenue. But this prosperity was more apparent than real. Expenses increased even faster than revenue; loans, disguised under the form of an issue of redeemable Three per Cents, caused a fall in the funds; the accounts were thrown into confusion by the odious practice of ever-increasing extraordinary budgets, and by reckless additions to the floating debt. Instead of following the example of that Pharaoh who, by Joseph's advice, laid up in store during the years of fatness for the coming years of leanness, we spent extravagantly on schools, on public works, on everything that could add a little to the popularity of the deputies. Such expenditure may indeed be productive in the future, but only within certain limits. At the same time, the revenue from taxes was diminishing; partly on account of the commercial crisis, partly on account of the cholera, which cut off communication with the southern nations, and partly, sad to say, on account of the laxity which has crept into the administration of our finance. Political influences have to answer for some hardly justifiable remissions of fines, for the impunity even of certain frauds, and for a general carelessness which has caused the gravest detriment to the treasury. Finally, it has just been discovered that the new convention with the railway companies, which was supposed to entail for the year 1884 an expenditure of six millions by way of compensation, is to involve us to the amount of more than twenty-eight millions. All this put together threatened to bring up the deficit to more than eighty-seven millions, unless energetic measures were taken. The Chamber of Deputies saw the necessity; the Budget Committee set itself resolutely to retrench in all departments of the public service. It would be going too far to say that all the reductions proposed are just and reasonable; but the intention at least is praiseworthy. Yet, notwithstanding all these reductions, it will be difficult, as M. Ferry himself admits, to avoid an increase of taxation in 1885—a serious prospect in the face of a budget of three milliards, of the suffering already undergone by our commerce and industry, and of the certainty that the weight of taxation is one of the principal causes of the present crisis.

It is true that these severe economies might be rendered unnecessary if some reduction were made in the excessive number of State functionaries, and if our senators and deputies would cease to demand favours for their constituents from an exhausted treasury. But nothing is more difficult than the correction of these inveterate abuses. France will still keep up an army of needless and ill-paid employés; politicians will still demand the creation of places for their own friends; and the departmental *scrutin de liste*, which will certainly be carried at the next elections, will do very little, so far as these things are concerned, to diminish the inconveniences which attach to the *scrutin d'arrondissement* now in use.

The worst of it is, that these financial difficulties have not sprung simply from transient causes, easily dealt with; they take their rise from an economic crisis the causes of which are complex, distant, and profound. The cholera has aggravated this crisis, but it did not create it. The phylloxera ruined certain departments; but France is still a great wine-growing country. It is not the fault of the cholera that agricultural labour is scarce, that agricultural produce has no market, that the shipowner finds no goods to carry, that commerce is at a standstill, and that the factories are closing their doors because profits have fallen too low to be worth the trouble of making. The crisis is due partly to causes peculiar to France, partly to causes which affect all nations simultaneously. The causes peculiar to ourselves are excessive taxation; excessive railway tariffs; the depopulation of certain departments, which raises the price of labour; the drunkenness and other vices which sap the vigour of the race and retard the growth of population; the petty cautiousness which discourages the French capitalist from venturing himself in trade or manufacture; the spirit of routine which keeps the agriculturist and the manufacturer from making the most of his land or his machinery; and finally, the more and more formidable competition of Germany—a competition which the efforts made by the German Government on behalf of its industries, and the disastrous conditions imposed on France by the Treaty of Frankfort, have made it very difficult to meet. It is to German competition that we owe the crisis in the sugar trade. The German has found out how to get ten per cent. out of his beet-root, while the Frenchman is getting only five. It appears that the French tax was imposed in such a way that it neither promoted the culture of the roots most rich in sugar nor obliged the maker to extract the greatest possible quantity of sugar from the root. We have had to pass a law like that of Germany, which, instead of falling on the manufactured product, falls on the root itself, and thus makes it the interest of all concerned to secure the largest amount of sugar from the smallest amount of beet-root. In the same way the crisis in the Lyons silk trade has come largely from the competition of the Crefeld manufacture, for which Germany has made enormous sacrifices. The rich silks which were the glory of Lyons have gone out of fashion, and common silks can be made more cheaply at Crefeld, where they have cheaper labour and better machinery. The distress at Lyons, which has caused such concern to the Government, and which the

Commission of Inquiry sent its delegates to report on, will not be remedied by grants of money or the giving of employment on public works. If Lyons cannot compete with Crefeld in cheapness, it must change its industry. Germany is pressing us hard, moreover, in several of the cheaper textile industries, in furniture-making, and even in those gimcracks which are commonly known as "articles de Paris."

To these special causes, which chiefly affect manufacture, we must add the more general causes which affect, first, agriculture—our principal source of wealth—and then commerce. These may be summed up under two heads—the excess of production all over the world, and speculation, whether in commerce or on the Bourse. All the theories of the early part of this century on the relation between production and population have been disproved. It was held that population must increase far more rapidly than the products of the soil; it is found, on the contrary, that all the world is suffering from the excessive production of corn, of coffee, of wool, of cotton. The French agriculturist spends seventeen francs to produce a hectolitre of corn, and then has to sell it at fourteen francs on account of American competition. Coffee, notwithstanding the enormous duty upon it, is cheaper than it was fifteen years ago. The wools of La Plata are fast making it useless for us to breed sheep for wool. A nation like ours, whose population increases very little or not at all, is in a peculiarly unfavourable position, because the scarcity of workmen is always raising the price of labour, while the price of necessaries cannot rise because the number of consumers does not increase. The native producer therefore sells at a loss, and the market is flooded with foreign produce. Commerce meanwhile has been almost destroyed, partly as a consequence of this depreciation of raw material, partly on account of the equalisation of prices all over the world which has been brought about by the telegraph. While the number of traders was always increasing, the dealers were no longer able to obtain a remunerative price, and threw themselves into the wildest speculation. This only precipitated the fall of prices, and involved the import trade in the general ruin; while the prospect of rapid and easy gains diverted capital from industrial or commercial enterprise to speculations on the Bourse. This is the state of things which obtains at present over the whole civilised world, but which presses with peculiar weight on France.

How are these evils to be met? The tendency in Governmental and Parliamentary circles is to seek the remedy in a general raising of tariffs, in fresh taxes on foreign wheat, foreign cattle, foreign sugar, foreign merchandise. M. Méline, the Minister of Agriculture—himself a manufacturer of the Vosges—has made himself the apostle of this system. Certain it is that in matters of this kind it does not do to be slaves of an idea—that it may be necessary to resort to protective duties in order to save a national industry; but it is, on the other hand, no less certain that over-protection tends to encourage a sleepy routinism, to do away with exports and imports together, and to maintain an excessive price of commodities, from which the consumers, who are the mass of the nation, are the immediate sufferers. The only lasting remedy would be found in a fresh impetus given to the national activities, in a more rapid increase of the population, in simpler manners, a habit of contentment with smaller gains, a lower standard of luxury, and, finally, in the creation of new openings for commerce. This increase of activity can hardly be brought about without something of a free trade policy. For this reason, those who had watched with regret the growth of the protectionist movement rejoiced to see M. Hérisson replaced in the Ministry of Commerce by M. Rouvier. M. Hérisson had been offered a place in the Cabinet, for purely political reasons, as a representative of the Radical Left. He was a good fellow, indolent but amiable, and profoundly ignorant of all that belonged to his department. M. Rouvier is an energetic and experienced man, thoroughly conversant with commercial questions, and he has already given proof of real ability. It is even regarded as probable that he may before long be called to succeed M. Tirard as Minister of Finance—a charge which seems somewhat too heavy for M. Tirard's shoulders.

It may be that, some future day, our colonial policy may provide a substantial remedy for all these evils; but for the present it does but aggravate the case by increasing the expenditure of the country. It does more: it complicates the whole situation at home and abroad by the attitude it obliges us to assume with regard to Germany.

I said a year ago, in this very Review, that the policy pursued by England in her relations with us was assuredly destined to bring about a *rapprochement* between us and Germany. I even added that, if we were not in the nineteenth century—a century in which the tide of national feeling has risen high enough to secure the prevalence of a policy of sentiment over a policy of interest—a Franco-German alliance would already have been made. These predictions have been realized. Germany went with France step by step throughout the London Conference; she supported and encouraged her in her Chinese campaign; she showed no vexation at the stupid insult offered the 14th July by a parcel of *gamins* to the German flag; and lastly, it is on the strength of a preliminary understanding with France that Prince Bismarck has issued the invitations to a Conference at Berlin which is to settle the international questions raised by the European settlements on the Congo, and to lay down the principles to be observed by civilised states in taking possession of fresh territory among barbarous tribes. Of course all the enemies of the Government take occasion to cry out against the treachery of M. Ferry; and even the Intransigents, who are daily averring that patriotism is an absurdity, and that what we want is a universal republic, veil their faces in speaking of the German alliance. The league of patriots, led by men of more heart than head, M. Anatole de la Forge and M. Déroulède—a league which has done good service by encouraging associations for gymnastics and rifle-shooting, and getting up a great annual national shooting match, but which from time to time has caused the Government no little inconvenience by its untimely manifestations—has had the imprudence and the bad taste to protest noisily against a German alliance which exists only in imagination. As a matter of fact, our position in this respect is the simplest thing in the world. France and Germany have discovered that at certain points their interests are identical. Prince Bismarck finds his own advantage in offering his good offices to France. Why should she refuse them? We cannot now regain Alsace and Lorraine by force. Are we therefore to renounce every kind of political activity? Why should the fact of our having friendly relations with Germany at present hinder our taking any opportunity which may present itself in the future to revive claims which nothing can make us forget? If indeed our *rapprochement* with Germany were to lose us some useful alliances elsewhere, the objection might be understood; but France is in a position in which no alliance is possible to her; and the only thing she can do is to turn to her own interests the interests of others. We cannot make an ally of England, first, because she is not a military power, and secondly, because, as an insular nation living exclusively by her commerce and her colonies, she would be committing suicide if she linked her fortunes with those of any Continental Power. We must desire, we must seek to maintain, the friendship of England; but to reckon on her support would be mere folly. Spain goes for nothing in European political calculations; Italy plays a larger part in them; but there the position of France on the Mediterranean has created jealousies which it will take long to appease. Austria cannot ally herself with France against Germany and Italy. She would have nothing to gain on the one hand, while on the other she would risk the Trentin and Istria. As to Germany herself, she may incidentally give her support to France, but she has no interest in making a formal alliance with us, which she could only do by renouncing, in part at least, the conquests of 1870; and the union of the various German States would become comparatively insecure from the moment they were no longer held together by the fear of France. The only alliance possible to France is a Slav alliance, for with the Slavs alone she has some interests in common and no causes of dispute. This alliance will probably some day come to pass, unless Germany takes great pains to prevent it, or unless France is completely annihilated; but as yet the time is not come. France and Russia are not strong enough to cope with Germany, Austria, and Italy together; and besides, autocratic Russia has little sympathy with republican France, and clings as yet to the Prussian alliance, as the interview at Skierniewice clearly showed. The abuse launched at M. Ferry on the subject of a German alliance is absurd, not only because M. Ferry is quite as jealous of the honour of France as either M. Rochefort or M. Déroulède, but because a German or any other alliance is at present impossible. But M. Ferry has responsibilities which these gentlemen do not share; and he would be but a poor patriot if he did not try to keep things quiet on the Continent while France is busy in the East, and to obtain some friendly support against the ill-will excited by her colonial policy. M. Ferry's task is no light one. The necessity of holding his majority together in a Chamber which depends on the electoral committees of the departments restrains him from a broad and vigorous policy, fetters him by a thousand petty considerations, wastes his time in lobby intrigues, and subjects him to the influence of men who are, as often as not, selfish and incapable. He dare not and cannot, either in foreign affairs or in finance, sketch out his programme and proceed to carry it through, without being hampered by the interference of committees of the House; he is fain to do things by halves, and almost by stealth, and even then he is always at the mercy of some accident of debate, some caprice of the majority. For the majority is guided neither by sound political views of its own nor by any reasonable confidence in the wisdom of M. Ferry. It has supported him so far because it sees in him the Great Elector whom it is its interest to follow. If it should appear that re-election was more likely to be ensured by deserting him, it would desert to-morrow. For the moment M. Ferry is strong enough, but only within these limits. The Ministry is at the mercy of the Chamber, and the Chamber is at the mercy of the Electoral Committees. We are tending more and more to direct government by universal suffrage; and universal suffrage is a blind force, swayed by habit, by caprice, by infatuation. M. Ferry is indeed a statesman; but he is a statesman crippled and paralyzed by the political conditions under which he has to work.

However grave the anxieties to which our policy in the East may have given rise during the last few months, the public attention has rather been absorbed by the fear of the cholera. The possible spread of the epidemic, the theories of Koch and of Pasteur, have been the universal topic; the very street-boys and cabmen of Paris have caught up the fashionable phrase, and the last and utmost of low abuse is, "You're a microbe." Yet on the whole the cholera has made but few victims this time, and its immediate result has been the cleansing and general sanitation of all our towns, and a far stricter observance of hygienic rules by all classes of the population; insomuch that the rate of mortality has never been lower in France than during the summer of 1884. The towns which have suffered most cruelly, Toulon and Marseilles, will undoubtedly be made the scene of important sanitary works; and everywhere, and especially in Paris, measures will be taken to provide a supply of pure and wholesome water. Drains which infect the water-supply will be diverted; factories which poison the air with unwholesome exhalations will be closed,—as the clubs which had degenerated into gaming-houses for thieves and sharpers have lately been put down, to the joy of all honest men, by the Prefect of Police, M. Camescasse. We may even come to have in all our great towns properly organized Boards of Health, such as Havre alone as present possesses.

If M. Pasteur, in common with M. Koch, has failed to discover the cholera microbe, he has at any rate found the hydrophobia virus. On this point the experiments made before the Commission of the Académie des Sciences are conclusive. If we choose to make the vaccination of dogs compulsory, we can stamp out hydrophobia; for the vaccinated dog is quite impervious to it. This last splendid discovery, following on so many others, has made M. Pasteur the most universally admired—I might almost say the most universally venerated—of all our distinguished men. We were pleased, we were proud, we were touched, to see the enthusiastic homage paid to him by the London Hygienic Congress and the Congress at Copenhagen. How disinterested is the patriotic feeling which always mingles with his scientific ardour M. Pasteur has shown by his refusal of the post of life-senator, which was offered him, in order to remain outside the conflict of parties and pursue his true work undisturbed.

In addition to hydrophobia and the cholera, we have had a few lighter topics of interest, even apart from the sun, who has been, as one may say, the lion of the season. It is a good while since we have seen so much of him, or felt him so hot. For several years we have gone without a summer. But this year the woods, the mountains, the rivers, the sea-shore have put on their old beauty, have recovered all their charm; and never have they had so many visitors. The sensation of the season has been the balloon of MM. Renard and Krebs. These two clever young officers of the military aerostatic establishment at Meudon have invented an ovoid balloon, furnished with a screw worked by an electric machine. With this balloon—the weather being calm—they succeeded in describing with perfect accuracy a course previously determined on. Hereupon the public went into an ecstasy. It was magic: it was genius. The moment was come; the balloon was to supplant the railway; the frontier and the *douane* were to be done away with for ever, so easy must it be to pass them overhead. As a matter of fact, the new balloon is only an ingenious improvement on the balloons of Tissandier and Dupuy de Lôme. It goes well enough in fair weather, but it cannot rise against the wind. Besides, it is clear enough that the balloon can never become a regular mode of transit. Its speed can never equal that of the railway, except when it is carried along by a dangerous current; against a strong wind it must always be powerless, for want of a fulcrum; and the dangers of the sea are nothing to the dangers of the air. The steerable balloon may be valuable in time of war, but I do not see how it can be applied to the uses of ordinary life.

The celebration, last October, of the bicentenary of Corneille excited quite another sort of interest. The fêtes given at Rouen, the birthplace of the great tragedian, were remarkable for the enthusiasm shown by men of note of all parties in doing honour to one of the noblest of our national celebrities. M. Sully Prudhomme, in his fine poem composed for the occasion, dwelt on the unanimity of feeling produced by the triumphs of genius in a country divided by so many hatreds. In Paris this unanimity was testified in a still more striking manner. The curé of St. Roch said a solemn mass in honour of Corneille, and issued official invitations to the actors of the Comédie Française, the chief interpreters of the poet. They accepted the invitation and attended in a body, the manager at their head. The times are changed since the curé of St. Roch, two centuries ago, refused the offices of the Church to Molière living, and Bossuet from the pulpit uttered words of pitiless cruelty against Molière dead; since the days when the Catholic Church admitted a comedian to her sacraments only on condition of his repenting and renouncing an impious profession, which ranked him with thieves and usurers. To-day she begs the comedians to do her the honour, and is delighted when they condescend to accept her invitation. It is a curious spectacle, and hardly one to inspire reverence for a Church which, after having persecuted the stage with such unchristian and inhuman harshness, now courts it with undignified obsequiousness

For the rest, France cannot be charged with neglecting her great men. Statuomania rages worse than ever. This very autumn we have put up a statue to Watteau; a statue to Jouffroy—the inventor, after

Papin, of the steamboat; two statues to Diderot—one at Langres and one in Paris; a statue to Chanzy, a statue to Rousseau, and doubtless several others which I forget. Some people blame all this, but I think we should rather rejoice in it. It is well for a nation to do honour to its dead, to make their memory visible among men. It is also well to encourage sculpture, that noblest and most disinterested of all the arts.

Neither is there any sign of abatement in the passion for exhibitions of all sorts; and if we are sometimes almost ready to cry for mercy, we must remember that nothing can be better fitted to instruct and form the taste of the public. I am not, however, prepared to include in this defence the baby show at the Champs Elysées, which was to have exhibited three thousand babies from one day to three years old, but which was forbidden by the police authorities at the request of the Hygienic Committee. But what could be more delightful or more instructive than the exhibition of pottery, enamels, and glass opened by the Decorative Arts Union at the Palais de l'Industrie? Here you may study the art of the potter and the glassworker from its origin in Egypt or in Greece down to the marvellous painted faiences of Deck, and the splendid window-glass of Champigneulle, which almost rivals that of the sixteenth century. The exhibition of Sèvres alone is a real history of the ceramic art during the last century. It shows the rediscovery of the secret of colours supposed to be for ever lost, and the invention of new ones of incomparable beauty. Simultaneously with the Decorative Arts exhibition, M. Petit brought together in his gallery the chefs-d'œuvre which compose one of the finest and choicest private collections in Paris—a few pictures only, but all of the highest order. Here are the two masterpieces of Regnault and Fortuny, the "Salome" and the "Spanish Marriage"; two of the most remarkable landscapes of Rousseau; two of the loveliest works of Corot; Fromentin's finest picture, perhaps; a number by Delacroix, including the murder of the Bishop of Liège, the most dramatic of all his works; several Bonnats, several Ricards, several Diaz, several Meissoniers, one Nittis, one Lhermitte. Amongst all these, Regnault's "Salome" shines resplendent, and re-awakens a vain regret for that cruel and premature loss which has deprived our century of a painter who equalled Delacroix in colour and surpassed him in design.

Literary production is never very active during the summer months. This year it has also suffered, like our international relations, from the cholera. It is only within the last few weeks that any new books of importance have appeared. Till then we had nothing but novels—and such novels! In addition to the licentious descriptions which disgrace most of our works of imagination, we have been offered the pleasures of scandal. Living and well-known persons are now brought upon the scene. It is, alas! to M. Daudet that we owe the worst and most notorious instances of this practice; but few of our fashionable novelists have escaped the contagion. Even M. Ohnet, M. Claretie, and the whole mob of third-class novelists, have gone with the current. I shall not quote the names of these books; they do not deserve it—though they have their qualities, their characters, their situations. There are certain well-known types which appear in almost all of them—M. Bardoux, Mme. Adam, Sarah Bernhardt; then come the foreign royalties—the Prince of Orange, the Queen of Naples, the Prince of Wales; the Court of Alexander II., and that of the Tuileries, have furnished the whole material of a recent novel. There are natures which make use of this device of the "roman à clef," as these novels are called, as a means of gratifying their private spite by caricaturing their enemies. Thus, a man who has failed at the Ecole Normale revenges himself by portraying the school and the university in colours which only show the dye of his own mind; or an actress jealous of Sarah Bernhardt tears her to pieces in a book made up of a mixture of deplorable truths and odious calumnies. Amongst all this unsavoury rubbish it is refreshing to come upon a novel like Mme. Bentzon's "Tony," in which she gives us a very original sketch of a girl, surrounded by careful and interesting studies of country gentlemen and crafty peasants; and still more refreshing to find a rustic story of real literary value, such as the "Innocent" of M. Pouvillon. We had already perceived in "Césette" the fine qualities of this author, his keen observation, his perception of character, and the cleverness of his word-pictures of the scenery of South-west France. "L'Innocent" is sadder in tone than "Césette"; it has few attractive characters; but the rough natures of the riverside peasantry of the Garonne, in their conflict at once with earth and water, are drawn with a firm touch and with a breadth which was wanting in "Césette." There are some very powerful dramatic situations, and the landscape is life-like. M. Pouvillon is one of the healthiest and most original of our modern novelists.

We hardly know whether to speak of M. Max O'Rell's "Filles de John Bull" as a study from the life or a work of imagination. But either way, the study is superficial and the imagination feeble. The author had made a great success with "John Bull et son Ile;" and though the book had not much in it, it contained a set of clever sketches, not wanting, some of them, in point or in veracity. He has tried to push his success, and this time he has not succeeded. He has given us nothing new or characteristic; he has sunk into triviality, and even impropriety. M. O'Rell may know Englishmen a little; he does not know Englishwomen at all. M. Ph. Daryl's "Political Life in England" is of quite another order—a serious work, in which you may find something to learn, even after you have read Esquiros and Laveleye. "Ph. Daryl" is the pseudonym of M. Pascal Grousset, to whom the Commune assigned the grotesque rôle of managing its foreign affairs. Convinced at last of the stupidity or rascality of his colleagues in the Commune, he withdrew to England after the catastrophe of May 1871, and set himself resolutely to work; and, without possessing literary talent properly so-called, he has succeeded in producing some interesting books. His novel, "Signe Meltroé, mœurs Berlinoises," though manifestly exaggerated, contains some very just observations. He has also published a French translation of Gordon's letters to his sister.

Among books of history, the literary event of the winter—the fourth volume of M. Taine's "Origines de la France Contemporaine"—is just through the press. We shall be able to speak of it more at leisure in a future article; but we cannot refrain from announcing it now. M. Taine here gives us the philosophy of the Revolution, portrays its leaders, analyses the institutions it created. This volume will give rise to passionate controversies; but, like its predecessors, and notwithstanding—perhaps even because of—the element of narrowness and exclusiveness in the author's mind, it will make a profound impression. It is in vain to resist; there is such logical force in M. Taine's method, such an accumulation of facts in support of his conclusions, that you are fain to submit more or less to his ascendancy, and even, while opposing him, confess that he is partly right. No one can read the book without gaining a clearer view of the dangers which threaten French democracy, and of the errors committed by the men of the Revolution, nor without losing more than one conventional idol or unreflecting enthusiasm. M. Taine will have done for the Revolution what M. Renan has done for early Christianity; humanizing its legend, dissipating its haloes, and giving historic reality to the events and persons we have hitherto blessed or cursed according to our private opinion, not according to the "dry light" of facts. In both these works criticism can lay her hand on many a weak point, many a hiatus, many a prejudice, many an injustice; but nothing can escape their influence. They have made a decisive step in the study of two of the greatest dramas of human history.

M. Chérest also has brought his stone to the pile at which M. Taine is working. His "Chute de l'Ancien Régime," the two first volumes of which have just come out, is a study of the period between the calling together of the Assembly of Notables in 1787 and the suppressions of orders and privileges in November 1789. These preliminaries, these immediate causes, of the Revolution, are analyzed by M. Chérest with remarkable moderation and impartiality, and with great soundness of erudition. M. Chérest belongs by conviction to the Conservative party; and he began his work in a spirit hostile to the Revolution, and with the idea that it would have been possible to arrive at the same result by partial and peaceable reforms. But a course of conscientious study has convinced him that the privileged orders were incorrigibly attached to the abuses which had to be removed; and that it was they themselves, by their narrow and reactionary spirit, and the king and queen by their levity and weakness and incapacity, who made the Revolution inevitable.

Alongside of these works of the first importance we may notice the third volume of the Correspondence of M. Charles de Rémusat with his mother—most valuable for the light it throws on the history of public opinion during the Restoration; the third volume of the memoirs of M. de Vitrolles, even more interesting than the two former, and containing an admirable portrait of Talleyrand sketched by a master's hand; and the sixth and last volume of the Letters of George Sand. This volume contains the letters written by her during the war and the first years of the third Republic, and forms a noble completion of that correspondence which, defective as it is, presents no unfaithful image of a woman who, amidst deplorable errors and with some almost repulsive traits of character, compels our admiration by the rare elevation of her thought and the generosity of her heart. A large heart—that is the main thing in her; that is the final impression she makes upon you. These six volumes of letters bring us into contact not only with one of the greatest writers of our modern

France, but with one whole side of the literary and social history of the nineteenth century.

The last few months have been saddened by deaths which have left a grievous blank. M. Faustin Hélie, the eminent criminalist, Vice-President of the Council of State, and M. Adolphe Régnier, an orientalist of distinction, and editor of the admirable "Collection des Grand Ecrivains de la France," were men who had reached the natural term of a long and brilliant career. Not so M. Stanislas Guyard and M. Albert Dumont. Stanislas Guyard was well known in England by all Assyriological students. In the short time he had given to these subjects he had already made himself a name; and, earlier still, his works on the Ishmaelites and on the Arabian metric system had raised him to the first rank among Arabian scholars. He was familiar with all the Oriental languages, and possessed in the highest degree the peculiar gifts of the professor. He died at thirty-eight, just as he was beginning to reap the fruits of a long and laborious training. Albert Dumont was one of the most brilliant pupils of the Ecole Normale and the Ecole d'Athènes. He had made a reputation as an author and a scholar by his published travels and his archæological works. He had been the first head of the French school of archæology in Rome, which he had himself created; he had afterwards reorganized the French school at Athens and given it a new life. Finally, in 1879, he had been placed at the head of the Higher Education Department at the Ministry of Public Instruction. In this difficult and delicate post he did the greatest service. He largely increased the number of professors, and by the creation of numerous scholarships attracted a crowd of pupils to the deserted Faculties of Science and Letters. He was projecting the establishment in France of great self-governing universities like those of Germany. Unhappily, the excessive toil to which he put himself wore him out before his time, and he died at forty-three, leaving his work unfinished. It is being faithfully carried on by his successor, M. Liard; but none the less his death has been an irreparable loss to the university and to the country.

These losses have cast a gloom over the close of the year, and one scarcely has the heart to turn from these subjects of long regret and talk of theatrical novelties. And indeed there is nothing worthy of mention. Here again we have to record a loss in the death of M. Vaucorbeil, the manager of the Opera, which owes to him a period of comparative splendour. Nevertheless, he did not succeed in getting it out of the traditional rut as fully as had been hoped. He had not the courage to attempt Wagner, nor to give us the "Etienne Marcel" of M. Saint-Saens. This remarkable opera has just been given in Paris on a second-rate stage, at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau, and has met a signal success. We may mention, in conclusion, that the concerts of the Cirque d'Hiver, originated by M. Pasdeloup, who was the first to introduce the Sunday afternoon symphonic concert, are just recommencing, under the management of a talented young composer, M. B. Godard. We can but hope that the new management may show itself, like its predecessor, the faithful adherent of classic art. The other concert-halls are at the same time opening their doors, and the musical and theatrical season is just about to begin.

G. MONOD.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

NEW TESTAMENT EXEGESIS.

THE publication of the third volume of Weiss's "Life of Christ,"* as the last addition to Clark's Foreign Theological Library, will now enable English readers to estimate the value of that work in its complete form. The two previous volumes have already been noticed in these pages, and it is doubtful whether the whole work will be very cordially welcomed among us. It is undoubtedly an honest book, by a scholar of great learning, who maintains an independent attitude of mind, and has thought out all the details for himself. But it will be too orthodox for the critical, and too critical for the orthodox, and it possesses the fatal fault of dulness. It is wholly lacking in the force and interest, the glow and fire—even in the varied suggestiveness and pathos—of Lange or Keim. Glaring as are the defects of Renan's "Vie de Jésus," and painful as are the shocks which he often gives to Christian readers, there is in many of his chapters not only an exquisite finish of style, but also an enthusiasm and a vividness which win for him a thousand readers, where Dr. Weiss will meet but few. In the theological standpoint of the writer we constantly see the coldness and the hesitations of the critic who leaves us the impression—which is doubtless quite unwarrantable—of one who

> "Fingers idly some old Gordian knot,
> Unskilled to sunder and too weak to cleave,
> And with much toil attains to half-believe."

A Life of Christ which shall touch the hearts of ordinary mankind may be written by one who frankly and fully accepts the creed of the Universal Church, and finds no stumbling-block in the supernatural; and even perhaps by one who, having been driven by incessant doubts into absolute denial of the miraculous, still feels the divine beauty and unique ascendancy of the portraiture presented to us in the Gospels of the Son of Man. But we do not think that the topic can be satisfactorily handled by those whose whole tone is that of armed apology: who are constantly compelled to rationalize, to minimize, and to manipulate the narratives of miraculous power, and who feel themselves at liberty to accept, or to reject, or to modify each and all of the Gospels in accordance with hundreds of subjective considerations. Both these features are observable in Dr. Weiss's "Life of Christ."

He by no means denies the supernatural, yet again and again it seems as if he were trying to explain it away, or at any rate to make the least of it. He deals well with the distinction between "miracles" and "signs," and his remarks on the refusal of Jesus to grant "a sign" to the people or to the Pharisees are only a specimen of the many passages which give value to the book. But whenever a miracle is in question we meet with expressions which show a desire to introduce as much as possible of the natural or simply providential element. Thus, in speaking of the blind man at Bethsaida, the writer says: "Jesus wet the eyes of the blind man with spittle, and laid His healing hands upon him. At that very moment, by God's miraculous power, the light began to dawn upon him." In a note Dr. Weiss adds: "It is indubitably evident that the power of vision, which was restored by a divinely miraculous operation, was gradually strengthened through the influence of natural means as well as of the bodily gift of healing which was connected with Jesus' unique personality" (p. 23). Here the miracle is fully admitted, but with a sort of uneasiness which often recurs, and stamps the phraseology with an uncertain character. Of the Syrophenician woman Dr. Weiss says: "Divine assistance could not be refused: Jesus gave her the desired promise without delay, and when the mother got home she found the daughter well." But in the note we read: "If criticism, as is reasonable, will disclaim the idea of any medical remedies having been sent to the house, or of Jesus's words having merely held out the consoling prospect of possible improvement, nothing else is left but to regard this as a mythical or poetical description of the proclamation of the Gospel among the Gentiles." Dr. Weiss does indeed reject the solution, but he seems to do so only because there are *two* such miracles of what the Germans call "miracles wrought from a distance," and both are derived from "the oldest apostolic source" (p. 39). Again, in the healing of the man born blind, we are told that this could only be due to "an absolutely divine miracle;" but "that does not preclude the possibility that in a case where, according to God's good counsel, this was to happen, *the physiological conditions for it were not awanting*" (p. 190). The Transfiguration, again, is, with elaborate arguments, reduced to a subjective vision (ch. ix.). In the account of the raising of Lazarus we are told that "if in the counsel of God Lazarus was to be called back to life, *it is self-evident here, as in all cases, that the separation of soul from body had not yet taken place,* and therefore the latter could not yet fall a victim to decay," though there was "a sleep of death which could not be dispelled by any natural remedy." The Bath Qol, or voice from heaven, heard by Jesus in Jerusalem is thus described:—"It was just at this moment that the roll of thunder was heard from the heavy clouds which had gathered above Jerusalem. There is no reason for supposing that this was any miraculous phenomenon, for the narrative distinctly says that the crowd heard nothing but a thunder-peal" (p. 248). Again: "The prevalent opinion that Jesus foreknew the terrible details of what was before Him, certainly assumes the possession of a divine omniscience which, according to the testimony of the Gospels, was not His" (p. 320). The "darkness over all the land" at the Crucifixion becomes little more than a cloudy afternoon (p. 368). These are but a few of the passages which show an *uneasiness* about miracles which we can hardly understand in one who fully accepts the Resurrection, and says of the Ascension that there is nothing in it which can be shown to be contrary to the divinely-appointed laws for the government of this world (p. 409). It is easy to understand the position of Reimarus, or Paulus, or Strauss, or Renan; but for one who believes in the divine Christ, who rose from the dead and ascended into heaven, we cannot see what difficulties there can be in the record of His miracles. They are lost in the miracle of Christ himself, since they were wrought by One whose very Being was the most infinite and unique of all possible miracles. Nothing is farther from my desire than either to misjudge or criticize Dr. Weiss's position. I only say that men in the future will have to make up their minds absolutely on this point: Are or are not miracles to be believed, on adequate human testimony? If they are *not*, then the faith of Christendom has been built on an absolute illusion. If they *are*, then, since the Incarnation and the Resurrection and the Ascension were events transcendently miraculous, the works of healing and other miracles narrated in the Gospels rest merely on questions of evidence, and the supernatural element in them may be accepted without difficulty as belonging to what St. John calls the ἔργα—the natural manifestations of a divine existence.

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* "The Life of Christ." By Dr. Bernard Weiss. Translated by M. G. Hope. Vol. iii. London: Clark's Foreign Theological Library.

So again with the handling of the Gospels. On page after page Dr. Weiss seems to accept or reject any particular statement of the Evangelists as it pleases him. He sets aside the two miraculous feedings of the multitude, and, quietly sweeping away a mass of dissimilar details, reduces them to one (p. 37). In the narrative of the arrest in Gethsemane he asserts that St. Matthew is directly contradicted by St. John, and "educed an incredible view of the occurrence from the obscure account of Mark" (p. 295). St. John, in the account of the Last Supper, "formed into a new unity his fragmentary recollections." Matthew in some cases makes an "entirely literary" and "completely secondary elaboration" of passages in Mark (pp. 325, 339, 366). St. Luke's account is "far behind Mark in perspicuity and reliability," and he makes highly dubious combinations into a picture which presents "not a little incongruity in some of its details" (p. 351). If Luke describes "how the people, overawed by the sight of the death on the cross, smote on their breasts and returned home," that "is of course no traditionary fact, but a reflection by the writer himself on the impression made upon the spectators" (p. 367). In one of the details of the Crucifixion "Luke is certainly mistaken" (p. 370), and "it may be that the account given by Luke, in which Jesus affirms he has flesh and bones, and calls upon the disciples to handle him, &c., rather belongs to the later idea of the way in which they convinced themselves that this was no mere ghostly appearance" (p. 391). The watch of Roman soldiers at the grave of Christ is set aside, because it only rests on the authority of St. Matthew, and "it is quite possible that Jesus' tomb had no other watchers than the loving women who wept for him before the well-closed grave on the evening of Good Friday" (p. 381). I am only trying to show what is the writer's standpoint; but if every critic is at liberty thus to pick and choose, and combine and re-combine, and to set aside one narrative as incongruous, and another as improbable, and a third as a pure mistake; then, since no two persons see these details from the same point of view, and endless difficulties may be suggested at point after point, it seems that everything must be left in complete uncertainty, and nothing resembling a harmony of the Gospels, or a Life of Christ, is possible at all. But by this time, while the more violent expedients of harmonists are justly rejected, and the total abandonment of the degrading and mechanical theory of verbal dictation leaves us no difficulty about trivial *nuances* of variety in small details, Christian theology has arrived at a general agreement about the order and interpretation of events in the Gospels; and Lives of Christ have frequently proved that, to one who does not deny the supernatural, it is possible, without a single violation of historic probabilities, and with the fullest examination of every detail of textual criticism, local custom, and extraneous evidence, to attend to every word of the Gospel narratives, and by their aid to produce a perfectly clear and consistent picture.

But while I have spoken thus freely of this book, I would add a cordial recognition of its high merits. There is scarcely a single chapter in which the reader will not find something which is worthy of his careful consideration, and on every subject of controversy he will be glad of the well-weighed opinion of so eminent and thoughtful a theologian as Dr. Weiss. Even more than Neander, Dr. Weiss has felt the deep influence of a time of crisis, and we may rejoice that in all essential particulars he remains unshaken in his hold on the Christian faith.*

The translation of Professor Reuss's "History of the Sacred Scriptures"† by Mr. Houghton, which has just been published by Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh, is one of the most valuable volumes of their valuable series. The "Geschichte der Heiligen Schriften Neuen Testaments" was published in a fifth edition in 1874, and was followed in 1882 by the "Geschichte der Heiligen Schriften Alten Testaments." The writings of Professor Reuss, both in French and German, are well known to all English theologians. His "Histoire de la Théologie Chrétienne" is even more highly esteemed than his extensive and original "Commentary on the Books of the Bible." The present work was originally published more than forty years ago, and its usefulness is attested by its undiminished vitality. It consists of five sections, which treat of the history of the New Testament writings and the pseudo-apostolic literature; the history of the canon, of the text, of the circulation and versions, and of the exegesis of the New Testament writings. With every one of these topics Professor Reuss deals in the most thorough way. His references to the bibliography of each subject are full and exact, except that he seems to have but a very slight acquaintance with English writers, to whom indeed he scarcely ever refers. His method is admirable, and he unites German exhaustiveness with French lucidity and brilliancy of expression. The fifth book, on "The Exegesis of the New Testament," is specially noteworthy. The English reader might derive from other sources much of the information collected under the other divisions, but except in the untranslated works of Rosenmüller, Diestel, Meyer, and Clausen—or in older treatises, like those of R. Simon and Buddeus—we do not know any book in which we can find the information so compendiously gathered under this head. The sketch of the great exegetic epochs, their chief characteristics, and the critical estimate of the most eminent writers, is given by the author with a compression and a mastery that have never been surpassed.

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* It does not fall under my purpose to criticize the translation, but if we must acquiesce in such novelties as "historicity" and "reliability," we hope that in future editions we may be spared "declinature" (pp. 40, 292), and such phrases as "almost worse than the *disputation* of the experience" (p. 371).

† "History of the Sacred Scriptures of the New Testament." By Professor Reuss. Translated by E. L. Houghton, A.M. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

The Dean of Wells adds one word more to the controversy on Eschatology. His book is called "The Spirits in Prison,"* from the title of a sermon preached in St. Paul's on April 30, 1871, in which he endeavoured to revive a forgotten article of the Creed by calling attention to the Descent into Hades and Christ's Gospel to the Dead. To this sermon, which at the time of its original publication received the favourable notice of Cardinal Newman and the warm approval of Bishop Thirlwall, are appended sixteen short studies on the Teaching of the Old and New Testament, on the Life after Death, on Purgatory, Prayers for the Dead, the Word "Eternal," the Damnatory Clauses of the Athanasian Creed, Conditional Immortality, and other analogous topics. Among the more important of these studies are three on the Eschatology of the Early Church, on Modern German Thought in its relation to Eschatology, and on the history of "the wider hope" in English theology. Calm, learned, thorough, written without a trace of acrimony, this book is well adapted by its judicial tone, its reverential spirit, and its thoughtful originality to be regarded as a most welcome summary of a discussion of which the general effect has been to convince many Christians that popular teaching respecting future retribution had become largely mixed up with traditional and untenable elements. Thousands have learnt, with a sense of deep thankfulness, that very much which had been written about the torments and the duration of Hell rested on no certain basis of scriptural teaching, and represented the dark reflex of human fear, and the inferential dogmatism of human systems, rather than the truth of God. Like all Christians, Dean Plumptre believes in the existence of a punishment beyond the grave for all who die in impenitent sin, but refuses to say more respecting its universal and inevitable endlessness than is warranted by true explanation of the passages which touch upon it. Within the permissible limits of the teaching of the English Church he leans to that view which is known as "the larger hope."

Dr. Scrivener's book on "The Authorized Edition of the English Bible" † is marked by all the learning, the thoroughness, and the inexhaustible patience which have characterized the previous labours of the author. It is a reprint, with additions and corrections, of his Introduction to the "Cambridge Paragraph Bible" of 1873, which "was itself the result of seven years' continuous labour, and has generally been recognized as the only attempt hitherto made to construct a critical edition of the 'Authorized Bible' of 1611." The writer tells us a fact, of which few perhaps are aware, that "numberless and not inconsiderable departures from the original or standard edition of the authorized translation, as published in 1611, are to be found in the modern Bibles which issue from the press by thousands every year." These differences do not always rise from oversight or negligence; many of them have been deliberate changes, which are by no means invariably for the worse, though they have been "introduced, silently and without authority, by men whose very names are often unknown." There is no other book in which the reader will find information so full and so accurate on this important subject. He will here find a full account of the improvements and corrections made, among others, by Dr. Paris in 1762, and by Dr. Blayney in 1769. He will also find some notice of the influence exercised over our translators by Tremellius in the Old Testament, by Junius in the Apocrypha, and by Beza in the New Testament. The name of Beza stood so high among the Reformers that we can hardly be surprised that they yielded too much to his arbitrary decisions in days when as yet the rules of criticism were uncertain, and there were but scanty means of arriving at an independent judgment. Out of 252 passages which Dr. Scrivener has compared, he finds that in 113 our translators preferred the readings of Beza to those of Stephens, Erasmus, the Complutensian, and the Vulgate. Beza's influence was sometimes unfortunate; as, for instance, in the marginal renderings of Mark i. 34, Luke iv. 41, Acts i. 8, and Rom. xi. 17, where he has unhappily misled our English scholars. They might have been led by him into far more serious and glaring errors if they had not been protected by their own victorious good sense. Dr. Scrivener instances Matt. i. 23 and John xviii. 20; but we may add, Acts ii. 31, Rom. ii. 7, v. 16, xi. 32, 1 Cor. xiii. 2, 1 Tim. ii. 4–6, iv. 10, James ii. 14, as passages which would have suffered still more disastrously if they had not had the courage to resist the authority of that great scholar and theologian. On the subjects of the use of the italic type in our version, of the punctuation, orthography, and grammar, Dr. Scrivener has much to tell us which has a literary as well as a theological interest. His remarks on the parallel references in the margin deserve careful attention. Parallel passages, as they are called, have been conspicuously abused from the days of the early Fathers, and the abuse of them was increased by the post-Reformation dogmatists, who, in enumerating the *affectiones* of Scripture, placed among them the *semet ipsam interpretandi facultas*. In the Bible of 1611 there were about 9,000 marginal references; in modern Bibles there are perhaps 60,000. Some of these are hopelessly wrong; others are founded on mistaken views; others again are inaccurate; and not a few are questionable, irrelevant, unintelligible, or completely misleading. Still, there remains a residuum of those which are helpful and excellent. Some of those added by Dr. Paris and Dr. Blayney have the very serious defect of being merely semblable parallels, true only for the English version, but not true for the original Greek or Hebrew. Those who are familiar with the commentaries of even the greatest schoolmen—men like Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas—will know what systematic and elaborate remarks they build upon purely verbal resemblances which exist in the Vulgate only. The references given in the "Cambridge Paragraph Bible" have been carefully revised, and are often extremely suggestive. This chapter of Dr. Scrivener's little book has a special interest, and might be profitably expanded and illustrated in future editions.

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* "The Spirits in Prison, and other Studies on the Life after Death." By Dean Plumptre. London: Isbister.

† "The Authorized Edition of the English Bible (1611), its Subsequent Reprints and Modern Representatives." By Dr. F. A. Scrivener. University Press, Cambridge.

The Appendices on wrong readings and variations, and on the Greek text, are the result of immense and conscientious toil, and throughout the book the reader will meet with incidental remarks of great value, as, for instance, those upon the Apocrypha in pp. 143-145. Dr. Scrivener has rendered good service by reprinting with notes the comparatively little known but singularly bright and learned preface of "The Translators to the Reader," which is attributed to Dr. Miles Smith, subsequently Bishop of Gloucester, and which follows the Dedication in all the principal editions of the Authorized Version. We may heartily thank Dr. Scrivener for his book, and congratulate him on the worthy completion of a task of which Dr. Blayney and others in the eighteenth century much underrated the difficulty, but "which, being intimately concerned with our best and highest interests, demands to be brought as near to perfection as human infirmity will allow."

II.—POETRY.

FERISHTAH* is a Persian sage, teaching by parables and the interpretation of parables. The book about him has twelve sections, in blank verse, each devoted to a separate "fancy." There are lyrical interludes, and a prologue and epilogue in rhyme. The blank verse portion of the book—that is, the part which is properly called Ferishtah's fancies—is reflective, didactic and argumentative. It would be wrong to call it sermonizing, because the sermons that resemble it probably do not exist in any large number. It is, however, poetry of the sort that comes nearest to the style of prose argument—an Essay on Man. It will not be one of the best loved of Mr. Browning's books, but it will be better understood than many of them. The discussions do not require much special preliminary training in order to understand what they are about. They are for the most part plain and straightforward, and concerned with matters about which most people have opinions, and many have "views." Ferishtah is not a heartbreaking enigma—he is a humaner sage than Jochanan Hakkadosh. The commentator of the future will find matter enough to give him exercise in "Ferishtah's Fancies," but the difficulties are accidental. Perhaps the Hebrew quotations (pp. 12, 75) were introduced just as a sop to the commentator, to keep up his interest in writing that might be otherwise too easily understood.

The teaching of Ferishtah is like that of many of Mr. Browning's poems. The fourth parable repeats one of the morals of "Sordello"—that it is well for man to be no more than man—not "thrusting in time eternity's concern"—not pretending to be God. Those men who are resigned to other people's misfortunes in the best of all possible worlds, those who are too well educated to say their prayers—having rare consideration for the purposes of the universe which they would not like to interfere with by expressing any particular wish of their own—these men are not really wise or admirable—

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* "Ferishtah's Fancies." By R. Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1884.

"No, be man and nothing more—
Man who, as man conceiving, hopes and fears
And craves and deprecates, and loves, and loathes,
And bids God help him till death touch his eyes
And show God granted most, denying all."

The lyric that follows repeats the idea in its own way:

"Man I am and man would be, love—merest man and nothing more.
Bid me seem no other! Eagles boast of pinions—let them soar!
I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned, but not before.

"Now on earth to stand suffices,—nay, if kneeling serves, to kneel:
Here you front me, here I find the all of heaven that earth can feel:
Sense looks straight,—not over, under,—perfect sees beyond appeal.

"Good you are and wise, full circle: what to me were more outside?
Wiser wisdom, better goodness? Ah, such want the angel's wide
Sense to take and hold and keep them! Mine at least has never tried."

The nine poems of the "Midsummer's Holiday"* have to stand a dangerous ordeal of comparison with all the other poems in which Mr. Swinburne has written about the air and the sea—such passages as the epilogue to "Songs before Sunrise," the description of Tristram's swimming, and "*Ex voto,*" in the second series of "Poems and Ballads." But whatever the comparison may say is of little importance beside the fact that here are new poems for this year, dealing with subjects that never become tiresome. The poet's exhilaration in the sea and air is not content with one or two songs of praise. The world is new every morning, and asks for new praises continually. The Midsummer Holiday poems are not mechanical variations on old themes. Their inspiration is natural and original, and each poem has a distinct thought of its own, which might be put into prose—if that would do it any good. One of the best of the poems is that called "The Gunboat"—a poem full of exultation in the life of the sea, and, together with that, of a thought that keeps the exultation from being momentary and transient—the thought, that no flash of life is any the less living because it passes away, that it is well for the soul to be free, to believe in life more than in the extinction of life:—

"Spray of song that springs in April, light of love that laughs through May,
Live and die and live for ever: nought of all things far less fair
Keeps a surer life than these that seem to pass like fire away.
In the souls they live which are but all the brighter that they were;
In the hearts that kindle, thinking what delight of old was there.
Wind that shapes and lifts and shifts them bids perpetual memory play
Over dreams and in and out of deeds and thoughts which seem to wear
Light that leaps and runs and revels through the springing flames of spray.

"Dawn is cold upon the waters where we drink of dawn to-day;
Wide from wave to wave rekindling in rebound through radiant air
Flash the fires unwoven and woven again of wind that works in play,
Working wonders more than heart may note or sight may well nigh dare,
Wefts of rarer light than colours vain from heaven though this be rare.
Arch on arch unbuilt in building, reared and ruined ray by ray,
Breaks and brightens, laughs and lessens, even till eyes may hardly bear
Light that leaps and runs and revels through the springing flames of spray.

"Year on year sheds light and music rolled and flashed from bay to bay
Round the summer capes of time and winter headlands keen and bare
Whence the soul keeps watch, and bids her vassal memory watch and pray,
If perchance the dawn may quicken, or perchance the midnight spare.

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* "A Midsummer Holiday and other Poems." By A. C. Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

"Silence quells not music, darkness takes not sunlight in her snare;
Shall not joys endure that perish? Yea, with dawn though night say nay:
Life on life goes out but very life enkindles everywhere
Light that leaps and runs and revels through the springing flames of spray.

"Friend, were life no more than this is, well would yet the living fare.
All aflower and all afire and all flung heavenward, who shall say
Such a flash of life were worthless? This is worth a world of care—
Light that leaps and runs and revels through the springing flames of spray."

After the "Midsummer's Holiday" come a number of poems in different styles on favourite subjects—Victor Hugo, Mazzini, children. There are some memorial sonnets, and some sonnets of indignation against the people who can't hold their tongues about the private life of dead great men. The volume contains a number of political poems which will not be universally interesting. One of them, "A Word for the Country," borrows part of the old form of verse taken by Burns from the "Cherrie and the Slae" of Alexander Montgomery, and the experiment has certainly succeeded; it is a good metre to express anger in—it does something to save the anger from appearing ludicrous.

The drama of "Becket"* is not a chronicle play, it does not attempt to present in succession the different scenes of Becket's contest with Henry II. The action of the play is decided only in part by such public events as Becket's change of mind on becoming Archbishop of Canterbury. It is the Queen's jealousy of Rosamund that is the chief cause of the complication. Becket and the King, in this drama, are not hopelessly estranged from one another. Becket had, while still Chancellor, accepted the duty of saving Rosamund from the Queen, and, in spite of his new relations to the King, he continues to recognise his obligation. In act iv. he comes in, in time to stay the hand of Eleanor, and takes Rosamund to Godstone nunnery, out of the Queen's power. The Queen, in act v., misrepresents this to Henry as a piece of Becket's insubordination, an assertion of the authority of the Church; and it is in this way that Harry's exclamation of anger is provoked, and accepted by the four knights as a commission to murder the Archbishop. The succession of incidents is managed in a way that keeps the attention. It may be that what is gained in incident is lost in respect of the characters. It is open to question whether Becket's character does not lose something by losing its singleness of aim and consenting to interfere in the fortunes of Rosamund. But then the play is not a monologue for Becket, and Rosamund's regard for Becket is one of the beauties of the play. The fine scene between Rosamund and Henry (act ii. scene 1), at the beginning and end of which she begs him to be reconciled with Becket, is more than an idyllic love, just by means of this regard.

Last year there was another drama on the subject of Rosamund, in the volume of which a second edition is now published.† There is not much history in "Fair Rosamund," except the quarrel of Richard with the young King and his friend, Bertram de Born. It is a drama of two kinds of love, shown in the case of Rosamund and her foster-sister Margery. Both kinds bring ruin, but the love of Rosamund and the King is above all need of repentance. The poem is not meant as a pathetic story; it is a lesson in humanity and will bear studying.

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* "Becket." By Lord Tennyson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

† "Callirhoe. Fair Rosamund." By Michael Field. London: George Bell & Sons; Clifton: J. Baker & Son.

"Callirhoë," the play that precedes "Fair Rosamund," is much less impressive—it is more diffuse and more artificial. The oracle that demands a human sacrifice is a clumsy piece of machinery, and does not produce the amount of terror that might be expected from its portentous solemnity. The reader of "Callirhoë" is perplexed, too, by the number of characters who claim his attention for a moment, only to disappear a moment after in the plague. There are a great many fine passages in the poem—especially the scene in which Machaon, the physician, explains things to the Faun.

Mr. Woolner's latest poem is a history of the life of Silenus,* which gives a new interpretation of some old pieces of mythology. Silenus, the drunken Demigod, broad and deep and slumber-loving, full of all knowledge and prophecy, is a character worth consideration. This poem imagines him first of all in the days of his youth, when he was fair and strong, the devoted follower of Dionysus in the Indian conquest, the beloved of Syrinx, the nymph. Syrinx was pursued by Pan, and rescued from him by Artemis.

> "Great Artemis, loving the forest nymph
> In pity flashed a brightness thro' her brain
> And smote her agony to sudden peace.
>
> * * * *
>
> Thus happily died fair Syrinx; in the flow
> Of never-ceasing water thro' the land
> Of pleasant shade that gave her beauty birth."

Silenus, when he came back from India, found no Syrinx; only Pan sitting piping among the reeds. Pan was pursued and cursed by Silenus with the curse of continually baffled desire. Pan is the god of this world, the lord of vanity and fictitious good—the deceiver. It is in this part of the poem that there is perhaps an excess of moral over fable. It might be doubted whether it is right for a mythological poem to let its gods give up their definite visible shape, and turn into tendencies, ideas, generalities, such as the modern world reverences. In the representation of the hero Silenus, there is no such allegorizing; though, doubtless, Silenus is meant by the poet to be taken as a type of character, an ideal figure. His life after the disappearance of Syrinx divides itself and contradicts itself. He becomes "a great wine-skin gurgling laughter noise." But he keeps his poetic gift; in all the apparent dishonour he never acquires any meanness of soul, he still sees things truly, though he is clogged by the heavy weight of his body. He is the prophet who speaks about mysteries, without the power to persuade his dull audience, without the power to go out in the manner of his youth to make conquests. He sits still among the shepherds, casting his divinations among them—"uncertain whether oracles or jargon." For the sake of his undegraded spirit, Athena remains loyal to him, and helps him out of his dishonourable sloth and purposeless brooding. He comes to the side of Dionysus again, and gets his deliverance in the last great battle against Lycurgus. The poem might easily lend itself to all sorts of commentary—moral, allegorical, or tropological. But fortunately it can be understood without. It is a very carefully studied description of the fall and the recovery of a noble character. Where "Silenus" is most modern, is in the importance it gives to memory, both as a corrupting and as a saving influence—Silenus is crippled by his regret for Syrinx, but Athena shows him how the gods, being strong, remember lost things without regret. The threnody of women at the end seems to repeat this.

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* "Silenus." By Thomas Woolner. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Mr. Bridges* has written a drama about Prometheus, which gives the incidents of the philanthropic action, the gift—or rather, according to this poem—the restoration of fire to mankind. Prometheus describes in the prologue how Zeus had, out of spite against men, drowned most of them in a deluge, and taken away fire, "and so the tyrant was content." Prometheus brings fire to King Machus at Argos, pursuades him to give over reverencing Zeus, and foretells the wanderings of Io. The play ends with a chorus of thanksgiving to the benefactor, of rejoicing in the new religion that gives freedom in place of terror. The plan of the drama is very simple. It is the first part of a tragic sequence. It does not complete the tragedy; it looks forward. There is an apprehension of danger to come; but that is forgotten in the thanksgiving. There is no mystery about the play. The anger of Zeus is taken account of and expected by all the persons of the drama. There is no tragic complication;—no secret to be discovered. The verse of the drama is kept free from all luxuriance and licence. The lyrics are occasionally too harsh and constrained in their simplicity. The chorus beginning "O miserable man, hear now the worst," has some noble passages of meditation.

"Or if some patient heart
In toilsome steps of duty tread apart,
Thinking to win her peace within herself,
And thus a while succeed:
She must see others bleed,
At others' misery moan,
And learn the common suffering is her own
From which it is no freedom to be freed:
Nay, Nature, her best nurse,
Is tender, but to breed a finer sense,
Which she may easier wound, with smart the worse
And torture more intense."

"Vagabunduli Libellus" † is a book of sonnets grouped under different titles. There is one series with the title "Stella Maris" that, as the preface explains, is meant to complete the "Animi Figura" given in Mr. Symonds's last volume of poetry. In the other sections the thought is frequently continued from sonnet to sonnet, but less strictly than in "Stella Maris," which is as nearly as possible a narrative poem. It is the most exacting part of the book. The author has intentionally sacrificed clearness of narrative to intensity of passion and thought. The passion of his imaginary character is concentrated in the sonnets. Its burning strength is beyond question. The effect is that the reader's judgment is indeed, for the moment, to sympathise too closely with the tumult of mind represented in the poems; the reader is kept prisoner in the darkness among the crowd of thoughts in anguish, and he wants to get out and see how the *dramatis personæ* look viewed from the less exciting ground in front of the stage. In all the sonnets of the book there is evident one steady endeavour to say the best possible thing in the best possible way. There is nothing relaxing or enervating in the poems. The author is not afraid of the spells of the Palace of Art. He is not a simple tenant or inmate of his palace, but the master of it. There is a sort of asceticism in all his poetry—the *noblesse* sort—that refuses to speak blasphemy against the good things that have to be given up, or take themselves away. The following sonnet, "In the Fir-woods," is not the best, but it loses less by quotation than some that belong more closely to a series:—

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* "Prometheus the Firegiver." By Robert Bridges. London: George Bell & Sons.

† "Vagabunduli Libellus." By J. A. Symonds. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1884.

> "Grey pines, companions of my solitude,
> Which with the change of seasons cannot change,
> Contracted to life's narrowing winter range,
> Cloistered within the aisles of this sad wood!
>
> "Teach me your wisdom, patriarchs! Ye have stood
> Patient three hundred years, nor thought it strange,
> Yourselves unstirred, to watch in farm and grange
> Man's transitory race ten times renewed.
>
> "Ye murmur not: what though spring's wizard hands
> Waft you no love-gifts; though nor orient sun
> Nor sunset have ye gazed on; though the breeze
>
> "Thrills you with flattering music from far lands
> You scarce dare dream of; though rills past you run
> Babbling wayfarers, bound for venturous seas."

Mr. Symonds has made translations[*] of a number of the mediæval Latin songs, of which the "Confession of Golias," attributed to Walter Map, is the most famous and popular. In the prose essay that accompanies the rhymed versions, Mr. Symonds deals with the literary problems of a period that is not usually included under the nickname Renaissance. It shows pretty clearly that it was not the "Renaissance" that brought freedom of thought and language for the first time into Christendom.

Mr. Repes is a correct poet. He has a praiseworthy sense of the obligations laid upon writers of verse, and he keeps the rules. His poems are attractive with their grace of style, though the graces are occasionally somewhat euphuistic, *e.g.*, in the line—

> "With tuneful trouble of the trembling chords."

"The Rueing of Gudrun"[‡] is unnecessary after Mr. Morris's "Lovers of Gudrun," and in every way a mistake. The other poems are better; the versification is uniformly careful; there is a preference shown for old French and Provençal metres.

"Florien"[§] is an interesting play, with 'prentices, highwaymen, and other vigorous personages belonging to the London of the "Fortunes of Nigel." It is written partly in blank verse, somewhat flat, and partly in prose. There is no excessive effort to make the language look antique. In 1610 "quarters" would not have rhymed to "waters" as it does in the song on p. 33.

Mr. J. R. Sibbald has published a translation of the "Inferno" (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1884), and there is a version of the whole of the "Divine Comedy" by Mr. J. C. Minchin (Longmans). Both translators have had the courage to choose the *terza rima* for their English. Mr. Sibbald has been on the whole successful in avoiding the dangers of harshness and obscurity. He has executed a most ingenious version, which does not fatigue the reader by straining after an impossible accuracy. Sometimes, however, he is a little careless. "Upon their resemblances of bodies" is a very weak rendering of "sopra lor vanità che par persona" (*Inf.*, vi. 36). And why does he make the blunder, hardly to be named without some Greek ceremony or formula to avert bad omen, of translating *Galeotto* into *Galahad?* This blunder was good enough when it was new, but it has grown tiresome. Does no translator of Dante even ask himself what the book was that Dante thinks worth mentioning in this way? and whether the passage exists anywhere that Dante had certainly read and remembered? Scartazzini, in his commentary, gives the old Italian version of the chapter in the Romance of Lancelot, and there the name is to be found in its original form—Gallehault.

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[*] "Wine, Women and Song." London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

[†] "Poems." By A. R. Repes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

[‡] "The Rueing of Gudrun, and other Poems." By the Hon. Mrs. Greville Nugent. London: David Bogue. 1884.

[§] "Florien: a Tragedy in Five Acts, and other Poems." By Herman C. Merivale. London: Rivington. 1884.

Mr. Minchin's rendering of the "Divine Comedy" is much inferior in finish and smoothness to Mr. Sibbald's, and certainly not superior in accuracy.

"'O brothers,' then I said, 'who here have joined
Through many thousand perils to the west.'"—(*Inf.*, xxvi. 112–3).

—this is to be literal but not accurate.

"Drawing the breezes with the eternal plumes
That like our mortal hair ne'er change nor fail."—(*Purg.*, ii. 35–6).

—this is neither poetry nor even sense.

Musurus Pacha has continued his translation of Dante and issued the second part called Καθαρτήριον.

The new poems of M. de Banville* are meant as sketches of the day and notes of the vanities and humour of Paris, for the readers of newspapers. It is not all vanity—on the contrary, there is the Academy, and there are the philosophical lectures of M. Caro—these find their place in the *farrago* of the journalist's verse, perhaps not without some loss of dignity. Nor, on the other hand, are the poor forgotten. Hunger, cold, and crime are taken into the book by the impartial chronicler.

The following verses come from the poem addressed to the Master on February 26, 1884:—

"Et les humbles et les petits
Déchirés par leurs appétits,
Les groupes cent fois adorables
Des misérables,
Les femmes, si savent en pleurs
Que tout blesse, comme des fleurs :
Et les cohortes vagabondes,
Les têtes blondes ;
Les enfants dont tu sais les noms,
Te disent.. Maître nous venons
Louer la douceur infinie
De ton génie.
O grand songeur plein de pitié,
Par qui le crime est châtié,
Terrasse la haine méchante
Vis ! Aime ! Chante !
Marche, auguste, dans ton chemin,
Et contre tout glaive inhumain
Lève ta main pensive et calme
Qui tient la palme !"

The poet at the end of the book seems to be thinking of an excursion out of Paris into some more shadowy table-land.

W. P. KER.

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* "Poésies Nouvelles—Nous Tous." By Théodore de Banville. Paris: Charpentier. 1884.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—The son of a farmer of Pennsylvania, Bayard Taylor,* who died in Berlin, December, 1878, the American Minister to Germany, was one of the most instructive examples of what literary activity without a spark of the highest writing genius can accomplish in this journalistic period. It is no contradiction that through every stage of his fevered experiences he was writing poems, the latest of which he was always dubbing more immortal than that which went before. For those who wish insight as to the real causes of American mediocrity in poetic conception and execution, these two handsome volumes of biography, chiefly made up of the would-be poet's letters, are a revelation. Replies and congratulations from men like Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Whittier, and others of less note, on the publication by Taylor of such poems as "The Picture of St. John," "The Masque of the Gods," "Lars," and a world of similar correct but unpoetic material, show that the Transatlantic appreciation of harmonic art in word is not far above that of that exercise period of culture which requires the mutual admiration society as its too genial climate. What little there is of biographic work beyond the chronological arrangement of letters and other related papers, is tastefully enough done by Marie Hansen, a German, Taylor's second wife, and by Horace E. Scudder. There are suggestive portraits and illustrations in the work.—Dr. Humphrey Sandwith employed some of the leisure of his later life in writing an autobiographic account of his remarkable career, primarily for the use of his children and grandchildren, but not without the idea that some of it, at least, might be eventually given to the general public. We are glad that this idea has been carried out, for the story is much too well written and too full of interest to be confined to a narrow circle. Mr. Humphrey Ward, who has selected from this autobiography the portions that seemed of most general interest, has also supplied the links that were necessary to form them into a continuous narrative,† and he has done his task with great skill, and given us a readable and stimulating book. Dr. Sandwith's character is attractive, and his life was very varied, sometimes rising into stirring and even heroic incident, as in the defence of Kars, and always bringing him into contact with important persons; and as his faculty of observation both for men and nature was uncommonly good, we have no want of interesting information. The portrait is rather coarsely engraved.—A career, hardly inferior to this in variety or in romantic elements, is described to us in "The Episodes of my Second Life," by Antonio Gallenga.‡ A political exile at twenty-one, he had to begin the world anew, first for a few years in the United States, and then for the rest of his days in England, whose physical climate curiously enough, considering he came from Italy, was no less attractive to him than its political one. He devotes a whole volume to his life in America, which was in no way eventful, but the second volume, comprising his experiences as a teacher and literary man in England, his patriotic experiences in Italy in 1848 and

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* "Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor." Edited by Marie Hansen-Taylor and Horace E Scudder. In Two Volumes. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. 1884.

† "Humphrey Sandwith, a Memoir compiled from Autobiographical Notes. By his Nephew, Thomas Humphrey Ward. London: Cassell & Co.

‡ London: Chapman & Hall.

1859, and his missions for the *Times*, is full of very interesting matter, laid before us with an easy and practised pen. Mr. Gallenga has had his grievances, but he writes always without malice and in a serious and modest spirit.—Dr. Mozley's sister, who has just edited her brother's letters,[*] is probably right in believing that the only way of writing a true biography of a quiet and retired scholar is to publish his letters in chronological order. Dr. Mozley however was a scholar who kept up a close observation on the world in general, and who was connected with the leaders of some of the most important ecclesiastical movements of the time. There is, therefore, much to interest in the book. Many glimpses are given us of Newman and the Tractarians, with whom Mozley was personally in intimate daily intercourse up till the period of their secession to Rome. The writer's views on their theological position and on other questions that subsequently rose in the Church are stated with the moderation and vigour that characterized him.—The life of Edward Miall,[†] which was undertaken by Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., but given up in consequence of the increasing pressure of Parliamentary business, has at length been written by Mr. Miall's son and successor in the editorship of the *Nonconformist* newspaper. Even the keenest opponent of Dissent must admit the book to be a bracing record of a sustained and courageous fight against ecclesiastical privilege. The interest of the book does not travel beyond the history of that struggle, but for that struggle it is important. Some of Mr. Miall's sketches of the statesmen he encountered in the House are very clever and graphic, and we have a story of O'Connell which shows what a different spirit he was of from the Irish Parliamentary party to-day. Miall visited the Liberator in prison in 1844, and says, "When I congratulated him on the quiet demeanour of the Irish people, I shall not soon forget the sudden gleam of joy which lighted up his countenance as he asked, 'Isn't it beautiful?'"—Lady Pollock's "Macready as I Knew Him"[‡] is extremely interesting. It is an account of her personal recollections of Macready, the actor, and of his conversation on many different questions, artistic, literary and social, during the last twenty years of his life. His observations are often striking, and Lady Pollock's account of the man himself is very agreeable and very well written.—Sir William Muir, author of the standard English work on Mahomet, has done a useful service by publishing a short life of the prophet for the use of the general reader.[§] It is written very clearly, and gives a fairly adequate account of Mahomet in the compass of 250 duodecimo pages. A brief appendix is added, explaining the religion of Islam, and there are various illustrations, and a map of Arabia.

TRAVEL.—The present season has produced much fewer works of travel than usual. In a second book[‖] Lady Brassey has to contend with the popularity of her first, but she will not suffer. Her story is bright and chatty, and by no means without a due admixture of good gritty information, and it is enlivened by an infinity of little vignettes—hardly a page wants one—beautifully drawn and engraved. The voyage was from Madeira to the West Indies, and interesting descriptions are given of Trinidad, Jamaica, and the Azores. One of the best parts of the book is the account of the Republic of Venezuela, where the President has ten times the salary of his big neighbour, the President of the United States, and rules exactly as he likes. He has recently built a State railway, and invested it with an unheard-of monopoly, for he has in its interests prohibited all other vehicles of whatever kind from running on the ordinary roads, and when a fish-plate was, in revenge, placed across the rails, he made no investigation, but simply imprisoned every inhabitant within half-a-mile of the district. The yacht it seems, though she weathered a cyclone during the voyage, had all the time rotten rudder and timbers, "the truth about the 'Sunbeam'" not having been discovered by Sir Thomas till his return to port.

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[*] "Lectures of J. B. Mozley, D.D." Edited by his Sister. London: Rivingtons.

[†] "Life of Edward Miall, formerly Member of Parliament for Rochdale and Bradford." By his Son, Arthur Miall. London: Macmillan & Co.

[‡] London: Remington & Co.

[§] "Mahomet and Islam." By Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I. The Religious Tract Society.

[‖] "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties." By Lady Brassey. London, Longmans & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.—It is curious that what seems at first so droll an idea as the translation of "Robinson Crusoe" into Latin should have been executed about the same time independently by two different scholars, M. Goffaux, in France, and Professor F. W. Newman, in England.[*] Professor Newman is still fain to believe that Latin is to be the universal language, and if we are to be able to speak it, we ought to learn it, as we learn modern languages, by wide reading rather than as it is learnt now, by minute study of certain limited class books. But then none of the ancient classics supply the modern reader with a sufficient vocabulary of familiar objects, and they all puzzle him continually with historical and other difficulties, so that to Mr. Newman's mind there seems no other alternative but to construct a new *modern* Latin literature to smooth the way into the *ancient*. That is the benevolent object with which he has undertaken the labour of recasting and abridging "Robinson Crusoe," and turning it into excellent Latin. He has in some cases to create his vocabulary. A gun, for example, is *ignipulta*. The days of speaking Latin are gone, however, and we fear Mr. Newman's labour is thrown away.—Mr. Leland has made a discovery of some importance for comparative mythology, a body of legends—as many as two hundred in number—among an Indian tribe in New England, which seem really to deserve, in a peculiar sense, the name of the Indian Edda which Longfellow falsely applied to his Hiawatha legends.[‡] They are almost Norse in spirit and conception. Glooshap, as Mr. Leland remarks, is just an intensified Odin, and Lox is Loki in nature as in name. Many other coincidences are pointed out, and there is probability in the suggestion that Norse influences may have been conveyed to the Algonquins through the Eskimo, who were in relations with both. The legends are in themselves very interesting apart from their value as a contribution to ethnological science.

[*] "Rebilius Cruso: Robinson Crusoe in Latin, a Book to lighten Tedium to a Learner." By Francis William Newman, Emeritus Professor of Latin in University College, London. London: Trubner & Co.

[†] "The Algonquin Legends of New England, or Myths and Folklore of the Macmac, Passamaquoddy, and Penobrest Tribes." By Charles G. Leland. London: Sampson Low & Co.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

THIRTY years ago and more, John Mitchel, travelling by sea from San Francisco to New York, by the Nicaragua route, put into Cuba for a few days. Walking about Havana at night he came, he tells us, on the palace of the captain-general, "a very handsome and massive-looking house, near the quay." "There," says the Irish exile, "I stood a while and looked up at the palace with horror and hatred, as at another Dublin Castle." Then he goes on to denounce the two institutions in somewhat vigorous language as "two strongholds of hell," and asks, "when will they be rased and swept away and the places where they stand sown with salt?" I have just been reading Mr. Davitt's "Leaves from a Prison Diary," and I find that the author in speaking of the Castle system declares that he hopes to succeed in presenting it "in its true light to the public of Great Britain," and says, "should I do so, its real character of practical absolutism and anti-Irish feeling will stand revealed before all right-thinking men as at once the primary, if not the greatest, factor in the discontent of the Irish people, and a centralized despotism without any parallel in any European State outside of Russia." Thirty years, then, have not in any degree modified the views which strong and sincere Irish Nationalists take of Dublin Castle and its system. Mitchel, it is true, spoke of it in language more fierce and impassioned than Mr. Davitt cares to indulge in, but I fancy that the meaning of the two men is much the same. What Mr. Mitchel called a stronghold of hell, Mr. Davitt describes as "the primary if not the greatest factor in the discontent of the Irish people." The only difference seems to be in the way of putting it. Let us see what ground these two truly representative Irishmen had for their detestation of what is called in Ireland the Castle system.

The ordinary English reader will no doubt think Mr. Mitchel's language outrageously strong, and even Mr. Davitt's words a curious exaggeration. I shall on my own part refrain from using trope, figure, or even condemnatory adjective about the Castle system, and shall confine myself to an endeavour to show what in my judgment it really is. But I cannot help saying that the English reader who in trying to get at the realities of the Castle system does not take at least some account to begin with of the views of Mr. Mitchel in 1853, and of Mr. Davitt in 1884, will leave out of consideration one very important element of the question. In considering the claims and merits of any institution it is something to know that those who most thoroughly represent the national feeling of the people among whom it is placed, can hardly find words to say how utterly they detest it. I do not believe there is among the whole Nationalist party in Ireland, that whole Nationalist party being pretty well the whole nation, one man who has a word to say in defence of the Castle and its system of administration. We have, then, that fact to begin with. The Irish people, rightly or wrongly, detest the Castle. No one can dispute that fact, and if I were writing about any foreign people that one fact would be held by all Englishmen to settle the question.

However, I am not writing about Greeks or Italians or Bulgarians, but only about Irishmen; and I must not assume that their dislike of any institution imposed upon them is in itself any reason for condemning the institution. On the contrary, I presume that to some Englishmen the mere fact that the Irish people dislike the Castle would rather seem a *primâ facie* reason for maintaining it. I must therefore try to show that the dislike is not unreasonable; that it is well founded; that it is natural; that it would be felt by any other people under similar conditions. What is the Castle? It is the seat of a government which is centralized and is virtually despotic. It is the citadel of everything that is anti-national. It is the fountain and origin of every severe coercive measure which is imposed upon the Irish people. It distributes honours and hospitalities to those who are conspicuous for their anti-Irish sentiments and anti-national conduct. If the mass of the Irish people dislike a man, Dublin Castle offers him its welcome and its rewards. If a man is adored by the Irish people, Dublin Castle tries to put him in prison. The Castle makes feeble attempts to counteract the growth of national opinion by appealing to all that is snobbish, flunkeyish, and servile in human nature. "Keep away from the Nationalists, and your wife and your daughters shall have invitations to the vice-regal balls. Denounce the Nationalists and praise the Castle, and on the first opportunity the Lord-Lieutenant will bestow upon you the honours of a knighthood." This is the lesson taught by Castle practices every day. If you are a Member of Parliament and will, only get up at some important moment and denounce the National party, or publicly separate yourself from them, the Castle will be sure to find you a comfortable place with a salary proportioned to the merits of the services you have rendered.

These, it will be urged, are only social or sentimental grievances. Still I would ask an English reader to consider for himself what must be the effect upon Irish national feeling of the working of an institution set up in Ireland for the purpose of discouraging and repressing national sentiment, encouraging and rewarding anti-national sentiment. How would he like Mr. Parnell governing England by and for the Irish, rewarding in one way or another every anti-English Englishman who played false to his nation's feelings, and thrusting the editor of the *St. James's Gazette* into prison to lie on a plank-bed there, because he had dared to remind his brother Englishmen that they had wrongs and ought not to pause until they had got them righted? I would ask an English reader whether it is not fair to infer that the Castle system must tend to foster the disaffection which it strives to repress with such wholesale severity? However, let us come to practical detail with regard to the Castle system and see how its working is likely to supply equal treatment to *coterie* and people; let us see how it affects the machinery of justice; let us see how far it is consistent with the principle of representation. Let us see if Mr. Davitt is wrong when he describes it as a centralized despotism.

Dublin Castle is a palace, a bureau, and a barrack. It is the seat of the administration of Ireland. The Lord-Lieutenant is, under the present condition of things, as absolute a master of the political rule of the country as the Austrian governor of a Venetian province in the old days. He is not expected to have any greater sympathy, any greater affinity of feeling with the Irish people, than the Austrian governor had with the population of Venetia. The Lord-Lieutenant at present is an Englishman; the office is almost invariably held by an Englishman or a Scotchman. At present the Chief Secretary is a Scotchman; his predecessors have, with only the rarest exceptions, been Englishmen or Scotchmen. Of course the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary are always Protestants, and four-fifths of the population of Ireland are Catholics. The permanent officials are, with very rare exceptions, English or Scotch Protestants. When an Irishman does hold office, he is invariably a man who has shown himself utterly out of sympathy with the sentiments of the vast majority of his countrymen. The Lord-Lieutenant has a Privy Council, which is a very different institution indeed from that phantom organization which we find existing in England. The Irish Privy Council issues the proclamations under which arrests for seditious conspiracy and orders for the suppression of public meetings are made, and the Irish judges usually constitute a majority of the ordinary Privy Council meeting. Thus the judges declare in the Privy Council that a certain meeting ought to be prevented, because of the turbulent character of certain persons who propose to take part in it; and if any proceedings should afterwards be taken against one of these persons, he may come up to be tried before one of the body of judges who had in advance directed the proclamation against him. It has to be remembered, too, that the Irish Bench is almost entirely filled by men who were, until their elevation, conspicuous as political partisans. An Irishman who glances along the list of the names of English judges will be amazed to see how few of them ever sat in Parliament, or took any prominent part in politics. An Englishman would feel a very different kind of surprise if he were to study the list of the Irish judges. The Irish judge usually passes to his place on the Bench through the vestibule of the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, two of the three ordinary judges of the Queen's Bench Division, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas Division, the Chief Baron and one of the two other Barons of the Exchequer Division, were all political partisans, most of them having held party office in a Government and fought partisan battles in the House of Commons. Now I am far from saying that all these judges carry their partisanship into their judicial duties; some of them I know to be incapable of any such conduct; but the fact remains that they are promoted partisans, and such a fact cannot but affect the popular estimate of the administration of justice. It adds one other to the many unhappy influences which tend to make the Irish peasant believe that the law is made for the English Government and against him. For as regards the national sentiment of Ireland, the Irishman does not see a pin to choose between the two great English political parties. Both alike are opposed to his national principles, and both are resolute to frustrate, if they can, the fulfilment of his dearest hopes. The magistracy of the country, whether we speak of the resident magistrate or the ordinary justice of the peace, are all under the control of the Castle, all appointed by the Castle. The grand juries in Ireland are a taxing body as well as a court of first instance in criminal law, and they are practically under the control and are constituted by the authority of the Castle. The great majority of the magistrates are everywhere Protestants. The Protestant population of all denominations is about one million, the Catholic about four millions, and there are about 4,500 Protestant justices and 880 Catholic. The Castle has the control of the national education of the country, and my readers will understand what manner of national education that is, when I tell them that Irish history is not allowed to be taught in the schools.

All this time the people everywhere are giving the best practical evidence in their power that they are determined to make an Irish nation for themselves without regard to the Castle. The only institutions in the country which make any pretence at being representative are the municipal corporations. They are not indeed representative in the sense that English municipalities are representative; the municipal franchise in Ireland is too high and is fenced round by too many conditions and restrictions. Still they are the best Ireland has; and what are they doing? They are becoming literally absorbed by the National party. Very excellent bodies they are, regarded merely as hard-working, sensible and practical municipal corporations; in that way they will bear comparison with any English corporations. But the manner in which they are gradually converting Ireland into a distinct nation and preparing her for self-government would impress any observer on earth who was not a Castle official with the conviction that the days of Castle rule are nearly over. I would undertake it that any Englishman of ordinary intelligence and who had not locked and barred his mind against the admission of a new idea—I would undertake it that such an Englishman, if brought within sight and study of Dublin Castle on the one hand and the Irish corporations on the other, would come back to this country an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. The Castle now is only known in Ireland as an institution for repressing public meetings and putting Nationalists in prison. With the promotion of national prosperity, with the development of national energy in trade, commerce and manufactures, with the improvement of national education, it has no more to do than any ordinary police barrack. The days even of its patronage are gone. When the people of Dublin were getting up their Industrial Exhibition, nearly three years ago, they not only did not seek the patronage of the Castle, but they positively refused it. They said in substance, "we have nothing to do with the overgrown police barrack which is called Dublin Castle. We cannot prevent it from issuing its warrants and its proclamations; from packing juries and prosecuting newspapers; but when it comes to be a question of getting up an Industrial Exhibition to promote the manufacturing industry and energy of the Irish people, we do not see any place in such a movement for the Lord-Lieutenant and the Castle. We can do work of that kind ourselves without patronage from the Viceroy; better that he should keep to his department and we to ours." The Exhibition was a great success. Its opening day was also the day of the unveiling of the O'Connell monument. There was an immense procession through miles and miles of crowded streets. Better order never was kept in any city on any occasion. All Dublin attended the celebration except the Lord-Lieutenant and his officials. Nobody cared about them. I called the attention of an English friend to these facts; to the scene we were looking on; to the absence, the almost enforced absence, of Castle patronage. I asked him what he, as an Englishman, thought of it. "The thing is done," he said. "The nation is made. All that now remains is for the Lord-Lieutenant and his staff to bundle and go, and let your people come in and take possession of the Castle and carry on the government of the country in a proper way." And he added, "If I were the Lord-Lieutenant, I would not remain in Dublin another day."

Since that time some things have happened which do not tend to raise the reputation of Castle administration in the eyes of the Irish people. Never, I suppose, in modern history have there been revelations like those which lately were made concerning the character and conduct of certain Castle officials. I have some respect for the feelings of my readers; I know what is due to the pages of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. I shall not ask any one to listen to a recital of that hideous story; I leave it to the courts of law. I shall not ask my readers to study the history of what are called the Dublin scandals, but it is absolutely necessary that I should draw the attention of the English public to what came of these scandals. I fancy that a great many intelligent Englishmen are still under the impression, if they think about the matter at all, that some gross and monstrous charges were made by malignant Irish Nationalists against certain high-minded public servants in Dublin Castle, and that the trumped-up accusations met with the exposure and contempt which they deserved. I am sure that only a small proportion of the English newspaper-reading public are even yet aware of the fact that the charges were only too well-founded, were acknowledged to be true by the verdicts even of Castle juries and the judgment of loyal Irish judges. This is the story told briefly: Certain very serious accusations were made by the editor of *United Ireland* against some leading officials of the Castle—one the person at the head of the Detective Department, another who was until lately Secretary to the Dublin Post-office. Mr. Trevelyan at first refused to believe that there was any truth in the charges, and accused the editor of *United Ireland*, Mr. William O'Brien, a Member of Parliament, of employing a detective for the purpose of trumping up accusations against public men. The late Mr. Fawcett earnestly repudiated all belief in the charges made against the Secretary of the Dublin Post-office, and paid that person a very high compliment. No one could blame Mr. Fawcett for this. As I pointed out in the House of Commons when the Postmaster-General had done speaking, Mr. Fawcett's responsibility for the conduct and character of the Dublin Secretary was of the most strictly technical or titular order. Mr. Fawcett knew nothing personally of the Dublin Secretary, and could only speak of him on the authority of others. However, such were the facts. What happened in the end? I pass over all the intermediate actions for libel, and trials for felony and then for conspiracy, and I come to the close of the chapter at once. Mr. Justice Murphy, delivering judgment on a motion made by the Post-office Secretary for a new trial of an action for libel, declared that, "having regard to the mass of evidence before him, he was convinced that the jury were right in concluding that a vile gang existed in the city of Dublin, leagued together for loathsome purposes," and that the official in question was "one of the gang." Openly and publicly, on clear and sufficient evidence, to the mind of the jury, and to the mind of the judge, a jury has found him guilty of loathsome vices, that should cause him to be shunned by all persons having regard to decency." Chief Justice Morris on the same occasion said, "It was not contended on the part of the plaintiff," the Post-office Secretary, "it could not be contended, that there was not ample evidence of the commission by him of loathsome and horrible deeds." So much for that official. The head of the Detective Department was put on trial and found guilty; he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. The judge who sentenced him is Mr. Justice O'Brien, one of the most aggressively loyal and fiercely anti-Nationalist judges on the Irish Bench. Mr. Justice O'Brien expressed his unqualified concurrence with the verdict of the jury. Suppose all this had happened in England; would it have been enough for the statesmen in charge of the departments concerned to say that they had not known or suspected anything of what had been going on for years? Would it have been enough for them to say that they assumed, as a matter of course, that all officials were telling the truth, and that all Nationalist Members of Parliament must be telling lies? Would not these statesmen be told, and somewhat roughly: "You ought to have known; you ought to have inquired; you ought to have found out the truth long ago; you ought to have been quite certain of what you were saying when you got up in Parliament and vindicated and championed the men who according to the judges of the land were members of a vile gang." Of course this is what would have been said in England; but equally of course nothing of the kind will be said in this particular case. As to the brave man who at such terrible risk to himself exposed this hideous scandal, are the Dublin Castle statesmen obliged to him for it? They must feel glad in their hearts that such guilt has been exposed, but will they say in public one single word of praise to Mr. William O'Brien? Of course they will not. Will Mr. Trevelyan get up and say that he now acquits Mr. O'Brien of the accusation of trumping up charges against officials? Of course he will not. The London newspapers used to denounce Mr. O'Brien day after day, while the charges he made were yet unproved. The moment the charges were made good and the offenders denounced by the Irish judges, the whole thing was dropped. I do not know whether any London paper ever published the observations of Mr. Justice Murphy, of Chief Justice Morris, or of Mr. Justice O'Brien.

Is it surprising that under such circumstances the Irish people generally should dislike the Castle system? Some of the offenders I have mentioned had been for years entrusted with most important and responsible functions in connection with the administration of the criminal law. Another official of the Castle who has had a great deal to do with the arrangement of juries and the prosecution of accused persons was himself guilty, not indeed of offences anything like those which were brought out in what are called distinctively the "Dublin scandals," but still grave enough to call for the severe reprobation of one of the English judges. Now I would ask of any impartial Englishman, what on earth is the use of expecting the Irish peasant to have any respect for laws which are thus administered? What does the Irish peasant see? He has seen the law administered by the persons I have mentioned; he knows that these men were the paid officials and the Castle favourites; and he knows that Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healy, Father Sheehy, Mr. Harrington, Mr. William O'Brien were put in prison. Against the private character of any of the men I have last mentioned not even calumny itself has whispered a word. Dublin Castle is the place which, according to the Irishman's experience, imprisons the men he loves, and keeps in its pay persons of atrocious character; keeps them in its pay until at last the criminal courts and the judges have to interpose in the manner I have described. I shall not invite my readers to enter into the question connected with the conviction and execution of Myles Joyce. I only remind them that during the recent debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Charles Russell, Mr. Edward Clarke, and Mr. Gorst were of opinion that there was not a case made out for the conviction of Myles Joyce. I shall not reproduce here the words of earnest and generous indignation in which Mr. Edward Clarke stigmatized the character and questioned the credibility of one of the Castle officials who was mainly responsible for the conduct of the trial. It is in vain for Mr. Trevelyan to argue that the evidence was sufficient for the conviction of Myles Joyce. No man in his senses will believe that Mr. Trevelyan's authority on criminal law can balance that of Mr. Charles Russell, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Gorst. Besides we had the case of Kilmartin, likewise accused, found guilty and sentenced; but who, happily, was not sentenced to death. In his case there was a reinvestigation. The Prime Minister himself happened to be in the House during the debate on Kilmartin's case. Subordinate officials had bluntly refused to grant any manner of reinvestigation; but Mr. Gladstone luckily came into the House of Commons before the debate closed, and he was impressed by some of the arguments used not merely by Irish Members, but by such Englishmen as Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Robert Peel. He granted an inquiry, and what was the result? Kilmartin had to be set at liberty. There the intervention of the Prime Minister himself was necessary to rescue an unfortunate victim from the system of Dublin Castle.

"When I was in prison," a young Irish lady said the other day as she sat next me at a dinner-table where some English people were guests. This was in London; naturally some of the guests were a little amazed. "When I was in prison!" The words did sound strangely coming from the lips of a young lady of education, of social position, of the highest character, of the sweetest nature, the dear friend of every one who knows her. It was strange, but it was true. The young lady was Miss Mary O'Connor, sister of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. She was thrown into prison by the authorities of Dublin Castle because she was a member of a Ladies' Land League. She was kept in prison for some months, like many other Irish girls, and was released when all the "suspects" were released. There was no charge against her; there could be none; she had positively never even taken a conspicuous part in the Ladies' Land League agitation, and she is a girl who personally shrinks from any manner of public display. But she attended some meeting of a Ladies' Land League, or committed some other crime of that sort, and the Castle put her in prison. I thought as I heard her speak thus casually of having been in prison I should like to sermonize a little on the subject to the English men and women who were present. I should like to point out to them the utter and absolute futility of any expectation that the laws could be respected in Ireland so long as the authorities of Dublin Castle turn them to such uses. This young lady was not even imprisoned under Mr. Forster's "Reasonable Suspicion" code, which is now out of date. An antiquated statute of Edward the Third was discovered which had to do with dangers to public peace or something of the kind, and permitted the incarceration at random of everybody and anybody. I wonder how many Englishmen or Englishwomen took the trouble to know that at one time the Castle authorities were putting educated and respectable girls to prison under a statute of Edward the Third? All this, however, is the natural and the necessary consequence of a system like that which prevails in Ireland. The existence and the application of the Castle system make the population disaffected. The Castle authorities believe that they are defending the very life of their system by arrests and imprisonments: the arrests and imprisonments make the Castle more hated than before, and so the thing goes on. The Castle is an absolute anomaly in a civilisation like ours. Despotism and constitutionalism cannot be worked together in one kingdom. The two forces will not run in one team. It is idle to discuss the character and the merits of this or that Viceroy or Chief Secretary. There cannot be a successful Viceroy or Chief Secretary in Ireland under present conditions. The thing is an impossibility. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, I see, is reported as having said the other day that Lord Spencer is winning back for English rule the affections of the Irish people. One's breath is taken away by such a statement. Can it be possible that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman really said anything of the kind? Can it be that he believes such a thing? Lord Spencer certainly does not. Lord Spencer knows better.

If I were to presume to give advice to the authorities of the Castle, there is one suggestion I would make. It is not advisable for the sake of the Castle influence over the country to make it a point to find a situation more or less remunerative for every Irish Member of Parliament who goes over from the Nationalist to the Ministerial party. If there were anything the Castle wanted to complete the disfavour with which it must in any case be regarded by the country, it would be this practice. Within the last few years we have had two or three conspicuous instances of this kind. Men who had made themselves obnoxious to the National party, that is, to the nation, were at once taken up by the Castle and provided with salaried office. This is an objectionable practice in almost every way. It is not well to have the appearance of hiring loyalty. No doubt the gentlemen who were lately installed in office had become Ministerialists out of the sincerest and best intentions. Of one of them in especial who has just died I do not wish to say an unkindly word. He "walked his own road whither that led him," as Carlyle says; others of us walked our own road, too, which led them farther and farther away from the Castle. But it has a bad effect when the Castle says in substance to the great majority of the Irish people: "So then you don't like this or that person; you accuse him of having deserted you; of having broken his engagements with you? In your overwrought, impassioned Celtic style you say he has betrayed you and your country? Very good; then the Castle will show its appreciation of him by finding a situation and a salary for him." I humbly submit that this is not exactly a course of conduct likely to promote the cause of loyalty in Ireland. It is not precisely the best line of policy for winning over the affection and confidence of the Irish people. Of course, I know what the Castle would say. It would say the Nationalists are not the Irish people. No, to be sure. The men who are assumed by every one, friends and enemies alike, to have under the new Franchise Act the power to return five-sixths of all the representatives of the country; the men who have already been able to take possession of all the Irish municipalities and town commissions, and so many seats on boards of guardians as are obtainable by election; the men into the hands of whose representatives the archbishops and bishops of the national Church have now formally consigned the conduct of the question of Irish education —these are not the Irish people. The Irish people, according to the interpretation of the Castle, are the Whig and Tory justices of the peace, the place-men whom the Lord-Lieutenant sooner or later rewards with situations, the Castle tradesmen and the higher officers of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Very good; if that be the Castle view, and to all appearance that must be it, there is nothing more to be said. *Macte virtute;* the Castle must only go on as it has been going on; we shall see what comes of it some day, before long perhaps.

JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

CATHOLICISM AND APOLOGETICS.

Essays on the Philosophy of Theism. By the late William George Ward, Ph.D. Edited by Wilfrid Ward. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1884. 2 vols.

Ancient Religion and Modern Thought. By William Samuel Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

Cardinal Newman's *Works.*

I.

THE works of Dr. Ward and Mr. Lilly, both English Catholics, the one dealing with "the Philosophy of Theism," the other with "the Philosophy of Religion," suggest a question at once interesting and significant:—What has been the value for the higher religious thought, apologetic, critical and constructive, of the Catholic movement in England? The works indeed are not without intrinsic worth, and deserve for their own sakes careful perusal. They are each a collection of essays, with the merits of the more solid work done for our periodical literature, with the defects of the same work when its scattered parts are gathered together and issued as a connected whole. The whole is not connected, it wants completeness, suffers from large and small omissions, progresses by a series of leaps and bounds, rather than by the orderly evolution of thought; the essays, taken singly, are instructive, often weighty and admirable, but they do not form a body or organism whose force is equal to the combined strength of the several parts.

In the posthumous work of Dr. Ward these merits and defects are most apparent, though better editing would have done much to make the defects less obvious. He was a man of conspicuous philosophical ability, a vigorous and earnest thinker and writer, strong in criticism, forcible in argument, with the love for the arena and the respect for a skilled antagonist that mark the true intellectual athlete. His own system was an intuitional transcendentalism, that is, one uncritical and dogmatic, though it only all the more allowed room for the free play of his dialectical ingenuity. He thoroughly understood the traditional English empiricism, especially as it had been formulated by the younger Mill, whose death he never ceased to lament as "a serious controversial disappointment." The foemen were indeed worthy of each other and of their respective causes, maintaining them, when the fight was hottest, with an almost chivalrous courtesy. The later "transfigured" empiricism, with its novel and ambiguous speech, its larger problems and vaster range, Dr. Ward, perhaps, never fully mastered, possibly because he did not apprehend the reason and significance of so sudden and ambidextrous a change from the older methods and doctrines and scope. But he struck boldly and strongly at precisely the most vulnerable points in the historical empiricism. Over against its associational psychology, relativity of knowledge, hedonistic ethics, and necessitated volition, he placed and emphasized his cardinal philosophical doctrines, the immediacy and veracity of memory, the reality and validity of the belief in necessary truths, the originality and sovereignty of conscience, and the freedom of the will. While he vindicated his main theses as a philosopher, he did it that he might build on them a theological superstructure; in all his discussions the ruling motive was religious, or rather, more precisely, Roman Catholic. This he was too honest and convinced a man to conceal; he was throughout, frankly, the theistic, that he might the better be the Catholic, apologist; and he would have judged an apology that stopped short of Catholicism insufficient, even radically defective. His aim narrowed his range, but increased his subtilty; in other words, made him more of a schoolman than a philosopher. He could hardly be said to have studied and grasped the history and problems of philosophy in the spirit of the scientific student; indeed, it is remarkable how skilfully he avoided these, or whatever did not serve his ultimate purpose. He looked into philosophy no further than it helped him to refute the men or doctrines he held to be hostile to faith, and to construct a theism whose logical issue should be Catholicism. He found his Church not only in his speculative principles, but in the very mode of stating and apprehending them, and he showed his scholasticism by the way in which, often with small conscience of history, he described and distinguished "non-Catholic" from "Catholic" thinkers. Yet, whatever his defects, we are grateful for his critical achievements. His criticism of empiricism was radical and valid, though his "philosophy of theism" remains inadequate and incomplete.

Mr. Lilly's book is of a different character, more literary, but less philosophical, the work of a cultivated and thoughtful man, not of a special scholar or student. It attempts throughout to look at its problems from the historical point of view, is well written, enriched by many felicitous quotations, the fruits of extensive and careful reading, and is suffused with a bright and genial spirit, the love of good that delights to recognise goodness wherever found. It is a pleasant book, certain to give pleasure to the man who reads it seriously, but not too critically; it abounds in suggestive "views" of men and movements, fine sayings and eloquent passages, here and there in significant and valuable hints as to the way in which our profounder problems are to be faced and solved. It is not a thorough or a masterly, but it is a helpful book; one everywhere feels behind the author another and far richer mind, whose familiar thoughts and most potent arguments we are glad to meet reflected in so sensitive a mirror as this disciple's spirit. Most of these are better studied in the original; but some of the developments and applications are happy and striking. What Mr. Lilly regards as the ultimate of "modern thought" is not modern at all. Schopenhauer and Newman are in about equal degrees representatives of ancient religions, though the religions are very different. The "ancient religions" here described are not well described; the pages devoted to them present no distinct or concrete image to the imagination. The essays on "Naturalism and Christianity" and "Matter and Spirit" are brilliant, though the writer moves over large and deep questions with so light a step and easy a spring that one is tempted to doubt whether he has gauged their size or guessed their depth. Some of our gravest philosophical, historical, or critical difficulties are answered by an incisive phrase or a sharp question. One would beforehand have thought it impossible that so keen and kindly a thinker would have met a series of grave objections to Christianity with the remark—"in the light of reason man has in strictness no rights against God." (P. 261.) That is not an answer, but a confession that no answer can be given. It means that if there were a sovereign being against whom man had rights, that being would be in the wrong. And such a defence is the worst indictment. Looked at in the clear light of reason, man has rights against God. To be made is to be invested with rights; to create is for the creator to assume duties. I do not like such modes of speech, but an argument like Mr. Lilly's compels their use. I prefer to say that God's ways towards men are regulated, not by what He owes to men, but by what He owes to Himself. But so to conceive the matter is to affirm, if not "man's rights against God," yet God's high duties towards man—which means here, that the justification of God's ways must proceed on a far loftier and truer principle than either the denial or the affirmation of the creature's rights, the principle that the Divine nature is a law to the Divine will, and that nature is perfect reason, righteousness and love.

My purpose, however, is not to review either or both of these books; it is to discuss the question they have suggested, and indeed, in a fashion directly raised,—In what measure has the English Catholic movement helped us to a constructive philosophy of religion? To what extent has it, in an age, if not of denial, yet of transition and of the inquiry which leans to doubt, contributed at once to conserve and quicken the Christian faith, making it credible to living minds, real to the men who feel that their religious beliefs are the dearest to the heart, but the hardest to the intellect, and the least practicable or relevant to the life? These are questions it is easy to ask, but very difficult to discuss judicially or even judiciously, while the most difficult thing of all is to find a just and sufficient answer. Underneath all such questions others still more fundamental lie, and the principles implied in the deeper must always regulate the criticism and determination of the more superficial. The writer is clearly conscious that his attitude to religion and our religious problems is one, and the attitude of the Roman Catholic another and very different; and it would be simple impertinence in him to ignore the difference, or enforce his own canons of criticism on the Catholic mind. He does not mean to judge those who have found refuge and peace in Catholicism—indeed, he would not do so if he could. If it has made its converts happier and better men, it has done a work for which all good men ought to be grateful. But the question that now concerns us in no way relates to the sufficiency of Catholicism for Catholics, but to the adequacy and relevance of what may be termed its special apologetic to the spirits possessed and oppressed by the problems of the time. The power of Catholicism to satisfy convinced religious men in search of the best organized and most authoritative Christianity is one thing, and its ability to answer the questions and win the faith of the perplexed and critical mind is another thing altogether. This is a matter we are all free to discuss, nay, every man concerned for the future of faith is bound to discuss it, and the frankest will always be the fairest discussion.

I.

1. In order to an intelligent discussion of this question it may be as well to explain what is here meant by a relevant apologetic. It means not a mere defence of the faith, a marshalling of evidences, a method or process of proof, but such a constructive interpretation and presentation of Religion as shall make it stand before the living reason as a living and intelligible thing. Evidences may admit of no answer, and yet produce no conviction; if the thing they are meant to prove have no meaning or no adequate meaning to thought, no real concrete rationality for reason, they may be multiplied to almost any extent without gathering weight or begetting belief. Men lose faith in religious truth not so much through a failure in its evidences as through a failure in its relevance; in other words, the terms in which it has been interpreted cease to be credible either by ceasing to be intelligible, or by falling out of harmony with the logical basis and methods of living mind. Every age has its own mental habits, which imply common principles and processes of inquiry and proof,

modes of apprehending and handling questions, and these affect man's attitude to every matter of thought and belief. An idea like evolution changes, not only our notion of the mode in which nature does her work, but also the way in which we study alike her works and manner of working, the methods by which we inquire into the phenomena of life, the order and facts of history, the appearance and meaning of a man. It causes, in a word, such a revolution in our basal conceptions as to demand, in order to mental wholeness and harmony, that they and their related beliefs be restated or reformulated. In a period of transition faith is hard, because religious ideas at once resist formal change and seem to suffer more from it than empirical or scientific; and men hastily or fearfully conclude that the change which is glorifying science will abolish Religion. On the one side, it stands by its theistic idea so related to nature as to feel every variation in men's notions concerning the creative cause, method, moment; and, on the other side, it is by its beliefs, institutions, and life so related to history as to be sensitive to every new historical doctrine, discovery, or process of inquiry. Hence, when the cosmic idea has changed its form, while the religious has not, when a new conception reigns in every department of history save the religious, the chronic difficulties between Science and Religion become to many minds insurmountable, and they cease to believe simply because Religion has ceased to be intellectually relevant—*i.e.*, to belong to the living and growing body of truth, which at once possesses and inspires living mind. Men so situated are men whom no mustering of conventional evidences can convince; to reach or even touch them apologetic thought must seek to construe Religion as scientific thought has construed nature and history. What can make men feel at harmony with themselves and their universe, will always be the system most open to successful proof; what cannot accomplish this, no mass of probable or other evidence will save from ultimate disbelief.

It would lead us much too far to illustrate, with all the needed detail, the principles now stated; but two works will show what is meant. The *De Civitate Dei* is the greatest work in the whole region of Christian apologetics. Yet its form and argument were determined by the conditions and questions of Augustine's own day; these must be understood before its significance and force can be felt. The ideas of the time, heathen and Christian, political, social, philosophical, religious, its conflicts, fears, hopes, despairs, must be recalled; the student must fill his imagination with the Roman ideal of the Eternal City; must realize what may be described as its apotheosis by the Latin peoples, the degree in which it was a city at once sacred and imperial, venerable, august, invincible, queen for centuries of civilized man, sole mother of the law that ruled him and the order he loved, invested with a more awful sanctity than any religious city, nay, as the embodiment of the Roman, the symbol of a universal, Religion, and of one that out of ceaseless war had called universal peace. Once he has made the worship of Rome live in his consciousness, he must conceive the consternation, the horror, and shame that must have seized the Romans when they saw their city stormed and plundered by the barbarians, and the consequent indignation and hate which broke out in the Pagan charge:—"This ruin is but the last and highest achievement of the new religion!" Augustine's apology was the answer to this passion, and to the belief by which it lived; and the answer was as splendid as complete. The new religion was conceived and represented as a new city, which throughout far transcended the old, which came not from a people, but out of heaven, was created not of human ambition and hate, but of divine grace and love, comprehended not a few nations, but the race, produced no evil, fostered no wrong, but formed all the virtues and embraced all truth, a city destined to growth, but not to decay, whose building might indeed proceed in time, but whose continuance was to be eternal. Beside the *Civitas Dei* the *Civitas Romana* was made to seem a feverish and shadowy and inglorious dream; the ideal of the celestial rebuked by its very divineness the poor reality of the earthly city. The power of the apology lay in its being a constructive presentation of the Christian religion in a form relevant to the men and the moment; their knowledge of the city that was perishing constituted the very capability to which Augustine appealed; and so accurately does his work in its method and argument reflect the spirit and ideals, the disillusionment and alarms of the times, that the man who does not live through and in these will never see its meaning or feel its power.

Take, again, Butler's *Analogy*. It was a most relevant book; its relevance was the secret of its strength, and is the secret of its weakness. On its every page, in its every paragraph, we hear the controversies of the time, the freethinker, the deist, the airy rationalist, who will have a religion without mystery and without miracle, appear and deploy their arguments, but only to have them judicially analysed, reduced to their true significance, and finally translated into proofs tending to justify faith in the revealed religion they had been used to condemn. Some things Butler did once for all: his method; his doctrine of nature and man; his proof of the religious worth and work of conscience; his demonstration that religion when most accommodated to the standard of a conventional and unimaginative rationalism becomes only the less reasonable, beset with graver and more insoluble difficulties; the way he used the facts of life to illustrate and verify certain truths of faith, like the doctrines of substitution and atonement,—are now inalienable possessions of apologetic thought. Yet the strength of his argument, taken as a whole, was due to the use of principles common to the belief and unbelief of the day. Grant those principles, and the *Analogy* is one of the most marvellous structures of solid, cumulative, convincing argumentation ever built by the mind of man; deny those principles, and while the work remains a monument of dialectical genius, it has lost its power to convince. And they are explicitly denied by systems that now confront us; the unbelief of our day is more radical than the unbelief of Butler's, and, in some degree, we have to thank him for its being so. He showed it the necessity of increasing its negations if it was to remain negative at all. Hence our living apologetic must begin without any help from those common principles which were the basis of Butler's work; it must get even nearer the rock, seek a stronger and broader foundation, if it would construct an argument as relevant to our day as the *Analogy* was to his. And whatever it does it must not seek to relieve the difficulties of revealed religion by deepening those that sit upon the face of Nature, rather it must illumine and transfigure the darkness of Nature by the light of revelation. Religion has need to penetrate and exalt both Nature and man with her own transcendental ideals, that men may have a new sense of the value of life, and win a new heart for braver and nobler living.

2. But now there is another point that must be emphasized:—the need for a constructive apologetic does not so much arise from the speculations and criticisms of a few active intellects without the Churches, as from a common intellectual tendency or drift, which causes a shaking and unrest, a sense of insecurity and change within them. This is what tempts men either to break with the old beliefs, or to doubt them, or to demand that from them a new spirit shall come forth. The Churches are now face to face with the gravest questions that have confronted Christianity since her life began; questions not simply doctrinal, political, or social, but fundamental and final,—whether men are to be Christians any more, or indeed in any tolerable sense theists. These questions exhale, as it were, difficulties, which diffuse themselves everywhere, stealing into the best disciplined homes, pervading the most rigorously organized and jealously guarded Churches, pervading the atmosphere in which thought lives and breathes, touching our finest spirits with the slow paralysis of doubt, or the hesitancy which is the death of all enthusiasm. The men have not created the difficulties, or raised the doubts; they have sought and found the men; they are the creation of the time, and spring from the characteristics and achievements of its thought, its wider knowledge, its vaster outlook, its new methods of interpreting nature and history, its deeper insight into the way of Nature's working, and into the affinities of man and his universe. They are

utterly misunderstood when traced to an evil heart of unbelief, or any taint or sin of will, or any other source than honesty and integrity of intellect, the determination to be as clear and scrupulous in the realm of spirit and faith as in the region of experience and experiment. Scientists who have studied Nature and become so possessed by the ideas of law and energy, continuity and development, as to feel unable to reconcile them with their older ideas of God and His creative method, are men whom the Churches are bound to help to a solution. Scholars trained in the newest critical methods, literary and historical, cannot forget them when they turn to the study of the Bible, and of Hebrew and Christian history, and cannot pursue them without raising questions they have a right to submit to the Churches, and to require the Churches frankly and honestly to answer. Mr. Lilly's vindication of the attitude of his Church to the "higher criticism" seems to me its severest condemnation. She is to "wait until the higher criticism" has really established something certain, and then she will consider how far the "traditional thesis" taught in her schools should be modified in consequence (p. 279). There is here the abdication of the highest functions of the Church; she ceases to be the teacher of truth, and leaves it to men, whom she bans the while, to be its discoverers; and then the truths they with pain and loss have discovered she will reconcile to her tradition. In harmony with this, he, with special reference to the question what would happen to a Catholic priest who should teach his people certain critical conclusions—some of them conclusions certain enough—says, such a one "would richly deserve suspension," for "his business is to watch for men's souls, not to unsettle their faith" (p. 278). But his business ought to be to teach the truth; and if in the process faith is unsettled it will only be to the greater saving of the soul. The primary right of every man is to the truth, and the best truth his teachers can give him; the primary duty of the teacher, especially of the collective teacher called the Church, is to communicate the truth, not speaking with authority or certainty where certainty is not. A Church that is true and the infallible teacher of truth and guardian of souls, can in no way so well justify its claim and its being as by teaching the truth to souls perplexed. These souls are seeking the truth, and would be saved by it, but they are simply mocked if a Church says to them, "Find out the truth on those critical and historical questions which are matters of life and death for you, and to speak honestly, for myself also, and then I will tell you how it is to be reconciled with my 'traditional thesis.'" The men whose doubts come from brave thought and honest inquiry have the highest claim on the best consideration and clearest light of all the Churches and all their thinkers. Doubt never appears without reason, and the removal of the reason is the only real way to the removal of the doubt. The Churches that do nothing to reach and purify the source but help to muddle the stream.

II.

1. Constructive apologetic is thus at once the highest work of living religious thought, and the common duty of all the Churches. In it the Roman Catholic must bear its part. It is too wise to trust here to its infallible authority, matchless organisation, rigorous discipline, and jealously guarded education; indeed, experience has thoroughly well taught it how little able these are to keep down or keep out the critical and sceptical spirit. It is but natural that the Church which most taxes faith should most provoke unbelief; but it ought not to follow that the claims that most challenge criticism are claims that can as little recognise as bear the criticism they challenge. It is the simple and sober truth to say that no Church has begotten so much doubt and disbelief as the Church of Rome. History bears here an indubitable and incorruptible witness. Of the Middle Ages we need not speak, or of the Renaissance, when the educated intellect of Italy almost ceased to be Christian, and became at once sceptical and pagan, or of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with such notable figures as Giordano Bruno and Vanini, and tendencies so significant as those impersonated in Montaigne, Bodin, and Charron, but we may glance at our own and the previous century. The eighteenth was the century of Rationalism, and it is customary to credit England with being its nursery and home, where, as Deism, it assumed its most anti-Christian and aggressive form. But English Deism was, from a literary point of view, a poor and vapid thing compared with the Free Thought of the France whence Protestantism and Jansenism had been expelled, that the Catholicism of Rome might have it all its own way. In England we had a host of obscure writers, now well-nigh forgotten, irrepressible men like Toland, men of mediocre ability and culture like Anthony Collins, vulgar men like Chubb, only two illustrious names, Hume and Gibbon, the one embodying his scepticism in the subtlest of English philosophies, the other distilling his into the stateliest history in the English tongue. But the active intellects of France, the men who give name and character to the century, were either sceptical or infidel. It opens with Bayle, the father of critical Rationalism; the man who stands above all others, and shadows all beneath, is Voltaire. The men who form and express the mind of Paris, then the head and heart of France, are Diderot, D'Alembert, and the other encyclopédists; the lion of its *salons* is Rousseau. And while the literature of France was vehemently anti-Christian, the Church of France was not strenuously apologetic, as was the English Church. Here, men like Addison, Clarke, Butler,

Berkeley, Law, Waterland, Warburton, Lardner, Paley, made Christian thought, even as a mere matter of literature, distinguished beside Deism, but in France the power of resistance was so feeble, that no one would think of naming the Fathers of the Church alongside the men of letters, the most illustrious name of the century, Malebranche, belonging, so far as philosophical and literary activity is concerned, rather to the seventeenth.

And it is now as then; it is Catholic countries that show the most radical revolt of the intellect from Religion, and a revolt not at one point, but at all. In Belgium the conflict is going on under our very eyes, political on the surface, religious beneath it; in Italy, where thought is most active, the claims and dogmas of the Church are handled most freely; even in Spain political aspirations are wedded to ecclesiastical denials. There is no country in which unbelief is so strong and so vindictive as in France, so much a passion of hate, a fanaticism or zealotry against, if not Religion, yet the Church that claims to be its authoritative vehicle and exponent. The anticlericals of the nineteenth century far eclipse the encyclopédists of the eighteenth; the resolute and rough-handed antagonism of the Senate and the workshop has superseded the fine criticism of the study, and the delicate yet well-spiced raillery of the *salon*. The very priesthood is not proof against the negative spirit; the new political ideal steals the heart of a Lamennais from Rome, while German criticism turns the most hopeful pupil of Saint Sulpice into the freest and most famed critic of the creative Person and period of Christianity. No Church has had such splendid opportunities as the Catholic; everything that the most perfect organization and the complete control of rulers and their agencies could do for her and the faith she carried, has been done; and if she has yet allowed Free Thought, so often in its worst and extremest forms, to spring up all round her, it is evident that she of all Churches most needs a relevant and living apologetic. She must reconcile the intellects that have revolted from her, or lose them utterly; and the only way of reconciliation is the way of reason and argument. Grant belief in the papal claims, and authority and infallibility are powerful weapons. Create doubt or denial, and they are but empty words—the speech of exaggerated feebleness. Where they can only speak their claims, they but provoke to ridicule; where these claims can appear as political or social forces, they beget the revolutionary and retributive fanaticism, the hate inspired by fear, which is so distinctive of unbelief in the Catholic countries. If, then, Catholicism is to win the revolted intellect, it must use reasonable speech, and the more reasonable it is the more irresistible it will be. Protestantism frankly appeals to the reason, and so is bound to persuade it; Catholicism must humbly lay aside its high claims, and convince the reason before it can rule it, and so in either case a rational apologetic is necessary, though in the Catholic case, as there is so much more to prove, the proof must be correspondingly great and commanding.

2. It will not, I hope, be supposed that there is here any attempt at a *tu quoque*. It were an expedient fit only for a poor controversialist to excuse the weakness of the Protestant Churches by charging the Roman Catholic with impotence, or to hide the failure of the Catholic to hold or control her peoples by magnifying the feebleness of the Protestant. What is intended is simply to emphasize this point:—the burden and responsibilities of the conflict with unbelief lies on all the Churches, and no one can say to the other, "the work is thine, not mine." This duty, indeed, they have all on occasion been forward to recognize, and we rejoice to see men like Vives the Catholic, Pascal the Jansenist, Grotius the Arminian, Leibnitz the Lutheran, Butler the Anglican, Lardner the Presbyterian, and Schleiermacher the German Evangelical, united in unconscious harmony in doing for their several generations the same order of work. Yet it is necessary to make a distinction: an apology for Religion is not the same thing as an apology for a Church; nay, more, the best apologies for Religion have been in no respect apologies for specific Churches. Yet, while the distinction is clear, a separation is not in every case possible. If the Church is held to be the embodiment of the Religion, so necessary to it that the Religion were impossible without it, then the only complete and sufficient apology for the Religion is an apology for the Church. And this is what we have a right to expect from Roman Catholicism; what is an insufficient vindication of its claims as a Church is, from its own point of view, an inadequate defence of the Christian Religion. That is a grave aspect of the matter, burdening Roman Catholicism and Catholics with the heaviest responsibility Church or man could bear, and it is the aspect which gives significance to the question here proposed for discussion, viz., whether Catholic apologetic thought in England has given such an interpretation and defence of Religion as to make it more true and intelligible and real to critical and perplexed and doubting minds.

III.

1. Catholicism in England cannot be discussed apart from that Anglo-Catholic movement which did so much to revive it. As to the ecclesiastico-religious effects of that movement, there is no need for discussion. These are on all sides visible enough. Its ideal of worship has modified the practice of all the Churches, even of those most hostile to its ideal of Religion. The religious spirit of England is, in all its sections and varieties, sweeter to-day than it was forty years ago, more open to the ministries of art and the graciousness of order, possessed of a larger sense of "the community

of the saints," the kinship and continuity of the Christian society in all ages. Even Scotland has been touched with a strange softness, Presbyterian worship has grown less bald, organs and liturgies have found a home in the land and Church of Knox, and some of the more susceptible sons of the Covenant have been visited by the ideal of a Church at once British and Catholic, where prelate and presbyter should dwell together in unity. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that something of the old sterner Puritan conscience against priesthoods, and all their symbols and ways, has been evoked; and in a sense not true of any time between now and the period of Laud, two ideals of Religion, each the radical contradiction of the other, stand face to face in England, and contend under the varied masks supplied by our theological, ecclesiastical, and even political controversies. The one ideal is sensuous and sacerdotal, and seeks, by the way it construes and emphasizes the idea of the Church, to secularize the State, with all our daily activities and occupations; the other ideal is spiritual and ethical, and seeks, by the way it construes and emphasizes the idea of Religion, to transform and transfigure the state, to sanctify all that belongs to the common life of man. The fundamental question is, whether an organized Church which is, alike in history and administration, not in the civil, but in the ecclesiastical sense, a political institution,—or a spiritual faith, which is in its nature a regenerative and regnant moral energy for the whole man, is to prevail; and the more obvious this question becomes, the more the issues are simplified, and men are forced to determine, whether they are to be ruled by a Church or governed by a Religion. The movement that has made or is making our people conscious of this vital issue, has rendered an extraordinary service to the men and Churches of to-day.

2. But the most remarkable ecclesiastico-religious results achieved by Anglo-Catholicism are those to be found within the two Churches chiefly concerned, the Anglican and the Roman. Though so many of the men who inaugurated and represented the movement left the English Church, yet the spirit they had created, and many of the men they had inspired, remained within her. And the Anglo-Catholic ideal has continued to live and work within her like a regenerative spirit, has filled all her sons, even the most resistant, with new ambitions, has both narrowed and broadened her affections and aims, changed old antipathies into new sympathies, made her devouter in worship, and more devoted alike in her practical action and ideal ends. Rome is judged with more perfect charity, Dissenters are judged with more rigorous severity. Unity is loved, and historical continuity coveted, as the condition and channel of the most potent and needed graces. The freedom and independence of the Church has become a watchword, Erastianism a hated and unholy

thing. The Sovereignty of the Redeemer has become a living faith, and the symbols that speak of His presence, and work, and activity are invested with a solemn and sacramental and even sacrificial significance, while the acts that recognise His Deity and express man's devotion are performed with a new sense of awe and reverence. The worship has grown at once statelier and more expressive, men have become more conscious of its beauty and its power, have come to feel how completely it can articulate their needs, satisfy and uplift their souls, bring them into the company of the saintly dead and into communion with the Eternal. The Church has a deeper sense of sin and a greater love for sinners, and seeks to use her symbolism and her service to bring Christ and His salvation nearer to the hearts and consciences of men. The Catholic ideal may be to many sensuous, poor through the very wealth of its symbolism, a materialized and so depraved translation of the idea of the Kingdom, which must ever remain "of Heaven," that it may reign over earth; but, whatever it may be to such, no one can deny that it has been to the Church of England a spirit of life and energy. It is, especially when the historical grounds on which it rests are considered, a splendid example of the power of faith, and of the creative and transfigurative force of the religious imagination. From this point of view it has, indeed, a most pathetic side; but its pathos need not blind us to the wonderful things it has accomplished, though it may make us wonder at the power which has accomplished them. Yet we need not wonder, for of old God "chose the things that were not to bring to nought the things that were."

3. But it is on Catholicism that the Anglo-Catholic Movement has acted most potently. It has changed its spirit and attitude to the English people, and the English people's to it, has indeed, in a sense unknown since the Reformation, made Roman Catholicism English. Catholic emancipation supplied one of the conditions of the change, but the Oxford Movement, and its issues, accomplished it. What Cardinal Newman describes as "the Protestant view of the Catholic Church" is an example of the remarkable limitations of his genius, his inability to understand where he does not sympathize; the "view," though, no doubt, veraciously reminiscent, is but a series of prejudices, all the more vulgar that they were those of the cultured. What the true view is does not here concern us; only this: the English view was very much what the course of history had made it. Catholicism had been anti-English: in its interests foreign potentates had threatened England, and had tried to execute their threats; Catholics had plotted against Elisabeth, against the first James, had fought for absolutism under his son, had stood by the later Stuarts, and had intrigued for their return. Catholicism, in countries where the royal might threaten the papal supremacy, had, by the mouth

of men like Suarez and Mariana, preached strong doctrines as to the duties of kings and the rights of peoples; but in seventeenth-century England, where it had everything to hope from the prince, and nothing from the people, its loyalty was to the ruler, not to the law or the ruled. And so the Catholics lived as aliens in the land, under heavy civil disabilities, with the home of their religious interest and the source of their religious inspiration elsewhere. Time brought amelioration; Spain fell, and could launch no second Armada, raise no army England need fear; the Stuarts were expelled, and France was soon too completely broken to have either the will or the power to interfere on their behalf. Freed from fear of invasion or rebellion, the attitude of England changed. She became tolerant, came to understand what civil and religious liberty meant, celebrated, largely by persuasion of the men most radically opposed to Catholicism, one memorable moment in her process of learning by "Catholic Emancipation." Liberty allowed a completer incorporation with the English people, a new baptism in the English spirit, a healthier, because a freer, profession of faith. And this had been prepared for from within; the saintly Challoner and the brave Milner had quickened its religious zeal; Lingard, with notable erudition and independence, had made English history its apology; and Dr. Wiseman improved the new day that had dawned by an apologetic of rare skill and eloquence. But the foreign taint still clung to Catholicism, it wanted English character and breeding, national traditions and aspirations. Even Dr. Wiseman was but an Italian priest, a professor from Rome, Irish by descent, Spanish by birth. What it wanted the Oxford Movement gave, a distinctively English quality and aspect. The men it carried over to Rome had received the most typical English education, their leader was the greatest living master of the English tongue. They had been nursed in Anglican traditions, were some of them learned Anglican divines, who could not forget their learning, or change their blood and breeding with their Church, or cancel and cast out the ancient inheritance they had so long possessed and loved. They were Catholics of an altogether new type, their memories and instincts were not of a persecuted sect, hated and alien in England, but of a Church proudly and consciously English; the superstructure of their faith and life might be Roman, but the basis was Anglican, and the superstructure had to be accommodated to the basis, not the basis to the superstructure. Cardinal Newman does not build on Thomas Aquinas or Bellarmine or Bossuet; they only supply the buttresses and pillars, the arches and gargoyles of his faith: his fundamental principles are those of Butler, he reasons when he is gravest, fullest of conviction and most anxious to convince, in the methods and on the premisses of the *Analogy*. For polemical purposes he is all the better a Catholic for having been an Anglican; indeed, in a very real sense, he did not cease to be an Anglican when he became a Catholic. And it is this persistence of the primitive type that has been the strength of the derived; though the men went to Rome, they yet remained English, the principles that carried them had been educed and developed within and in the interests of the Anglican Church; and so men and principles alike tended to naturalise Catholicism on the one hand, and to beget a patient and respectful hearing for it on the other. People wished to believe that men they admired and loved had acted with reason and had accepted what was reasonable; the old attitude to Romanism ceased, and a public, well-disposed for conviction, invited the best efforts of men so well able to convince.

IV.

Now, whether Catholicism has profited by this extraordinary change, and the gains that caused it, as much as she hoped to do, or might have done, or whether her once high hopes have been dashed with bitterest disappointment, is not a matter that concerns us; but here is a matter that does—the movement that made Religion more real and living to a large number of cultivated men did a true interpretative and so apologetic work. It is a blunder of the worst kind to imagine that any one form of Christianity can be served by any other being made ridiculous. It belongs to the madness of the sectary, whether Catholic or anti-Catholic, to believe that his own system grows more sane as others are made to seem less rational. But the Protestant ought to be pleased to discover the reason in Catholicism, as the Catholic to find the truth in Protestantism; what makes either ridiculous makes the other less credible. For if there is difference there is also agreement, and while the difference is in man's relation to the truth, the agreement is in the most cardinal of the truths that stand related to man. If Christ lives within Catholicism, He ought to seem the more wonderful, and it the less odious to the Protestant; if within Protestantism, He ought to appear the more gracious, and it the less void of grace and truth to the Catholic. Unmeasured speech is either insincere or unveracious, and the worst unveracity is the one that denies good to be where both good and God are. Now, the movement that made many men better Christians by making them Catholics, did a good deed for Religion. By showing that there was reason in Catholicism it made history more reasonable, made, too, the honesty, saintliness, intellectual integrity and thoroughness of many schoolmen and thinkers more intelligible, and evoked the charity that dared to love and admire where religious and intellectual differences were deepest. There were, indeed, more irenical influences in the movement than the men who conducted it either imagined or desired.

1. But when we have said all that can be justly, or even generously, said in praise of the ecclesiastico-religious effects of this movement, have we said enough? England had some claim on the men who led it, and so had the Christian Religion. England had done something for the men, had borne, nursed, reared, educated them, had endowed them with her best learning, the wealth of her choicest teachers, the noble inheritance of her traditions and aspirations; the Christian Religion had quickened and cultivated them, had inspired them with high faith and lofty ideals, had given them a splendid opportunity for service and equal ability to serve. The land and the faith that had so entreated, had a right to expect a correspondent measure of help. They stood at the breaking of a day that dawned with abundant promise of new life, yet with the certainty of all the difficulties new life ever encounters, and must overcome or die. The century of hard rationalism was ended; its Deism, Free Thought, Encyclopædism, Materialized Religion, and Secularized Church, had perished in revolution; in it, and through it, the spirit of the new age had been born. In philosophy a constructive, though critical, Transcendentalism replaced the subtle and barren Empiricism that in the hands of sceptic Hume had confessed it knew no whence and could find no whither. In literature the genius of Goethe had created an ideal of culture that seemed higher and completer than the ideal of religion. Byron had assailed the old moral and social conventionalisms, magnifying independence of them into, if not the chief virtue, yet the best note of the nobler manhood. Shelley had given clear and musical voice to the passion for freedom and hatred of the hoary despotisms that had hindered the progress and marred the happiness of man. Wordsworth had made nature radiant with the light of indwelling spirit; Scott had evolved from the past visions of chivalry and nobleness to rebuke, to cheer and to inspire the present; Coleridge had made the speculative reason and the creative imagination become as sisters ministrant to faith; everywhere a brighter, more genial, and reasonable spirit possessed man. In politics the old dynastic and despotic ambitions had fallen before the uprisen peoples; they were possessed by a new sense of brotherhood, a passion for ordered freedom, for justice, for the reign of the law that would spoil oppression, secure to each his rights, and require from all their duties. In such an hour of regeneration and the activity of the regenerated, Religion could not be allowed to escape change; the day of humdrum respectability was over, it was not enough that the Church should stand by the throne, indifferent to the character of him who filled it; it must feel the new spirit, and either open its heart to it or by shutting the door against it seal its own doom. And when the new spirit knocked at the door of the English Church her then most potent and active sons knew

not what better thing to do than to evoke an ancient ecclesiastical ideal to answer and withstand it. And it was out of this appeal to a tried and vanquished past against a living present, that the Anglo-Catholic movement was born. It was less the child of a great love than of a great hate, hatred of what its spokesman and founder called "Liberalism." What he so called he never understood; his hatred was too absolute to allow him to get near enough to see it as it was. He was a poet, and had the poet's genius and passion; where he did not love he could not understand; what he hated he held in his imagination, and took a sort of Dantesque pleasure in making it hideous enough to justify his hate. This abhorred "Liberalism" might have had a threatening front to mole-eyed prerogative and privilege, but the eye of the spiritual ought to have read its heart, seen the probabilities of danger, but the infinite possibilities of good—its hatred of wrong, its love of justice, its desire for sweeter manners, purer laws, its purpose to create a wealthier, happier and freer state. And the spirit that so discerned would have helped by bringing Religion into "Liberalism" to make "Liberalism" religious. But John Henry Newman saw nothing of the enthusiasm of righteousness and humanity that was in its heart; saw only its superficial antagonisms, to political injustice, to ecclesiastical privilege, to the venerable but mischievous, because richly endowed, inutilities of Church and State, and so he faced it as if it were the very demon of revolution, the fraudulent disguise of Atheism and impiety. To counteract it he did not fall back on the Christianity of Christ—that was too closely allied to the thing he hated; but he tried to recall the lost ideal of an authoritative Church, the teacher, interpreter and embodiment of Religion. His bulwark against "Liberalism" was authority; the organized illiberalism of a body ecclesiastic. The ghost of a mediæval Church was evoked to exorcise the resurgent spirit of Christ in man.

That was a most calamitous choice, the loss of a golden opportunity for the highest service. Newman, though not the most gifted religious teacher of the century, had in him most of the quickening spirit, the power to search the conscience, to rouse the heart, to fire the imagination, to move the will. He was without the speculative genius of Coleridge, the swift insight that could read the heart of a mystery, the mental heroism that could explore every part of an opposed system, the chivalry that could entreat it nobly, the synthetic mind that could resist the fascination of false antitheses and antagonisms, the constructive intellect that could bring into order and unity elements that seemed to hasty and shallow thinkers chaotic and hostile; but he had, in a far more eminent degree, the qualities that teach and persuade men, a concentration of purpose, an intensity, even as it were a singleness, of conviction, a moral passion, a prophetic fervour, which yet clothed itself in the most graceful speech, a strength and skill of spiritual inquisition or analysis, enabling him to reach the inmost recesses of the heart and probe the sensitive secrets of the conscience; a humour now grim and fierce, now playful and tender; an imagination that often dominated, yet always served his intellect, and was most restrained when most indulged, its pictures but making his meaning more clear and distinct. He had not the large charity of Maurice, the power to read the system through the man and make the man illustrate the system, finding the good in both; indeed, especially in his early days, he could not differ without disliking, dissent from opinions rose almost into personal contempt or even hate; nor had he the massive and human-hearted manhood of Arnold, who ever loved persons and humanity more than systems and things, while of Newman it may be said, he valued persons only as they were the representatives of systems and typical of things; nor had he Whately's sober integrity of mind, the English sagacity that liked to look things straight in the face and see them as they were; but he had as none of these had, as no man in this century has had, command over the English people through his command over the English tongue, the enthusiasm of a reformer who believed in the absolute sufficiency of the reform he was conducting; who lived, thought, spoke like a man who had a mission, and whose mission it was to reclaim the people of England for their Church and their God. And the gift he had he could not exercise without moving men; they rallied to him or recoiled from him; his speech made disciples, agitated his Church, filled it with strong hopes and strange fears, raised high expectations at Rome, and made England resound with the noise and confusion of long silent controversies. When we look into those disturbed times, the thing that most strikes and abides with us is, the presence and personality of the man that moved them.

2. We may represent the matter then thus:—the formative period of Newman's Life, 1826—1833, and the decade that followed, may be described as a period during which men were waiting for a relevant constructive interpretation of the Religion of Christ. The revolutionary forces were spent, constructive forces were at work in every region of thought and life, and they needed but the electric touch of a great religious ideal to be unified and made ministrant to Religion. The old monarchical and oligarchical theories having perished, the Philosophical Radicals were seeking, with but poor success, a new basis for, and new methods in, politics, that they might determine what was the chief good, and how it could, to the happiness of the greatest number, be best promoted and secured. John Stuart Mill had just escaped from the dogmatic Empiricism of his father, had been spiritually awakened by the poetry of Wordsworth and the philosophy of Coleridge, and was looking about for a faith by which to order his life. Charles Darwin was just beginning to watch the

methods of nature and to learn how to interpret her, and while Newman was making verses and gathering impulses in the Mediterranean, he was away in the *Beagle* exploring many seas and lands. In the "loneliest nook in Britain," under the shadow of hills and within sight of moorlands consecrated by the heroism and martyrdoms of his covenanting forefathers, Thomas Carlyle was doing his strenuous best to wed the thoughts that had come to him from German literature and philosophy, with the substance and spirit of his ancestral faith, the effort taking visible shape in the egoistic idealism of his *Sartor Resartus*, and leading him to look into man and his recent history with the eyes that were to see in the French Revolution the tragedy of retribution and righteousness. Transcendental Idealism was in full career in Germany; Hegel and Schleiermacher were lecturing in Berlin, the one applying his philosophy to the explication of Religion and history; the other his criticism to the documents, facts, and doctrines of the Christian faith; while in Tübingen, Strauss was combining and developing the two, with results that were to break upon the alarmed world in a certain *Leben Jesu*. In France, Saint Simon had developed his *Nouveau Christianisme*, pleading that Religion might be more an energy directing all "social forces towards the moral and physical amelioration of the class which is at once the most numerous and the most poor;" and Comte had begun the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, explaining how the theological and metaphysical states had been passed, and the final and positive state had come, and what were the new ideas of Society, of God, and of Religion on which it was to rest. Everywhere the struggle was towards positive ideas, constructive ideals, such an interpretation of man's nature, history, and universe, as would tend to a more perfect organization of society, and a better ordering of life. It was indeed a splendid moment for an Apologist, built after the manner of Augustine, with his insight into the present and the possibilities of the future, with his belief in God and truth, the infinite adaptability and comprehensiveness, imperial authority and pervasive spirit of Religion. He would have seized the new ideas, translated them into their Christian equivalents, realizing, elevating, vivifying, organizing them by the act of translation. He would have found that every attempt to find law and order in Nature, to discover method and progress in creation, without leap or gap, violence or interference, whether with Hegel by the evolution of the transcendental idea, or, what was indeed only the empirical side of the other, with Darwin, by the gradation and blending of genera and species, was no attempt to expel God from Nature, but only to make Nature more perfectly express Him, and be more wholly His. He would have welcomed every endeavour to read anew the past of man, to find law in it, the affinities of thought and custom and belief, as evidence that men were at last awakening to the truth that the race was a vast whole, a mighty organism, whose parts lived in and through each other, and were bound to live each for the other and all for the whole; and an organism which lived and grew not simply by intercourse and conflict with its environment, but under the reign and for the ends of a universal Reason, an omnipresent Providence. He would have seen in the ambition for freedom, for more and better distributed wealth, for a more perfect state, a society where the hated inequalities of the past had ceased, and a true human brotherhood was realized, an ambition inspired by Christ, the direct fruit of His humane and beneficent spirit; and he would have hailed the love, which was even becoming a worship of humanity, as proof that the first principles of "the kingdom of God" were at last beginning to be understood. And this relation to the new thought would have determined his apology. It would not have evoked the authority of a Church that, whatever its claims, had proved its impotence by the inexorable process of history in the indubitable language of fact, but it would have said:—"This awakening is of God, and must be accepted as His, not dealt with as the devil's. These new ideas of order in Nature and history, of social justice and human rights, those ambitions 'Liberalism' so ill-expresses, and Socialism so badly embodies and fails to realize—are all of Christ; they mean that men are getting ready to understand the idea of His Kingdom. It comprehends, for it created these new ideas; into its language they must be translated, that they may find their most perfect forms, live in the organism and possess the energy that will enable them to do their work. The progress of man and the Church of God are two kindred things; all true knowledge is knowledge of truth, and truth is holy; to know it is to be made better, more like what God meant man to be. Let knowledge grow—whatever truth science discovers religion blesses and appropriates; let research, whether as physical investigation or historical criticism, pursue her quest; for love of truth is love of God, and the more we find of it the more we know of Him."

3. What has just been said is meant to indicate what would have been the attitude of a really constructive Christian thinker in face of the new and nascent thought. He would have recognized as Christian, and claimed for Christianity, the new spirit, with all its nobler truths, ideals, aims. What belongs of right to the Christian Religion ought to be incorporated with it; what is so incorporated can never become a facile and deadly weapon in the hands of the enemy. But Dr. Newman's attitude was precisely the opposite. Change was in the air; he felt it, feared it, hated it. He idealized the past, he disliked the present, and he trembled for the future. His only hope was in a return to the past, and to a past which had never been save in the imagination of the romancer. What he hated and resisted he did not take the trouble to understand. He was in this respect a conspicuous contrast to his friends, Hugh James Rose and Dr. Pusey,

especially the latter, who, in his memorable, though, unhappily, afterwards recalled, reply to the famous sermons of the former against German Rationalism, showed thorough knowledge of the older Continental criticism, as well as the chivalry that could dare to speak the truth concerning it. But one seeks in vain in Newman's early writings—poems, essays, articles, pamphlets, tracts—for any sign or phrase indicative of real comprehension of the forces he opposed. He does not comprehend their real nature or drift, what reasons they have for their being, what good they have in them, what truth, what wrongs to redress, what rights to achieve; he only feels that they are inimical to his ideals. There is no evidence that he ever tried to place himself in the position of the philosophical radical, or the rational critic, or the constructive socialist, or the absolute idealist, and look at his and their questions through their eyes and from their standpoint. He hated them and their works too utterly to attempt to do so—perhaps he was haunted by a great doubt as to what might happen if he did; but the result was, he resisted he knew not what, and knew not how to resist it. As a simple matter of fact, he resisted it in the least effectual way. He emphasized the Church idea, the historical continuity, sanctity, authority, rights, prerogatives and powers of the organised Society or body which called itself here the Anglican, there the Catholic Church. The idea grew on him; the more he claimed for the Church, the more he had to claim; the more he set it in opposition to the movement and tendencies of living thought, the more absolute and divine he had to make its authority. The logic of the situation was inexorable,—if the Church alone could save man from the spirit embodied in "Liberalism," then it must be a divine and infallible Church, the vicar and voice of God on earth. But the logic of the situation was one, and the logic of history another, and tragically different. In the past Catholic authority had bent like the rush in the river before the stream and tendency of thought; if it had had divine rights it had been without divine wisdom; men and countries it had owned it had been unable to hold, and for centuries the noblest life, the best minds, the highest and purest literatures of Europe had stood outside its pale. And what had been was to be. Newman went to Rome, and carried with him, or drew after him, men who accepted his principles, but the "Liberalism" he hated went its way, all the mightier and more victorious for the kind of barrier he had tried to build against it. He succeeded wonderfully in making Roman Catholics of Anglicans, but he failed in the apologetic that saves the infidel, and baptizes the spirit of a rational and revolutionary age into the faith of Christ.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CROFTER PROBLEM.

THE condition of the Scotch crofters has been thrice the subject of official investigation within the last half-century, but it remains essentially as unsatisfactory as ever. The picture drawn by the Napier Commission in the careful and liberal report they have recently issued answers, feature for feature, almost to the pictures drawn by the Emigration Commissioners in 1841 and by Sir John McNeill in 1852. There is the same black record of contracted holdings, insufficient employment, miserable dwellings, insecure tenure, eviction, and, still more, dread of eviction; here excessive rents, there deprivation of pasture; everywhere deterioration of agriculture, exhaustion of the soil, and periodical destitution. Some of the deeper shadows indeed have grown fainter. Destitution, for example, has never within the last thirty years been so acute as it often used to be; there is no word now of whole countrysides keeping themselves in life by gathering limpets and sea-ware; but still the distress was sufficiently severe during the winter before the Commissioners' visit to call for advances from the proprietors and considerable contributions from the charitable public.

The dwellings of the people, too, are stated to have improved here and there; but they remain as a general rule so utterly vile throughout the whole wide region of the inquiry, except Caithness and Orkney, that the Commissioners declare that such houses would imply "the moral and physical degradation" of their inhabitants if they were found elsewhere, though they are suffered here with complete self-respect on the part of the tenants who live in them, and—what often strikes a stranger as more puzzling still—with equally complete self-respect on the part of the proprietors who take rent for them. The proprietors do not build better houses, because the rent of the small crofts would not warrant the expense, and the crofters themselves, who would no doubt, one after another, build better houses for their own comfort if they had an assured tenure of them, cannot be expected to do so while they may be ejected from them at six months' notice without compensation, or merely provoke a rise of rent by their enterprise. The Chamberlain of Lewis will have us believe that the people prefer living in those "black houses," with the dunghill in the centre and without either window or chimney, because he has known a case of one family that got a "white house" with a partition between the cattle-stalls and the human dwelling, and the first thing they did was to break through the partition and shut up the separate door for the cattle. Others will have us believe that the prevailing insecurity of tenure is no obstacle to the people building better dwellings, because they have known cases of crofters who, greatly daring, built slate-roofed cottages at their own cost and risked ejection. But there was a great mass of testimony taken before the Commission on this subject, and the evidence is really overwhelming that the crofters would more generally improve their dwellings if they felt themselves secure against eviction. Wherever sufficient assurance to that effect has been given them—or, what is tantamount to the same thing, assurance of adequate compensation in case of disturbance—they are seen setting themselves very promptly and generally to the erection of more decent and habitable dwellings. Such an assurance was given, for example, on the estate of Torridon, and Mr. Darroch, the proprietor, states that "it is assuring to see how they are gradually improving, one following another. Nine improved houses have been built on my conditions, and many more are in course of erection." For want of this simple security, then, which would practically cost the landlords nothing but a slight restraint on their absolute power of eviction, most part of the Celtic peasantry of Scotland are housed in hovels that no stranger looks on without a thought of shame.

Work, again, is less scarce among the crofters now than it was thirty or forty years ago, for the fishing has grown largely since then; but still very few of them possess boats or nets of their own, and even the boats these few possess are generally too small for the present requirements of the industry, so that there has not arisen as yet any class of independent fishermen living by the sea alone. The entire population are really labourers who migrate for three months every year to work for fishermen elsewhere, who bring home with them from £15 to £25 a year from such labour, but who require to have a croft to furnish the rest of their maintenance. And while no class of independent fishermen has grown up, the old class of independent peasants, needing no resource but their farms, has more and more completely vanished. Eviction and deprivation of pasture have done their work, and what they have left undone, the fear of eviction is fast completing. The descriptions given of the agriculture of the people are most pitiable to read. In the management of stock the crofters are improving, and have an eye to improvement. It is mentioned everywhere that they lay out money on better bulls, and that on the club farms their sheep fetch as high a price as those of the large farmers. But their husbandry has gone from bad to worse, and is now heartless, slovenly, unskilful, unproductive to the last degree. The worst cases of exhaustion of the soil brought before Sir John McNeill were from certain parts of Skye, where the land was said to yield no more than the seed sown, or at most two seeds; but we are now told of districts in that island that often give back only a third of the seed; and where the mills have gone out of use because for years the people have had no corn of their own growing that was worth turning into meal. Their fields are ill-drained and ill-fenced, they observe no proper rotation of crops, they do not use enough of manure; and in a climate where early sowing is imperative, if crops are to ripen, they sow later than ever. Of modern agriculture they have manifestly still to learn the very letters. The late Sir Robert Peel, whose clear economic insight perceived that a few simple lessons in good husbandry might carry those small people the whole way from indigence to comfort, wrote to Dr. Mackenzie of Eileanach after the Highland destitution of 1846:—"Surely there is public spirit enough among the great land proprietors of Scotland, and enough of sympathy with the position of their crofter tenants, to induce them to combine for the purpose of procuring this means of instruction in the first rudiments of agriculture, which I concur with you in thinking would be most useful to all parties, to the crofters, to the landlords, and the public." Had this been done there would probably have been no crofter question to-day, but nothing of the kind has ever been undertaken. Sir A. Matheson, it is true, sent some young crofters to the South to learn the management of stock, and then gave them and certain other picked tenants fair-sized holdings on lease, and the result is the thriving club farms of Ardross. Lord Lovat did still better. He brought a farmer from Aberdeen to teach his crofters their business, showing them even how to handle a spade; and that instruction, backed by an improving lease, and the personal interest of the landlord, has been crowned by the creation of a body of 500 independent and substantial peasantry who have doubled the rental of the estate by the improvements they have made. What was done there might be done elsewhere, but so far as we can judge from the evidence of the recent Commission it seems never to have been thought of, and on one estate, where a slight movement in this direction had at one time been made, the very tradition of it has been forgotten. An old factor on the Macdonald property stated to Sir John McNeill that he had got good results from appointing an inspector of improvements to guide the people into better ways; but the experiment was only three years in operation when it had to be abandoned in consequence of the potato famine. The potato famine is happily long past, but the experiment has never been resumed, and the present factor, who is also factor on most of the other large properties of the island, has never so much as heard of the idea, and can only think that perhaps it may be worth trying.

The crofters have been left to shift as best they might. Other tenants have been generously assisted in their improvements by the proprietors, but the Commissioners have found singularly little evidence of any assistance, pecuniary or other, being rendered by proprietors for the direct benefit and improvement of crofts. On the Sutherland property, indeed, a small sum of money is set apart for this purpose every year, but the principle adopted on most Highland estates, as was explained by Lord Macdonald's factor, is to lay nothing out for the crofters' advantage, but, as a compensation, to keep their rents a little below the competition maximum. And this seems to be very generally the case. Of course there are estates, like Clyth, for example, where a system of rack-renting worse than Irish has prevailed, and there are others, like the estate of Kilmuir, at present so much before the public, where successive rises of a very burdensome nature appear to have been imposed, and there are many where no adequate reduction was made when hill pasture was taken away; but, as a rule, Highland crofts are not rented at their full competitive value. The only large Highland property where crofts are avowedly let at competition rents is the property of the Duke of Argyll,* but the crofters receive as little assistance there as elsewhere. Taking one estate with another, it may be laid down that throughout the Highlands the large farms are managed on the English system, but the crofts on the Irish, and, latterly at any rate, without any of the Irish customary security. "The crofter belongs," say the Commissioners, "to that class of tenants who have received the smallest share of proprietary favour or benefaction, and who are, by virtue of power, position, or covenants, least protected against inconsiderate treatment." In fact, Highland land management has for nearly a century been not only indifferent but really adverse to crofter development. It has never been able to believe in the possibility of making serious and profitable agriculturists of crofters; while, on the other hand, it has had the most certain knowledge that the neighbourhood of crofters detracted considerably from the letting value of sheep-farms, and still more of sporting moors. Crofters, it was alleged, would persist in trespassing and disturbing game, and their sheep would stray and infect the large farmers' sheep with the scab, so that to keep them off necessitated extensive fencing and additional hands. To save the large farmers from this expense, crofters are, on some estates in Skye, not allowed to keep sheep at all, and no reduction of the crofters' rents seems to be thought necessary in consequence of the restriction, although the factor admits that it cripples them, and that the reduction would have been balanced by the higher rent the large farmer would be enabled to pay. Where the mere toleration of crofters is thus considered to be in itself an expense, any positive encouragement of them was not to be looked for, and to this day the favourite policy of the Highland factors seems to be (more than one of them actually stated so to the Commissioners) a wholesale emigration of at least half the population.

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* I make this statement on the explicit testimony of the Chamberlain of Argyll before the Commission, but it is fair to say that the Duke of Argyll in his recent speech in the House of Lords made an equally explicit statement to the opposite effect, but without taking any notice of the conflicting evidence given by his factor. Most people must have read the factor's statement with surprise, but at the same time, he must be taken as an authority of the first order regarding the rule he has himself actually observed in letting crofts; and therefore, in the absence of more precise explanations, one can only conclude that this is another instance of the evil inevitably attending factorial rule, that the factor interprets the landlord's interest in a much narrower and less liberal spirit than the landlord himself really desires.

Now, while for these reasons nothing has been done for the crofters, they are not even allowed the conditions on which it is fairly possible to sit in peace and do something for themselves, and that is the burden of their present complaint. They have no security from eviction, from arbitrary rises of rent, from confiscation of their improvements, if they were to proceed to make any. They do pay some attention (the factors admit it) to the improvement of their stock, which cannot be confiscated; but they build no comfortable cottages, and lay down no expensive draining, which they might lose without recompense by arbitrary ejectment. The Commissioners doubt the reality of the dread of eviction that was expressed so generally by the crofters. They think it merely a sort of afterplay of the profound impression left on the Highland mind by the notorious clearances of the past. And it is true that evictions have not been common in recent years, but one cannot read the evidence taken before this Commission, or the evidence formerly taken by Sir John McNeill, without feeling that the threat of eviction is used in the everyday practical administration of a Highland estate in a way it is not used elsewhere, and that it plays not only a real but a mighty part among the daily cares of the crofter tenantry. It is the hangman's whip by which factors rule. One of their most common resources seems to be to add a pound to the rent for any infraction of their behests, but by far their trustiest weapon is a notice of removal. Between the years 1840 and 1883 there were 6,960 notices of removal taken out in Skye alone, and the factor on most of the estates of the island explains their remarkable frequency by saying that it is the habit to issue a notice of removal for an arrear of rent, for which a cow or a sheep would be distrained elsewhere, because there is some little difficulty in identifying the cattle of the several tenants in a common pasturage. Then in all questions about game and trespass, about keeping sheep, or horses, or dogs, or harbouring persons of objectionable opinions, or about any other vexatious restrictions which the estate management chooses from time to time to impose, the threat of eviction is always relied on as the most effective asserter of discipline. How dearly this weapon is prized, and how keenly it is clutched, the Commissioners had an excellent opportunity of witnessing for themselves at the very outset of their inquiry, in the singular and protracted resistance given by the principal factor in Skye to the request of the Chairman that witnesses should be promised immunity from disturbance for anything they might state to the Commissioners. At every successive refusal, with its emphatic repetition of "We expect them to tell the truth and nothing but the truth," we see the whip held up before the people, and hear the very cracking of the thong. A discipline of this sort, continued day after day and year after year, might very well be capable of producing that change in the character of the people which is described by a very competent witness, Mr. Macdonell of Morar, who states that they have lost the spirit and independence that, in his recollection, characterised their grandfathers, and entertain a "fear and awe of their proprietors which no previous generation exhibited." And when driven to extremities it is equally capable of provoking such a spirit of revolt and excessive defiance as is manifested in some quarters now. But however that may be, the discipline is quite real and serious enough to justify the crofters' own complaint, that they are prevented, by want of confidence in the durability of their tenure, from exerting themselves as they otherwise would do for the improvement of their economic condition. The factors always plead that it is essential to retain the power of eviction in order to drill the people into good husbandry, and if that purpose were really accomplished by it the plea would not be unreasonable; but that is the one purpose for which it is never used, or if it is used, it has been for generations so manifestly ineffectual as to afford a strong presumption in favour of a change of policy. They also allege—and the statement was repeated in the House of Lords by the Duke of Argyll—that the people will not accept leases, but the balance of testimony before the Commission is decidedly the other way, and although expression was certainly given repeatedly to a feeling against accepting a lease, the curious thing about that feeling is this, that it was generally found on examination to spring from the idea that they were more liable to be evicted at the end of the stated period of a lease than under yearly tenancy. In other words, it sprang from the very fear of eviction, which the Commissioners think to be unreal and irrational, but which is grounded on the belief—which the very unpaternal form of landlord government they have been subject to for the last hundred years has surely given reason enough to entertain—that their presence is no longer desired in the country of their birth.

From this account of the situation, it is manifest that we are here in presence of a very complex problem, though certain broad lines of remedial action are written on the very face of the facts. The Emigration Commissioners and Sir John McNeill had no remedy to propose except emigration on an extensive scale; and the present Commissioners, though they have many other proposals to make besides that, still look on a large emigration as being absolutely indispensable to any satisfactory solution of the problem. They enter upon no details, but one may gather from the calculations they make that their idea is this, that half the people might find exclusive—or practically exclusive—support in fishing; that a sixth more might be raised to the position of small independent farmers; and that the remaining third ought to emigrate for the relief of the rest. They say that there is no need for emigration from the Southern Hebrides (though there was as much destitution comparatively in the Southern as in the Northern), and they consequently limit their proposal to Skye, the Long Island, and certain parts of the west coast of Sutherland and Ross, or to a population, all told, of 81,536 souls. One-third of these would be some 27,000 people, or 5,400 families, and these the Commissioners would send abroad on State loans. Now, of course, in a part of the country where the average size of the family is comparatively high, and the available work comparatively scanty, an habitual, and not inconsiderable, emigration is certainly required. And among mountain peoples, as we observe in Switzerland and Italy, nothing proves a better inducement to emigration than the existence of small, comfortable holdings and freeholds at home, which they might hope one day to come back and purchase; and for the multiplication of which the Commissioners recommend some slight—too slight—facilities. Once they had gone they might prefer to remain, but the hope of returning—which enters largely into middle-class emigration—would prove an inducement to go; and the actual return would keep up the communications and the incentives on which a habitual emigration rests.

But any such wholesale and exceptional scheme of emigration as the Commissioners seem to contemplate is at present both unnecessary and impracticable. It is impracticable because the people, as the Commissioners themselves admit, are entirely against going, and seem disposed to resent the very suggestion as a conclusive evidence of the landlord's inveterate design to get rid of them, and to continue the policy, which the crofters think so unnatural, of "exterminating men and preserving vermin." But even if the people were willing to emigrate, a large emigration scheme was never more needless than it is at this moment, when the fishing is prosperous and growing, and the large sheep-farm system is struck with death. The overcrowding of the Northern Hebrides may easily be misconceived. In 1841, the population of Lewis was only 17,504; but Mr. Knox, Chamberlain at the time, came before the Emigration Commissioners in that year with the declaration that to relieve the congestion of the island, an emigration of at least 6,000 or 7,000 people—that is, of more than a third of the inhabitants—was absolutely necessary. The population of Lewis is now 25,487—more than twice, nearly thrice, as many as Mr. Knox thought the island capable of supporting—and yet if they are no better off, they are certainly no worse off than they were then. And the explanation is not far to seek. The people are fishermen, and the fishing in the North of Scotland has undergone extensive development in the interval; and if it goes on growing at the same rate, there is no reason why Lewis should not accommodate as many people again, and nobody be any the worse. The Commissioners base their plea for the necessity of emigration on a long and most superfluous calculation to show that if all Skye and Lewis were parted among their inhabitants, there would not be land enough to furnish every family with the amount necessary for its maintenance; and no doubt they shall be answered—and answered most conclusively on their own lines—that if they threw Sutherland and Ross into their sum, and supposed a migration of people from Lewis to Ross, as they supposed a migration of people from one parish in Lewis to another, there would then be plenty of land, and to spare, for all comers. But calculations of that character are beside the question, and merely so much good arithmetic thrown away. They mistake the actual situation. The crofters are not—nor as a body do they wish to be made—independent farmers. Some of them, no doubt, wish to be so—and by all means let them have the chance—but the great bulk of the people do not seem disposed to give up the fishing. Tastes differ, even among crofters. And we have witnesses in this report telling us of certain districts of Lewis which they consider to be more Norse, where the people are much fonder of the sea than of the land, and certain other districts which they consider more Celtic, where the people are fonder of the land than of the sea; we have other witnesses complaining that in their part of the country the people will endure any toil and hardship afloat, but cannot be persuaded to touch pick or spade; we have crofter witnesses saying that what they want is to have large crofts for farmers and small crofts for fishermen; and we have the Commissioners themselves stating that "generally, though by no means invariably, the people actually engaged in crofting and fishing are in favour of the combined occupations," although "the weight of external evidence seemed in favour of separating the two callings." They draw at present, as the Commissioners correctly state, more of their income from the sea than from the land; mysterious mention is often made in the evidence of the crofters' deposits in the Highland banks, but it is never made without it being added that the money was won by fishing and not by crofting. The crofters have no idea, therefore, of abandoning so lucrative a pursuit, and we are not surprised that Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., was told lately by the people of some of the Lewis townships he visited, that "they made more by fishing than by farming, and if they only had a pier they would be all right."

Now, the fishing—I speak here mainly of the herring fishing—is no longer the uncertain and precarious business it used to be in the old days when it was pursued only in-shore. Fish were then supposed to be very migratory and capricious in their habits, and fishing-grounds that were to-day well stocked might to-morrow be found abandoned. Under such circumstances, it might be a doubtful experiment to increase the dependence of a whole community on such an uncertain support. But the off-shore fishing-grounds that are now resorted to are less inconstant, and, in fact, are generally believed by competent authorities to be capable of yielding steady supplies of fish almost at any time there is weather to reach them. The Highland fishery is thus a resource that is not now likely to fail. But, still better, it is one that is susceptible of immense development, if it were only furnished with suitable harbours, and, above all, were once connected with the home markets. What really retards it most at present are the high rates charged for transmission by railway to the large English towns, and if that obstacle were removed, the industry would really burst into great proportions. The fishing-ground is practically exhaustless, and the market—with its millions of consumers—ought to be one of the best. Scotch herrings ought to be sold fresh in the English towns for 3*d.* to 6*d.* a dozen, but this price is simply doubled by the railway charges. A barrel of herrings can be sent by steamer to Baltic ports for eighteenpence, but it costs more than twenty shillings by rail to Manchester, Birmingham, and London. Mr. Bruce, the Chairman of the Highland Railway, said lately that the present rate of £4 and £4 10*s.* the ton for carrying fresh fish by passenger train from Strome Ferry, Stornoway, and Wick to the English markets could not be considered excessive, because it was no more than ½*d.* the lb.; but though ½*d.* the lb. is not a serious charge on salmon, or even cod, ½*d.* the lb. is positively prohibitory on herrings.

It exactly doubles the price of the poor man's fish, and that is really the only reason why Scotch herrings go so entirely abroad and never reach the vast body of consumers at home. In fixing railway rates, attention ought to be paid to these differences in the value of different kinds of goods, and also to the specially great increase of traffic which, as Mr. Bruce admits, is to be expected from the Highland herring fishery. A reduction to the present rate of transit by goods trains, or even lower, would not be considered unreasonable, and, anyhow, such a reduction is the reform that is at present most indispensable for the development of the Highland fisheries, and it would confer equal benefit on the crofters of the Hebrides and the working millions of our large cities.

Now, not for the moment to speak of the agricultural changes that seem to be imminent, it is surely idle to talk of a necessity for exceptional and extensive emigration at the public expense for a class of people who are actively engaged in an industry capable of so great development, if an obstacle, which can only at best be regarded as temporary in its nature, were to be seasonably removed. The wealth of the Minch is as well worth cultivating as that of Manitoba, and as likely to be remunerative. The Commissioners are not blind to the importance of the fisheries for the Highlands, and recommend a considerable public expenditure for erecting the necessary piers and harbours, and for providing fishermen with boats and nets on State credit. The recommendations as to piers and harbours ought to be most favourably entertained, because these works will be of great public advantage, and they are not likely to be built by local capital. Sir James Matheson was one of the richest and most generous landlords, but an old factor of his stated to the Commission that he never could get Sir James to expend a farthing on local harbours, or to give any other answer but "Let the curers do that;" and as the curers may be in Stornoway this year and Barra the next, they will not incur the cost. As to the suggestion of giving loans to fishermen, what is really wanted is not a temporary but a permanent provision for that purpose. Most Scotch fishermen who have boats now have been assisted to purchase them by loans, usually given by curers, who charge interest for the accommodation, and obtain the fish besides at a less rate than they should pay to fishermen who were free of debt. Wherever any provision exists for supplying such loans to fishermen, great benefit accrues, as is now being shown by Lady Burdett Coutts at Cape Clear, although she adopts the most objectionable principle of charging no interest; and the experiences of the Irish Reproductive Loan Fund for the last eight years show that the loans and interest are both paid up with fair punctuality. Something more and better than either of these schemes is needed, and that is an institution of popular credit like the Schulze

Delitzsch People's Banks. Just as the trades union is the ameliorative agency for the modern wage labourer, who has no capital and needs none for his work, so the People's Bank is the ameliorative agency for small working farmers and tradesmen and fishermen who want a little capital to work upon. In Germany, Austria, and Italy these banks have become one of the most remarkable social growths of the century; they are founded and managed and kept financially sound without difficulty, and have proved of the highest advantage to the classes who use them. They are exactly adapted to communities like our Highland crofters and fishermen, who need credit in their business, and who, it appears from the report of the Commission, make at present a large use of accommodation bills, on which they pay not only the bank discount, but also a high interest to the sureties for their names. The money to set them going might be found in petty contributions month by month from the crofters themselves, or in those deposits of crofters in Highland banks of which the Commission heard so much—£200,000 in Portree alone was mentioned by a late factor for Lord Macdonald—and in loans from private people outside, such as Schulze Delitzsch found no difficulty in procuring on the strength of the joint liability of the members of the bank and the promise of a slightly higher interest than savings banks allow.

The Commissioners' proposals of land reform, violent as some of them will seem, are still very inadequate. The crofters ask for more land and better tenure. The agitation for better conditions of tenure is in no sense peculiar to the Highlands, and asks nothing that will not in all probability be presently demanded by agriculturists elsewhere and granted with advantage to every interest concerned. Fair rents fixed for stated periods by independent arbitration or by a land court, security from disturbance during these periods, compensation for improvements unexhausted at their expiry—these are the uniform demands of the crofters from Mull to Unst. They are accused of having been schooled into making these demands, but if so, the ease with which they have learnt the lesson shows how closely it answered their needs. But they had no use to learn such a lesson; it was already written among the traditions they clove most to. It was substantially just the tenure that was customary in the Highlands in the good old times of their grandfathers. Sir John McNeill describes that customary tenure as including the determination of rents by independent valuation for stated periods, immunity from a rise during the intervals, security from eviction except for personal delinquency or non-payment of rent, virtually hereditary occupation, and finally the attachment, as a matter of course, to all arable holdings of a corresponding extent of hill grazing. Compensation was a thing unknown in the Highlands; it is unknown still; the Commissioners say, "We have failed to find any liberal system of compensation in existence in the Highlands;" but barring this one important point, the conditions now asked by the crofters are in their essence identical with the conditions spontaneously conceded to their ancestors. And to do them justice, the Highland proprietors have, at the recent meeting in Inverness, entirely admitted the reasonableness of the crofters' demands, and agreed to offer very considerable concessions—leases of 19 to 30 years, revised rents, and compensation for permanent improvements. The offer, however, is to be limited to tenants not in arrear, a small class among crofters, and is to remain entirely in the discretion of the proprietors. This, of course, will not satisfy. The crofters ask for better conditions, not as concessions that may be taken back, but as a recognized tenant-right which they can assert before an independant tribunal, and probably nothing short of this will ultimately satisfy in the Highlands or in the Lowlands either. For the question is not a merely Highland question. A committee of the Scottish Farmers' Alliance, which was sent over to Ireland to investigate into the character of the Irish Land Act, found that Act working so beneficially wherever they went, that they have returned and recommended an immediate agitation for the introduction of a measure for Scotland on the same general lines, and the Alliance has adopted their recommendation. The only drawback to such a measure—its tendency to lessen the landlord's expenditure on his estate—is one the crofters, at any rate, have no occasion to feel, for, as the Commissioners state, Highland landlords, generous as has been their expenditure for other purposes, have very rarely spent a farthing for the direct advantage of the crofters.

The Commissioners' device for providing security of tenure is an improving lease, which may be claimed as a right before the Sheriff, which gives occupation for thirty years at a rent fixed by independent arbitration, which imposes specific obligations to make improvements, but offers reasonable compensation at the termination of the tenancy, and which may be relinquished any Whitsunday during its currency, but cannot be assigned by the occupier. To this proposal, so far as it goes, there can be no serious objection, but it is to be confined exclusively to occupiers who pay £6 or more of rent, and scarce one-eighth of the crofters pay that amount. The remaining seven-eighths are gravely recommended for protection against arbitrary eviction and rack-renting, to "the humanity of landlords and public opinion!" The Commissioners are unusually decided—they are vehement even—in their refusal to the lesser crofters of the benefits of security. They say—

> "To invest the most humble and helpless class of agricultural tenants with immunities and rights which ought to go hand in hand with the expansive

improvement of the dwelling and the soil, would tend to fix them in a condition from which they ought to be resolutely though gently withdrawn. These people ought either to pass as crofters to a holding of a higher value, or take their position among the others as labourers, mechanics, or fishermen, with a cottage and an allotment, or migrate to other seats of labour here or emigrate to other countries."

And again—

> "We have no hesitation in affirming that to grant at this moment to the whole mass of small tenants in the Highlands and Islands fixity of tenure in their holdings, uncontrolled management of these holdings and free sale of tenant-right, goodwill, and improvements, would be to perpetuate social evils of a dangerous character. It would in some districts simply accelerate the subdivision and exhaustion of the soil, promote a reckless increase of the population, aggravate the indigenous squalor and lethargy which too much abound already, and multiply the contingencies of destitution and famine which even now occur from time to time, and are ever impending."

A six-pounder's meat, it seems, is a four-pounder's poison, and a system of durable tenure which is to carry a fisherman with a big croft on to fortune is to force a fisherman with a small croft—*i.e.*, a croft he is better able to manage efficiently along with his fishing—to social wreck. And more inconsistently still, people who are believed to be so capable of self-government that they are to be created into a recognised village community, with a right to obtain more land, are declared in almost the same breath to be utterly incapable of managing the holdings that they already possess. The reasons given for this strange step do not make it more rational. The "indigenous squalor and lethargy" of the people are really, on the best testimony given to the Commission itself, the fruit of that very insecurity which the Commission invokes to remedy it, for, observe, there is this admitted and most puzzling perversity about the crofters' indolence, that it is exhibited nowhere—neither in fishing nor navvy labour, nor anywhere else—except in work on their own crofts, and the cause must therefore be rationally looked for in the discouraging conditions of that specific kind of work rather than in the nature of the worker.* And as for subdivision, that will surely be much better checked under the definite provisions of a lease or a judicial tenure than without them. Indeed, without them it is not checked at all—we have a century's experience of that. And here it is right to say that it would be most unjust to lay all the subdivision that has occurred at the crofters' door. Much of it was caused, as was shown before the Commission, by landlords themselves, who in clearing out the tenants of one township wedged them in among the tenants of another; but perhaps most of it was due to the operation of an ordinary economic force which we see producing the same results among Continental peasant proprietors every day. A new manufacture is brought to their door, and its ready money is sweet, and dispenses with the need of the old extent of land. In the Highlands the new manufacture was kelp, and while it throve it suited landlords and tenants alike that holdings should be subdivided. It is most important that peasant holdings of a size sufficient to keep a family in work and maintenance should not be subdivided beneath that size, but whether subdivision of labourers' holdings is an evil depends entirely on the amount of work to be got in the neighbourhood. In Denmark, where the *bonde* is forbidden subdivision below a certain minimum, unlimited subdivision is allowed to the *housmaend* (cottar), and if the Highland fishing should grow so much as to entice the crofters deeper into it, it is possible it might lead to further subdivision before it led, as it has done at Buckie and Loch Fyne, to complete abandonment of crofting in favour of the more remunerative occupation. But as things at present stand, the Highland fisherman certainly requires a fair-sized croft, and to do justice to his croft while he has it, he requires the same conditions as other agriculturists.

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* A strong confirmation of this has just been supplied by Professor Ramsay in his article in *Macmillan* on the Highland Crofters in Canada. After speaking of their *inertia* in Scotland, he adds: "But all this seems to disappear in Canada. . . . They were all sanguine as to their future, energetic in their arrangements, and were eagerly doing things and using means of which they had no previous experience. It seemed as if 'the magic of property' had had its effect upon them, and drawn out the powers which too often lie dormant at home." These crofters had not been more than a year in Canada, and "the magic of property" would work the same change on them as speedily at home. The magic of property is merely such a tenure as makes labour cheerful by securing to it the permanent possession of its own fruits.

The demand for more land, unlike the demand for sounder conditions of tenure, is one that is local to the Highlands, and that asks from the State intervention of a very exceptional character. The demand is based on peculiarities in Highland history, such as the clearances, which modern public opinion would no more tolerate than it would slaveholding, and the forcible deprivation from townships of hill grazings immemorially possessed, which is shown in the evidence to have been very common, and has naturally left discontent and distress behind it. Now, the proposal to restore these hill grazings, where they have been annexed to sheep-farms, is frankly admitted by the Duke of Argyll to be "a most reasonable proposition," and one he would willingly accede to; it was stated by various sheep farmers that such a loss of pasture would do no injury to their farms beyond the mere reduction of their size; and the crofters declare they are willing to pay as much per acre as the larger tenants, and in the present situation of sheep farming they are certainly likely to do so. The crofters' demand, therefore, involves nothing further than a transfer of land from one tenant to another, and so far from being the convulsion which the Marquis of Lorne seems to think it, it is probably the smallest interference with the absolute rights of property that has ever taken place to remedy social distress that has been seething for more than half a century, that has called three times for official inquiry, and has repeatedly required Government intervention, now by money and then by marines. The Commissioners' proposals, therefore, are less likely to be criticised for the call they make on State interference than from general considerations of their efficiency for the well-being of the crofters, or of fairness to other parties concerned, and we are not surprised that this was the course taken even by one with such high views of private property as the Duke of Argyll. Their proposals are, first, to endow existing townships with a regular constitution and a definite right of expansion within certain limits—a right to compel landlords to grant as much land from contiguous sheep-runs as shall raise the average rent of the occupants of the townships to £15 a year, if the Sheriff is satisfied that the applying township is really overcrowded, and that its occupants possess sufficient capital to stock the new ground; and, second, with the consent of the proprietor, to settle new townships elsewhere, with a claim to State loans for the requisite buildings, if the Sheriff is satisfied as before that the applicants have capital enough to stock the place. All that can be said for these proposals is that they would probably allay the immediate discontent, and perhaps allay it better for the time than any other expedient. The township, however, though a convenient basis for immediate expansion, is certainly not a model industrial organization, because it has no common management. The sheep of the careless tenant infect those of the careful one; the delay of the lazy tenant keeps back the work of the diligent, and the interests of the many smaller tenants are often set against those of the few larger. And this disunity is exaggerated under the scheme of the Commissioners, for some of the tenants are to have the stimulus of a lease, and others perhaps the still greater stimulus of a freehold, while the rest are to be left in their original helplessness. Devised in the interests of stability, the township is wanting in the first conditions of stability. It is therefore a question whether the ends sought would not be better served by some well-considered plan of establishing crofters' club farms, which are more consistent with modern conditions, and with the possibility of progressive development, and which have already been successfully established in various parts of the Highlands. This is the more worthy of consideration because the hour is unusually favourable for such a project. The competition of the large sheep-farming system—the most fruitful cause of the crofters' long troubles—is for the time out of the way. Sheep-farms are either thrown on the owners' hands or let at half their former rents, because the price of wool has fallen hopelessly low, and the pastures have deteriorated till they cannot carry their old stock of sheep. There was a good deal of puzzling about this last point before the Commission. The fact was admitted—only one witness doubted it, and he did not—but what could have caused it? Some thought sheep cropped the grass closer than cattle, others that they fertilized it less; but there is one fact for which, though it was not brought before the Commission, we have good documentary evidence, and which throws much light on the matter. Capt. Henderson states in his "Agriculture of Sutherland," written at the beginning of this century, that in 1798 there were in that county 49,500 acres under crop and permanent meadow; and in 1882, as we learn from the agricultural returns, there were only 31,638 acres. In 84 years, 18,000 acres, or more than a third of the green land of the county, has gone back under heather—a curious picture to place side by side with the Duke's noble, though unhappily unremunerative, exertions to reclaim heather into green land. An official return given by one of his Grace's factors states that the average price of reclamation in Sutherland is £31 an acre, so that it would now cost the Duke upwards of £550,000 to undo what sheep-farming has done, and to restore the land again to the by no means advanced condition it was in before the clearances. If these things are so, it is plain that the old tenantry were sacrificed to a huge economic blunder, and that Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail's remedy of giving the pastures long rest from sheep by turning them from farms into deer forests is an attempt to cure a great evil by giving it still greater and freer play. Under forest, the land would more and more surely go back to a state of nature, and landlord and public alike have an interest in saying it shall go no further. The true cure is coming to be seen to be a return to a more mixed system of farming—pastoral and arable, cattle and sheep combined—and to smaller sizes of holdings. One of the best evidences that large sheep-farms are doomed is that large sheep-farmers have begun to condemn them. Mr. T. Purves, an extensive and capable farmer who is no friend to crofters, tells the Commission that the present holdings are "unmanageably large," that the farmers "don't get half the use of the land they occupy," that "there should be farms from £10 up to £50 or £100," and that "the Duke would be pursuing a wise policy by giving a tenant a hirsel of sheep. Let that be a farm, and so on, or divide that perhaps into two farms." So far as the Duke here spoken of is concerned (the Duke of Sutherland), he is believed to be entirely in favour of such a plan, and it appears that Lord Macdonald has already begun it.

The chief difficulty is the want of sufficient capital among the small tenants to undertake such a size of farm. The Commissioners have no help whatever to offer in this most fundamental difficulty. They ask the State to lend capital to fishermen and to emigrants, on the personal security of these fishermen and emigrants themselves, but they refuse to recommend any such aid to farmers to buy stock. Various suggestions, however, have come from other quarters. The *Scotsman*, for example, thinks landlords, where they have sheep-farms in their own hands, might resort to the old *steelbow* system of tenure, which was not uncommon in the north of Scotland fifty years ago, and let land and stock together, on condition that both are returned at the end of the lease in as good a state as they were received in. The crofters' credit might be expanded by Mr. Greig's proposal to introduce the colonial plan of mortgaging hill stock, and it would be still further expanded by the introduction of people's banks. It is believed, moreover, that numbers of wealthy sympathizers with the crofters are not unwilling to lend money for crofter development, and it has been suggested that a company of such be formed, which might, if necessary, obtain advances for the purpose from the State at a low rate of interest. Such a company would be otherwise advantageous as well. It would find itself forced to see to the proper training of the people in modern methods of husbandry; would try to get over their objection to a pig; induce them to grow a few vegetables for their own use; and perhaps try the more important points, whether profitable dairy-farming might not be more widely introduced, or cheese factories, such as have recently grown up in Derbyshire and elsewhere. Of course, for this last work the people would have to be taught, but so had the Derby folk. Skill, capital, sound tenure, these are the three requisites, and of these the greatest is skill, but perhaps the most primarily necessary is sound tenure. With skill and good tenure, capital may be found, and small farmers will produce more and afford a higher rent than large; but without skill and sound tenure what can be made of them?

JOHN RAE.

THE POETRY OF TENNYSON.

IT is perhaps difficult for men of middle age to estimate Tennyson aright. For we who love poetry were brought up, as it were, at his feet, and he cast the magic of his fascination over our youth. We have gone away, we have travelled in other lands, absorbed in other preoccupations, often revolving problems different from those concerning which we took counsel with him; and we hear new voices, claiming authority, who aver that our old master has been superseded, that he has no message for a new generation, that his voice is no longer a talisman of power. Then we return to the country of our early love, and what shall our report be? Each one must answer for himself; but my report will be entirely loyal to those early and dear impressions. I am of those who believe that Tennyson has still a message for the world. Men become impatient with hearing Aristides so often called just, but is that the fault of Aristides? They are impatient also with a reputation, which necessarily is what all great reputations must so largely be—the empty echo of living voices from blank walls. "Now again"—not the people, but certain critics—"call it but a weed." Yet how strange these fashions in poetry are! I well remember Lord Broughton, Byron's friend, expressing to me, when I was a boy, his astonishment that the bust of Tennyson by Woolner should have been thought worthy of a place near that of Lord Byron in Trinity College, Cambridge. "Lord Byron was a great poet; but Mr. Tennyson, though he had written pretty verses," and so on. For one thing, the men of that generation deemed Tennyson terribly obscure. "In Memoriam," it was held, nobody could possibly understand. The poet, being original, had to make his own public. Men nurtured on Scott and Byron could not understand him. Now we hear no more of his obscurity. Moreover, he spoke as the mouthpiece of his own time. Doubts, aspirations, visions unfamiliar to the aging, breathed melodiously through him. Again, how contemptuously do Broad-church psychologists like George Macdonald, and writers for the *Spectator,* as well as literary persons belonging to what I may term the *finikin* school, on the other hand, now talk of our equally great poet Byron. How detestable must the North be, if the South be so admirable! But while Tennyson spoke to me in youth, Byron spoke to me in boyhood, and I still love both.

Whatever may have to be discounted from the popularity of Tennyson on account of fashion and a well-known name, or on account of his harmony with the (more or less provincial) ideas of the large majority of Englishmen, his popularity is a fact of real benefit to the public, and highly creditable to them at the same time. The establishment of his name in popular favour is but very partially accounted for by the circumstance that, when he won his spurs, he was among younger singers the only serious champion in the field, since, if I mistake not, he was at one time a less "popular" poet than Mr. Robert Montgomery. *Vox populi* is not always *vox Dei,* but it may be so accidentally, and then the people reap benefit from their happy blunder. The great poet who won the laurel before Tennyson has never been "popular" at all, and Tennyson is the only true English poet who has pleased the "public" since Byron, Walter Scott, Tom Moore, and Mrs. Hemans. But he had to conquer their suffrages, for his utterance, whatever he may have owed to Keats, was original, and his substance the outcome of an opulent and profound personality. These were serious obstacles to success, for he neither went "deep" into "the general heart" like Burns, nor appealed to superficial sentiments in easy language like Scott, Moore, and Byron. In his earliest volume indeed there was a preponderance of manner over matter; it was characterized by a certain dainty prettiness of style, that scarcely gave promise of the high spiritual vision and rich complexity of human insight to which he has since attained, though it did manifest a delicate feeling for nature in association with human moods, an extraordinarily subtle sensibility of all senses, and a luscious pictorial power. Not Endymion had been more luxuriant. All was steeped in golden languors. There were faults in plenty, and of course the critics, faithful to the instincts of their kind, were jubilant to nose them. To adapt Coleridge's funny verses, not "the Church of St. Geryon," nor the legendary Rhine, but the "stinks and stenches" of Kölntown do such offal-feeders love to enumerate, and distinguish. But the poet in his verses on "Musty Christopher" gave one of these people a Roland for his Oliver. Stuart Mill, as Mr. Mathews, in his lately published and very instructive lecture on Tennyson, points out, was the one critic in a million who remembered Pope's precept,

> "Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
> His praise is lost who waits till all commend."

Yet it is only natural that the mediocrities, who for a moment keep the door of Fame, should scrutinize with somewhat jaundiced eye the credentials of new aspirants, since every entry adds fresh bitterness to their own exclusion.

But really it is well for us, the poet's elect lovers, to remember that he once had faults, however few he may now retain; for the perverse generation who dance not when the poet pipes to them, nor mourn when he weeps, have turned upon Tennyson with the cry that he "is all fault who has no fault at all"—they would have us regard him as a kind of Andrea del Sarto, a "blameless" artistic "monster," a poet of unimpeachable technical skill, but keeping a certain dead level of moderate merit. It is as well to be reminded that this at all events is false. The dawn of his young art was beautiful; but the artist had all the generous faults of youthful genius—excess, vision confused with gorgeous colour and predominant sense, too palpable artifice of diction, indistinctness of articulation in the outline, intricately-woven cross-lights flooding the canvas, defect of living interest; while Coleridge said that he began to write poetry without an ear for metre. Neither Adeline, Madeline, nor Eleanore are living portraits, though Eleanore is gorgeously painted. "The Ode to Memory" has isolated images of rare beauty, but it is kaleidoscopic in effect; the fancy is playing with loose foam-wreaths, rather than the imagination "taking things by the heart." But our great poet has gone beyond these. He has himself rejected twenty-six out of the fifty-eight poems published in his first volume; while some of those even in the second have been altogether rewritten. Such defects are eminently present in the lately republished poem written in youth, "The Lover's Tale," though this too has been altered. As a storehouse of fine imagery, metaphor, and deftly moulded phrase, of blank verse also whose sonorous rhythm must surely be a fabric of adult architecture, the piece can hardly be surpassed; but the tale as tale lingers and lapses, overweighted with the too gorgeous trappings under which it so laboriously moves. And such expression as the following, though not un-Shakspearian, is hardly quarried from the soundest material in Shakspeare—for, after all, Shakspeare was a euphuist now and then—

> "Why fed we from one fountain? drew one sun?
> Why were our mothers branches of one stem,
>   if that same nearness
> Were father to this distance, and that *one*
> Vaunt courier to this *double*, if affection
> Living slew love, and sympathy hewed out
> The bosom-sepulchre of sympathy?"

Yet "Mariana" had the virtue, which the poet has displayed so pre-eminently since, of concentration. Every subtle touch enhances the effect he intends to produce, that of the desolation of the deserted woman, whose hope is nearly extinguished; Nature hammering a fresh nail into her coffin with every innocent aspect or movement. Beautiful too are "Love and Death" and "The Poet's Mind;" while in "The Poet" we have the oft-quoted line: "Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."

Mr. G. Brimley was the first, I believe, to point out the distinctive peculiarity of Lord Tennyson's treatment of landscape. It is treated by him dramatically; that is to say, the details of it are selected so as to be interpretative of the particular mood or emotion he wishes to represent. Thus in the two Marianas, they are painted with the minute distinctness appropriate to the morbid and sickening observation of the lonely woman, whose attention is distracted by no cares, pleasures, or satisfied affections. That is a pregnant remark, a key to unlock a good deal of Tennyson's work with. Byron and Shelley, though they are carried out of themselves in contemplating Nature, do not, I think, often take her as interpreter of moods alien to their own. In Wordsworth's "Excursion," it is true, Margaret's lonely grief is thus delineated through the neglect of her garden and the surroundings of her cottage; yet this is not so characteristic a note of his nature-poetry. In the "Miller's Daughter" and the "Gardener's Daughter" the lovers would be little indeed without the associated scene so germane to the incidents narrated, both as congenial setting of the picture for a spectator, and as vitally fused with the emotion of the lovers; while never was more lovely landscape-painting of the gentle order than in the "Gardener's Daughter." Lessing, who says that poetry ought never to be pictorial, would, I suppose, much object to Tennyson's; but to me, I confess, this mellow, lucid, luminous word-painting of his is entirely delightful. It refutes the criticism that words cannot convey a picture by perfectly conveying it. *Solvitur ambulando;* the Gardener's Daughter standing by her rose-bush, "a sight to make an old man young," remaining in our vision to confound all crabbed pedants with pet theories.

In his second volume, indeed, the poet's art was well mastered, for here we find the "Lotos-eaters," "Œnone," "The Palace of Art," "A Dream of Fair Women," the tender "May-Queen," and the "Lady of Shalott." Perhaps the first four of these are among the very finest works of Tennyson. In the mouth of the love-lorn nymph Œnone he places the complaint concerning Paris into which there enters so much delightful picture of the scenery around Mount Ida, and of those fair immortals who came to be judged by the beardless apple-arbiter. How deliciously flows the verse!—though probably it flows still more entrancingly in the "Lotos-eaters," wandering there like clouds of fragrant incense, or some slow heavy honey, or a rare amber unguent poured out. How wonderfully harmonious with the dream-mood of the dreamers are phrase, image, and measure! But we need not quote the lovely choric song wherein occur the lines—

> "Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,"

so entirely restful and happy in their simplicity. If Art would always blossom so, she might be forgiven if she blossomed only for her own sake; yet this controversy regarding *Art for Art* need hardly have arisen, since Art may certainly bloom for her own sake, if only she consent to assimilate in her blooming, and so exhale for her votaries, in due proportion, all elements essential to Nature, and Humanity; for in the highest artist all faculties are transfigured into one supreme organ; while among forms her form is the most consummate, among fruits her fruit offers the most satisfying refreshment. What a delicately true picture have we here—

> "And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
> Along the cliff to fall, and pause and fall did seem,"

where we feel also the poet's remarkable faculty of making word and rhythm an echo and auxiliary of the sense. Not only have we the three cæsuras respectively after "fall," and "pause" and "fall," but the length, and soft amplitude of the vowel sounds with liquid consonants aid in the realisation of the picture, reminding of Milton's beautiful "From morn to noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day." The same faculty is notable in the rippling lilt of the charming little "Brook" song, and indeed everywhere. In the "Dream of Fair Women" we have a series of cabinet portraits, presenting a situation of human interest with a few animating touches, but still chiefly through suggestive surroundings. There occurs the magnificent phrase of Cleopatra: "We drank the Lybian sun to sleep, and lit lamps which outburned Canopus." The force of expression could be carried no further than throughout this poem, and by "expression" of course I do not mean pretty words, or power-words for their own sweet sake, for these, expressing nothing, whatever else they may be, are not "expression;" but I mean the forcible or felicitous presentment of thought, image, feeling, or incident, through pregnant and beautiful language in harmony with them; though the subtle and indirect suggestion of language is unquestionably an element to be taken into account by poetry. The "Palace of Art" is perhaps equal to the former poem for lucid splendour of description, in this instance pointing a moral, allegorising a truth. Scornful pride, intellectual arrogance, selfish absorption in æsthetic enjoyment, is imaged forth in this vision of the queen's world-reflecting palace, and its various treasures—the end being a sense of unendurable isolation, engendering madness, but at last repentance, and reconcilement with the scouted commonalty of mankind.

The dominant note of Tennyson's poetry is assuredly the delineation of human moods modulated by Nature, and through a system of Nature-symbolism. Thus, in "Elaine," when Lancelot has sent a courtier to the queen, asking her to grant him audience, that he may present the diamonds won for her in tourney, she receives the messenger with unmoved dignity; but he, bending low and reverently before her, saw "with a sidelong eye"

> "The shadow of some piece of pointed lace
> In the queen's shadow vibrate on the walls,
> And parted, laughing in his courtly heart."

The "Morte d'Arthur" affords a striking instance of this peculiarly Tennysonian method. That is another of the very finest pieces. Such poetry may suggest labour, but not more than does the poetry of Virgil or Milton. Every word is the right word, and each in the right place. Sir H. Taylor indeed warns poets against "wanting to make every word beautiful." And yet here it must be owned that the result of such an effort is successful, so delicate has become the artistic tact of this poet in his maturity.* For, good expression being the happy adaptation of language to meaning, it follows that sometimes good expression will be perfectly simple, even ordinary in character, and sometimes it will be ornate, elaborate, dignified. He who can thus vary his language is the best verbal artist, and Tennyson can thus vary it. In this poem, the "Morte d'Arthur," too, we have "deep-chested music." Except in some of Wordsworth and Shelley, or in the magnificent "Hyperion" of Keats, we have had no such stately, sonorous organ-music in English verse since Milton as in this poem, or in "Tithonus," "Ulysses," "Lucretius," and "Guinevere." From the majestic overture,

> "So all day long the noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the winter sea,"

onward to the end, the same high elevation is maintained.

But this very picturesqueness of treatment has been urged against Tennyson as a fault in his narrative pieces generally, from its alleged over-luxuriance, and tendency to absorb, rather than enhance, the higher human interest of character and action. However this be (and I think it is an objection that does apply, for instance, to "The Princess"), here in this poem picturesqueness must be counted as a merit, because congenial to the semi-mythical, ideal, and parabolic nature of Arthurian legend, full of portent and supernatural suggestion. Such Ossianic hero-forms are nearly as much akin to the elements as to man. And the same answer holds largely in the case of the other Arthurian Idylls. It has been noted how well-chosen is the epithet "water" applied to a lake in the lines, "On one side lay the ocean, and on one Lay a great water, and the moon was full." Why is this so happy? For as a rule the concrete rather than the abstract is poetical, because the former brings with it an image, and the former involves no vision. But now in the night all Sir Bedevere could observe, or care to observe, was that there was "some great water." We do not—he did not—want to know exactly what it was. Other thoughts, other cares, preoccupy him and us. Again, of dying Arthur we are told that "all his greaves and caisses were dashed with drops of onset." "Onset" is a very generic term, poetic because removed from all vulgar associations of common parlance, and vaguely suggestive not only of war's pomp and circumstance, but of high deeds also, and heroic hearts, since onset belongs to mettle and daring; the word for vast and shadowy connotation is akin to Milton's grand abstraction, "Far off *His coming* shone," or Shelley's, "Where the Earthquake Demon taught her young *Ruin.*"

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* But the loveliest lyrics of Tennyson do not suggest labour. I do not say that, like Beethoven's music, or Heine's songs, they may not be the result of it. But they, like all supreme artistic work, "conceal," not obtrude Art; if they are not spontaneous, they produce the effect of spontaneity, not artifice. They impress the reader also with the power, for which no technical skill can be a substitute, of sincere feeling, and profound realization of their subject-matter.

It has been noted also how cunningly Tennyson can gild and furbish up the most commonplace detail—as when he calls Arthur's moustache "the knightly growth that fringed his lips," or condescends to glorify a pigeon-pie, or paints the clown's astonishment by this detail, "the brawny spearman let his cheek Bulge with the unswallowed piece, and turning stared;" or thus characterizes a pun, "and took the word, and play'd upon it, and made it of two colours." This kind of ingenuity, indeed, belongs rather to talent than to genius; it is exercised in cold blood; but talent may be a valuable auxiliary of genius, perfecting skill in the technical departments of art. Yet such a gift is not without danger to the possessor. It may tempt him to make his work too much like a delicate mosaic of costly stone, too hard and unblended, from excessive elaboration of detail. One may even prefer to art thus highly wrought a more glowing and careless strain, that lifts us off our feet, and carries us away as on a more rapid, if more turbid torrent of inspiration, such as we find in Byron, Shelley, or Victor Hugo. Here you are compelled to pause at every step, and admire the design of the costly tesselated pavement under your feet. Perhaps there is a jewelled glitter, a Pre-Raphaelite or Japanese minuteness of finish here and there in Tennyson, that takes away from the feeling of aërial perspective and remote distance, leaving little to the imagination; not suggesting and whetting the appetite, but rather satiating it: his loving observation of minute particulars is so faithful, his knowledge of what others, even men of science, have observed so accurate, his fancy so nimble in the detection of similitudes. But every master has his own manner, and his reverent disciples would be sorry if he could be without it. We love the little idiosyncracies of our friends.

I have said the objection in question does seem to lie against "The Princess." It contains some of the most beautiful poetic pearls the poet has ever dropped; but the manner appears rather disproportionate to the matter, at least to the subject as he has chosen to regard it. For it is regarded by him only semi-seriously; so lightly and sportively is the whole topic viewed at the outset, that the effect is almost that of burlesque; yet there is a very serious conclusion, and a very weighty moral is drawn from the story, the workmanship being laboured to a degree, and almost encumbered with ornamentation. But the poet himself admits the ingrained incongruity of the poem. The fine comparison of the Princess Ida in the battle to a beacon glaring ruin over raging seas, for instance, seems too grand for the occasion. How differently, and in what burning earnest has a great poet-woman, Mrs. Browning, treated this grave modern question of the civil and political position of women in "Aurora Leigh!" Tennyson's is essentially a man's view, and the frequent talk about women's beauty must be very aggravating to the "Blues." It is this poem especially that gives people with a limited knowledge of Tennyson the idea of a "pretty" poet; the prettiness, though very genuine, seems to play too patronizingly with a momentous theme. The Princess herself, and the other figures are indeed dramatically realized, but the splendour of invention, and the dainty detail, rather dazzle the eye away from their humanity. Here, however, are some of the loveliest songs that this poet, one of our supreme lyrists, ever sung: "Tears, idle tears!" "The splendour falls," "Sweet and low," "Home they brought," "Ask me no more," and the exquisite melody, "For Love is of the valley." Moreover, the grand lines toward the close are full of wisdom—

> "For woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse: could we make her as the man
> Sweet love were slain," &c.

I feel myself a somewhat similar incongruity in the poet's treatment of his more homely, modern, half-humorous themes, such as the introduction to the "Morte d'Arthur," and "Will Waterproof"; not at all in the humorous poems, like the "Northern Farmer," which are all of a piece, and perfect in their own vein. In this introduction we have "The host and I sat round the wassail bowl, then half-way ebb'd"; but this metaphorical style is not (fortunately) sustained, and so, as good luck would have it, a metaphor not being ready to hand, we have the honester and homelier line, "Till I tired out with cutting eights that day upon the pond"; yet this homespun hardly agrees with the above stage-king's costume. And so again I often venture to wish that the Poet-Laureate would not say "flowed" when he only means "said." Still, this may be hypercriticism. For I did not personally agree with the critic who objected to Enoch Arden's fish-basket being called "ocean-smelling osier." There is no doubt, however, that "Stokes, and Nokes, and Vokes" have exaggerated the poet's manner, till the "murex fished up" by Keats and Tennyson has become one universal flare of purple. Beautiful as some of Mr. Rossetti's work is, his expression in the sonnets surely became obscure from over-involution, and excessive *fioriture* of diction. But then Rossetti's style is no doubt formed considerably upon that of the Italian poets. One is glad, however, that, this time, at all events, the right man has "got the porridge!"

In connection with "Morte d'Arthur," I may draw attention again o Lord Tennyson's singular skill in producing a rhythmical response to the sense.

> "The great brand
> Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
> And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch."

Here the anapest instead of the iambic in the last place happily imitates the sword Excalibur's own gyration in the air. Then what admirable wisdom does the legend, opening out into parable, disclose toward the end! When Sir Bedevere laments the passing away of the Round Table, and Arthur's noble peerage, gone down in doubt, distrust, treachery, and blood, after that last great battle in the West, when, amid the death-white mist, "confusion fell even upon Arthur," and "friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew," how grandly comes the answer of Arthur from the mystic barge, that bears him from the visible world to "some far island valley of Avilion," "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils Himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world!" The new commencement of this poem, called in the idyls "The Passing of Arthur," is well worthy of the conclusion. How weirdly expressive is that last battle in the mist of those hours of spiritual perplexity, which overcloud even strongest natures and firmest faith, overshadowing whole communities, when we know not friend from foe, the holiest hope seems doomed to disappointment, all the great aim and work of life have failed; even loyalty to the highest is no more; the fair polity built laboriously by some god-like spirit dissolves, and "all his realm reels back into the beast;" while men "falling down in death" look up to heaven only to find cloud, and the great-voiced ocean, as it were Destiny without love and without mind, with voice of days of old and days to be, shakes the world, wastes the narrow kingdom, yea, beats upon the faces of our dead! The world-sorrow pierces here through the strain of a poet usually calm and contented. Yet "Arthur shall come again, aye, twice as fair;" for the spirit of man is young immortally.

Who, moreover, has moulded for us phrases of more transcendent dignity, of more felicitous grace and import, phrases, epithets, and lines that have already become memorable household words? More magnificent expression I cannot conceive than that of such poems as "Lucretius," "Tithonus," "Ulysses." These all for versification, language, luminous picture, harmony of structure have never been surpassed. What pregnant brevity, weight, and majesty of expression in the lines where Lucretius characterizes the death of his namesake Lucretia, ending "and from it sprang the commonwealth, which breaks, as I am breaking now!" What masterly power in poetically embodying a materialistic philosophy, congenial to modern science, yet in absolute dramatic keeping with the actual thought of the Roman poet! And at the same time, what tremendous grasp of the terrible conflict of passion with reason, two natures in one, significant for all epochs! In "Tithonus" and "Ulysses" we find embodiments in high-born verse and illustrious phrase of ideal moods, adventurous peril-affronting Enterprise contemptuously tolerant of tame household virtues in "Ulysses," and the bane of a burdensome immortality, become incapable even of love, in "Tithonus." Any personification more exquisite than that of Aurora in the latter were inconceivable.

M. Taine, in his *Litterature Anglaise*, represents Tennyson as an idyllic poet (a charming one), comfortably settled among his rhododendrons on an English lawn, and viewing the world through the somewhat insular medium of a prosperous, domestic and virtuous member of the English comfortable classes, as also of a man of letters who has fully succeeded. Again, either M. Taine, M. Scherer, or some other writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, pictures him, like his own Lady of Shalott, viewing life not as it really is, but reflected in the magic mirror of his own recluse fantasy. Now, whatever measure of truth there may formerly have been in such conceptions, they have assuredly now proved quite one-sided and inadequate. We have only to remember "Maud," the stormier poems of the "Idylls," "Lucretius," "Rizpah," the "Vision of Sin." The recent poem "Rizpah" perhaps marks the high-water mark of the Laureate's genius, and proves henceforward beyond all dispute his wide range, his command over the deeper-toned and stormier themes of human music, as well as over the gentler and more serene. It proves also that the venerable master's hand has not lost its cunning, rather that he has been even growing until now, having become more profoundly sympathetic with the world of action, and the common growth of human sorrows. "Rizpah" is certainly one of the strongest, most intensely felt, and graphically realised dramatic poems in the language; its pathos is almost overwhelming. There is nothing more tragic in Œdipus, Antigone, or Lear. And what a strong Saxon homespun language has the veteran poet found for these terrible lamentations of half-demented agony, "My Baby! the bones that had sucked me, the bones that had laughed and had cried, Theirs! O no! They are mine not theirs—they had moved in my side." Then the heart-gripping phrase breaking forth ever and anon in the imaginative metaphorical utterance of wild emotion, to which the sons and daughters of the people are often moved, eloquent beyond all eloquence, white-hot from the heart! "Dust to dust low down! let us hide! but they set him so high, that all the ships of the world could stare at him passing by." In this last book of ballads the style bears the same relation to the earlier and daintier that the style of "Samson Agonistes" bears to that of "Comus." "The Revenge" is equally masculine, simple, and sinewy in appropriate strength of expression, a most spirited rendering of a heroic naval action—worthy of a place, as is also the grand ode on the death of Wellington, beside the war odes of Campbell, the "Agincourt" of Drayton, and the "Rule Britannia" of Thomson. The irregular metre of the "Ballad of the Fleet" is most remarkable as a vehicle of the sense, resonant with din of battle, full-voiced with rising and bursting storm toward the close, like the equally spirited concluding scenes of "Harold," that depict the battle of Senlac. The dramatic characterizations in "Harold" and "Queen Mary" are excellent—Mary, Harold, the Conqueror, the Confessor, Pole, Edith, Stigand, and other subordinate sketches, being striking and successful portraits; while "Harold" is full also of incident and action—a really memorable modern play; but the main motive of "Queen Mary" fails in tragic dignity and interest, though there is about it a certain grim subdued pathos, as of still life, and there are some notable scenes. Tennyson is admirably dramatic in the pourtrayal of individual moods, of men or women in certain given situations. His plays are fine, and of real historic interest, but not nearly so remarkable as the dramatic poems I have named, as the earlier "St. Simeon Stylites," "Ulysses," "Tithonus," or as the "Northern Farmer," "Cobblers," and "Village Wife," among his later works. These last are perfectly marvellous in their fidelity and humorous photographic realism. That the poet of "Œnone," "The Lotus-eaters," and the Arthur cycle should have done these also is wonderful. The humour of them is delightful, and the rough homely diction perfect. One wishes indeed that the "dramatic fragments" collected by Lamb, like gold-dust out of the rather dreary sand-expanse of Elizabethan playwrights, were so little fragmentary as these. Tennyson's short dramatic poems are quintessential; in a brief glimpse he contrives to reveal the whole man or woman. You would know the old "Northern Farmer," with his reproach to "God Amoighty" for not "letting him aloan," and the odious farmer of the new style, with his "Proputty! Proputty!" wherever you met them. But "Dora," the "Grandmother," "Lady Clare," "Edward Gray," "Lord of Burleigh," had long since proved that Tennyson had more than one style at command; that he was master not only of a flamboyant, a Corinthian, but also of a sweet, simple, limpid English, worthy of Goldsmith or Cowper at their best.

Reverting, however, to the question of Tennyson's ability to fathom the darker recesses of our nature, what shall be said of the "Vision of Sin?" For myself I can only avow that, whenever I read it, I feel as if some horrible grey fungus of the grave were growing over my heart, and over all the world around me. As for passion, I know few more profoundly passionate poems than "Love and Duty." It paints with glowing concentrated power the conflict of duty with yearning passionate love, stronger than death. The "Sisters," and "Fatima," too, are fiercely passionate, as also is "Maud." I should be surprised to hear that a lover could read "Maud," and not feel the spring and mid-noon of passionate affection in it to the very core of him, so profoundly felt and gloriously expressed is it by the poet. Much of its power, again, is derived from that peculiarly Tennysonian ability to make Nature herself reflect, redouble, and interpret the human feeling. That is the power also of such supreme lyrics as "Break, break!" and "In the Valley of Cauterets;" of such chaste and consummate rendering of a noble woman's self-sacrifice as "Godiva," wherein "shameless gargoyles" stare, but "the still air scarcely breathes for fear;" and likewise of "Come into the garden, Maud," an invocation that palpitates with rapture of young love, in which the sweet choir of flowers bear their part, and sing antiphony. The same feeling pervades the delicious passage commencing, "Is that enchanted moon?" and "Go not, happy day." All this may be what Mr. Ruskin condemns as "pathetic" fallacy, but it is inevitable and right. For "in our life doth nature live, ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud." The same Divine Spirit pervades man and nature; she, like ourselves, has her transient moods, as well as her tranquil immoveable deeps. In her, too, is a passing as well as an eternal, while we apprehend either according to our own capacity, together with the emotional bias that dominates us at the moment. The vital and permanent in us holds the vital and permanent in her, while the temporary in us mirrors the transitory in her. I cannot think indeed that the more troubled and jarring moods of disharmony and fury are touched with quite the same degree of mastery in "Maud" as are the sunnier and happier. Tennyson hitherto had basked by preference in the brighter regions of his art, and the turbid Byronic vein appeared rather unexpectedly in him. The tame, sleek, daintily-feeding gourmêts of criticism yelped indeed their displeasure at these "hysterics," as they termed the "Sturm und Drang" elements that appeared in "Maud," especially since the poet dared appropriately to body these forth in somewhat harsh, abrupt language, and irregular metres. Such elements, in truth, hardly seemed so congenial to him as to Byron or Hugo. Yet they were welcome, as proving that our chief poet was not altogether irresponsive to the terrible social problems around him, to the corruptions, and ever-festering vices of the body politic, to the doubt, denial, and grim symptoms of upheaval at his very doors. For on the whole some of us had felt that the Poet-Laureate was almost too well contented with the general framework of things, with the prescriptive rights of long-unchallenged rule, and hoar comfortable custom, especially in England, as though these were in very deed divine, and no subterranean thunder were ever heard, even in this favoured isle, threatening Church and State, and the very fabric of society. But the temper of his class and time spoke through him. Did not all men rejoice greatly when Prince Albert opened the Exhibition of 1851; when Cobden and the Manchester school won the battle of free-trade; when steam-engines and the electric telegraph were invented; when Wordsworth's "glorious time" came, and the Revised Code passed into law; when science first told her enchanting fairy tales? Yet the Millennium tarries, and there is an exceeding "bitter cry."

But in "Maud," as indeed before in that fine sonorous chaunt, "Locksley Hall," and later in "Aylmer's Field," the poet's emphasis of appreciation is certainly reserved for the heroes, men who have inherited a strain of gloom, or ancestral disharmony moral and physical, within whom the morbific social humours break forth inevitably into plague-spots; the injustice and irony of circumstance lash them into revolt, wrath, and madness. Mr. R. H. Hutton, a critic who often writes with ability, but who seems to find a little difficulty in stepping outside the circle of his perhaps rather rigid mis-conceptions and predilections, makes the surely somewhat strange remark that "'Maud' was written to reprobate hysterics." But I fear—nay, I hope and believe—that we cannot credit the poet with any such virtuous or didactic intention in the present instance, though of course the pregnant lines beginning "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," the royal verses, the recent play so forcibly objected to by Lord Queensberry, together with various allusions to the "red fool-fury of the Seine," and "blind hysterics of the Celt," do indicate a very Conservative and law-abiding attitude. But other lines prove that after all what he mostly deprecates is "the falsehood of extremes," the blind and hasty plunge into measures of mere destruction; for he praises the statesmen who "take occasion by the hand," and make "the bounds of freedom wider yet," and even gracefully anticipates "the golden year."

The same principle on which I have throughout insisted as the key to most of Tennyson's best poetry is the key also to the moving tale "Enoch Arden," where the tropical island around the solitary shipwrecked mariner is gorgeously depicted, the picture being as full-Venetian, and resplendent in colour, as those of the "Day-Dream" and "Arabian Nights." But the conclusion of the tale is profoundly moving and pathetic, and relates a noble act of self-renouncement. Parts of "Aylmer's Field," too, are powerful.

And now we come to the "Idylls," around which no little critical controversy has raged. It has been charged against them that they are more picturesque, scenic, and daintily-wrought than human in their interest. But though assuredly the poet's love for the picturesque is in this noble epic—for epic the Idylls in their completed state may be accounted—amply indulged, I think it is seldom to the detriment of the human interest, and the remark I made about one of them, the "Morte d'Arthur," really applies to all. The Arthur cycle is not historical, as "Harold" or "Queen Mary" is, where the style is often simple almost to baldness; the whole of it belongs to the reign of myth, legend, fairy story, and parable. Ornament, image, and picture are as much appropriate here as in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," of which indeed Tennyson's poem often reminds me. But "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream," are a new revelation, made peculiarly in modern poetry, of true spiritual insight. And this not only throws fresh illuminating light into nature, but deepens also and enlarges our comprehension of man. If nature be known for a symbol and embodiment of the soul's life, by means of their analogies in nature the human heart and mind may be more profoundly understood; while human emotions win a double clearness, or an added sorrow, from their fellowship and association with outward scenes. Nature can only be fathomed through her consanguinity with our own desires, aspirations, and fears, while these again become defined and articulate by means of her related appearances. A poet, then, who is sensitive to such analogies confers a twofold benefit upon us.

I cannot at all assent to the criticism passed upon the Idylls by Mr. John Morley, who has indeed, as it appears to me, somewhat imperilled his critical reputation by the observation that they are "such little pictures as might adorn a lady's school." When we think of "Guinevere," "Vivien," the "Holy Grail," the "Passing of Arthur," this dictum seems to lack point and penetration. Indeed, had it proceeded only from some rhyming criticaster, alternating with the feeble puncture of his sting the worrying iteration of his own doleful drone, it might have been passed over as simply an impertinence.* But while the poem is in part purely a fairy romance tinctured with humanity, Tennyson has certainly intended to treat the subject in part also as a grave spiritual parable. Arthur, Guinevere, Lancelot, Elaine, Galahad, Vivien, are types, gracious or hateful. My own feeling, therefore, would rather be that there is too much human nature in the Idylls, than that there is too little; or at any rate that, while Arthur remains a mighty Shadow, whose coming and going are attended with supernatural portents, a worthy symbol of the Spirit of divine humanity, Vivien, for instance, is a too real and unlovely harlot, too gross and veritably breathing, to be in proportionate harmony with the general design. Lancelot and Guinevere, again, being far fuller of life and colour than Arthur, the situation between these three, as invented, or at least as recast from the old legends in his own fashion by the poet, does not seem artistically felicitous, if regarded as a representation of an actual occurrence in human life. But so vivid and human are many of the stories that we can hardly fail so to regard them. And if the common facts of life are made the vehicle of a parable, they must not be distorted. It is chiefly, I think, because Arthur and Merlin are only seen, as it were, through the luminous haze appropriate to romance and myth, that the main motive of the epic, the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, appears scarcely strong enough to bear the weight of momentous consequence imposed on it, which is no less than the retributive ruin of Arthur's commonwealth. Now, if Art elects to appeal to ethical instinct, as great, human, undegraded Art continually must, she is even more bound, in pursuance of her own proper end, to satisfy the demand for moral beauty, than to gratify the taste for beauty intellectual or æsthetic. And of course, while you might flatter a poetaster, you would only insult a poet by refusing to consider what he says, and only professing a concern for how he says it. Therefore if the poet choose to lay all the blame of the dissolution and failure of Arthur's polity upon the illicit loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, it seems to me that he committed a serious error in his invention of the early circumstances of their meeting; nothing of the kind being discoverable either in Mallory, or the old chronicle of Merlin. Great stress, no doubt, is laid by Sir Thomas Mallory on this illicit love as the fruitful source of much calamity; but then Mallory relates that Arthur had met and loved Guinevere long before he asked for her in marriage; whereas, according to Tennyson, he sent Lancelot to meet the betrothed maiden, and she, never having seen Arthur, loved Lancelot, as Lancelot Guinevere, at first sight. That circumstance, gratuitously invented, surely makes the degree of the lovers' guilt a problem somewhat needlessly difficult to determine, if it was intended to brand their guilt as heinous enough to deserve the ruin of a realm, and the failure of Arthur's humane life-purpose. Guinevere, seeing Lancelot before Arthur, and recognizing in him (as the sweet and pure Elaine, remember, did after her), the type of all that is noble and knightly in man, loves the messenger, and continues to love him after she has met her destined husband, whom she judges (and the reader of the Idylls can hardly fail to coincide with her judgment) somewhat cold, colourless, and aloof, however impeccable and grave; a kind of moral phantom, or imaginative symbol of the conscience, whom Guinevere, as typifying the human soul, ought indeed to love best ("not Lancelot, nor another"), but whom, as a particular living man, Arthur, one quite fails to see why Guinevere, a living woman with her own idiosyncracies, should be bound to love rather than Lancelot. For if Guinevere, as woman, ought to love "the highest" man "when she sees him," it does not appear why that obligation should not equally bind all the women of her Court also! If the whole burden of the catastrophe was to be laid upon the conception of a punishment deserved by the great guilt of particular persons, that guilt ought certainly to have been so described as to appear heinous and inexcusable to all beyond question. The story need not have been thus moralized; but the Poet-Laureate chose to emphasize the breach of a definite moral obligation as unpardonable, and pregnant with evil issues. That being so, I submit that the moral sense is left hesitating and bewildered, rather than satisfied and acquiescent, which interferes with a thorough enjoyment of the work even as art. The sacrament of marriage is high and holy; yet we feel disposed to demand whether here it may not be rather the letter and mere convention than the spirit of constant affection and true marriage that is magnified. And if so, though popularity with the English public may be secured by this vindication of their domestic ideal, higher interests are hardly so well subserved. Doubtless the treachery to husband and friend on the part of the lovers was black and detestable. Doubtless their indulged love was far from innocent. But then why invent so complicated a problem, and yet write as if it were perfectly simple and easy of solution? What I complain of is, that this love has a certain air of grievous fatality and excuse about it, while yet the poet treats it as mere unmitigated guilt, fully justifying all the disaster entailed thereby, not only on the sinners themselves, but on the State, and the cause of human welfare. Nor can we feel quite sure, as the subject is here envisaged, that, justice apart, it is quite according to probability for the knowledge of this constant illicit affection to engender a universal infidelity of the Round Table Knights to vows which not only their lips, as in the case of Guinevere, but also their hearts have sworn; infidelity to their own true affection, and disloyalty to their own genuine aspiration after the fulfilment of chivalrous duty in championing the oppressed—all because a rich-natured woman like Guinevere proves faithful to her affection for a rich kindred humanity in Lancelot! How this comes about is at any rate not sufficiently explained in the poet's narrative; and if so, he must be held to have failed both as artist and as ethical teacher, which in these Idylls he has certainly aspired to be. Then comes the further question, not altogether an easy one to answer, whether it is really true that even widespread sexual excess inevitably entails deterioration in other respects, a lowered standard of integrity and honour? The chivalry of the Middle Ages was *sans peur*, but seldom *sans reproche*. History, on being interrogated, gives an answer ambiguous as a Greek oracle. Was England, for instance, less great under the Regency than under Cromwell? But at all events, the old legends make the process of disintegration in Arthur's kingdom much clearer than it is made by Tennyson. In Mallory, for instance, Arthur is by no means the sinless being depicted by Tennyson. Rightly or wrongly, he is resolved to punish Guinevere for her infidelity by burning, and Lancelot is equally resolved to rescue her, which accordingly he does from the very stake, carrying her off with him to his castle of Joyous Gard. Then Arthur and Sir Gawain make war upon him; and thus, the great knightly heads of the Round Table at variance; the fellowship is inevitably dissolved, for Modred takes advantage of their dissension to seize upon the throne. But in the old legends, who is Modred? The son of Arthur and his sister. According to them, assuredly the origin of the doom or curse upon the kingdom is the unwitting incest, yet deliberate adultery of Arthur, or perhaps the still earlier and deeply-dyed sin of his father, Uther. Yet, Mr. Swinburne's contention, that Lord Tennyson should have emphasized the sin of Arthur as responsible for the doom that came upon himself and his kingdom, although plausible, appears to me hardly to meet all the exigencies of the case. Mr. Hutton says in reply that then the supernatural elements of the story could have found no place in the poem; no strange portents could have been described as accompanying the birth and death of Arthur. A Greek tragedian, he adds, would never have dreamt of surrounding Œdipus with such portents. But surely the latter remark demonstrates the unsoundness of the former. Has Mr. Hutton forgotten what is perhaps one of the sublimest scenes in any literature, the supernatural passing of this very deeply-dyed sinner Œdipus to his divine repose at Colonos, in the grove of those very ladies of divine vengeance, by whose awful ministry he had been at length assoiled of sin? the mysterious stairs; Antigone and Ismene expectant above; he "shading his eyes before a sight intolerable;" after drinking to the dregs the cup of sin and sorrow, rapt from the world, even he, to be tutelary deity of that land? Neither Elijah nor Moses was a sinless man; yet Moses, after enduring righteous punishment, was not, for God took him, and angels buried him: it was he who led

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* Mr. Alfred Austin, himself a true poet and critic, has long ago repented of *his* juvenile escapade in criticism, and made ample amends to the Poet-Laureate in a very able article published not long since in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Israel out of Egypt, communed with Jehovah on Sinai; he appeared with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. But I would suggest that the poet might have represented suffering and disappointment, not as penalty apportioned to particular transgressions, rather as integral elements in that mysterious destiny which determines the lot of man in his present condition of defect, moral, physical, and intellectual, involved in his "Hamartia," or failure to realize that fulness of being which yet ideally belongs to him as divine. Both these ideas —the idea of Doom or destiny, and that of Nemesis on account of voluntary transgression—are alike present in due equipoise in the great conceptions of Greek drama, as Mr. J. A. Symonds has conclusively proved in his brilliant, philosophic and poetic work on the Greek poetry, against the more one-sided contention of Schlegel. I feel throughout Shakspeare this same idea of mystic inevitable destiny dominating the lives of men: you may call it, if you please, the will of God. Yet if it dooms us to error, ignorance, and crime, at all events this will cannot resemble the wills of men as they appear to us now. Othello expiates his foolish credulity, and jealous readiness to suspect her who had given him no cause to doubt her love. But there was the old fool Brabantio, and the devil Iago; there were his race, his temperament, his circumstances in general, and the circumstances of the hour,—all these were toils woven about him by Fate. Now, if the idea of Destiny be the more accentuated (and a tragedian surely should make us feel both this, and the free-will of man), then, as it seems to me, in the interests of Art, which loves life and harmony, not pure pain, loss, discord, or negation, there ought to be a purifying or idealizing process manifest in the ordeal to which the victims are subjected, if not for the protagonists, at all events for some of those concerned in the action. We must at least be permitted to behold the spectacle of constancy and fortitude, or devotion, as we do in Desdemona, Cordelia, Antigone, Iphigenia, Romeo and Juliet. But the ethical element of free-will is almost exclusively accentuated by Tennyson; and in such a case we desire to be fully persuaded that the "poetical justice" dealt out by the poet is really and radically justice, not a mere provincial or conventional semblance thereof.

Yet if you confine your attention to the individual Idylls themselves, they are undoubtedly most beautiful models of sinewy strength, touched to consummate grace. There can be nothing more exquisite than the tender flower-like humanity of dear Elaine, nor more perfect in pathetic dignity than the Idyll of Guinevere. Vivien is very powerful; but, as I said, the courtesan appears to me too coarsely and graphically realized for perfect keeping with the general tone of this faëry epic. The "Holy Grail" is a wonderful creation in the realm of the supernatural; all instinct with high spiritual significance, though some of the invention in this, as in the other Idylls, belongs to Sir Thomas Mallory. The adventures of the knights, notably of Galahad, Percivale, and Lancelot, in their quest for the Grail, are splendidly described. What, again, can be nobler than the parting of Arthur and Guinevere at Almesbury, where the King forgives and blesses her, she grovelling repentant before him, the gleaming "dragon of the great Pendragonship" making a vaporous halo in the night, as Arthur leaves her, "moving ghost-like to his doom?" Here the scenic element blends incorporate with the human, but assuredly does not overpower it, as has been pretended. Then how excellent dramatically are the subordinate figures of the little nun at Almesbury, and the rustic old monk, with whom Percivale converses in the Holy Grail; while, if we were to notice such similes (Homeric in their elaboration, though modern in their minute fidelity to nature) as that in Enid, which concerns the man startling the fish in clear water by holding up "a shining hand against the sun," or the happy comparison of standing muscle on an arm to a brook "running too vehemently" over a stone "to break upon it," our task would be interminable. The Arthur Idylls are full too of elevating exemplars for the conduct of life, of such chivalrous traits as courage, generosity, courtesy, forbearance, consecration, devotion of life for loyalty and love, service of the weak and oppressed; abounding also with excellent gnomic sayings inculcating these virtues. What admirable and delightful ladies are Enid, Elaine, Guinevere! Of the Laureate's longer works, this poem and "In Memoriam" are his greatest, though both of these are composed of many brief song-flights.

It may not be unprofitable to inquire what idea Tennyson probably intended to symbolise by the "Holy Grail," and the quest for it. Is it that of mere supernatural portent? Certainly not. The whole treatment suggests far more. I used to think it signified the mystical blood of Christ, the spirit of self-devotion, or, as Mallory defines it, "the secret of Jesus." But it scarcely seems possible that Tennyson means precisely that, for then his ideal man Arthur would not discourage the quest. Does it not rather stand for that secret of the higher life as sought in any form of supernatural religion, involving acts of worship or asceticism, and religious contemplation? Yet Arthur deprecates not the religious life as such—rather that life in so far as it is not the auxiliary of human service. It is while pursuing the quest that Percivale (in the "Holy Grail") finds all common life, even the most sacred relations of it, as well as the most ordinary and vulgar, turn to dust when he touches them; and to a religious fanatic that is indeed the issue—this life is less than dust to him; he exists for the future and "supernatural" only; his soul is already in another region than this homely work-a-day world of ours; and because it is another, he is only too ready to think it must be higher. What to him are our politics, our bewilderments, our fair humanities, our art and science, or schemes of social amelioration? Less than nothing. What he has to do is to save first his own soul, and then some few souls of others, if he can. But while, as Arthur himself complained, such an one waits for the beatific vision, or follows "wandering fires" of superstition, how often, for men with strength to right the wronged, will "the chance of noble deeds come and go unchallenged!" Arthur even dares to call the Holy Grail "a sign to maim this order which I made." "Many of you, yea most, return no more." But, as the Queen laments, "this madness has come on us for our sins." Percivale turns monk, Galahad passes away to the spiritual city, Sir Bors meets Lancelot riding madly all abroad, and shouting, "Stay me not; I have been the sluggard, and I ride apace, for now there is a lion in the path!" Lancelot rides on the quest in order that, through the vision of the Grail, the sin of which his conscience accuses him may be rooted out of his heart. And so it was partly the sin—the infidelity to their vows—that had crept in amongst the knights, which drove the best of them to expiation, to religious fervours, whereby their sin might be purged, thus completing the disintegration of that holy human brotherhood, which had been welded together by Arthur for activities of righteous and loving endeavour after human welfare. Magnificent is the picture of the terrible, difficult quest of Lancelot, whose ineradicable sin hinders him from full enjoyment of the spiritual vision after which he longs. Nor will Arthur unduly discourage those who have thus in mortal peril half attained. "Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and Percivale, for these have seen according to their sight." Into his mouth the poet also puts some beautiful lines on prayer. More indeed may be wrought for the world by the silent spiritual life, by the truth-seeking student, by the beauty-loving artist, than is commonly believed. In worshipping the ideal they bless men. Arthur rebukes Gawain for light infidel profanity, born only of blind contented immersion in the slime of sense; while for the others, there was little indeed of the true religious spirit in their quest. "They followed but the leader's bell, for one hath seen, and all the blind will see." With them it is mere fashion, and hollow lip-service, or superstitious fear; a very devil-worship indeed, standing to them too often in the place of justice, mercy, and plain human duty. Nay, what terrible crimes have been committed against humanity in the name of this very religion! Even Percivale only attained to spiritual vision through the vision of Galahad, whose power of strong faith came upon him, for he lacked humility, a heavenly virtue too often lacking in the *unco guid*, as likewise in those raised above their fellows through any uncommon gifts, whether of body or mind. In the old legends, the sin of Lancelot himself is represented as consisting quite as much in personal ambition, over-self-confidence, and pride on the score of his prowess, as in his adultery with the Queen. Yet the "pure religion and undefiled" of Galahad and St. Agnes had been long since celebrated by our poet in two of his loveliest poems. But these sweet children were not left long to battle for goodness and truth upon the earth; heaven was waiting for them; though, while he remained, Galahad, who saw the vision because he was pure in heart, "rode shattering evil customs everywhere" in the strength of that purity and that vision. Arthur, however, avers he could not himself have joined in the quest, because his mission was to mould and guard his kingdom, although, that done, "let visions come and welcome;" nay, to him the common earth and air are all vision; and yet he knows himself no vision, nor God, nor the divine man. To the spiritual, indeed, all is religious, sacred, sacramental, for they look through the appearance to the reality, half hidden and half revealed under it. This avowal reminds me of Wordsworth's grand passage in the "Ode on Immortality" concerning "creatures moving about in worlds not realized." But for men not so far advanced revelations of the Holy Grail, sacramental observances, and stated acts of worship, are indeed of highest import and utility. Yet good, straightforward, modest Sir Bors, who is not over-anxious about the vision, to him it is for a moment vouchsafed, though Lancelot and Percivale attain to it with difficulty, and selfish, superstitious worldlings, with their worse than profitless head-knowledge, bad hearts, hollow worship of Convention and the Dead Letter, get no inkling of it at all. This wholesome conviction I trace through many of the Laureate's writings. Stylites is not intended to be a flattering, though it is certainly a veracious portrait of the sanctimonious, self-depreciating, yet self-worshipping ascetic. The same feeling runs through "Queen Mary"; and Harold, the honest warrior of unpretending virtue, is well contrasted with the devout, yet un-English and only half-kingly confessor, upon whose piety Stigand passes no very complimentary remarks. So that the recent play which Lord Queensberry objected to surprises me; for in "Despair" it is theological caricature of the divine character which is made responsible for the catastrophe quite as much as Agnosticism, a mere reaction from false belief. Besides, has not Tennyson sung "There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds," and "Power was with him in the night, which makes the darkness and the light, and dwells not in the light alone"?

Turning now to the philosophical and elegiac poetry of Tennyson, one would pronounce the poet to be in the best sense a religious mystic of deep insight, though fully alive to the claims of activity, culture, science, and art. It would not be easy to find more striking philosophical poetry than the lines on "Will," the "Higher Pantheism," "Wages," "Flower in the Crannied Wall," the "Two Voices," and especially "In Memoriam." As to "Wages," it is surely true that Virtue, even if she seek no rest (and that is a hard saying), does seek the "wages of going on and still to be." An able writer in "To-day" objects to this doctrine. And of course an Agnostic may be, often is, a much more human person—larger, kinder, sounder—than a believer. But the truth is, the very feeling that Love and Virtue are noblest and best involves the implicit intuition of their permanence, however the understanding may doubt or deny. Again, I find myself thoroughly at one with the profound teaching of the "Higher Pantheism." As for "In Memoriam," where is the elegiac poetry equal to it in our language? Gravely the solemn verse confronts problems which, mournful or ghastly, yet with some far-away light in their eyes, look us men of this generation in the face, visiting us with dread misgiving or pathetic hope. From the conference, from the agony, from the battle, Faith emerges, aged, maimed, and scarred, yet triumphing and serene. Like every greater poet, Tennyson wears the prophet's mantle, as he wears the singer's bay. Mourners will ever thank him for such words as, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all"; and, "Let love clasp grief, lest both be drowned"; and, "Our wills are ours, we know not how; our wills are ours, to make them Thine"; as for the lines that distinguish Wisdom and Knowledge, commending Wisdom as mistress, and Knowledge but as handmaid. Every mourner has his favourite section or particular chapel of the temple-poem, where he prefers to kneel for worship of the Invisible. Yes, for into the furnace men may be cast bound and come forth free, having found for companion One whose form was like the Son of God. Our poet's conclusion may be foolish and superstitious, as some would now persuade us; but if he errs, it is in good company, for he errs with him who sang, "In la sua voluntade e nostra pace," and with Him who prayed, "Father, not My will, but Thine."

The range, then, of this poet in all the achievements of his long life is vast—lyrical, dramatic,[*] narrative, allegoric, philosophical. Even strong and barbed satire is not wanting, as in "Sea-Dreams," the fierce verses to Bulwer, "The Spiteful Letter." Of the most varied measures he is master, as of the richest and most copious vocabulary. Only in the sonnet form, perhaps, does his genius not move with so royal a port, so assured a superiority over all rivals. I have seen sonnets even by other living English writers that appeared to me more striking; notably, fine sonnets by Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Miss Blind. But surely Tennyson must have written very little indifferent poetry when you think of the fuss made by his detractors over the rather poor verses beginning "I stood on a tower in the wet," and the somewhat insignificant series entitled "The Window." For "The Victim" appears to me exceedingly good. Talk of daintiness and prettiness! Yes; but it is the lambent, water-waved damascening on a Saladin's blade; it is the rich enchasement on a Cœur de Lion's armour. Amid the soul-subduing spaces, and tall forested piers of that cathedral by Rhine, there are long jewelled flames for window, and embalmed kings lie shrined in gold, with gems all over it like eyes. While Tennyson must loyally be recognized as the Arthur or Lancelot of modern English verse, even by those among us who believe that their own work in poetry cannot fairly be damned as "minor," while he need fear the enthronement of no younger rival near him, the poetic standard he has established is in all respects so high that poets who love their art must needs glory in such a leader and such an example, though pretenders may verily be shamed into silence, and Marsyas cease henceforward to contend with Apollo.

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[*] I have just read the Laureate's new plays. They are, like all his best things, brief: "dramatic fragments," one may even call them. "The Cup" was admirably interpreted, and scenically rendered under the auspices of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry; but it is itself a precious addition to the stores of English tragedy—all movement and action, intense, heroic, steadily rising to a most impressive climax, that makes a memorable picture on the stage. Camma, though painted only with a few telling strokes, is a splendid heroine of antique virtue, fortitude, and self-devotion. "The Falcon" is a truly graceful and charming acquisition to the repertory of lighter English drama.

RODEN NOEL.

THE INDEBTEDNESS OF THE LANDED GENTRY.

IN a debate last Session upon the affairs of Egypt, when a member of the Opposition had spoken inaccurately of the condition of the fellaheen as being more pitiful than in the days of Ismail, I observed concerning their indebtedness that it was small compared with that of the landed gentry of the United Kingdom. Perhaps there is no more important factor in the immediate future of domestic politics than the magnitude and the consequences of this debt. At the re-commencement of a Session, in which by a great measure of Reform supplementary to the Franchise Act, the long-continued supremacy of the landed gentry is to be disestablished, I propose to look into the amount, the security, and the probable results of this enormous obligation.

We may estimate the total sum at £400,000,000. I cannot find any evidence of probability that the debt is less than that vast amount. Authorities in England and Scotland have told me that six times the gross estimated rental may be taken as a fair average, although many estates are probably charged with three times that burden. Evidence is scattered throughout many Blue Books. The most trustworthy is that of the "family solicitors," and from among that class I take Mr. Bartle Frere, of Lincoln's Inn, as one of the widest practice. Before the Select Committee on Land Titles and Transfer, Mr. Frere, in reply to Mr. Gregory, another eminent solicitor, gave it as his opinion that estates in England are charged as heavily as estates in Ireland, and Mr. Gregory did not appear to differ from this statement. In Ireland the indebtedness of the landed gentry has been more closely investigated. English and Scotch landowners shrink from inquiry which Irish gentlemen have accepted in order to strengthen their complaints against the Land

Act of 1881. From Ireland there is a volume of evidence. I take only the most valuable, that of Mr. Hussey, who has dealt for many years with an agricultural rental amounting to a quarter of a million sterling. Mr. Hussey estimates the agricultural rental of Ireland at £14,000,000. It is important to notice that the highest assessment of Ireland, that of 1881, under Schedule B of the Income Tax, in respect of the occupation of land, is £9,980,694. In 1882, before the Lords' Committee, Mr. Hussey replied to Lord Cairns that the encumbrances and charges upon Irish land amounted to more than six times the gross rental—that is, to more than £84,000,000.

What was the agricultural rental of Great Britain at the time to which this estimate applies? No one will dispute the authority of Sir James Caird as to England and Scotland. He stands generally upon the figures of Schedule B, which, according to Mr. Hussey, and to evident probability, are considerably below the actual figures. In 1878 the assessment to Schedule B for the United Kingdom was £69,172,300, which was thus divided:—England and Wales, £51,566,035; Scotland, £7,669,584; Ireland, £9,936,681. In that year Sir James Caird estimated the annual rental of agricultural land, excluding all mineral rents and all holdings under 10 acres, at £67,000,000, and the capital value of that rental at £2,000,000,000. If we adopt this as a basis, and take the calculation of six times the rental as the average debt, the result is in excess of £400,000,000.

I think we may assume that the indebtedness of the landed gentry reaches that amount, and that the annual charge is about 4½ per cent., or £18,000,000. We have now to deal with three facts of the case: (1) That rents are falling; (2) That the selling value of land has declined far below Sir James Caird's estimate; and (3) That this great debt is very unequally distributed. We must not take reductions of rent which have been granted to sitting tenants as the full measure of the landlords' loss. The average reduction in Essex since 1878 is said to have been about 18 per cent. But the loss has been far greater. A letter from an Essex tenant affords an illustration. After complaining that his landlord makes an insufficient reduction, he proceeds:—"But last year I took on lease another farm adjoining my own, which had been let at £300 a year; the terms are: no rent for the first year, £75 for the following three years, and for the rest of the term £150 a year." If the lease is for 14 years, that is a reduction of nearly 60 per cent., and if the farm was mortgaged for two-thirds of its former value, a sale would not satisfy the claim of the mortgagee. The President of the Land Surveyors' Institute stated in November that reductions had amounted in Huntingdonshire to 59·2 per cent.; in Worcestershire to 51 per cent.; and in Northamptonshire to 40 per cent. A tenant writing from the Midland Counties says that "new tenants are taken at 40 per cent. reduction."

Tenants who have obtained reduction of 15 per cent. are crying out against the inhumanity of landlords in forcing them to choose between giving notice to quit, which may involve a certain loss upon their stock-in-trade, and remaining at the rental from which they claim a reduction equal to that gained by new tenants. The Scottish farmers have commenced an agitation for power to break their leases by giving two years' notice, or to obtain a revaluation of their holdings at rates accepted from incoming tenants. According to trustworthy evidence, there are farms to let in most counties, and upon these the landlords' loss must be generally very great. Much land has been unprofitably converted into pasture; and some, but not much, has gone "out of cultivation," a term which means allowing the growth of nature to take place upon the unlevelled furrows of the plough. Mr. Page Wood, speaking lately at an Essex meeting, referred to a calculation that there are now 60,000 acres of land in that county "which are either uncultivated or return no rent to the landlord." He mentioned a good average farm—Kelvedon Hall—formerly let at £400 a year, but now held rent free; another in Thaxsted, which a tenant who held it on condition of paying the tithe only, had been forced to surrender, "as he could not make cultivation produce even the tithe;" a third, which he himself had taken at the nominal rent of 5*s*. per acre, but found unprofitable, and which is now let rent free; a fourth, at Rivenhall, which had been in good cultivation for many years, and "is now lying without a tenant."

The depreciation in the selling value of land is, in proportion, far greater than the average reduction of rental. But no possible depreciation would make the agricultural land as a whole bad security for a debt of £400,000,000. It is good and right that land should be charged with loans. But of this debt only a small portion has been expended in improvements. In a letter dated last month, Mr. Bailey Denton believes that no more than 4,000,000 acres have been effectively drained by private funds, involving an outlay of perhaps £30,000,000. Sir James Caird says that no more than £15,000,000 have been expended in improvements under official inspection. Altogether he does not believe that in twenty of the most prosperous years the whole cost of landlords' improvements has exceeded £60,000,000. Of the load of debt, a heavy part consists of charges for the benefit of members of the family, and another part may be consequent upon the extravagance of the present or some former life tenant. But in respect to all, the liability of the estate remains notwithstanding the depression, and while the present life tenant sees his narrow margin falling, the claims of relatives and mortgagees have to be met, if possible, with punctuality and without reduction.

In further consideration of this indebtedness, we must pass to those who are the holders of security. Generally speaking, they are relatives, banks, especially those known as private banks, and insurance companies. Outside these three categories there is a large body of lenders upon agricultural land, including wealthy solicitors and country capitalists, who have little knowledge of the Stock Exchange, and who have liked to fix their eye upon the acres on which their money is secured. There are certainly many landlords who, even at the valuation of 1878, had not more than a third of their rental free for their own expenditure. There are many who had not so much: there are others who had nothing, and who have lived in continued and in deepening insolvency. The relatives are not generally in a position to press their claims at law, and where pressure of mortgagees has been urgent and the margin narrow, they must have had to submit to severe reduction. As to other creditors, there are not a few landlords whom the depth of depression has actually carried into independence, because foreclosure would result in loss of a large part of the debt. If there were a run upon certain of the private banks, those institutions could not realise their securities; if the funds of insurance companies were needed, the money would not be forthcoming. The case has been publicly mentioned of a gentleman who has lent £50,000 on an estate in the Midlands; a bank holds a second mortgage for £20,000. The gentleman wished to withdraw his money; he was advised not to press a sale, as the estate would not yield the amount of his loan. Such cases are typical rather than exceptional. Until they can no longer sustain loss of interest, the most deeply embarrassed landlord has his creditors at an advantage. Foreclosure, which would proclaim him bankrupt, would perhaps place them in the same position. Improvement is stopped. Mr. Hussey has much land to sell, but he says an Irish landlord who improves his property must be a lunatic. All over the country tenants are claiming reduction, and they too would be called lunatics if they improved concurrently with that demand. In spite of the Holdings Act, the landlord has a sitting tenant at a terrible disadvantage. He may press him to the verge of breaking by refusing reduction, or in more profitable times by raising his rent. There is an old saying among farmers, "It is better to rue sitting than to rue flitting," and until that Act is amended so that the farmer cannot be deprived by unfair rent of the increase in letting value due to his own improvements—saving to the landlord that which is due to his property in the soil—the occupying tenant will never have justice, and the interests of agriculture will not be duly protected.

It may be said that there are charges upon every entailed estate, but the gravity of the actual circumstances arises from the fact that upon many properties which are very heavily charged, the depression has carried away much more than the margin of security. The mode of borrowing is the most costly and burdensome which the enemies of landowning could possibly devise. Upon second and third mortgages 5 per cent. is a common rate of interest, and although the value of money has fallen, it would not be possible to transfer those charges. This is the only civilized country of the world in which a second mortgage is justly regarded with suspicion. With improved laws, there could be no reason why there should be an advance in the rate of interest upon a second mortgage. In England a borrower may have very abundant margin, and yet a lender does not like a second charge. In addition to other and possible troubles, look at the liability to which he is subject! The method of "tacking" described by Mr. Joshua Williams is this:—I have a mortgage on land, and that land is mortgaged again to A. B., subject to my mortgage; then, say, it is mortgaged a third time to C. D. If I take the transfer of C. D.'s mortgage without prior notice of the mortgage of A. B., I can tack his charge to my own, and I stand as first mortgagee for my own deed and C. D.'s deed, and A. B. is excluded and postponed to a charge created after he lent his money. And then the cost is so consumptive of the property, involving a historical investigation of title at each borrowing.

Is the depression permanent? It is not likely that the price of wheat will continue so low as it has been. There is no Member of Parliament who can speak on this point with authority equal to that of Mr. Williamson, who says:—"In no country under the sun, taking the average yield of the wheat crops per acre, can wheat be grown to be shipped to England, for sale at present prices, without heavy loss. . . . . Taking the small average produce per acre in the United States, coupled with the fact that the great bulk of the farmers have heavy mortgage interest to pay, it is absolute ruin to them to be obliged to force their wheat at present prices." It should be noticed that these opinions are guarded with reference to the present produce per acre. Suppose the produce of the United States were to rise from 13 to 15 bushels per acre, with no addition to the cost per bushel. That is a possibility which must be faced. It is not, however, likely to occur in conjunction with existing rates for carriage. For the production of the same crop, rent may be said to be the surplus value of cultivable land due to superiority of position and of natural productiveness in relation to markets. I do not think the rental of agricultural land in England was too high in 1878, but it may be much too high for the established system of agriculture. There must be a change in our agricultural system, and it must be gradual and painful. A common estimate, some years ago, of the cost of a purely agricultural property was £35 for land and £15 per acre for the buildings. The value of such land will doubtless improve; there will be a clearance of insolvent landlords and some change in the system of farming. The business of landowning will perhaps never combine pleasure and profit as it has done, and there will be a tendency to connect ownership with occupation. Many of the large homesteads will never realize their cost, and indeed every day such buildings are falling in value by the conversion of arable land into grass.

The landowners are not unpopular; they have not dealt unkindly with their tenants; but for centuries they have used their practically absolute dominion in the Legislature after the natural manner of a privileged class. They have been imprudent and short-sighted. If they do not now suffer for this neglect, their immunity will be due, not to their own power, but rather to the fixed principles of those whose counsels of reform they have so long despised. Had they been wise, they would have taken to themselves hundreds of thousands to meet the all-powerful democracy. After an unchecked reign of two hundred years, their supremacy is broken—it dies with this year. They have been careless in their day and generation; they have not known the signs of the times; and now they—a few thousands, who with the ownership of two-thirds of Britain in their hands could all meet in Exeter Hall—have been forced to yield authority to the millions of the population.

The people will be wiser than their landlords, and I trust their first act will be one richly fraught with benefit to that narrow class which has given so little heed to the interest of the many. In explanation of my view of landlords' policy, let me quote the language of their advocates in words of Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Henry Freshfield. The President of the Incorporated Law Society was referring in evidence before a Select Committee to the evils of entail and strict settlement, when Sir George Bowyer, in the customary manner, severely rebuked him, with an angry demand whether he was "prepared to get rid of that political law in order to simplify conveyancing?" Mr. Freshfield, examined by the Duke of Richmond, thought "the interest of the country, the national interest, best promoted by the existing state of the law." It was argued by Sir George Bowyer that the English land system must remain untouched, because it is the foundation of the House of Lords. Whether that be true or not, it is certain that the soil of a country cannot be permanently held in subservience to the interests of any political institution and in disregard of economic laws.

The present time is most favourable for the consideration of reform, because the indebtedness of the landed gentry must impel them in that direction. Though they are the smallest class, though under their rule agriculture has fallen behind the textile industry in regard to the numbers employed, they still possess great power. In a Parliament of about 1,200 members they control in both Houses nearly 900 votes. The English land system has broken down. It will never be restored. Landlords who love its political character—land-agents, for whom the system has afforded a professional paradise, will strive in vain to maintain it. The forces of self-interest, of self-preservation, and the urgency of popular will, are working together for its downfall. If landlords were wise, they would hasten to join hands with the moderate land-law reformers. Many no doubt will take that course, but the majority will probably act with less sagacity. Long accustomed to domination, those who are contemptuous as to the intelligence of the masses will strive to make the best of both worlds—the old and the new—in attempting to raise rents by taxation of imports. The cry for a tax on foreign corn and flour, so injurious to the farmer, who must often be a purchaser as well as a producer of corn, is nothing but the indebtedness of the landed gentry in another form—a fact which in their rural simplicity some of them suppose to be fully concealed. In the old times of forty years ago, it was put more truthfully, rather in the recent style of Lord Walsingham, who in effect tells Lord Rosebery that if he wants a quorum of forty instead of three in the House of Lords, there must be payment of members in that House by a tax on food. In 1843, Cobden at Rye quoted a speech by Sir Edward Knatchbull, declaring that landlords must have the Corn Law, in order to pay the charges upon their estates, and another by Lord Mountcashel, complaining that landlords could not pay interest on mortgages if there was no tax on bread. Plain speaking of this sort is more in keeping with the honourable reputation of the landed gentry than the shuffling tricks of modern Protectionists, who in their political intrigues make the fatal error of underrating the intelligence of those whom they address.

When it is obvious that this demand is futile, the less thoughtful will probably band together with some of the leaders of their class in a strenuous demand in some direct form for public money, relying on the power of interested votes in Parliament. Already we hear of a "British Agricultural Association," whose object is said to be that of asking Parliament to give power to lend public money to tenant-farmers, "where landlords consent." This would be an Arrears of Rent Bill in the most comfortable form, a method of meeting the indebtedness of the landed gentry which it will be the obvious duty of Parliament to resist. If Cobden had heard of it, he would have replied, as he did to Lord Mountcashel:—"In Lancashire, when a man gets into debt and cannot pay, he goes into the *Gazette;* and what is good for a manufacturer is, I think, good for a landlord." A demand much more likely to obtain a hearing, and which may possibly form part of the conditions for acceptance of a thorough reform of the laws relating to land, would be an extension of the principle of the Purchase Clauses of the Irish Land Acts to Great

Britain; a proposal in support of which landlords could claim the high authority of Sir James Caird, the principal Land Commissioner for England and Wales. His opinion on this matter is so important that I will quote the words:—

> "If the security for the repayment of the advance is good in Ireland, it would be doubly good in England and Scotland; and if the infusion amongst the body of landowners in the sister country of some proportion of the Irish tenantry is regarded as beneficial, much more would such advantageous results be likely to be secured by the addition of a body of more educated and enterprising agriculturists to the landlords of Great Britain. There is not a single reason in favour of exceptional aid from the public Treasury for Ireland that is not equally applicable to the rest of the United Kingdom, and if such aid can be given without injury to other interests, the extension of the "Bright clauses" of the Irish Land Act to England and Scotland would be followed by a much more rapid appropriation of their advantages to the farmer than they have yet met with in Ireland."

I agree entirely with the opinion that the operation of the principle of those clauses would be widely different in Great Britain, and that if it formed part of a comprehensive reform, the facilities for purchase would be so largely made use of that in its adoption great care would be needed to safeguard the interests of the Treasury. I assume that fixity of tenure and free sale would not be admitted to Great Britain. Those conditions are antagonistic, if not fatal, to the operation of purchase clauses. The provision of such means would, however, be comparatively ineffective as to public interests and as a way of escape from the indebtedness of the landed gentry, unless it were accompanied by legislation simplifying the titles to and transfer of land. I do not think it impossible that the Parliament of 1886—the first Parliament of the whole people—would consent to some cautious adoption of this principle, if it were accompanied by provisions for carrying out the following objects:—(1) Abolition of the law of primogeniture. (2) Abolition of copyhold and customary tenure. (3) Establishment of a Landed Estates Court for the sale of encumbered settled property. (4) Prohibition of settlement of land upon unborn persons, and of the general power of creating life estates in land. (5) Conveyance by registration of title.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

AUTOMATIC WRITING, OR THE RATIONALE OF PLANCHETTE.

AMONG all the changes which are taking place in our conceptions of various parts of the universe, there is none more profound, or at first sight more disquieting, than the change which, at the touch of Science, is stealing over our conception of *ourselves*. For each of us seems to be no longer a sovereign state but a federal union; the kingdom of our mind is insensibly dissolving into a republic. Instead of the *ens rationale* of the schoolmen, protected from irreverent treatment by its metaphysical abstraction; instead of Descartes' impalpable soul, seated bravely in its pineal gland, and ruling from that tiny fortress body and brain alike, we have physiologist and psychologist uniting in pulling us to pieces,—in analyzing into their sensory elements our loftiest ideas,—in tracing the diseases of memory, volition, intelligence, which gradually distort us past recognition,—in showing how one may become in a moment a different person altogether, by passing through a fit of somnambulism, or receiving a smart blow on the head. Our past self, with its stores of registered experience, continually revived in memory, seems to be held to resemble a too self-conscious phonograph, which should enjoy an agreeable sense of mental effort as its handle turned, and should preface its inevitable repetitions by some triumphant allusion to its own acumen. Our present self, this inward medley of sensations and desires, is likened to that mass of creeping things which is termed an "animal colony,"—a myriad rudimentary consciousnesses, which acquire a sort of corporate unity because one end of the amalgam has to go first and find the way.

Or one may say that the old view started from the sane mind as the normal, permanent, definite entity from which insanity was the unaccountable aberration; while in the new view it is rather sanity which needs to be accounted for; since the moral and physical being of each of us is built up from incoördination and incoherence, and the microcosm of man is but a micro-chaos held in some semblance of order by a lax and swaying hand, the wild team which a Phaeton is driving, and which must needs soon plunge into the sea. Theories like this are naturally distasteful to those who care for the dignity of man. And such readers may perhaps turn aside in impatience when I say that much of this paper will be occupied by some reasons for my belief that this analysis of human consciousness must be carried further still; that we must face the idea of concurrent streams of being, flowing alongside but unmingled within us, and with either of which our active consciousness may, under appropriate circumstances, be identified. Many people have heard, for instance, of Dr. Azam's patient, Félida X., who passes at irregular intervals from one apparent personality into another, memory and character changing suddenly as she enters her first or her second state of being. Such cases as hers I believe to be but extreme examples of an alternation which is capable of being evoked in all of us, and which in some slight measure is going on in us every day. Our cerebral focus (to use a metaphor) often shifts slightly, and is capable of shifting far. Or let me compare my active consciousness to a steam-tug, and the ideas and memories which I summon into the field of attention to the barges which the tug tows after it. Then the concurrent streams of my being are like Arve and Rhone, contiguous but hardly mingling their blue and yellow waves. I tug my barges down the Rhone, my consciousness is a *blue* consciousness, but the tail barge swings into the Arve and back again, and brings traces of the potential *yellow* consciousness back into the blue. In Félida's case tug and barges and all swerve suddenly from one stream into the other; the blue consciousness becomes the yellow in a moment and altogether. Transitions may be varied in a hundred ways, and it may happen that the life-streams mix together, and that there is a memory of all.

Moreover, there seems no reason to assume that our active consciousness is necessarily altogether superior to the consciousnesses which are at present secondary, or potential only. We may rather hold that *super-conscious* may be quite as legitimate a term as *sub-conscious*, and instead of regarding our consciousness (as is commonly done) as a *threshold* in our being, above which ideas and sensations must rise if we wish to cognise them, we may prefer to regard it as a *segment* of our being, into which ideas and sensations may enter either from below or from above; say a thermometric tube, marking ordinary temperatures, but so arranged that water may not only rise into it, by expansion, from the bottom, but also fall into it, by condensation, from the top.

Strange and extravagant as this doctrine may seem, I shall hope to show some ground for it in the present paper. I shall hope, at least, to show not only that our unconscious may interact with our conscious mental action in a more definite and tangible manner than is usually supposed, but also that this unconscious mental action may actually manifest the existence of a capital and cardinal faculty of which the conscious mind of the same persons at the same time is wholly devoid.

For the sake of brevity I shall select one alone out of many forms of unconscious action which may, if rightly scrutinized, afford a glimpse into the recesses of our being.[*]

I shall take *automatic writing;* and I shall try, by a few examples from among the many which lie before me, to show the operation, *first*, of unconscious cerebral action of the already recognized kind, but much more complex and definite than is commonly supposed to be discernible in waking persons; and, *secondly*, of telepathic action,—of the transference, that is to say, of thoughts or ideas from the conscious or unconscious mind of one person to the conscious or unconscious mind of another person, from whence they emerge in the shape of automatically written words or sentences.

I shall be able to cover a corner only of a vast and unexplored field. I venture to think that the phenomena of automatic writing will before long claim the best attention of the physiological psychologist. They have been long neglected, and I can only conjecture that this neglect is due to the eagerness with which certain spiritualists have claimed such writings as the work of Shakespeare, Byron, and other improbable persons. The message given has too often fallen below the known grammatical level of those eminent authors, and the laugh thus raised has drowned the far more instructive question as to *whence* in reality the automatic rubbish came. Yet surely to decline to investigate "planchette" because "the trail of Katie King is over it all," is very much as though one refused to analyse the meteorite at Ephesus because the town-clerk cried loudly that it was "an image which fell down from Jupiter."

Automatic writing in its simplest form is merely a variety of the tricks of unconscious action to which, in excited moments, we are all of us prone. The surplus nervous energy escapes along some habitual channel—movements of the hand, for instance, are continued or initiated; and among such hand-movements—drumming of tunes, piano-playing, drawing, and the like—*writing* naturally holds a prominent place. There is incipient graphic automatism when the nervous student scribbles Greek words on the margin of the paper on which he is striving to produce a copy of iambics. If the paper be suddenly withdrawn he will have no notion what he has written. And more, the words written will sometimes be *imaginary* words, which have needed some faint unconscious choice in order to preserve a look of real words in their arrangement of letters. A complete graphic automatism is seen in various morbid states. A man attacked by a slight epileptiform seizure while in the act of writing will sometimes continue to write a few sentences unconsciously, which, although probably nonsensical, will often be correct in spelling and grammar. Again, in the case of certain cerebral troubles, the patient will write the *wrong* word—say, "table" for "chair;"—or at least some meaningless sequence of letters, in which, however, each letter is properly formed. In each of these cases, therefore, there is graphic automatism. And they incidentally show that to write words in a sudden state of unconsciousness, or to write words against one's will, is not necessarily a proof that any intelligence is at work besides one's own.

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[*] A distinguished French *savant*, writing in the *Revue Philosophique* for December 1884, has described some ingenious experiments for detecting the indications of telepathic influence,—of the transference of thought from mind to mind which may be afforded by the movements communicated to a table by the unconscious pressure of the sitters. Dr. Richet's investigations, though apparently suggested, in part at least, by those of the Society for Psychical Research, have followed a quite original line, with results of much interest.

Still further; in spontaneous somnambulism, the patient will often write long letters or essays. Sometimes these are incoherent, like a dream; sometimes they are on the level of his waking productions; sometimes they even seem to rise above it. They may contain at any rate ingenious manipulations of data known to his waking brain, as where a baffling mathematical problem is solved during sleep.

From the natural or spontaneous cases of graphic automatism let us pass on to the induced or experimental cases. I will give first a singular transitional instance, where there is no voluntary muscular action, but yet a previous exercise of expectant attention is necessary to secure the result.

My friend Mr. A., who is much interested in mental problems, has practised introspection with assiduity and care. He finds that if he fixes his attention on some given word, and then allows his hand to rest laxly in the writing attitude, his hand presently writes the word without any conscious volition of his own; the sensation being as though the hand were moved by some power other than himself. This happens whether his eyes are open or shut, so that the gaze is not necessary to fix the attention. If he wills *not* to write, he can remove his hand and avert the action. But if he chooses a movement simpler than writing, for instance, if he holds out his open hand and strongly imagines that it will close, a kind of spasm ensues, and the hand closes, even though he exert all his voluntary force to keep it open.

It is manifest how analogous these actions are to much which in bygone times has been classed as *possession*. Mr. A. has the very sensation of being possessed,—moved from within by some agency which overrules his volition, and yet we can hardly doubt that it is merely his *unconscious* influencing his *conscious* life. The act of attention, so to say, has stamped the idea of the projected movement so strongly on his brain that the movement works itself out automatically, in spite of subsequent efforts to prevent it. The best parallel will be the case of a promise made during the hypnotic trance, which the subject is irresistibly impelled to fulfil on waking.[*] From this curious transitional case we pass on to cases where no idea of the words written has passed through the writer's consciousness. It is not easy to make quite sure that this is the case, and the *modus operandi* needs some consideration.

First we have to find an automatic writer. Perhaps one person in a hundred possesses this tendency; that is, if he sits for half an hour on a dozen evenings, amid quiet surroundings and in an expectant frame of mind, with his hand on pencil or planchette, he will begin to write words which he has not consciously thought of. But if he sees the words as he writes them he will unavoidably guess at what is coming, and spoil the spontaneous flow. Some persons can avoid this by reading a book while they write, and so keeping eyes and thoughts away from the message.[†] Another plan is to use a *planchette*; which is no occult instrument, but simply a thin piece of board supported on two castors, and on a third leg consisting of a pencil which just touches the paper. A planchette has two advantages over the ordinary pencil; namely, that a slighter impulse will start it, and that it is easier to write (or rather scrawl) without seeing or feeling what you are writing. These precautions, of course, are for the operator's own satisfaction; they are no proof to other people that he is not writing the words intentionally. That can only be proved to others if he writes facts demonstrably unknown to his conscious self; as in the telepathic cases to which we shall come further on. But as yet I am only giving fresh examples of a kind of mental action which physiology already recognises; examples, moreover, which any reader who will take the requisite trouble can probably reproduce, either in his own person or in the person of some trusted friend.

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[*] In a paper on "The Stages of Hypnotism" in *Mind* for October 1884, Mr. E. Gurney describes an experiment where this persistent influence of an impressed idea could in a certain sense, be detected in the muscular system. "A boy's arm being flexed" (and the boy having been told that he *cannot* extend it), "he is offered a sovereign to extend it. He struggles till he is red in the face; but all the while his triceps is remaining quite flaccid, or if some rigidity appears in it, the effect is at once counteracted by an equal rigidity in the biceps. The idea of the impossibility of extension—i.e., the idea of continued flexion—is thus acting itself out, even when wholly rejected from the mind."

[†] M. Taine, in the preface to the later editions of his "De l'Intelligence," narrates a case of this kind, and adds, "Certainement on constate ici un dédoublement du moi, la présence simultanée de deux séries d'idées parallèles et indépendantes, de deux centres d'action, ou si l'on veut, de deux personnes morales juxtaposées dans le même cerveau."

I lately requested a lady whom I knew to be a careful observer, but who was quite unfamiliar with this subject, to try whether she could write with a pencil or planchette, and report to me the result. Her experience may stand as typical.

> "I have tried the planchette," she writes, "and I get writing, certainly not done by my hand consciously; but it is nonsense, such as *Mebow*. I tried holding a pencil, and all I got was *mm* or *rererere*, then for hours together I got this: *Celen*, *Celen*. Whether the first letter was C or L I could never make out. Then I got *I Celen*. I was disgusted, and took a book and read while I held the pencil. Then I got *Helen*. Now note this fact: I never make H like that (like I and C juxtaposed); I make it thus: (like a printed H). I then saw that the thing I read as *I Celen* was *Helen*, my name. For days I had only *Celen*, and never for one moment expected it meant what it did."

Now this case suggests several curious analogies. First, there is an analogy with those cases of double consciousness where the patient in the "second state" has to learn to write anew. He learns more rapidly than he learnt as a child, because the necessary adjustments do already exist in his brain, although he cannot use them in the normal manner. So here, too, the hidden other self was learning to write, but learnt more rapidly than a child learns, inasmuch as the process was now but the transference of an organized memory from one stream of the inner being to another. But, secondly, we must observe (and now I am referring to many other cases besides the case cited) that the hidden self does not learn to write just as a child learns, but rather by passing through the stages first of *atactic*, then of *amnemonic* agraphy. That is to say, first, the pencil scrawls vaguely, like the patient who cannot form a single letter; then it writes the wrong letters or the wrong words, like the patient who writes blunderingly, or chooses the letters JICMNOS for James Simmonds, JASPENOS for James Pascoe, &c.; ultimately it writes correctly, though very likely (as here, and in a case of Dr. Macnish's) the handwriting of the *secondary self* * (if I may suggest a needed term) is different from the handwriting of the *primary*.

Once more: the constant repetition of the same word (which I have seen to continue with automatic writers even for months) is more characteristic of aphasia than of agraphy. And we may just remark in passing that vocal automatism presents the same analysis with morbid aphasia which graphic automatism presents with morbid agraphy. When the enthusiasts in Irying's church first yelled vaguely, then shouted some meaningless words many hundred times, and then gave a "trance-address," their *secondary self* (I may suggest) was attaining articulate speech through just the stages through which an aphasic patient will sometimes pass.* The parallel is at least a curious one; and if the theory which traces the automatic speech of aphasic patients to the *right* (or less-used) cerebral hemisphere be confirmed, a singular light might be thrown on the *locus* of the second self.

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* It is obvious that in an argument which has to thread its way amid so much of controversy and complexity, no terminology whatever can be safe from objection. In using the word *self* I do not mean to imply any theory as to the metaphysical nature of the self or ego.

But I must pass on to one more case of automatic writing, a case which I select as marking the furthest limit to which, so far as I am at present aware, pure unconscious cerebration in the waking state can go. Mr. A., whom I have already mentioned, is not usually able to get any automatic writing except (as described above) of a word on which his attention has been previously fixed. But at one period of his life, when his brain was much excited by over-study, he found that if he held a pencil and wrote *questions* the pencil would, in a feeble scrawling hand, quite unlike his own, write *answers* which he could in nowise foresee. Moreover, as will be seen, he was not only unable to foresee these answers, he was sometimes unable even to comprehend them. Many of them were anagrams—transpositions of letters which he had to puzzle over before he could get at their meaning. This makes, of course, the main importance of the case; this proof of the concurrent action of a secondary self so entirely dissociated from the primary consciousness that the questioner is almost baffled by his own automatic replies. The matter of the replies is on the usual level of automatic messages, which are apt to resemble the conversations of a capricious dream. The interest of this form of self-interrogation certainly does not lie in the wisdom of the oracle received.

> "The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil they got there."

I abridge Mr. A.'s account, and give the *answers* in italics.

> "'What is it,' said Mr. A., 'that now moves my pen?' *Religion*. 'What is religion?' *Worship*. Here arose a difficulty. Although I did not expect either of these answers, yet, when the first few letters had been written, I expected the remainder of the word. This might vitiate the result. But now, as if the intelligence wished to prove by the manner of answering, that the answer could be due to *it* alone, and in no part to mere expediency, my next question received a singular reply. 'Worship of what?' *Wbwbwbwb*. 'What is the meaning of wb?' *Win, buy*. 'What?' *Knowledge*. On the second day the first question was—'What is man?' *Flise*. My pen was at first very violently agitated, which had not been the case on the first day. It was quite a minute before it wrote as above. On the analogy of *wb* I proceeded: 'What does F stand for?' *Fesi*. 'L?' '*Le*.' 'I?' *Ivy*. 'S?' *Sir*. 'E?' *Eye*. 'Is *Fesi le ivy, sir, eye*, an anagram?' *Yes*. 'How many words in the answer?' *Four*."

Mr. A. was unable to shift these letters into an intelligible sentence, and began again on the third day with the same question:

> "'What is man?' *Tefi, Hasl, Esble Lies*. 'Is this an anagram?' *Yes*. 'How

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* It is worth noticing in this connection that in one case of Brown-Séquard's an aphasic patient *talked in his sleep*.

many words in the answer?' *Five.* 'Must I interpret it myself?' *Try.* Presently I got out, *Life is the less able!* Next I tried the previous anagram, and at last obtained *Every life is yes.*"

Other anagrams also were given, as *wfvs yoitet* (Testify! vow!); *ieb ; iov ogf wle* (I go, vow belief!); and in reply to the question, 'How shall I believe?' *neb* 16 *vbliy ev* 86 *e earf ee* (Believe by fear even! 1866). How unlikely it is that all this was due to mere accident may be seen by any one who will take letters (the vowels and consonants roughly proportioned to the frequency of their actual use), and try to make up a series of handfuls *completely* into words possessing any grammatical coherence or intelligible meaning. Now in Mr. A.'s case all the *professed* anagrams were *real* anagrams (with one error of *i* for *e*); some of the sentences were real answers to the questions; and not even the absurdest sentences were wholly meaningless. In the two first given, for instance, Mr. A. was inclined to trace a reference to books lately read; the second sentence alluding to such doctrines as that "Death solves mysteries which life cannot unlock;" the first to Spinoza's tenet that all existence is affirmation of the Deity. We seem therefore to see the secondary self struggling to express abstract thought with much the same kind of incoherence with which we have elsewhere seen it struggle to express some concrete symbol. To revert to our former parallel, we may say that "Every life is yes" bears something the same relation to a thought of Spinoza's which the letters JICMNOS bear to the name James Simmonds.

Let us consider, then, how far we have got. Mr. A. (on the view here taken) is communing with his second self, with another focus of cerebral activity within his own brain. And I imagine this other focus of personality to be capable of exhibiting about as much intelligence as one exhibits in an ordinary dream. Mr. A. awake is addressing Mr. A. asleep; and the first replies, *Religion, Worship,* &c., are very much the kind of answer that one gets if one addresses a man who is partially comatose, or muttering in broken slumber. Such a man will make brief replies which show at least that the *words* of the question are caught, though perhaps not its meaning. In the next place, the answer *wb* must, I think, as Mr. A. suggests, be taken as an attempt to prove independent action, a confused inchoate response to the writer's fear that his waking self might be suggesting the words written. The same trick of language—abbreviation by initial letters, occurs on the second day again; and this kind of *continuity of character,* which automatic messages often exhibit, has been sometimes taken to indicate the persisting presence of an extraneous mind. But perhaps its true parallel may be found in the well-known cases of intermittent memory, where a person repeatedly subjected to certain abnormal states, as somnambulism or the hypnotic trance, carries on from one access into another a chain of recollections of which his ordinary self knows nothing.

In Mr. A.'s case, however, some persons might think that the proof of an independent intelligence went much further than this; for his hand wrote anagrams which his waking brain took an hour or more to unriddle. And certainly there could hardly be a clearer proof that the answers did not pass through the writer's primary consciousness; that they proceeded, if from himself at all, from a secondary self such as I have been describing. But further than this we surely need not go. The answers contain no unknown facts, no new materials, and there seems no reason *à priori* why the dream-self should not puzzle the waking self; why its fantastic combinations of old elements of memory should not need some pains to unravel. I may perhaps be permitted to quote in illustration a recent dream of my own, to which I doubt not that some of my readers can supply parallel instances. I dreamt that I saw written in gold on a chapel wall some Greek hexameters which, I was told, were the work of an eminent living scholar. I gazed at them with much respect, but dim comprehension, and succeeded in carrying back into waking memory the bulk of one line:—ὁ μὲν κατὰ γᾶν θαλερὸν κύσε δακνόμενον πῦρ. On waking, it needed some little thought to show me that κατὰ γᾶν was a solecism for ὑπὸ γᾶν, revived from early boyhood, and that the line meant: "He indeed beneath the earth embraced the ever-burning, biting fire." Further reflection reminded me that I had lately been asked to apply to the Professor in question for an inscription to be placed over the tomb of a common acquaintance. The matter had dropped, and I had not thought of it again. But here, I cannot doubt, was my inner self's prevision of that unwritten epitaph; although the drift of it certainly showed less tact and fine feeling than my scholarly friend would have exhibited on such an occasion.

Now just in this same way, as it seems to me, Mr. A.'s inner self retraced the familiar path of one of his childish amusements, and mystified the waking man with the puzzles of the boy. It may be that the unconscious self moves more readily than the conscious along these old-established and stable mnemonic tracks, that we constantly retrace our early memories without knowing it, and that when some recollection seems to have *left* us it has only passed into a storehouse from which we can no longer summon it at will.

But we have not yet done with Mr. A.'s experiences. Yielding to the suggestion that these anagrams were the work of some intelligence without him, he placed himself in the mental attitude of colloquy with some unknown being. Note the result:

"Who art thou? *Clelia.* Thou art a woman? *Yes.* Hast thou ever lived upon the earth? *No.* Wilt thou? *Yes.* When? *Six years.* Wherefore dost thou speak with me? *E if Clelia el.*"

There is a disappointing ambiguity about this last very simple anagram, which may mean "I Clelia feel," or, "I Clelia flee."

But mark what has happened. Mr. A. has created and is talking to a personage in his own dream. In other words, his secondary self has produced in his primary self the illusion that there is a separate intelligence at work; and this illusion of the primary self reacts on the secondary, as the words which we whisper back to the muttering dreamer influence the course of a dream which we cannot follow. The fact, therefore, of Clelia's apparent personality and unexpected rejoinders do not so much as suggest any need to look outside Mr. A.'s mind for her origin. The figures in our own ordinary dreams say things which startle and even shock us; nay, these shadows sometimes even defy our attempts at analyzing them away. On the rare occasions, so brief and precious, when one dreams and knows it is a dream, I always endeavour to get at my dream-personages and test their independence of character by a few suitable inquiries. Unfortunately they invariably vanish under my perhaps too hasty interrogation. But a shrewd Northumbrian lately told me the following dream, unique in his experience, and over which he had often pondered.

> "I was walking in my dream," he said, "in a Newcastle street, when suddenly I knew so clearly that it was a dream, that I thought I would find out what the folk in my dream thought of themselves. I saw three foundry-men sitting at a yard door. I went up and said to all three: 'Are you conscious of a real objective existence?' Two of the men stared and laughed at me. But the man in the middle stretched out his two hands to his two mates and said, 'Feel that.' They said, 'We do feel you.' Then he held out his hand to me, and I told him that I felt it solid and warm; then he said: 'Well, sir, my mates feel that I am a real man of flesh and blood, and you feel it, and I feel it. What more would you have?' Now I had not formed any notion of what this man was going to say. And I could not answer him, and I awoke."

Now I take this self-assertive dream-foundry-man to be the exact analogue of Clelia. Let us now see whether anything of Clelia survived the excited hour which begat her.

> "On the fourth day," says Mr. A., "I began my questioning in the same exalted mood, but to my surprise did not get the same answer. 'Wherefore,' I asked, 'dost thou speak with me?' (The answer was a wavy line, denoting repetition, and meaning.—Wherefore dost *thou* speak with *me?*) 'Do I answer myself?' *Yes.* 'Is Clelia here?' *No.* 'Who is it, then, now here?' *Nobody.* 'Does Clelia exist?' *No.* 'With whom did I speak yesterday?' *No one.* 'Do souls exist in another world?' *Mb.* 'What does *mb* mean?' *May be.*"

And this was all the revelation which our inquirer got. Some further anagrams were given, but Clelia came no more. Such indeed, on the view here set forth, was the natural conclusion. The dream passed through its stages, and faded at last away.

I have heard of a piece of French statuary entitled "Jeune homme caressant sa Chimère." Clelia, could the sculptor have caught her, might have been his fittest model; what else could he have found at once so intimate and so fugitive, discerned so elusively without us, and yet with such a root within?

I might mention many other strange varieties of graphic automatism; as *reversed script*, so written as to be read in a mirror;[*] alternating styles of handwriting, symbolic arabesque, and the like. But I must hasten on to the object towards which I am mainly tending, which is to show, not so much the influence exercised by a man's own mind on itself as the influence exercised by one man's mind on another's. We have been watching, so to say, the psychic wave as it washed up deep-sea products on the open shore. But the interest will be keener still if we find that wave washing up the products of some far-off clime; if we discover that there has been a profound current with no surface trace—a current propagated by an unimagined impulse, and obeying laws as yet unknown.

The psychical phenomenon here alluded to is that for which I have suggested the name Telepathy; the transference of ideas or sensations from one conscious or unconscious mind to another, without the agency of any of the recognized organs of sense.

Our first task in the investigation of this influence has naturally been to assure ourselves of the transmission of thought between two persons, both of them in normal condition; the *agent*, conscious of the thought which he wishes to transmit, the *percipient*, conscious of the thought as he receives it.

The "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research must for a long time be largely occupied with experiments of this definite kind. But, of course, if such an influence truly exists, its manifestations are not likely to be confined to the transference of a name or a cypher, a card or a diagram, from one man's field of mental vision to another's, by deliberate effort and as a preconcerted experiment. If Telepathy be anything at all, it involves one of the profoundest laws of mind, and, like other important laws, may be expected to operate in many unlooked-for ways, and to be at the root of many scattered phenomena, inexplicable before. Especially must we watch for traces of it wherever unconscious mental action is concerned. For the telepathic impact, we may fairly conjecture, may often be a stimulus so gentle as to need some concentration or exaltation in the percipient's mind, or at least some inhibition of competing stimuli, in order to enable him to realize it in consciousness at all. And in fact (as we have shown or are prepared to show), almost every abnormal mental condition (consistent with sanity) as yet investigated yields some indication of telepathic action.

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[*] "Mirror-writing" is not very rare with left-handed children and imbeciles, and has been observed, in association with aphasia, as a result of hemiplegia of the right side. If (as Dr. Ireland supposes, "Brain," vol. iv. p. 367) this "Spiegel-schrift" is the expression of an *inverse verbal image* formed in the *right hemisphere*, we shall have another indication that the *right hemisphere* is concerned in some forms of *automatic* writing also.

Telepathy, I venture to maintain, is an occasional phenomenon in somnambulism and in the hypnotic state; it is one of the obscure causes which generate hallucinations; it enters into dream and into delirium; and it often rises to its maximum of vividness in the swoon that ends in death.

In accordance with analogy, therefore, we may expect to find that automatic writing—this new glimpse into our deep-sea world—will afford us some fresh proof of currents which set obscurely towards us from the depths of minds other than our own. And we find, I believe, that this is so. Had space permitted it, I should have liked to detail some transitional cases, to have shown by what gradual steps we discover that it is not always one man's intelligence *alone* which is concerned in the message given, that an infusion of facts known to some spectator only may mingle in the general tenor which the writer's mind supplies. Especially I should have wished to describe some attempts at this kind of thought-transference attended with only slight or partial success. For the mind justly hesitates to give credence to a palmary group of experiments unless it has been prepared for them by following some series of gradual suggestions and approximative endeavour.

But the case which I am about to relate, although a *culminant,* is not an *isolated* one in the life-history of the persons concerned. The Rev. P. H. Newnham, Rector of Maker, Devonport, experienced an even more striking instance of thought-transference with Mrs. Newnham, some forty years ago, before their marriage; and during subsequent years there has been frequent and unmistakable transmission of thought from husband to wife of an *involuntary* kind, although it was only in the year 1871 that they succeeded in getting the ideas transferred by intentional effort.

Mr. Newnham's communication consists of a copy of entries in a note-book made during eight months in 1871, at the actual moments of experiment. Mrs. Newnham independently corroborates the account. The entries had previously been shown to a few personal friends, but had never been used, and were not meant to be used, for any literary purpose. Mr. Newnham has kindly placed them at my disposal, from a belief that they may serve to elucidate important truth.

"Being desirous," says the first entry in Mr. Newnham's note-book, "of investigating accurately the phenomena of 'planchette,' myself and my wife have agreed to carry out a series of systematic experiments, in order to ascertain the conditions under which the instrument is able to work. To this end the following rules are strictly observed:

"1. The question to be asked is written down before the planchette is set in motion. This question, as a rule, is not known to the operator. [The few cases where the question *was* known to Mrs. Newnham are specially marked in the note-book, and are none of them cited here.]

"2. Whenever an evasive, or other, answer is returned, necessitating one or more new questions to be put before a clear answer can be obtained, the operator is not to be made aware of any of these questions, or even of the general subject to which they allude, until the final answer has been obtained.

"My wife," adds Mr. Newnham, "always sat at a small low table, in a low chair, leaning backwards. I sat about eight feet distant, at a rather high table, and with my back towards her while writing down the questions. It was absolutely impossible that any gesture or play of feature on my part could have been visible or intelligible to her. As a rule she kept her eyes shut; but never became in the slightest degree hypnotic, or even naturally drowsy.

"Under these conditions we carried on experiments for about eight months, and I have 309 questions and answers recorded in my note-book, spread over this time. But the experiments were found very exhaustive of nerve power, and as my wife's health was delicate, and the fact of thought-transmission had been abundantly proved, we thought it best to abandon the pursuit.

"The planchette began to move instantly with my wife. The answer was often half written before I had completed the question.

"On finding that it would write easily, I asked three simple questions, which were known to the operator, then three others unknown to her, relating to my own private concerns. All six having been instantly answered in a manner to show complete intelligence, I proceeded to ask:

"(7) Write down the lowest temperature here this week. Answer: 8. Now, this reply at once arrested my interest. The actual lowest temperature had been 7·6°, so that 8 was the nearest whole degree; but my wife said at once that, if she had been asked the question, she would have written 7, and not 8; as she had forgotten the decimal, but remembered my having said that the temperature had been down to 7 *something*.

"I simply quote this as a good instance, at the very outset, of perfect transmission of thought, coupled with a perfectly independent reply; the answer being correct in itself, but different from the impression on the conscious intelligence of both parties.

"Naturally, our first desire was to see if we could obtain any information concerning the nature of the intelligence which was operating through the planchette, and of the method by which it produced the written results. We repeated questions on this subject again and again, and I will copy down the principal questions and answers in this connection.

"(13) Is it the operator's brain or some external force that moves the planchette? Answer 'brain' or 'force.' *Will.*

"(14) Is it the will of a living person, or of an immaterial spirit distinct from that person? Answer 'person' or 'spirit.' *Wife.*

"(15) Give first the wife's Christian name; then my favourite name for her. (*This was accurately done.*)

"(27) What is your own name? *Only you.*

"(28) We are not quite sure of the meaning of the answer. Explain. *Wife.*

"The subject was resumed on a later day.

"(118) But does no one tell wife what to write? if so, who? *Spirit.*

"(119) Whose spirit? *Wife's brain.*

"(120) But how does wife's brain know masonic secrets? *Wife's spirit unconsciously guides.*

"(190) Why are you not always influenced by what I think? *Wife knows* *sometimes what you think.* (191) How does wife know it? *When her brain is excited, and has not been much tried before.* (192) But by what means are my thoughts conveyed to her brain? *Electrobiology.* (193) What is electrobiology? *No one knows.* (194) But do not you know? *No; wife does not know.*

"My object," says Mr. Newnham, "in quoting this large number of questions and replies [many of them omitted here] has been not merely to show the instantaneous and unfailing transmission of thought from questioner to operator, but more especially to call attention to a remarkable character of the answers given. These answers, consistent and invariable in their tenor from first to last, did not correspond with the opinion or expectation of either myself or my wife. Something which takes the appearance of a source of intelligence distinct from the conscious intelligence of either of us was clearly perceptible from the very first. Assuming, at the outset, that if her source of percipience could grasp my question, it would be equally willing to reply in accordance with my request, in questions (13) (14) I suggested the form of answer; but of this not the slightest notice was taken. Neither myself nor my wife had ever taken part in any form of (so-called) 'spiritual' manifestations before this time; nor had we any decided opinion as to the agency by which phenomena of this kind were brought about. But for such answers as those numbered (14), (27), (144), (192), (194), we were both of us totally unprepared; and I may add that, so far as we were prepossessed by any opinion whatever, these replies were distinctly opposed to such opinions. In a word, it is simply impossible that these replies should have been either suggested, or composed, by the *conscious* intelligence of either of us."

Mr. Newnham obtained some curious results by questioning "planchette" on Masonic archæology—a subject which he had long studied, but of which Mrs. Newnham knew nothing. It is to be observed, moreover, that throughout the experiments Mrs. Newnham "was quite unable to follow the motions of the planchette. Often she only touched it with a single finger; but even with all her fingers resting on the board she never had the slightest idea of what words were being traced out." In this case, therefore, we have Mrs. Newnham ignorant at once of all three points:—of what was the question asked; of what the true answer would have been; and of what answer was actually being written. Under these circumstances the answer showed a mixture—

(1) Of true Masonic facts, as known to Mr. Newnham;

(2) Of Masonic theories, known to him, but held by him to be erroneous;

(3) Of ignorance, sometimes avowed, sometimes endeavouring to conceal itself by subterfuge.

I give an example:—

"(166) Of what language is the first syllable of the Great Triple R.A. word? *Don't know.* (167) Yes, you do. What are the three languages of which the word is composed? *Greek, Egypt, Syriac. First syllable (correctly given), rest unknown.* (168) Write the syllable which is Syriac. *(First syllable correctly written.)* (174) Write down the word itself. *(First three and last two letters were written correctly, but four incorrect letters, partly borrowed from another word of the same degree, came in the middle.)* (176)

Why do you write a word of which I know nothing? *Wife tried hard to catch the word, but could not quite catch it.*"

So far the answers, though imperfect, honestly admit their imperfection. There is nothing which a *second self* of Mrs. Newnham's, with a certain amount of access to Mr. Newnham's mind, might not furnish. But I must give one instance of another class of replies—replies which seem to wish to conceal ignorance and to elude exact inquiry.

"(182) Write out the prayer used at the advancement of a Mark Master Mason. *Almighty Ruler of the Universe and Architect of all worlds, we beseech Thee to accept this our brother whom we have this day received into the most honourable company of Mark Master Masons. Grant him to be a worthy member of our brotherhood; and may he be in his own person a perfect mirror of all Masonic virtues. Grant that all our doings may be to Thy honour and glory, and to the welfare of all mankind.*

"This prayer was written off instantaneously and very rapidly. For the benefit of those who are not members of the craft, I may say that no prayer in the slightest degree resembling it is made use of in the Ritual of any Masonic degree; and yet it contains more than one strictly accurate technicality connected with the degree of Mark Mason. My wife has never seen any Masonic prayers, whether in 'Carlile' or any other real or spurious Ritual of the Masonic Order."

There was so much of this kind of untruthful evasion, and it was so unlike anything in Mrs. Newnham's character, that observers less sober-minded would assuredly have fancied that some Puck or sprite was intervening with a "third intelligence" compounded of aimless cunning and childish jest. But Mr. Newnham inclines to a view fully in accordance with that which this paper has throughout suggested.

"Is this *third intelligence*," he says, "analogous to the 'dual state,' the existence of which, in a few extreme and most interesting cases, is now well established? Is there a latent potentiality of a 'dual state' existing in every brain? and are the few very striking phenomena which have as yet been noticed and published only the exceptional developments of a state which is inherent in most or in all brains?"

And alluding to a theory, which has at different times been much discussed, of the more or less independent action of the two cerebral hemispheres, he asks:—

"May not the untrained half of the organ of mind, even in the most pure and truthful characters, be capable of manifesting tendencies like the hysterical girl's, and of producing at all events the *appearance* of moral deficiencies which are totally foreign to the well-trained and disciplined portion of the brain which is ordinarily made use of?"

In this place, however, it will be enough to say that the real cause for surprise would have been if our secondary self had *not* exhibited a character in some way different from that which we recognize as our own. Whatever other factors may enter into a man's character, two of the most important are undoubtedly his store of memories, and his *cœnesthesia*, or the sum of the obscure sensations of his whole physical structure. When either of these is suddenly altered, character changes too—a change for an example of which we need scarcely look further than our recollection of the moral obliquities and incoherences of an ordinary dream. Our personality may be dyed throughout with the same colour, but the apparent tint will vary with the contexture of each absorptive element within. And not graphic automatism only, but other forms of muscular and vocal automatism must be examined and compared before we can form even an empirical conception of that hidden agency, which is ourselves, though we know it not. In the meantime I shall, I think, be held to have shown that, in the vast majority of cases where spiritualists are prone to refer automatic writing to some unseen intelligence, there is really no valid ground for such an ascription. I am, indeed, aware that some cases of a different kind are alleged to exist—cases where automatic writing has communicated facts demonstrably not known to the writer or to any one present. How far these cases can satisfy the very rigorous scrutiny to which they ought obviously to be subjected is a question which I may perhaps find some other opportunity of discussing.

But for the present our inquiry must pause here. Two distinct arguments have been attempted in this paper: the first of them in accordance with recognised physiological science, though with some novelty of its own; the second lying altogether beyond what the consensus of authorities at present admits. For, *first*, an attempt has been made to show that the unconscious mental action which is admittedly going on within us may manifest itself through graphic automatism with a degree of complexity hitherto little suspected, so that a man may actually hold a written colloquy with his own waking and responsive dream; and, *secondly*, reason has been given for believing that automatic writing may sometimes reply to questions which the writer does not see, and mention facts which the writer does not know, the knowledge of those questions or those facts being apparently derived by telepathic communication from the conscious or unconscious mind of another person.

Startling as this conclusion is, it will not be novel to those who have followed the cognate experiments on other forms of thought-transference detailed in the "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research.* And be it noted that our formula, "Mind can influence mind independently of the recognised organs of sense," has been again and again foreshadowed by illustrious thinkers in the past. It is, for instance, but a more generalized expression of Cuvier's *dictum*,

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* Records of carefully conducted experiments in automatic writing are earnestly requested, and may be addressed to the Secretary, Society for Psychical Research 14 Dean's Yard, Westminster.

"that a communication can under certain circumstances be established between the nervous systems of two persons." Such communication, indeed, like other mental phenomena, may be presumed to have a *neural* as well as a *psychical* aspect; and if we prefer to use the word *mind* rather than *brain*, it is because the mental side is that which primarily presents itself for investigation, and in such a matter it is well to avoid even the semblance of *theory* until we have established *fact*.

Before concluding, let us return for a moment to the popular apprehensions to which my opening paragraphs referred. Has not some reason been shown for thinking that these fears were premature? that they sprang from too ready an assumption that all the discoveries of psycho-physics would reveal us as smaller and more explicable things, and that the analysis of man's personality would end in analysing man away? Is it not, on the other hand, at least possible that this analysis may reveal also faculties of unlooked-for range, and powers which our conscious self was not aware of possessing? A generation ago there were many who resented the supposition that man had sprung from the ape. But on reflection most of us have discerned that this repugnance came rather from pride than wisdom; and that with the race, as with the individual, there is more true hope for him who has risen by education from the beggar-boy than for him who has fallen by transgression from the prince. And now once more it seems possible that a more searching analysis of our mental constitution may reveal to us not a straitened and materialized, but a developing and expanding view of the "powers that lie folded up in man." Our best hope, perhaps, should be drawn from our potentialities rather than our perfections; and the doubt whether we are our full selves already may suggest that our true subjective unity may wait to be realized elsewhere.

Frederic W. H. Myers.

THE ELECTORAL FUTURE.

REDISTRIBUTION may now be taken as passed. There is no revolt anywhere. Even the demurs are dying down. The one proposal which might have removed our electoral system into another area and atmosphere of experiment—namely, Proportional Voting—has missed its opportunity in missing the favour of the front Conservative benches. Looking forward into the Session, we see that the Ministry and the Opposition chiefs will neither be wishful nor able to separate from each other on any important principle, or even detail, of the measure. While they are united, no dissentient section on either side—no combination of dissentients—can offer any serious obstacle. Looking around at the proceedings of the Boundary Commissioners, we see more clearly from each sitting of those functionaries that the arrangements of the Bill will practically be adopted. If alternative schemes are submitted to them, the respective parties, on being appealed to by the chairman, are usually eager in their preference of the official scheme to the proposal of the rival party. But, in truth, there is little strong feeling on the subject of boundaries. Gerrymandering has not become a passion with us. Each side has confidence in its power of winning public support. The change takes place at a moment when the Conservative party is toying with democratic sympathy and with the idea of Tory competency for all necessary reforms. The Liberals believe in Mr. Gladstone and in the tendencies of the new voters and of the newly equalised constituencies. The Tories disbelieve in Mr. Gladstone; expect that the Foreign and Colonial policy of his Government will bring it into conclusive disfavour before the General Election; and are honestly disposed to rely upon these chances and upon the apprehensions created among the timid by boldly proclaimed Radical programmes, rather than upon any trimming of boundary lines.

Taking the Bill as it stands, then, it is an approach to equal electoral districts near enough to satisfy the most ardent practical reformer. If the proper unit of representation, fifty-five thousand of population, be adopted as a standard, it will be found that only three counties, with their boroughs, excepting the populous districts of London, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, will have more inhabitants than this per member; while at the other end of the scale there are only three constituencies that give less than forty thousand of population to a member. The Franchise and Redistribution Bills have brought us to, roughly speaking, equal constituencies represented by single members.

Having, by the kindness of the Editor of the *Times* and otherwise, taken a humble part in the preliminary discussions on Redistribution, I may beg, before offering any remarks on what is to come, to make clear my own position in the controversy which was virtually closed by the co-operation that "broke out" between the two parties. The chief fact of the change now being effected is the sweeping away of the greater part of that mass of numerical anomaly of which our electoral representation has till now consisted; and it is so important a fact as justly to eclipse all other features of the event. In this aspect the Redistribution not only will exceed the utmost hopes entertained by practical Liberals up to October last, but makes their expectations look quite ridiculous, and will probably cause them to be forgotten except by minute historians. An opportunity was accidentally afforded to me of learning, between the day when the compromise was suddenly arranged and the day when the compromisers met for business consultation, how the new conditions of the question had impressed a statesman high in office and very near the centre of things in that particular matter. Nothing could exceed his incredulous surprise at the position in which the Reform Administration found itself, except the exuberant satisfaction with which he accepted evidence too strong for any incredulity that the Tory chiefs had made up their minds to prefer a scheme of nearly equal electoral districts to any other settlement. This Minister's mood will always remain in my memory as a measure of the vast change effected by Lord Salisbury's sudden adoption of the democratic principle.

My own share in the previous discussions had been limited to a protest against the expedient of single-member constituencies. This expedient, till then advocated only by a section of advanced Liberals, proved in the event to be—except the enlargement of certain borough boundaries—the only counter-check to the Liberal effect of his democratic principle upon which Lord Salisbury counted. The advantage he and his friends expect from it is that they will pick up seats here and there, partly by reason of the special character of the residents in some of the one-member boroughs, and partly by the increased likelihood under a one-member system of local disunion in the Liberal party. In collating their other estimates of the future with the probable results of the Reform, the Tory leaders may be supposed to have anticipated three favourable contingencies: First, the pressure and excitement of Imperial questions which may at any moment banish from public favour a Government which either falls short of, or does not with sufficient splash manifest that it is fulfilling, the national expectations in Foreign and Colonial affairs; secondly, the feasibility of devising a programme of progressive measures, if not a platform of progressive doctrines, which may give the Tory party a prosperous democratic status; and, thirdly, the normal and uniform maintenance of Tory representation in Parliament at its fullest strength by acquiring seats sporadically in the manner which I have just suggested.

My objection to the single-member constituencies was, not that they would benefit the Tories—for it was not then supposed that the Tories coveted any such protection, or would deem it a protection—but, as I still think, that it might lower the tone and type of borough representatives. Some imagined that the line taken in my letter to the *Times* of October 22 must imply at least a sneaking kindness for proportionalism. Nothing was farther from my thoughts or is less compatible with my principles. I am an uncompromising advocate of *scrutin de liste*, believing not only that in this will eventually be found the secret of strong democratic government, but that, in compelling both parties to put forward their best men, it will in the wholesomest way give to minorities a strong representation of that most creditable order which depends not upon mathematical theorems, but upon conspicuous personal eminence and ability in minority champions. As the interest of the subject is sure to revive, I may be forgiven for citing my sketch of the probable course of things under this system if applied to large boroughs:—

> "If the boroughs were permitted to choose six members *en bloc*, the representation of the minority would be better and more naturally secured than by any express provision for it. Electors are not so drillable as is supposed. At any rate, in Liverpool, where there are so many good activities and notable men not essentially political, there is a constant tendency for voters to use their franchise on personal and side issues, which cannot be considered irrational, although they are troublesome to political managers. The tendency to give away votes to 'the best men' will always increase in proportion to the number of members for whom each elector is permitted to vote. In Liverpool, for instance, if each elector had six votes, and there were six candidates for each party, a large number of our electors when they had given four of their votes to their own side would scan the list, and if they were Liberals would bestow a vote upon any such Tory as Mr. Christopher Bushell, and if they were Tories upon any such Liberal as Mr. Samuel Rathbone. The knowledge of this would have a splendid effect in inducing each side to put forward the best men they could prevail upon to stand, and thus both sides

would have good members, and the minority would have more representation, and representation less open to objection, than could be secured in any other way."

List-voting, each voter having as many votes as there are members to be elected, and not being allowed to cumulate them, will sooner or later, depend upon it, along with payment of members, crown the edifice of equal electoral power of which the foundations have just been auspiciously laid. The weightiest argument against the division of the big boroughs is based on the assumptions that many local men not specially fitted for parliamentary work will get to Parliament by means of local popularity in the ward-borough's; that in consequence of this tendency, and increasingly as such members endear themselves by amiable small attentions to their ward constituents and establish a sort of personal prescription as "fixtures," great issues will be ignored, even in general elections nationally critical, to an extent only conceivable by those who know intimately such constituencies; and that it is a proper function for constructive statesmen to safeguard the character and calibre of Parliament by minimizing the operation of such degenerating elements. Much censure has been cast upon me, especially in my own neighbourhood, for hazarding these opinions and for insisting upon a standard of parliamentary capability, but it is significant that there is less challenging of my anticipatory estimate of the new ward-borough members than there is of my claim that statesmen should try to secure for us upon system a good supply of competent legislators. This, I am told, is an interference with the true operation of representative institutions. Representation, it is urged, should be as nearly as possible a mirror of the people down to the smallest particular. This is not the best idea of it. The conception has the same fault as that which governs the proportionalist theory. The function of representation cannot indeed be soundly and sufficiently exercised without absolute freedom of choice, but the electors should be encouraged to choose, and should be so constituted as to make it likely that they will choose, men who may be, in one way or another (and there are ways enough to employ every variety of real capacity), useful in the Legislature. A suitor who retains Mr. Charles Russell will take care that the great advocate is properly instructed and that he represents the views set down in his brief, but Mr. Russell would not deserve heavy fees and daily refreshers as the mere mirror of his client. He is eagerly employed and highly paid for far other reasons. So with ambassadors and other skilled representatives. And never let it be supposed that parliamentary duty calls for no special ability in ordinary members. To suppose so would be to come short alike in one's ideal and in the wisdom accruing from actual experience. A glance at the *personnel* of the House will always be instructive on this point. For instance, in their day the lives of, say, Joseph Hume, Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, Richard Cobden, Sir William Heathcote, and Thomas Berry Horsfall were just as distinctly the competent, business lives of skilled experts as if these members had been officials of the State. So now are the lives of, say, Mr. Richard, Mr. Heneage, Mr. William Fowler, Mr. Cowen, Lord Lymington, Mr. John Morley, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Arthur Arnold, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Sir Drummond Wolff, Baron de Worms, and, not only Mr. Parnell, but Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Healy, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and perhaps others among the Irishmen. All Members of Parliament cannot be expected to reach such a point of efficiency, but efficiency ought to be aimed at. We ought to keep up the standard and to keep up the succession, and this cannot be done by encouraging voters to believe, or by so arranging constituencies as to lead to voters assuming, that any man will do for Parliament whose local popularity on comparatively petty grounds will make him easy to return.

So much for a question which, for the present—and indeed for many years to come—must remain in abeyance. The new ward-boroughs have been marked out. They will soon have their organizations. They have all their troubles before them. They will probably enter upon their separate existence with a heavier sense of responsibility, and a less exuberant sense of adding to the political power of the town in which they are situated, than would have attended an increase *en bloc* of the representation of the town as a whole. It may be hoped, however, that this sense of responsibility and the facts with which it corresponds may call into existence a new centre of genuine political life in each of these ward-boroughs. Until now it has been difficult to generate political warmth and activity away from the centre of a great town, especially if the municipal wards away from the centre ran large in extent.

In speaking of such subjects one is always tempted to remember John Stuart Mill's sage remark about women—that so few men are intimately acquainted with more than one, that, if you hear a man generalizing on the sex, you may safely assume he is describing his own wife. Of the great towns Londoners know nothing, and those who live in them as a rule only know their own. But it may be advanced with confidence that in all these large communities the political party which happens to be in a minority finds great difficulty in maintaining the political life of neighbourhoods as distinguished from that of the whole town. It has to be attempted, if only because in most places the municipal elections (though you would not suppose it from the candidates' addresses) turn on political partisanship. But it is usually sorry work at best, at all events on the minority side, taking the year round; and the feebleness of it, the slack committees, the thin public meetings, the abstention of the majority of the educated residents, and other symptoms contrast acutely with the genuine interest which is called forth over the very same area by a parliamentary election. The belief now prevalent among zealous politicians in the large towns, is that similar interest will now be shown in the parliamentary elections for each of the sectional boroughs into which the towns are to be divided, and that thus political zeal will be both localized and intensified in many districts, where hitherto it has scarcely had a local habitation, or even "a name to live." On all hands there is abundant evidence of the ardour with which politicians of enterprise are looking forward to the undertakings of which an inspiring prospect is thus opened up to them. In what direction will their efforts tend?

The system which its enemies call the Caucus, and which every one associates with Birmingham, has been so generally adopted, that it will naturally be made the basis of the new organisations; and this on both sides, for in boroughs the Tories long ago offered to the Liberals the sincerest form of flattery. It is very satisfactory to think of this taking place in the counties, where it will bring life and energy for the first time into many districts which could not possibly be vivified under the old system. In the towns a previous question must be raised whether the standing central organization shall be maintained either for purposes of registration, or in order to treat in an architectonic manner the electoral management of the town as a collective whole. I have made some inquiries on this subject, and believe that in most of the large towns the central organization will be retained, and every effort made, as Mr. Chamberlain lately suggested, to preserve it in full vigour. In Liverpool the balance of advantage has been thought by the Central Management Committee itself to lie in the opposite direction. This Management Committee will efface itself as much as possible. The chairmen of the various ward-boroughs are expected to act together in cases requiring concert or joint public demonstration; but the great aim is to be the creation of independent individual life in each of the nine new parliamentary centres.

Some embarrassment must accrue in boroughs of this description from the absence of conspicuous leaders of local society. Hitherto the natural leaders have been indicated at the centre of the town's life by wealth, by extent of business, by long-standing repute, by prominence in town affairs, by note at the local bar, by distinction on the press, and by other things all associated in the popular mind with the central representative neighbourhood in which the Exchange, the Clubs, the General Post Office, and the old parish churches are found. The very same men drive home two or three miles, and in their suburbs are nobodies, except at their places of worship and in select dinner coteries. Many of them, indeed, live quite out of town, and in future must be deemed politically connected not with the town at large, but with the wards in which their places of business are situated. Those who live in suburbs will have to select whether they will vote where they live or where they carry on business. In either case they will probably do their best to bring politicians of their own colour together in their suburbs, and to aid in organizing the new boroughs there to be formed. Between these outlying places and the centre ward or wards must lie in boroughs which are large enough wards of a different type, in which there is a very miscellaneous collection of squares and streets, including all grades of society, from merchants, solicitors, and doctors down to the smallest shopkeepers, and to stablemen and stable-helps. Here the want of natural leaders may be even more felt. To draw the best people out into the active life of a newly founded constituency—people who have always been contentedly accustomed to vote under the management of "the Central," and people who for sufficient reasons will shrink from anything that suggests an approaching and a stated demand for subscriptions—will be one of the most important and herculean tasks of the new managers. Should they fail in it, and should the management fall into the hands of the smaller shopkeepers and working-men, the managers will have the still more herculean task of raising the funds from classes that have heretofore shown little disposition to back their opinions pecuniarily. Many a man of moderate means will give to his chapel twenty times over a sum which he would regard as out of all character to expend on a political cause. Why is this? Because under the old system the political money matters were all managed at the centre, partly by certain contributions from candidates, but chiefly by very liberal contributions from the most prominent men. These, in future, will give much less in their own central ward. They will give something, no doubt, in the ward in which they live. But they will scarcely consent to give for the populous wards in which they neither transact business nor reside. Should the collection of money from the residents in these wards be found to fail, the turn things will take will be that the local committees will look out for candidates who can pay the whole expenses, just as is common in the old small boroughs; and readiness to do this will be a very high, if not the first, consideration in selecting a gentleman to stand.[*] We must not overlook the prospect, indeed, that as time goes on the new separate boroughs will acquire traditions. More and more people will be brought into active political work. The habit of participation, and even of paying, may be learnt. Each borough will have a corporate credit and respectability, and by degrees the borough organization may create for the at present ill-defined and arbitrarily-bounded neighbourhood those very social leaders the lack of whom will at first prove inconvenient. What I want to make clear is, that in the beginning of the new *régime* all that is best in the business life of the large towns is likely to remain very much concentrated in the political machinery of the central wards, such as that for which Mr. Forster is already standing in Bradford, and that for which it is hoped Mr. Samuel Smith will stand in Liverpool. As a consequence, candidates are likely to offer themselves for other wards instead of waiting to be invited, will pay for themselves instead of being paid for, and in little regions where there are no political or other leaders will have a good chance of being supreme.

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[*] It was lately said in my presence by an able advocate of the ward-borough system that it would be a positive advantage to be rid of the large central subscriptions of the merchants and others, because they naturally entailed control on the part of these wealthy contributors, on the principle that he who pays the piper may call the tune. He added with much *naïveté*: "Any constituency of ten thousand voters ought to be able, *with the assistance of the candidate*, to raise all the money that can reasonably be required." Any one acquainted with these things must see that this amounts to a

Another probable result of the new system not unconnected with the foregoing will be the hardening of political opinion in the new ward-boroughs. One does not know why political opinion or bias should be more fixed in wards of a great town than in separate towns of corresponding size, but experience seems to show that it is so. If a politician obtains a parliamentary seat for one of these boroughs, this tendency will be much in favour of his permanently retaining it. So will be all the circumstances lately named as having given him the seat. In the absence of influential local leaders, and with a paucity of contributed funds, such a man will have a good chance of holding his own, though his merits may be but slight. Moreover, there will in single-member constituencies be less room for shades of opinion and for compromise between the parties. The Radical will be more Radical, the Tory more Tory, and the moderate man will have less chance. Under *scrutin de liste*, while there would be a splendid volume of strength available when any point of policy or great reform had to be carried, the necessary uniform action of the system would

readiness to exchange the control of a number of public-spirited politicians, *if it exists*, for the practical autocracy of a candidate willing to pay for his seat; for it is unlikely that these districts, on the supposition of their being left financially unaided by the well-off politicians at the centre, who alone have the habit of giving, will raise anything considerable for election purposes. But I deny that the rich men have exercised any control in the sense of having forced either candidates or policy upon the mass of either party. In Liverpool, on the Liberal side it is a proverb that "the Whigs never jib," although there are richer and more powerful and more active Whigs here than in any other borough. Our Moderates never yet stood aloof, or even hung back, much less started a man of their own, or insisted upon having their own way. It is remarkable that in 1867, when Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright even were still looking askance at household suffrage, members of the cream of the cream of our Whigs united in proposing at a great popular meeting at the Theatre Royal the frank and immediate adoption of that full extension of the Franchise, and the same men, though nearly all high in the shipping interest, were found on the platforms of Mr. Plimsoll when he contested the borough.

be to put forward the men most attractive to a whole community, and at each re-election the men who had proved weakest would naturally and inevitably go to the wall. Instead of this—a most desirable state of things, irrespective of party interests—we shall have a considerable stereotyping of ward opinion and a too permanent adhesion of members to seats for which they have not originally been too well selected.

Those who think that the new ward-boroughs will return a good proportion of working-men candidates by reason of contests being inexpensive, should remember that a working-man can just as easily find £6,000 as £600 (which will be the average expense); that workmen, except in Mr. Burt's district, are not in the habit of raising money to send men of their own class to Parliament; and that people of other classes are not prone to relieve operatives of the expense of such an undertaking.

If I am charged with looking at the worst side and carping at a system which ought to have a fair trial, I can only reply that the way to give it a fair trial is to keep these conspicuous dangers now indicated thoroughly in view, and to resolve from the first that they shall be averted in the ward-boroughs by developing a sound political spirit, and infusing it into well-devised political machinery. The same perspicacity and real political energy will be needed in the new London parish boroughs, against the characteristics of which Mr. Clayden has entered a weighty protest.

In the counties the policy of division can scarcely fail to prove an unmixed good. In many places it will be life from the dead. In others it will healthily correct the sort of life that prevailed. The character of a county area tends greatly to the concentration of what energy there is at particular points. The centre may be a man of pre-eminent wealth, or standing, or popularity. It may be a place of industry, or of traditional energy. It may be a knot of farmers, or a sphere of hearty Church work, or of Nonconformist zeal. Or it may be a nest of miners or a range of quarries, or some other industry by which the character of the population is definitely stamped. But whatever it may be, the tendency under the existing system is to make the life which is thus concentrated an exception within a *cordon* rather than a source of strong radiating influence. Hence it has been that in many counties the Tory gentry have been able to depend upon what always makes for them—the inertia of the non-lively districts. In not a few instances the dull weight of votes in these neighbourhoods, never politically explored except at election times, is enough to overbalance everything of an intelligent order that can be arrayed against them in other districts; and if this is not so, it may still be possible by pressure, by good paid organization, and by the employment of some of those extremely vulgar-souled young barristers-at-law who are always ready to vilify Mr. Gladstone and to work the Bradlaugh odium on the lecture platform, to array in the most Liberal districts sufficient force to supplement victoriously the normal strength of the Conservatives in the duller parts.

These are present-day, temporary illustrations, but for that reason they will serve all the better to illuminate a present-day, temporary situation. Without arrogance or offence it may be assumed that a dead condition of things in a county is more favourable to the Tories than to the Liberals; but, whoever it favours, deadness is deadness; and we may expect that, when under conditions of newly forced and necessarily maintained life smaller and homogeneous divisions of the counties have to be plied by both parties with speeches, argument, and propagandism, Toryism too will profit in the increased zeal of its supporters and by the disciplinary necessity under which it will be laid of appealing to more intelligent motives and considerations. No part of any county can in future be neglected. All must be well worked in detail, and in competition the organization and the evangelism, so to speak, of each party may be expected to improve.

Another great advantage must be the greater freedom of choice of representatives. Sitting for a county will no longer be such an ineffable distinction as it has heretofore been locally regarded. Consequently, standing for a county will require less courage and may be proposed to gentlemen of less exceptional position than used to be looked for. Even under present conditions this consideration has been made too much of. Often when an aristocratic, highly connected personage has been fixed on, because no other kind of candidate would be acceptable to the "county people," it has been found too late that in his own rank he only excited jealousy and was for various petty reasons socially disliked; while over voters of other grades he could not, and his connections would not, exercise any influence, and there was no sort of popular charm or attraction to be expected either from his manners, his eloquence, or his information. Very often even in a county of the old type a sounder and more expert politician not drawn from the genteel ranks would have created less bad blood among the lofty and more zeal among the lowlier electors. Under the new conditions we may expect good men to be intrinsically sought and chosen for many county divisions. Electioneering will be vigorous and shrewd. Party managers will see that local claims may be best countered by conspicuous competency. Good candidates will therefore be at a premium. The tendency which has made such great boroughs as Hackney, Southwark, and Newcastle seek out and commission a Bryce, a Cohen, a Rogers, a Stuart, and a Morley—the disposition which Birmingham and Bradford have shown to choose in a Chamberlain and a Forster not mere chiefs of local industry, but men of the highest mark in local public life—will certainly be exemplified in the new county districts; and the latter species of selection will take a permanent place in the usages of the country when the counties have received that genuine and well-ordered local self-government which it will be a first duty of the new Parliament to supply them with.

The reduction in the expenses of county contests will increase the independence of the constituents. The cost will be easily manageable, especially so long as the present leading county politicians continue, as they may be expected to do, their present rate of contribution, and it will no doubt be further relieved by special contributions from candidates and their friends. Thus will be escaped the slavery of territorial influence, and, what is perhaps worse, the shadow of territorial influence where little, if any, real territorial power exists. For the habit of deference lingers long after there is any necessity for it, and great pains are taken to please this Earl and to consult that Marquis when neither of them really counts for many votes at the polling-booth. Henceforth there will be less of this, or even if it be intensified in particular districts, as it probably will not be, the operation of it will not extend beyond those limits. County voters have hitherto been remote from each other. The only people who could meet to discuss and arrange matters were the county squires and justices. Between these there could be little cohesion, except class cohesion. They could not be keenly or minutely representative of the feelings of the voters in their districts. And if in any part of the county there lay any Radical element of population, not only would these gentlemen think little of it, or think of it only as a nuisance to both sides of politics alike, but in every way such a Radical element would be so far separated from any sympathising centres in any other parts of the county as to be helpless.

It is an important consideration that none of the new county divisions will be too large or too scattered for the growth of a natural and congenial political life. No one, for instance, can survey the divisions of South-West Lancashire without recognising the improvement in political tone which must ensue. Such prosperous and active districts as Leigh, St. Helens, and Southport have hitherto been represented in county electoral matters by three or four delegates sitting on a committee that met occasionally in an office in Liverpool. There could be little concerted action even under the best management. At an election for the whole county there was much discouragement. A weak place measured the case by its own condition, did not even do its best, and gave up the ghost about two o'clock in the day, just when the deciding struggles were beginning. A strong place was paralysed by reflecting on the little use of exertion being made by one when nine were supine. When each district has to fight for its own hand it will fight much better and keep itself in much better fighting order. Many in this county prognosticate that all the seven newly constituted districts of South-West Lancashire, or at least five out of the seven, will spring at once and naturally into a healthy political life. To appreciate their special circumstances, it is necessary to remember that they are active and enterprising districts, each having a number of natural social leaders, usually as truly leaders in all that is progressive, socially and educationally, as in the ordinary routine of society and in local business and politics. Each, in fact, is a chief in a smaller district which keeps itself very much to itself, though the districts and the leaders alike co-operate in a business-like manner whenever there is anything of public utility to be done. Here is an admirable basis for the creation of a sterling political life by the machinery which the Redistribution will supply. Candidates will not be lacking—choice of candidates will not be difficult. The habit of recognizing leadership has already been formed in these districts in the most creditable manner. Following good leaders is a tradition and instinct of the local mind. Give political opportunity to such qualities, put them into regular political harness, and political communities will be formed that in all essential particulars of excellence will bear comparison with any that the history of democracy can produce. And all this, observe, will be an absolute product of the new Reform Bills; for under the old system the good qualities and aptitudes of our South-West Lancashire districts ran almost utterly to waste.

What is true of South-West Lancashire must be true, more or less, of all similar places, though in some of them there may have heretofore been more political vitality. In South-East Lancashire, in Cornwall, in Yorkshire, and elsewhere the same things may largely be expected.

There may be a little doubt as to the result of division being quite so good in some of the agricultural counties. For instance, North and South Leicestershire, as several close, vigorous contests show, are not unwieldy under present conditions. Under the new arrangements Lord John Manners will be securely intrenched in his Belvoir district, and there political life will be virtually extinct. Lord John Manners and his particular friends will soon be "blue mouldy for want of a beating." The adjoining district of Loughborough, with its busy manufacturing life, will not lapse into political inactivity, but Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Hinckley and Bosworth form a rather mixed and dubious district, and, with Lutterworth and Market Harborough a separate constituency by their side, will lack the vigour infused into them by Mr. T. T. Paget in his many gallant and successful contests. These are specimen cases which might be multiplied, and the object of citing them is neither to exhibit concern, at this point, for Liberal interests, nor to complain of division as a principle, but to bring under review some of its less desirable results from the point of view of Lord Beaconsfield's admirable vaunt when he said, "We are a free *and political* people."

Let us now, however, quit the general outlook from which we regard the result to the national political health, without reference to party advantage. Let us consider how far the Liberal party will be benefited by the change.

I instance first a minor advantage which it might seem ungenerous to mention, but that I am not a wire-puller, and desire to see extreme men in Parliament rather than excluded from it. I mean the opportunity that the new boroughs will afford for finding convenient places for gentlemen who, under strong conscientious impulses, do not hesitate to divide the Liberal interest, or whose appearance as candidates has that effect. Some say that the result will be to increase the embarrassment, because it will no longer be possible to yoke together as candidates for one constituency two Liberals of different schools. This, however, was never an agreeable proceeding. There were always suspicions of bad faith and other drawbacks, to say nothing of an excess of compromise and policy in speech. And very often, when there was no possibility of the method of pairing Liberal candidates being adopted, a pushing or much-pushed politician of a type not acceptable to the majority of the constituency has hung upon the skirts of the local managers in such a manner as to render their efforts hopeless and to entangle them in imbecile inaction or mistakes. In future, opportunities will usually be found to place a candidate of this kind as candidate in a district where not only will he cease to be inconvenient to his party at large, but he may prove the best possible man to fight its battle and may obtain an honourable entrance upon parliamentary usefulness.

Liberal interests in this matter must, however, be looked at in a much larger spirit. What we may mainly hope for as a result of the more equal representation of numbers will be more continuity of progressive force. The abolition of the old small boroughs means the extinction of the most wavering element of the representative body. Politicians who think it worth while are always discussing which side really was in a minority at particular general elections. When we see such startling revulsions as have taken place it certainly suggests that there must have been some specially variable element in our electorate. Now it was largely due to the small boroughs, happily about to be extinguished, that the Tory wave of 1874 had the force and effect that it had. Again, it was the coming back of the same small boroughs that gave the Liberals their signal majority in 1880. Thus we find that the English boroughs under 50,000 of population in 1874 returned 94 Liberals and 92 Tories, giving a Tory majority of two. In 1880 the same boroughs returned 125 Liberals and 61 Tories, a Liberal majority of 84, or a difference altogether between the two elections of 62 votes, counting 128 on a division, derived from only 164 seats. It shows how much less easily and completely large constituencies are moved, to notice that in places above 50,000 the net Liberal gain in 1880 was only 21. Of course it is assumed here, and might easily be proved, that the 1874 election was almost as great a reversal of the previous election as 1880 was of 1874.

What are the causes of this especial variableness? On this point it would be rash to dogmatize, and it matters less because we have now done with many of these boroughs for ever. But it may be suggested that they are more subject to panic, to cries, to extreme and sudden feelings of all sorts, than are larger constituencies. Probably this may be because they get them at second-hand like their fashions from London, and are not as it were present at the making of them. When the element of fitfulness which they contribute to our political system has been got rid of, we may expect that whatever general tendency in our politics is otherwise most permanent and uniform will have more continuous play. That element, judging by the past, is Liberal. The force of Liberalism will therefore, under the new system, be seldomer interrupted or depressed. Q.E.D.

All the very small constituencies are merged into larger ones. They will lose their factitious and abnormal importance, to which even great Ministers have lent countenance, especially at "by-elections," at critical junctures. Change in the electorate will be less spasmodic. Larger constituencies will be less easily impressed by impact of enthusiastic onslaught. Large dense bodies are capable of more resistance, and are difficult to dislodge from any position which they may take up.

Prophecy is vain, but taking the boroughs as at present, and the new constituencies as sharing the sentiments of the neighbourhoods out of which they are formed, and supposing the more fluid element which came of the small boroughs to be neutralised, the Liberal party may fairly expect a substantial majority at the General Election, without taking into account the very doubtful agricultural labourer.

To anticipate the invigorated Liberal policy of the future, to speculate as to what will be done, and which thing first, has been no part of the object of this paper. The aim has rather been to estimate the probable working of the system created by the Seats Bill as a going machine. The machine has been improved by getting rid of a permanent source of untruth which was deeply seated within it. What has been eliminated? No better answer can be given than is to be found in one of Mr. Cobden's speeches, in which he showed what needed to be eliminated:—

> "Observe," said he, "the facts brought out by the census. You have certain counties where your great cities and manufacturing districts are carried on. You see there people are growing in wealth and population. You see others, as Lincoln, Cambridge, Suffolk, Buckingham, Dorsetshire, and Wiltshire counties, which are either retrograding in numbers, or absolutely stagnant. But when you go into the House of Commons you find these stagnant agricultural counties, and equally stagnant small agricultural boroughs, twenty or thirty of which have absolutely declined in population during the last ten years; you find the country governed, if it is governed at all, by the representatives of those stagnant counties and decaying rural villages. I cannot say it is governed, because I tell you our parliamentary system has come to a negation. But if you are to give a fresh impetus to any measures of amelioration in the House of Commons, it must be by giving a new basis to political parties, by making that representation a reality which is now a fiction."

We have waited nearly a quarter of a century since these words were uttered. Few of us would have been surprised if we had had to wait another quarter of a century before getting as far as we shall be in January next. But there we shall be. There we virtually now are, and what we have expelled from the machine is its gross and unpardonable inconsistency with the figures and facts of the national life which it was supposed to represent. There are still anomalies, and if the two parties were to compete very closely for popular favour, the anomalies might still count for something. But the aliquot power (if one may so speak) of the aliquot parts of the population of this country is substantially and for ever assured, upon a principle the only blemish of which (and that is no blemish in some eyes) is that it makes surer of every constituency having a member of the colour of the majority within it, than it does of the greatest possible number of constituencies enjoying the services of men who will also be efficient on the level of parliamentary politics.

It is common to speak of this great change as ensuring that effect will always be given to "the will of the people." The phrase is ambiguous. Ours is not a plebiscitary system. Our Ministers do not go to the country with specific issues, or, if they do, the country may prefer to pronounce on other issues, with equal effect on the Ministerial fate. The Minister may submit the future to the people and they may pronounce on the past. He may submit to them the past and they may reject him with an eye to the future. Mr. Gladstone may offer them the repeal of the Income-tax and a brilliant employment of a six-million surplus to regenerate, as only he could, the fiscal system of the State; and a sufficient number to turn the scale may reply, " We won't have W. E. Forster, and there's an end on't." And there *was* an end on't. In a plebiscitary sense, or even in reference to confidence in a particular Premier or leader of Opposition, neither our old system could, nor our new system will, always express with exactitude the national will. Side issues, crazes, crotchets, utopias, private grudges, personal likings, and a hundred such things must affect and disturb the action of the machine in its registration of the country's highest political purposes and desires. What we are now sure of is that the greatest possible number of householders and lodgers (only the latter ought to be more automatically enrolled) will be represented in Parliament by the men they have preferred among those who were submitted to their choice; and as this will uniformly be done under party management, it will mainly be done upon party issues. The interest of each party will be to present to the whole electorate at all times the best policy that can be put forward and the most likely men that can be nominated. This is not far from an ideal democratic condition, so far as State machinery is concerned.

It is not indeed an ideally microscopic representation of all shades of opinion on all sorts of subjects. But most minorities have all that is good for them when they have liberty of propagation. Few have any claim to be political factors. Some which make this claim without just reason succeed only too well in enforcing it. None which can claim it justly are excluded from a due share of political influence. Their influence may easily be made undue by factitiously treating the mirroring of all minorities at St. Stephen's as an essential political good.

The best practicable ideal is a strong representation of the majority for the time being. Do not be afraid of the swing of the pendulum. Let it swing. The greatest good that can be got out of our political system, comprising good legislation and the training of good and "political" citizens, will be got by such an electoral basis-machinery as will enable the democracy most easily and naturally to return strong majorities according to their feelings on public questions. And the democracy will by such a method be better trained than by any more finnikin or subtle system to make public questions to the greatest possible extent the criteria of their votes. This, however, not only might have been—and years hence may be—conciliated with, but would chime in with and be promoted by, such a division of the country as would admit of *scrutin de liste*. Without sacrificing any force of the majority, and with a great increase of democratic power, that system would, and one day will, return to Parliament, in proportion to their general fame, to their local opportunities, and to the judgment and spirit of constituencies, the greatest possible number of really competent politicians, able and well trained to deal with national affairs.

EDWARD R. RUSSELL.

M. SARDOU'S "THÉODORA."

ALTHOUGH the character and career of Theodora, wife of Justinian and Empress of the Romans, have fixed the attention of mankind ever since the age which she astonished, it is only within the last few years that imaginative writers have seized upon a subject evidently fitted for dramatic treatment. M. Victorien Sardou's play of "Théodora," whose production at Paris a month ago has excited so much interest in France, is the fourth work of recent fiction in which the Empress figures. The first is the romance of Dr. Felix Dahn, distinguished as a poet no less than as a historian and jurist, published some eight years ago in Germany, and translated into English under the title of "A Struggle for Rome." The second is a historical novel, entitled "Blue and Green," by Sir Henry Pottinger (published in 1877), a book which seems to have obtained less success than it deserved, for it is an extremely clever piece of work, in which the life and manners of Constantinople in the sixth century are described with a careful fidelity which does not prevent the story from being spirited and interesting. The third is a long tragedy written in classical Greek by Mr. Kleon Rhangabe, and published in Leipzig a few months ago. The latest, and that which will go furthest to make its central figure familiar to ordinary readers, is the play which now draws the Parisians to the Porte St. Martin, not more by its literary merits than by the brilliant cast of actors who have been secured for it, and the unequalled splendour, taste, and knowledge applied to putting it on the stage. I shall not enter into any general criticism of it, if for no other reason than because comparatively few readers of this REVIEW are likely to have yet seen it. (The text has not yet been published, so that detailed criticism would require a full abstract of the action.) But the picture presented of the two central personages, and especially of the famous and infamous Empress, may be detached from the rest of the piece. It is interesting to see what one of the most striking characters in history becomes in the hands of accomplished masters of fiction. Such characters—characters that typify traits or tendencies of human nature—often count for as much after as in their life: they react upon literature as literature occupies itself with them. Let us, then, look for a moment at the real Theodora. What does history tell us about her and her husband?

It tells us a great deal. Some points remain obscure. But we know more of these two personages than of any others of equal eminence from Constantine to Charlemagne; I might say from Constantine till those two potent antagonists whom our own great poet has just brought before us in his tragedy of "Becket." The sixth century produced a historian far superior in knowledge and literary skill to any of his predecessors or successors at Constantinople, who has given us in addition to his published chronicle of Justinian's wars what one may call the Scandalous Memoirs of the Byzantine Court, an outpouring of his pent-up spleen, through whose extravagant invective and malicious insinuations truth can be discerned, truth sufficient to set the Emperor and Empress before us in the fulness and sharpness of life. Critics have doubted—there are critics who still doubt—the genuineness of the secret history of Procopius. Scepticism is as boundless as credulity; but if internal evidence can prove anything, it proves that this book was written by the author of the Persian and Gothic wars, and written in Justinian's lifetime. Adding what we make out from it—I do not say what it tells us, for it has usually to be discounted—to the scantier light that comes from other sources, this imperial pair stand out as do few others in ancient or mediæval history.

Theodora was the daughter of a bear-keeper, attached to the Hippodrome at Constantinople, and was one of three sisters whom their mother sent on the stage when they were still children, seven or eight years old. With no talent either for music or dancing, her fortune was in her face and her tongue. Her pretty features, her nimble movements, her audacious smartness in repartee, made her the most popular and notorious in the pantomimes (to use the nearest modern equivalent) which delighted a people whose taste had fallen below the regular drama. Needless to say what was the morality of the Byzantine stage, or what the life which the young actress led. Her enemies of later years declared it to have been more than usually shameless and disgusting; but the question of delicately balanced less or more, besides being now insoluble, need make little difference to our view of her character. After some years, she accompanied a wealthy Tyrian, as his mistress, to the governorship of Tripoli; quarrelled with him, left him, and, after having been reduced to sad straits in Egypt, found her way back to Constantinople, where—according to a story current long afterwards in the city—she sought to support herself by spinning wool in a house near the edge of the Golden Horn. This looks like trying to turn over a new leaf. However, she did not conceal her charms. Encouraged by the words of an Oriental fortune-teller, who had promised her wealth and power, she threw herself in the way of Justinian, who yielded at once to her fascinations. He was then about forty years of age, probably some twenty years her senior, nephew of the reigning Emperor, and gathering into his hands the reins of government which were beginning to slip from the grasp of his aged and ignorant uncle. He was an able and well-educated man, already remarkable for his fondness for theology and his assiduous attention to public business. His passion led him to promise to marry the whilom actress, but a law dating (in substance) from the time of Augustus, and re-enacted by later Emperors, forbade the union of Senators and other persons of exalted rank to women who had been on the stage. Nothing was left but to repeal the law, which the Emperor was compelled by the urgency of his nephew to do, and the statute may still be read in that Corpus Juris which so long held sway over Continental Europe, a monument of Theodora's arts and Justinian's susceptibility. There had been, however, a more serious obstacle to the nuptials of the eager pair. The Empress Euphemia was an ignorant and rustic person, who had risen in life too late to acquire the polish of the capital. But she was pious, and she was respectable to the backbone. She had probably heard of Theodora's earlier fame, for the Court was like most Courts; anyhow she knew what Theodora had been, and the idea of her nephew's marrying such a person was too shocking to be considered. While she lived she held out, and kept her husband to his resistance; but when she died, he gave way, the law was repealed, the marriage was solemnized; and when in a few years the old Emperor died, Theodora was crowned along with her husband, and received the homage of the Senate, the priesthood, and the people. A rise like this had never been seen before, not even in Constantinople, and was never seen again. That such a person should have married an Emperor was wonderful enough. But that of all Emperors she should have married Justinian, the studious and pious Justinian, the industrious and abstemious Justinian: here was indeed matter for a hymn to Aphrodite, had there been a poet to sing it.

If the story ended with this, we should only have had one more instance of the power of female fascination to bend strong men, and of female will to march across formidable barriers. Theodora had been nothing so far but a pert pantomimist and a notorious courtesan. What would she be on the throne of the world? Would she not cover it with the mud from which she had emerged, resume her old ways, and fall as quickly as she had climbed?

A man with such a disgraceful past would probably have had a disgraceful future; but women have a power beyond men's attainment of transforming themselves to suit their new conditions. Theodora was every inch an Empress. She maintained a dignity so severe that the chief dignitaries trembled in her presence. She insisted on prostrations and terms of adulation never rendered to a sovereign before. She occupied herself with the gravest affairs of State, gave audiences to ambassadors, received groups of bishops and discussed with them the religious controversies of the time, appointed and removed the highest officials. Her husband sometimes seemed to resist, but always ended by complying, so that it soon became a Court maxim that it was far better to have the Empress on your side than the Emperor. She remembered her sisters and the associates of earlier days, and, exercising the dearest prerogative of a female ruler, married them or their children to governors of provinces or nobles of the Court—nobles who sometimes sought to escape this unwelcome favour. Her conduct as a wife was, if we may judge by the silence of her enemies, irreproachable. Procopius does indeed say that rumour accused her of too great fondness for one of her stewards, but the only evidence given is that she had him tortured and imprisoned; conduct not incompatible with love, but not sufficient to prove it. Had this bitter foe known of stronger instances, he would have willingly added them to his catalogue of crimes. Perhaps she was prudent, and resolved to secure her husband by fidelity; perhaps she was weary of her old life, and after tasting the dregs had no mind to refill the cup. Anyhow her conduct was decorous, her piety exemplary. She founded churches, she established the first reformatory for women of her old vocation, and by a raid swept five hundred inmates into the great establishment which she had fitted up for the purpose on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Envy found only two faults to charge her with, intolerable haughtiness and unrelenting cruelty. Without believing all the stories which Procopius relates, it is clear enough from other evidence that she was as fierce and implacable on the throne as she had been fierce and implacable among her comrades of the Hippodrome. Faults doubly hateful in a woman; but then she had with them the unwomanly virtues of persistence and courage. Nothing could turn or shake her purpose. Nothing could appal her spirit; she knew fear as little as she knew pity. At the supreme crisis of her husband's life, the great insurrection in the sixth year of her reign, when Constantinople was in the hands of a host of furious insurgents, who had proclaimed a new Emperor and were threatening to break into the palace, when the guards were wavering, when Belisarius doubted whether resistance was possible, and the Ministers who still clung to Justinian were urging him to fly with the ships that lay ready at the sea-wall behind, Theodora declared that she at least would not seek safety in exile, but remain to perish in the purple. Her spirit emboldened Belisarius and his master. A sudden sally turned the tide of war, and after a fearful slaughter of the insurgents order was restored.

After more than twenty years of power Theodora died—died in the odour of piety, one might almost say of sanctity, for a courtly writer spoke of her soon afterwards as a saint. Her empire over her husband had never been shaken, though her enemies had often sought to poison him against her. In his widowed old age, he continued to speak of her as the gift of God by whom his best enterprises had been prompted. She had been a true wife to him, however cruel a mistress to his subjects.

This is the Theodora of history: let us see what fiction has made of her.

In Dr. Dahn's romance, which is mainly concerned with the Goths in Italy, she does not frequently appear; but an interest is added to his delineation by his profound knowledge of the period, which he has illustrated in two learned works as well as in this story. In his pages she is crafty, fascinating, unfeeling, but above all voluptuous. She moves in a maze of schemes and intrigues, some meant to counterwork her husband, some to hold him faithful to her; and at last, when one of her amours is on the point of detection, she takes poison to escape ruin. There is nothing to attract about her, except physical beauty skilfully improved by art; and, what is worse, there is nothing to admire.

Sir Henry Pottinger's heroine is cast in a very different mould. In his hands Theodora becomes noble and elevated, while not ceasing to be impulsive. A bold attempt this for one who seeks to keep so close to history as Sir Henry does. Yet his gallantry has been rewarded by no inconsiderable success. She is a woman of powerful character, born among foul surroundings, whose innate superiority shakes them off by degrees, purifying herself, and making herself worthy of the love of a great man and of the station to which he raises her. She is hard, and sometimes fierce, but she renounces the pleasures of sense for the delights of pride and ambition, not without a sense of the duties which her power involves. It is a fine conception, worked out with no little skill; and one would like to think there was more basis for it than history unfortunately supplies.

As I have not had the good fortune to see either Mr. Rhangabe's tragedy, or the Italian piece of "Theodora," which it seems was published (whether acted or not I know not) some time ago, I hasten on to M. Sardou's play.

This gifted dramatist has happily caught and reproduced the salient and superficial features of the character. His Theodora is haughty, and haughty not with the pretentiousness of a *parvenue*, but the dignity of one who seems to have found her natural place. She is witty, clear, keen, and sparkling in every sentence she utters. She is spirited, full of courage in the great insurrection scene, full of resource in council, and at last reckless of her own safety.

She is, however, also passionate, and even tender in her passion. Despising her weak and pedantic husband, she seeks satisfaction for her old vagabondism by wandering alone, or in the congenial company of Antonina (the faithless wife of Belisarius), through the purlieus of the capital. Here, on the occasion of an earthquake, she has met, been helped by, and fallen in love with a Greek youth named Andreas, who has come from the schools of Athens full of philosophy and generous aspirations for political freedom. She represents herself to him as a young widow, Myrtha by name; he reciprocates her affection, and we find her stealing to his house for an interview. I have not space to describe the plot; let it suffice to say that she loves him ardently and self-forgetfully; that her love survives the loathing which the discovery that she is the hated Empress produces in his mind, that she commits a murder for his sake, and ultimately sacrifices herself for him, braving the wrath of her husband by flying to nurse him when he has been wounded in the insurrection. She is discovered with him, having just poisoned him by mistake, and Justinian's executioner is putting the cord of death about her neck when the curtain falls.

I need hardly disclaim the doctrine that a novelist or dramatist who chooses a historical subject is to be bound to adhere to the facts of history. Such a canon would strike at most great historical plays and novels, and would make such writing well-nigh impossible, because it constantly happens that the history of famous persons does not supply those love plots which the public taste demands, or separates by long intervals of time events which the dramatist must crowd together. It would be absurd, therefore, to complain of M. Sardou or Dr. Dahn for having abandoned the truth of history, and made their Theodora return after her coronation to the delinquencies of her stormy youth. But the remark may be permitted, that this presentation renders her character far less striking and unique. Most women would doubtless have so returned. Had Theodora been an ordinary adventuress, such as those out of which modern France makes its heroines, she would have had an end like her beginning. What makes her splendid and marvellous is that she replaces the lust of pleasure by the lust of power, and carries that intensity which had made her the wonder of her lovers and the terror of her companions into the sway of a mighty empire. There is no levity, no weakness, about her; she seems, to use the expression of Procopius, like a demon sent upon earth to work men's ruin, equally by her beauty and her resistless will.

I do not make this a reproach against M. Sardou, for his Parisian public would have insisted that the courtesan Empress should be a courtesan still. Theodora, the builder of penitentiaries, the stern enforcer of moral regulations, would have been insipid to them unless caught in violating her own laws. Besides, his plot required it. But there is a criticism to which the portrait is fairly open. If any contradictions can be said to be impossible in the feminine character, his heroine is a moral impossibility. A woman with such a past could never have lavished on Andreas the tenderness, the self-sacrificing devotion, she displays. With such a past; yes, and with such a present. Because her passion for Andreas is not a single grand passion which has come in to fill up the void of her life; it is one of many amours which she roams the streets of her capital to seek; it is, when first brought before us, a diversion, a passing excitement, not a love to which that pomp and power, in which we have just seen her exulting, are to be lightly sacrificed.

Poets, dramatists, novelists, must no doubt often deviate from, as well as add to, the facts of history when they choose a historical subject. But is it not true that the less they deviate, so much the better do they succeed? No one has stuck so close to his authorities as Shakespeare does in his historical plays—of course I do not speak of half-fabulous tales like "Macbeth," but of the English historical plays, and the splendid triad of Roman tragedies. The same remark applies, though with less force, to Schiller and to Walter Scott; perhaps even to Dumas. It is a question not as between historic truth and artistic truth, but of finding the highest artistic truth in adhering to historic truth, not necessarily in incident, but certainly in character. It is not so easy to improve upon Nature in character drawing, the highest and most difficult of all artistic efforts.

In the accessories of his drama, M. Sardou has taken enormous pains to reproduce the manners, the Court usages, the daily life, of Constantinople. In fact, he gives us, through the speeches of the minor characters, instructive discourses on palace etiquette, on the factions of the Hippodrome, and I know not what else. He has been seconded with equal skill and knowledge by M. Duquesnel, who undertakes the scenery and decorations. Costumes, architecture, furniture, are not only beautiful in themselves and exquisitely harmonious in colour, but have evidently been studied with infinite care and under the guidance of accomplished archæologists. But with all this anxiety to reproduce the Byzantium of the sixth century, our author is betrayed into anachronisms more serious than a mistake in dress or phrase. Andreas, the philosophic votary of freedom, is impossible. In all those centuries, from the Antonines downwards, there is nothing more strange to us moderns than the absence of efforts for political reform, for liberty, for what we call constitutionalism. Everybody accepts despotism as the natural and necessary thing: nobody has any idea of improvement, except the replacing a harsh despot by a milder one. Andreas might have carried away from that University of Athens which Justinian had just closed, a contempt for the theological controversies of the day, and an indignation at the moral corruption of society; but a zeal for political freedom—no! that he would never have learnt from those last successors of Plato, Damascius and his five brethren, who had gone to seek at the court of Chosroes Anushirvan the repose which Justinian's intolerance denied them in the Roman Empire. There were at least three oppositions to Justinian—oppositions which probably united in the great insurrection; the dynastic opposition of those who clung to the family of the late Emperor Anastasius, the ecclesiastical opposition of the Monophysites, the sporting opposition (if one may call it so) of the green faction in the chariot races. But of a reforming opposition, of aspirations for freedom, not a trace.

A not less curious piece of modernism occurs in the horror of the Frankish warrior who fights for the Emperor at the slaughter inflicted on the rebels. He tells Justinian that twenty thousand have fallen. Justinian answers, with disappointment, "Pas plus?" and Charibert delivers his indignation in a fine sentence. To judge the Franks by their performances at that very time in Gaul and Italy, there was nothing they enjoyed so much as a blood bath, even when the victims were not their enemies.

Justinian's name suggests a word on the aspect in which the play presents him. Cruel, cowardly, suspicious, he is the most despicable person in it. Such a view may be justified dramatically as supplying a foil to the courage and promptitude of Theodora; and it gives scope for some very powerful acting. Perplexing as Justinian's character is, there is nothing to prove him a coward, and, so far from being cruel, he was, for a despot, singularly lenient. He usually spared, sometimes he pardoned, persons detected in conspiracies against him. He treated captive enemies with a leniency which strongly contrasts with Cæsar's behaviour to the gallant Vercingetorix. The harsh acts of his reign, plentiful enough no doubt, were acts of policy, not of cruelty. Unfeeling good nature is perhaps the phrase that best describes him. And whatever may have been his weaknesses, he was an abler ruler than the weak and wavering pedant whom M. Sardou brings before us.

I have no space left for a criticism of the play generally. It brims over with cleverness, and though the action flags in the earlier scenes, several of those in the middle and end are effective to the last degree; they give thrilling situations, where every phrase and every gesture tells. If the merit of a piece be to bring out good acting, a sufficient test for the spectator to apply, nothing better can be imagined. When one looks at the drama as literature, different questions arise, and receive less satisfactory answers. There is a want of deep human interest. It is in Theodora that the passion of the piece is concentrated; and Theodora's passion (for the reason given above) seems to ring false. There is also a want of dignity. Of the colloquialism of the diction no complaint (it is said) must be made, for the author aims at realism, and he attains it in making the charioteers talk like jockeys. We may well believe that in the conjugal disputes of Justinian and Theodora he scolded like a *bourgeois* husband, and she stung like one of M. Zola's heroines. We feel how much Constantinople, the city of pleasure to that vanished world, may have resembled Paris, the metropolis of pleasure to this one. The realism is complete. But is realism here in its right place? Does not our imagination when it is roused by these famous names, which, whatever they may have been in life, shine down upon us through the vista of the ages with that glory which the reverence of many generations and the tribute of poets like Dante have lent them, do not our eyes when they are dazzled by the splendid presentation of the arts and pomp of a refined civilization and a gorgeous Court, demand that the tone and manners and language of the persons who bear these names and tread these halls shall rise into the higher air of poetry? I found myself wishing for verse, perhaps even for music, to keep the piece on that level to which imagination sought to raise it, and from which the dialogue was always dragging it down.

The dialogue, but not the acting—for the acting was worthy of Shakespeare or Corneille. Any one of the five or six leading parts might alone have deserved the attention of a critic, could that attention have been diverted for a moment from the central figure. Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt is said to have spent hours in gazing on the portrait of Theodora, copied, or photographed, for her from the mosaic in San Vitale at Ravenna. She has rendered the character as M. Sardou wrote it for her with marvellous force, and not less marvellous versatility. From the languid insolence of the Empress receiving on her throne the obeisance of the ambassador of Chosroes, to the wild despair of the mistress of Andreas wailing over his corpse, there is not a point in the part to which she does not give the most perfect and finished expression. Yet Mdlle. Bernhardt's acting does not answer to the conception of the Empress which we form either from her career or her face. There is an air of the serpent about this acting, a winding, waving, coiling, entwining, fascinating air.

Theodora was no serpent, but a tigress, or perhaps a leopard, glossy and graceful, but glaring straight at her prey, and ready to fell it with a spring. She was small in figure, we are told, and her features were delicate; but her eyes had a fierce intensity that affrighted those who approached her. One seems to find something of this in the Ravenna mosaic, though in it she wears a look of demure devotion, and bears offerings to the shrine of the saint.

Of the moral aspects of the play I need not speak. The frequent obtrusion of the earlier incidents of the heroine's life seems intended not so much to illustrate her character as to pique and whet the morbid taste of an audience; and it suggests that the society which gloats over these allusions may not be morally far removed from the society in which the career of Theodora was possible. To pursue reflections of this kind, however, even if they came well from a foreigner, would be an ungracious return for the enjoyment which Paris offers to lovers of the drama. Whatever lamentations the elder generation of Frenchmen may raise over the decadence of politics and oratory and philosophy, here, at least, is an art in which she still stands far ahead of all other capitals.

JAMES BRYCE.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN ITALY.

"INTERMINABLE stories of middle-class life—long prose fictions, such as antiquity did well to do without." These were the scornful terms in which M. Renan spoke of modern fiction at the reception of Victor Cherbuliez into the French Academy. Yet, notwithstanding this haughty *dictum* of the learned French professor, it cannot be denied that the novel is one of the most thriving forms of modern literature. In it the popular mind is pleased to see the reflection of its own ways of living and thinking, the mirror of its own face and figure. The fact that antiquity had no fiction, in the sense in which we in our day conceive and write it, is perhaps due to the immense difference between past and present social conditions. Among the ancients, the only reading part of the population—that is to say, the free class—had to draw its intellectual nutriment mainly from the ode, the epic, and the tragedy,—aristocratic forms of literature admirably suited to the tastes of those ruling oligarchies to which that class gave rise, and reflecting faithfully, in a condensed form, the mind of the people and the national genius. But the society of our own day requires a form of literature corresponding with its own profoundly democratic instincts—a literature which finds nothing too humble or too minute, and which reproduces all the changing scenes and varied aspects of the popular life. Now this form can be no other than the novel. Renan is mistaken in his appreciation of the novel, and the mistake comes from his applying to two widely different social epochs an identical literary criterion.

I pointed out last September that, even before the end of last century, and more particularly since 1815, Italian literature had been saturated with the idea of national independence,—the patriotic note being so dominant throughout that period that even the remotest topics were pressed into the service, if it were only to convey an allusion, a regret, or an aspiration. Fiction in particular served, more than anything else, the purpose of patriotic recruiting. Excepting only Manzoni,—an abstract mind, of Olympian serenity, whose "Promessi Sposi" was intended simply as a work of art and a study of an historically true social situation—the other Italian writers, such as Guerrazzi and Massimo d'Azeglio, who succeeded him in historical romance, were for the most part animated by a political motive. The facts and personages of history were used by these writers at their own convenience for the purpose of stimulating the national consciousness with the memory of the glorious events of other days; and it mattered little whether or not those events would bear the light of a sound and thorough criticism. But about the year 1860, with the constitution of the kingdom of Italy, began a marked change in the character of our romantic literature. It has already been seen how some of our poets abandoned the national idea for other topics and other artistic ideals. In the same way, fiction also entered a new phase; it quitted the historic field to paint the passions and the manners of to-day. We had used the historical romance simply as a weapon of popular warfare. The war was over; the forces so long employed against the foreigner were set free; and we turned upon ourselves to see what we were like and to make our own acquaintance. The historical novel gave place to the personal and psychological. Milan took the lead in the new movement; its example was followed by other parts of Italy, and we are now flooded with this sort of literary production, though our more cultured and distinguished classes, for reasons which will presently appear, prefer the French and even the English novel to the native Italian.

But by what æsthetic criterion, I may reasonably be asked, are you going to judge the literature of your country? What is your own conception of the great movement of modern thought and of the artistic representation of life? Are you realist, idealist, naturalist, or impersonalist (to use the new term recently applied to a particular method in art)? The question is fair enough, and it is worth while to spend a few words upon it.

The craving for certainty as to the True, the Real, is so intense and so rooted in the human mind, that it is no wonder if the philosophers have laboured for centuries at the problem, and if, notwithstanding the meagre results obtained, this craving should still constitute in every age the torment and the glory of human thought. What is the Real? Where shall it be found? Is it in the outward things perceived by the senses? or is it in the conception we form to ourselves of them, the ideal representation of them within our own minds? How far does this mental conception—the ideal—reproduce the realities of the external world? Do we know these realities in their true and proper essence, as they are, or have we cognizance only of their qualities and attributes? Here is the great question. In theological times, where man and things all blend and lose themselves in God, who is at once the supreme Reality and the supreme Ideal, the question hardly exists, or it presents itself in other terms. But when reason steps in and destroys the ideal world constructed by revelation, it finds itself confronted by a world of objects and phenomena for the investigation and explanation of which it is thrown entirely on its own resources. It is in this situation that Descartes appears to have found himself, with his "Dubito, cogito, ergo sum"—a formula which at once affirms the reality of the thinking subject and casts a doubt on that of surrounding objects. This doubt is even more resolutely affirmed by Berkeley, who maintained that the visible world exists only in our conception of it.

Berkeley's idealism was itself a reaction against the doctrine of Locke, which vindicated the reality of matter, and asserted that the properties which he distinguishes as "primary"—that is to say, "solidity, extension, figure, motion, and rest"—"would be really in the world, as they are, whether there were any sensible being to perceive them or not." Only then comes Kant to prove, on the other hand, that these properties of matter are but determinations of the ideas of time, space, and causality, of which the mind is cognizant *à priori*; and that, as such, they are not necessary adjuncts of the things themselves, but are inherent in our own intellectual conception and comprehension of the things. They thus, together with the whole visible universe, belong not to the real, but to the ideal; which is as much as to say, that we can take knowledge of the world about us in no other way than by means of the conception we form of it in our own minds. This leads Kant, and Schopenhauer after him, to sum up his philosophical belief in the well-known formula:—"The world is my imagination of it" ("Die Welt ist meine Vorstellung").

This rapid sketch of the history of the transcendental conception of the True may not be useless here, as serving to illustrate and better determine the question of the True in art. Thus, in art also, everything turns on the question whether the Real is the outward object of which our senses take cognizance, or the inward representation of it in the mind. To me it appears that all the objects and facts and scenes of life have no actual reality, nor can be truly known, except as they present themselves, ordered, and, as it were, idealized, in our own thought. Thus the ideal in art is but the Real, thought and seen under the illuminating rays of the imagination.

Very different theories of art are, however, now in fashion. If these theories are to prevail, and to become the accepted law of artistic representation, the art of writing will soon become the easiest thing in the world. It is simply a question, as everybody now knows, of observing some object—a person, or a country, or a phenomenon of some sort—and of reproducing it on paper with that mechanical accuracy of which the new school has found out the secret. The artist need not add anything of his own, nor need he, strictly speaking, take anything away. Prolixity and minuteness of description, and a wearisome exuberance of incident—usually frivolous and meaningless incident—are a characteristic of the school. It is a capital point that the artist is neither more nor less than a mere observer; and that he is on no account to breathe one breath of soul into the thing observed and reproduced. He must stand off from his own personages, who move in virtue of laws he has nothing to do with, and by a mechanism of their own. And in fact this new method, by a natural evolution in the scale of *isms*, goes for the present, until a new term shall be found for it, by the name of "Impersonalism." The artist is, in fact, reduced to the rank of the physiologist; as the physiologist simply studies the physical phenomena, so the artist simply reads "the human document." Somebody innocently remarked to the leader of the school that by this method neither character nor action could have any warmth or life. "Quite true," replied M. Zola; "my people have no soul in them at all. I am perfectly content; I meant it so." And the reason M. Zola and his followers do mean it so is that they consider that only on this condition can they make their people real, and give a truthful and honest representation of the realities of life.

Certainly this is the easiest of arts, well within reach of the most ordinary intelligence. Direct observation is all that is necessary, and this requires only the most rudimentary faculties of thought and imagination. Reflection, which is the evidence of the truth of the things observed, and without which the things themselves have no real æsthetic value, goes for nothing. It is neither difficult nor fatiguing to look on life with the frivolous curiosity of a tourist, and spare oneself the needless labour of seeking to discover within oneself the secret of the things observed, or of touching them with the life and colour of thought.

"But that is antiquated art," it will be said. "We have thrown all that away, along with our cast-off clothes and our old iron. The democratic society of our time demands a strong and realistic representation of life, not refinements of thought which nobody cared for but the idle and the elegant." Yes, but let us understand one another. I am far, indeed, from denying that the social conditions of our time have created wholly new requirements in art. The old social order lies in ruins; the rising tide of democracy has carried away the last barriers which divided it into an organized hierarchy, consecrated by little else but time and vague tradition. A new humanity has come upon the scene; on it we must fasten our eyes, and learn to interpret its instincts, its aspirations, and its genius. Thiers saw this more than half a century ago. In the preface to his "History of the French Revolution," he says: "In former times history was written for the use of the Dauphin; now it must be written for the use of the people." This is the manifesto more or less expressly accepted by the realistic novelists of our day. Read, for instance, the preface of the brothers De Goncourt in "Germinie Lacerteux," where the words of Thiers are quoted for the benefit of the reader and the justification of the authors. This preface at once explains the *raison d'être* of the naturalistic literature and accounts for the defects and vices by which it is disfigured.

But assuredly if the course of events has brought under the eye of the artist and the student new scenes and a whole new world of human life—that plebeian world in which so large a part of our social life is now concentrated—it by no means follows that the art which is to represent these things must be essentially different from that of former days. It is simply that new elements of observation are offered to the mind of the artist—the simple and vigorous germinating elements of the intimate popular consciousness. The new art, instead of returning from these studies vitiated and deteriorated, as people imagine, ought rather to draw from its new field of observation a new force of colouring, and to acquire a more complex play of thought, while it will have at its disposal a richer and more various language, answering to the rich variety of the popular speech—a language which shall be, so to speak, more *orchestral* than the language of the past.

Nor, indeed, are these things so new to us. In our mediæval republics the people was sovereign *de jure* and *de facto*; and it was at that very period that art reached its culmination.

But we are, perhaps, allowing these questions to detain us too long.

The reader will care less for a discussion of æsthetic principles, more or less ingenious, than to be brought into contact with the new artistic manifestations which, whether or not they correspond with the regulations of the schools, reveal new aspects of human life and thought. We pass on, therefore, to the discussion of some recent works of fiction. In Italian productions of this class the English reader will not, perhaps, find much to envy; but a knowledge of some of their features may not be without interest or without use.

One of the most important of the novels published of late years in Italy is "Malombra," by Antonio Fogazzaro, a Venetian writer, who had already become known, some years earlier, as an accomplished and graceful poet. The plot of "Malombra," to some extent, resembles that of Victor Cherbuliez's "Count Kostia." The Marchioness Marina lives with her uncle, Count Cæsar d'Ormengo; she is young, beautiful, accomplished, elegant, with peculiarly refined and complicated nervous susceptibilities, and haughtily conscious of her talents and her birth. She believes in a plurality of successive earthly existences. In general, she lives on tolerably good terms with her uncle Cæsar, a somewhat rugged personage, of tastes and temper wholly different from her own, and with no liking at all for literature, art, or music, which she passionately loves. But her tolerance is turned into bitter hatred when she discovers the origin of the legend which hangs about the castle of Malombra. The mother of Count Cæsar, Cecilia Varrega di Camogli, wife of Count Emmanuel d'Ormengo, had been condemned by her husband, for her supposed infidelity to him, to a sort of perpetual imprisonment in this very castle of Malombra, where she had accordingly lived and died a prisoner. Marina finds in a certain chest a document addressed by this lady to her future self, in which she recounts her sufferings, and charges herself not to forget in her second life on earth (the belief in successive existences is apparently hereditary in the family) to avenge her by again attaching herself to Renato, her supposed lover—who of course is to be also enjoying a second existence. Donna Cecilia had foreseen that her second life was to be spent, like her first, in the castle of Malombra, and that she was there to recover her Renato. This extraordinary document was written in a lofty style, and displayed the bitterest resentment against the whole house of Ormengo, whom the unhappy lady describes as her murderers. To a woman of almost morbid nervous impressibility like the Marchioness Marina, indifference to such a letter is naturally impossible. Believing, as she does, in successive existences, she is at once seized with the idea that she herself actually is the re-incorporated Donna Cecilia, and that she is here to avenge herself on the house of d'Ormengo by finding and loving the re-incorporated Renato. Accident is not slow in coming to her aid. A young man named Conrad Silla is staying in the castle. He has been called in (like Gilbert in Cherbuliez's novel) to help Count Cæsar in some half-literary, half-scientific work. At the first sight of this youth—who is possessed of every possible attraction—Donna Marina receives a sort of revelation of the truth of this terrible family history. She is sure he is Renato. Unfortunately, the real has some power over her as well as the imaginary. She knows that Conrad is the son of a lady with whom Count Cæsar had been extremely intimate, and that he is commonly supposed to be Count Cæsar's son. Her mind is agitated by the most opposite impulses. On the one hand, she fully believes him to be her recovered Renato; on the other, she sees in him nothing but a vulgar upstart who has made his way into the castle in order to obtain her hand and secure the succession to the estates of Count Cæsar. In the first instance, she is completely overcome by this suspicion, and it is perhaps not to be wondered at that such a lady in such a situation should contrive, before the interview is over, to launch at the young gentleman an odious allusion to his supposed illegitimate birth. This is followed by a series of scenes of the most "nervous" description between the two young people. They feel a very decided drawing to each other, yet a morbid pride on both sides requires them to keep up a state of acrimonious warfare. There is even a mysterious repulsion between them, due in part to the hallucination under which Donna Marina lives, and of which Conrad is not distinctly aware. Finally, Conrad wearies of the struggle and leaves the castle, where it seems to him that he can no longer remain with dignity. He returns only at the end of the story to take part in a tragic scene. Count Cæsar is ill, and Donna Marina—whose hallucination by this time amounts to monomania—thinks that the moment has come for satisfying at once her love and her revenge. She sends for Silla from Milan, enters with him the chamber of the dying man, and utters, in accordance with the posthumous behest of Donna Cecilia, these words: "Cecilia is here, with her lover, to see you die!" Great is the scandal among the bystanders. The marriage arranged to take place between Marina and the Count Salvador, to which she had given a scornful consent, is broken off. Conrad, who finds himself figuring against his will as the accomplice in an unworthy action, has no wish to take his place; and the disappointed Marina, who, amidst all her delusions, had always counted on the reality of his affection for her, finishes the story by putting an end to his life and her own.

I have spoken of this as one of the finest novels that have come out of late years in Italy—a judgment which may seem to be hardly justified by this extraordinary plot. But it has great beauties of detail. Some of the scenes are marvellously touched, and admirable for their truth and freshness of representation; the characters are well studied and clearly and firmly drawn; you can see that the author has *lived inside them*, and studied their most secret springs. But the soul of the story is Conrad Silla, into whom the author has evidently to a great extent projected himself, and who represents one aspect of contemporary Italian life. Silla is a gifted and cultivated young man, full of eager aspirations after goodness, virtue, glory. It is a character with a good deal of moral substance in it. We have here in this appreciation of the influence of moral ideas in the life of modern society the very antipodes of Buckle. But unhappily these animating ideas never get beyond the point of aspiration. Silla has not the courage, the will, the force of character to turn them into action. He is in a state of constant and painful prostration of mind. He hopes to find in the love of a woman the secret of overcoming life, and not being overcome by it. It is with him no coarse or frivolous passion; but he believes that nothing but the pure and noble love of a woman will save him from his own weakness—guide him to higher good, and give him the power to realise his own ideal. But this woman he never finds. We have seen the end of his romance with Marina. Another girl Edith, who knows of his passion for Marina, and who, moreover, has devoted her whole affection to her old father, will not have him; and even before he is actually murdered by Marina, he feels himself dying of self-distrust and moral impotence. Conrad Silla is an example of the powerlessness of the ideal left to itself in the midst of a society which is governed almost exclusively by selfish and material interests.

It is, of course, needless to remark that such expressions as "the ideal," "the good," "virtue," "aspiration," have no meaning in naturalistic art; since it is well known that in the naturalistic world people simply obey the laws of the environment, the compulsion of heredity, or the fatality of instinct. "Malombra" therefore is not naturalistic. Nevertheless, that school has many adepts in Italy, and very intolerant they are. They cannot admit that any art differing from their own can now exist in the light of day. And it is quite true that among the generality of Italian readers they attract the most attention, and are the most in fashion. I remember that, in the beginning of his literary career, Lord Byron attempted story-writing. He soon gave it up. "I ran into reality," he says somewhere in his "Memoirs." Our modern writers look at things in just the other way. Their great fear is lest they should even for a single moment allow themselves to be mastered by their imagination, and lose sight of the blank and crude reality, no matter how freely it may present to their eyes things trivial, base, or foul.

I need not trouble the reader with an account of those of our literary productions which, under the name of novels, give us nothing but a disgusting exhibition of hideous, vulgar, and revolting scenes. Such is the recently published "Fidelia," of A. Colantti, in which the husband suspects his wife's infidelity after her death from the figure of the corpse, and carries it to the dissecting-room to satisfy himself. This is too horrible; let us pass to something less intolerable. I have already spoken of de Zerbi's "L'Avvelenatrice"—"the Poisoner."

De Zerbi is a brilliant Neapolitan, with a wonderful aptitude for the most various pursuits. He is at once author, politician, journalist, and critic. He was one of those who most distinguished themselves by their courage and self-devotion during the recent cholera epidemic in Naples; and he was also the reporter in Parliament of the so-called Bill for "gutting Naples," introduced with a view to improving the sanitary conditions of the city. He has written several novels, the last of which is "L'Avvelenatrice." I need not go into the plot of this story; it would be too long an affair. I shall confine myself to pointing out the artistic conception which forms the starting-point of the book. According to De Zerbi, everything in life, and in the phenomena that go to make up life, is mobile, fluid, inconstant; to-day is not as to-morrow; all is change; nothing and no one is to be trusted in, ourselves least of all. It is all an endless progression of life succeeded by death, and forgotten death by life again; everything passes away in its turn, and ends, sooner or later, in oblivion. When a given moral phenomenon takes place in a given person, it is because this is the necessary result of the general conditions under which the person lives. Alter the environment, place the person under other conditions, and you will obtain, without fail, a different moral phenomenon. For example: Fuchsia—one of the characters in this story—is an honest woman because her husband, Franz, keeps her in seclusion and out of the way of temptation. Expose her to the perils of social life, and you may safely count on it that Fuchsia will forget her duty. The author explains his idea in a disgusting passage which affords a sample of the imitation Darwinianism of the school. Franz, he says, obliged his wife to frequent the ball-room and the theatre, because he wished to place the latent germs and "potential cellules" of evil in her nature in a hothouse where the potent heat might favour their development. He also supplies a chemical reason for these different phases of the moral life of Fuchsia. If she remains for some time faithful to her husband, it is because "love is like the chemist's furnace; it dissolves and recombines the various faculties, so as to compose a new soul." But "a second love may serve as a re-agent if the first combination has already taken place." This is what De Zerbi calls "the biological romance"—a work of art in which character and action necessarily emanate from certain determining vital conditions. Yet, notwithstanding this pretence of science, nothing can be more unscientific than De Zerbi's novel. He makes his personages undergo transformations so rapid, so unexpected, and so extraordinary, that it is difficult to see how they can be even biologically explained. The truth is, that, so far from being a scientific work at all, "L'Avvelenatrice" is the merest work of imagination. Its people are nothing but vapour—fleshless, bloodless, bodiless. For it is one thing to write a scientific treatise, and quite another to create a work of art.

The most notable champions of the realistic school come from the Neapolitan provinces. One of these champions is a lady, the Signorina Matilda Serao, the author of several novels and more than one volume of stories, which have been received with much favour by the general public. Some idea of her work may be formed from one of her last stories, "The Virtue of Checchina." Checchina is the wife of a Roman doctor of little skill and less practice, who is trying to make his way by means of patronage. He one day invites to dinner a young and fashionable nobleman, the Marquis d'Aragona. The young marquis, who is a man of the world and has had much experience, soon sees what can be made of this Checchina, who is a pretty and pleasing little person. In the course of conversation he finds an opportunity of mentioning with a negligent air that he lives in a fine house elegantly furnished, with splendid pictures, &c., and he incidentally names the street and number. He repeats this information as he takes his leave. Checchina is far too true a woman of the naturalistic school to take offence at this insolence. She considers and reconsiders the subject the next day, and the next day, and the next. For some time she hesitates, not from any sort of virtuous scruple, but from mere timidity and apathy of nature, to take the direction indicated: but on D'Aragona's repeating the invitation by letter, she makes up her mind to go. She reaches the house; the porter is standing on the threshold. Ashamed to go in, she passes on. Twice she repasses the doorway; the porter is still there, pipe in mouth. Whereupon Checchina goes home, and gives up her visit to the marquis. And this is "the virtue of Checchina." The other novels of this authoress have pretty much the same amount of moral stuff in them. None of her characters have the slightest power of resistance. This, indeed, is the characteristic of her school. In one of her last novels, "Fantasia," Lucia Altimare robs her intimate friend, Caterina, of her husband's love. She sees and feels the shameful disloyalty of her conduct, but it is "fatality." How are you to resist "fatality?" This story to some extent follows the lines of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," and repeats two of its incidents (that of the cab, and that of the prize-giving at an industrial exhibition). The authoress is by no means wanting in cleverness; she has a lively imagination and a good deal of talent; but she has also many faults. She does not always escape vulgarity, and she sacrifices correctness and precision of representation to the impetuosity of a southern imagination. She knows nothing of Dante's "freno dell' arte"—the art of saying nothing but what is wanted to produce a given effect. Nevertheless, she is one of our most popular writers, and she has many readers.

I must not omit, in speaking of our naturalistic writers, the name of one who certainly has more genius than all the rest—another Neapolitan—Gabriele d'Annunzio. No member of the school is more faithful to the master's maxim, "Above all, *no soul*." He takes all his types from the Neapolitan country folk—a coarse and ignorant population, ruled by the most primitive instincts, and brutalized by vice and superstition. The feelings, passions, and impulses of this class are described by Gabriele d'Annunzio with the hand of a master. His "Annals of Anna" is a long rigmarole of the most insipid and petty incidents in the life of a rough country girl, who is gradually driven by superstition into a dull and stupid asceticism. Nevertheless, it is drawn from the life, and one reads it with interest. The scene of his "Nocturnal Idyll" is laid in a low Neapolitan tavern, frequented by customers of the worst description, among whom is a sort of "M. Alphonse," who shares with the mistress the profits of the trade. It reminds one of the "Assommoir du Père Colombe," described by Zola in his celebrated book. D'Annunzio's single aim appears to be to deprive his puppets of the very last and faintest spark of moral or intellectual life, and reduce them all to the condition of that Fra Lucerta who gives the title to another of his tales, and whom he represents as lying flat on his face on the ground, losing himself in the lap of this immense Nature, feeling her pulsations and the heaving of her breast, her breath and her vital heat. To D'Annunzio, Nature is the minister of an irresistible and voluptuous intoxication. He is intensely sensitive to the beauty of human form; he dwells with delight on his fishermen with their broad sunburnt breasts, and his women "lithe as panthers." The luxuriant landscape of the South enters as an inseparable ingredient into his scenes of rural passion, which take from Nature, as it were, a sort of vegetative heat. And the whole is laid on in the warm tones and dazzling colours of Nature's own palette.

But now the scene changes, and we come to a writer who has nothing in common with "naturalism" and the "naturalists"—Salvatore Farina. This author is a native of Sardinia, but he has lived nearly all his life on the Continent, where he succeeded his father in an important judicial appointment. For fifteen years he has been settled in Milan, the city of his adoption. With the exception of De Amicis, who has an almost world-wide reputation, he is the best known in Europe of all our Italian novelists. His books are translated into seven or eight languages, and in Germany especially he is really popular. He is a keen, patient, precise and conscientious observer. He collects his material from outside, but he presents it to the reader only after it has undergone a thorough artistic elaboration in his own mind. With him the things observed are but the scattered notes of a piece of which the "motive" must be sought in the mind itself. Without this "motive" you can have nothing more than musical divagations—more or less learned, ingenious, and correct, but still divagations. Now this method has nothing in common with that of the realistic school. Farina did indeed once attempt a novel in the manner of that school, but it was not a success, and he withdrew at once from a path which had never been really his own.

His last work, published in 1884, is "Corporal Silvestro," a bright, fresh little story, excessively simple in matter and structure. It has all Farina's best qualities—his careful and judicious observation, his habit of choosing among the things observed, so as to give perspective and relief, and his fine and kindly humour, which brings out with a sort of indulgent irony the contradictions and whimsical deceptions of life. The story is, as I said, of the very simplest. Corporal Silvestro is a retired fencing-master. He and his wife Lucia have a little house on the coast near Genoa, and they sell it to a certain Dr. Massimo for a fixed pension of a few pounds per month—which, to them, means ease, not to say opulence. Apart from the many charming pictures, delightfully fresh and vivid, which embellish the book, the interest of the story lies in the contrast between the feelings and interests of the doctor, who, though not a bad fellow at bottom, naturally does not expect his pensioners to live unnecessarily long, and those of the lively and cheerful old couple, now quit of all care and able to live on a more liberal scale than heretofore, who go on growing haler and heartier than ever, and bid fair to last out a good many prosperous years. It is even worse than this, for as they grow better the doctor grows worse; and as the two parties live in close proximity, the state of the case becomes absolutely obtrusive. The good old people get positively uncomfortable at being so well; they would be glad to disappoint the doctor's just expectations a little less roundly, to look just a little infirm; while the sickly doctor, considerably younger than themselves, feels something like a personal taunt in the irrepressibly buoyant health of his pensioners. The intrinsic whimsicality of the situation—the irony of fate in thus upsetting the well-founded calculations of the doctor—is brought out by the author in the most natural and amusing way.

Nevertheless, the story is not simply humorous. It has an element of pathos in it. It is the first of a cycle of stories which the author proposes to include under the general title "Dying." This large canvas is to be filled in with separate studies of a single problem—What part does the thought of death play in human life? What part? It chases vanity from the mind; it deprives pleasure of its intoxication; it minimizes and softens the inevitable sorrows of life; it disarms hatred in our hearts. If Farina should carry his design to completion, it will doubtless give us some very thoughtful and original and artistic work from his pen.

Farina is before all things a writer of *feeling*. He admits this himself in the preface to his "Hidden Treasure." He holds that the scenes depicted by the artist must owe their life and colour to this quality. But Farina's feeling does not find its aliment amidst the conflict of hot and restless passions, but rather in the peaceful atmosphere of the home, and in those quiet retreats where the storms of the world seem scarcely so much as to ruffle the surface of existence, and never to trouble its depths. He is the graceful and genial delineator of the family life, with its eager and serious cares, and with all the incidents—gay, or pathetic, or amusing—that go to make it up. These characteristics of Farina's work first showed themselves in his "Blindfold Love"—a story set with crisp and natural scenes, all harmonised together by perfect truth of tone and colour. The plot is simply this:—Two young people who have not been many months married resolve to separate, in consequence of some misunderstanding, and of some youthful levity on the part of the husband, which seems more serious than it is. Then something goes wrong with Leonard's eyes, and he returns home to be under treatment, and this brings the two together again. Ernesta's tender care revives the love which was only slumbering in Leonard's heart, and the young husband and wife become more united than before. There is nothing exactly of the nature of a surprise in all this, for the reader has foreseen the reconciliation from the beginning; but there is much to admire in the delicacy of gradation with which the author leads up to it. Another charm of the story is the characteristic touch of humour. A friend of Leonard's, Dr. Agenore, a professed materialist, approaches Ernesta as soon as her husband has left her, with the hope of supplanting him in her affection. He begins to unfold his theories, but it is only a waste of breath; the awakened instincts of a virtuous woman and the faithful memory of her married life assert themselves in Ernesta, and she sends him away confused and mortified. Between the fatuous confidence of Agenore in the irresistibleness of his materialistic doctrine, and the awakening of the dormant sense of honour in the grieved and wounded heart of the young wife, there is a good deal of point in the situation

"Out of the Sea Foam," which, like several of the others, first appeared in the *Nuova Antologia*, the best of our Italian Reviews, is another story of the same kind, in which two painters are the protagonists. It is full of humorous incident, and depicts a very mild love of family contrasted with a very fervid love of art. Another story, "Il Signor Io" (Mr. I), is a perfect gem. Here we have a form of egoism not often represented in fiction; an old father—the Professor of Philosophy, Marc Antonio Abate—excessively angry with his daughter for marrying without his permission and leaving him alone in his old age. It is the leaving him to the care of paid attendants that angers him most, not the marrying without leave; and very curious are the arguments with which he tries to convince himself that he is right and his daughter wrong, and that he is not being selfish in the very least. The story is really a literary gem.

I will pass over several equally admirable works of Farina's, to say just one word on a sort of domestic epic—a prose poem—which describes, in a series of sketches under the general title "My Son," the phases and vicissitudes, grave and gay, sweet and sad, of the lives of Epaminondas and Evangelina Placidi. The sketches are entitled, "Before the Birth;" "The Three Nurses;" "Courage! Forward!" "My Son Studies;" "Interlude—the Black Page;" "My Son in Love;" "Laurina's Husband;" "Grandfather!" Everything in this household poem—it is impossible to call it anything else—is fresh, warm, earnest, and inspired by the soundest and most wholesome reality. Nor is the usual vein of humour lacking here; the whole story is sprinkled with it, from beginning to end, down to the very last touch, where the fond father suffers a twinge of jealousy on finding that his son's reputation at the bar is eclipsing his own. "Your son is doing you honour," say admiring friends. "He is doing me a very great injury," cries the father. "However, I had made up my mind to it."

Alongside of Salvatore Farina we may place Enrico Castelnuovo, a Venetian, like Fogazzaro. This author finds his scope in the gentler feelings and affections, and he represents them with a grace and delicacy of touch altogether his own. He ventures, not seldom, into the arena of the passions; but he has the art of blunting their edges and softening their asperities; and he always provides some solution at the end, so that his stories have no intolerable griefs or interminable struggles. In his graceful tale of "The Lover's Return," he tells how the betrothed lovers have been parted for ten years, and when at last the marriage-day approaches, the bride is half aware of a nascent tenderness for some one else—a young man of her own country. It is not yet love, but it is the beginning of something which the first chance may wake into conscious life. The chance occurs; an accident endangers the young man's life, and she hastens to offer such eager and tender aid as only love could prompt. Her bridegroom has meanwhile arrived, and soon perceives the change which has taken place in the mind of his betrothed during his long absence. He sees that he is not the man for her; that he cannot make her happy, nor be happy in her. He voluntarily renounces her, and returns into his own country to find in another girl, who has already shown him some affection, the happiness he can no longer hope for in his first love. In another graceful story, "La Contessina," Castelnuovo relates the hapless love of a young gardener for his master's daughter, the beautiful and capricious young countess of Val di Sole. The story ends with a passage which contains the secret of the poor fellow's misery, and of that of many other poor fellows besides—"He was too good for the place he actually filled in this world; and he was not equal to the place he would have liked to fill." There is, if I may so express myself, a perfume of moral sweetness about Castelnuovo's works; you feel in them the sense of justice, the movement of compassion, a love for all that is noble and good. They leave behind them in the reader's mind a feeling of subdued and tender sadness.

Another writer, very different, both in manner and matter, from either Castelnuovo or Farina, is the Genoese Anton Giulio Barrili, the author of a good many novels, some of them historical. He is cultivated and well-read, and he writes good Italian, which is more than can be said for some of our authors. He has great skill in mapping out the framework of his story, though the somewhat too obvious elaboration of the design may give an impression of squareness and rigidity. But he is not without his faults. He is given to far-fetched and artificial turns of speech, and to loading his narrative with scraps of learning, mythological allusions, and historical illustrations, often by no means to the point. All this spoils the life and "go" of the story. Moreover, it is his manner to give us only the external and material features of places and people, so that his descriptions are colourless and cold. With all the effort he puts into his work, one feels that he has little grasp of the reality of life. Nor is this difficult to understand, if we consider the social stratum from which Barrili usually draws his subject and his characters. He is almost always in high society, among people of artificial habits and ephemeral opinions, and yet he has not really got touch of this society; and hence he blunders in perspective, is incorrect and unreal, and does not draw from the life. In "Val d'Olivi," for instance, amidst much that is beautiful, there is also much that is exaggerated and false. The Duchess Giulia d'Andrate, a lady of irreproachable conduct, withdraws to Val d'Olivi to escape the gossip and scandal of the elegant world of Milan. Here she comes across two young men, Emanuele Lanfranco and Flaviano Delaiti, who both fall desperately in love with her. But the lady's mind is so noble, and her heart so pure, that she has power to transform the character of the two young men and the nature of their love for her, turning the somewhat coarse Lanfranco into a man of refined feeling, and elevating Delaiti, till then a frivolous idler, into a hero, capable of earnest purpose and of the most generous sacrifices, who, in fact, ends by dying for his country in Garibaldi's Roman expedition in 1867. The "motive" of the story is fine, no doubt, but then the whole thing is exaggerated.

Barrili is perhaps the best known of our writers who has, so far, attempted to depict the life of the Roman upper classes. The scene of "The Conquest of Alexander" is laid in Rome, and its characters all belong to the high society of modern Rome, which lives alongside of the remains of the old society of papal Rome. It is the same with his "Arrigo the Wise," which has just come out in the *Nuova Antologia*. Only here the author has to struggle with another difficulty. So far as literature is concerned, the features of the Italian are as yet a riddle to us. We know the Piedmontese, we know the Lombard, we know the Tuscan, we know the Neapolitan; but the Italian we have not yet seen. He is still unknown in fiction, as he is unknown on the stage—yes, even though our dramatic authors present one to us every day. The difficulty is no light one; and Barrili cannot claim to have overcome it. Our modern Rome has not yet evolved the Italian type, and we must be content for a while to do without him in art. This is why the most attractive of all our literature is that which takes its features, colour, and character from particular districts. I will close this notice with a brief account of some of the most important representatives of this branch of our literature.

Beginning with Piedmont, I may name first of all Giovanni Faldella, a Member of Parliament. In his "Figurine" he gives us a number of rural types and scenes remarkable for their energy of delineation and force of colouring. He is a deliberate and conscientious observer, and his renderings are close and faithful. But his *forte* lies in the odd, broad, whimsical, delightful humour with which he flavours his story. The sketch entitled "High Life in the Country," where he describes a rustic ball in the Town Hall of the Commune, is exquisitely pretty. In another story, "Gioberti e Radetscki," he tells in an amusing way the tragic-comic vicissitudes of the struggle, partly political, partly local, carried on between several influential inhabitants of the village of Torre Orsolina. The whole thing is bubbling over with truth and nature. No Piedmontese could fail to recognise in these sketches the most characteristic features of the life of the locality. Faldella knows his subject through and through, and he is scrupulously truthful in his rendering of it; his productions smell of the soil. In addition to the "Figurine," he has written a sort of three-volume novel, "The Story of a Snake," in which a series of charming rural tableaux are grouped round the central subject of the unhappy love of a sweet and beautiful girl. The book has all Faldella's best qualities. One point which the reader will note as characteristic of Piedmontese country life is the touch of feudal insolence in the local aristocracy—a reminder of the customs and institutions of earlier days.

And now let us turn to Tuscany. Here we have not a few good story-tellers, who give us, in admirable Italian, the distinctive features of Tuscan life. Of these, the most remarkable and the most agreeable is Renato Fucini. Fucini is not only a prose writer, but a comic poet, and a very clever one; his poems reflect under all its varied aspects—gay, ingenuous, laughable, grotesque—the popular life of Tuscany, and touch them all with a keen and quizzical, but not unkindly, humour. He has pathos, too—a minor key which strikes the deepest fibres of one's heart; and even in some of his most cheerful notes there is an undertone of melancholy. This author has been for some years Inspector of the Governmental Schools in Pistoja, a pleasant city at the foot of the Apennines, two hours' journey from Florence. But apart from his official duties he has rural tastes and instincts. His "Veglie di Neri" is a charming collection of sketches and stories, in which he makes the reader thoroughly at home in the life of his Tuscan country-folk. The peculiar merit of his work lies in its extraordinary clearness and spontaneity. Nothing comes between him and the object he is studying—no mist, no shadow, no uncertainty clouds the impression. The little sketches "Primavera" and "Lucia" delight the reader by their truth and freshness; "La Fatta," "Il Merlo di Vestro," and "La Scampagnata" amuse him with their gentle and gracious pleasantry. Then comes the touch of pathos: "Tornan di Maremma" and "Fiorella" force the tears into your eyes. Everything that Fucini writes is remarkable, moreover, for its delicacy of delineation, its exquisite finish and detail. This is a peculiarly Tuscan quality.

Another of our most fertile and agreeable story-tellers is Giovanni Verga, a Sicilian, who has done, and from time to time is doing, much to draw attention to the miserable condition of the lower classes in Sicily. Verga has a manner all his own. They say that the Sicilians have a way of understanding each other almost without words; a look, a gesture, a slight movement of the lips, is all that is necessary.

The same thing might almost be said of Verga's writings. He paints by swift touches; he speaks in broken and imperfect phrases; he brings us at a bound into the very heart of the story before we know where we are or whom we have to deal with. Not unfrequently he gathers up all the threads of his story into one single point, and if this one point escapes the reader, the meaning of the whole is lost. He leaves a great deal unsaid, and expects the reader to divine it. This gives abundant force and energy to his narration, but often it is at the expense of clearness. It may be remarked that this was not Verga's original manner. He was first known as the author of novels the scenes of which were laid amidst the corrupt influences of the higher social sphere. Such are his "Eros," "Tigre Reale," and "Eva," in which under the pretext of giving a realistic representation of the life of the upper classes, he makes a considerable show of rhetoric and invention. This style, however, he has completely abandoned; and he now gives us nothing but rustic life in Sicily, sketched in the fashion above described.

These sketches leave on the reader's mind a vague sense of misery. Nothing could be more pessimistic than his view of life. He shows us the whole lower class of the population of the island ground down by the most urgent material needs and the most squalid penury. The picture is hardly ever illumined by a ray of happiness or goodwill. His people are engaged in perpetual struggle against a terrible fate which threatens them every moment with dying of want and hunger. Under this stress and strain of life the family bond gives way, and the most sacred ties are broken; the husband deserts his wife and the son his father; the daughter goes on the streets; all sense of duty or morality is forgotten in the hope of a little gain. Of this type is "Mondo Piccino," for instance, one of Verga's last works. In the same way the sketches comprised in his "Novelle Rusticane" show us the poor of Sicily oppressed by ignorance, misery, superstition, and social injustice—evils which had their origin in a state of things which we hope, is now past for ever. I do not know whether Verga is a student of the philosophy of Schopenhauer; but certainly his "Novelle" are but an imaginative reproduction of the theory. According to the illustrious leader of the school, all the ills of life spring from that inward force which urges man to action—the will—in which he sums up the true substance of things. Now Verga has set himself, first in his novel "I Malavoglia," and, later, in his "Novelle Rusticane," to show us just this human activity, among the lowest classes of the population, in conflict with the desperate necessities of life and the craving for material well-being; and in this struggle he believes that every one is conquered, that every one goes down. This pessimistic notion makes itself felt throughout the whole of Verga's literary work.

Here I will close. I have passed over a number of other novelists who are by no means without merit; but my object was to bring out certain characteristic features of recent Italian fiction; and it appeared to me that they were best seen in the writers of whom I have spoken.

GIOVANNI BOGLIETTI.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—OLD TESTAMENT LITERATURE.

AMONG English works published during the past year, the foremost place is undoubtedly held by the two new volumes in the series called "The Cambridge Bible for Schools," on Job by Professor A. B. Davidson, and on Hosea by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne. Both are written with marked ability and thoroughness: and both show in every page the mature and delicate scholarship of their authors. Professor Davidson has for long been an earnest student of the Book of Job, although his critical commentary, of which one volume appeared many years since, has never been completed. For most practical purposes, however, it is now superseded by the present work. Not only are difficulties of the text carefully and minutely explained, but the requisite attention is also devoted throughout to expounding the course and significance of the argument. In the Introduction, questions connected with the composition and purpose of the Book, its integrity and probable date, are discussed with sufficient fulness and in a judicial temper. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same remarks will apply to Mr. Cheyne's volume on Hosea. Hosea is difficult, but not so difficult as Job; and though interesting questions are suggested by his book, they are not so varied or complex as in the case of Job. The main characteristics of the prophecy, and its position in Old Testament literature, are well summed up in the Introduction. The volume on Hosea, however, is not all which the past year owes to Mr. Cheyne's pen. In the spring he published a new translation of the Psalms, designed to represent to the reader, more adequately than could be done through the conventional phraseology of the Authorised Version, the true spirit and sense of the original. His command of pure and vigorous English enabled him to accomplish this task with no small success: and his work has already reached a second edition. In this edition, it should be mentioned, is to be found a list of the passages in which an emendation of the ordinary Hebrew text has been adopted. There is no doubt that passages occur in which the text transmitted to us is corrupt, and the emendations accepted by Mr. Cheyne, even though they may not all be deemed necessary, have at least been selected with great judgment, and are thoroughly worthy of a scholar. In this respect they form the strongest possible contrast to those adopted in another work to be noticed below. The last year has seen also a third edition of the same scholar's Commentary on Isaiah, which has now taken its place as the standard English authority upon the subject. Numerous small additions and corrections have been introduced into the notes: there is also some fresh material among the Essays.

The Commentary on the Old Testament edited by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has also now reached its completion. The notes are of somewhat unequal value: Professor Rawlinson, for example, has been led, under Canon Cook's guidance, into the strange illusion that the Book of Exodus abounds with Egyptian idioms! (vol. i. p. 189). Mr. C. J. Ball's notes on 2 Kings and Chronicles show great learning and care: it is a pleasure to read a commentary marked by discrimination and a real appreciation of Hebrew idiom and style. We mention it here, however, in order to call attention to the excellent Commentary on Isaiah by Dean Plumptre, which appeared last year. The Introduction is perhaps a little slight, especially in the treatment of the critical questions connected with this book (including a curious chronological oversight, p. 414 *h*); but the notes are everywhere thoughtful, suggestive and clear. On chap. xxi. 1–10, a notice of the interpretation proposed by Paul Kleinert, and adopted by Mr. Cheyne, seems desiderated. If the prophecy relate to the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, it is incredible that it can be Isaiah's: not, of course, on the ground of the impossibility of the prediction, but because, in that case, it would be devoid of meaning and significance to Isaiah's age. May we presume to suggest for a future edition an Essay comparing the *theological ideas* characteristic of the two parts of Isaiah? * The notes on Jeremiah and Lamentations in the fifth volume are by the same gifted and accomplished theologian. The Commentary on the Psalms, in the same volume with that on Isaiah, contains also much excellent matter. It cannot, however, be recommended without a serious reservation. The scholarship of the author is such that he has no perception of the difference between what is, and what is not, a Hebrew idiom. Hence, often under the plausible guise of a "slight" or "ingenious" change (generally suggested by Mr. Burgess), the most impossible renderings and readings are commended to the reader's notice. That good work should be marred by such blemishes is a cause for sincere regret; and it is to be hoped that the publication of a second edition may afford opportunity for their removal.

In a stately quarto volume of 455 pages, published by the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, Canon Tristram gives to the world the results of his travels and investigations on the Fauna and Flora of Palestine: 113 entries under the head *Mammalia*, 348 under *Aves*, 213 under *Mollusca*, &c., show the scale on which the work is executed. The Preface discusses briefly the geological history of Palestine; and a series of handsome plates increases the beauty and usefulness of the volume. It is a pity that the Hebrew and Arabic words should be continually misspelt.

From abroad we have the fourth edition of Delitzsch's Commentary on the Psalms, which, though the Preface is dated November, 1883, scarcely reached this country till last year. Nearly every page bears witness to the diligence of the venerable author in noting whatever of importance has been written, with reference to either exegesis or criticism, since the previous edition of ten years ago.

The third part of Bernhard Stade's "Geschichte des Volkes Israel"

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* Those who are not acquainted with it may find F. H. Kruger's "Essai sur la théologie d'Ésaie xl.–lxvi." (Paris, 1881) instructive on the subject with which it deals.

(which appears at irregular intervals in Oncken's "Allgemeine Geschichte") has also appeared. Critically, Professor Stade occupies an advanced position, and his conclusions do not in all cases commend themselves: but he writes with a warm sympathy with his subject, and is nearly always instructive. The present part contains in particular an ably drawn sketch of the early civilization of Israel. In the popular religion of Israel, Professor Stade finds traces of ancestor-worship, which he thinks at one time must have prevailed extensively: but he does not omit to point out how fundamentally opposed to this was the religion inaugurated by Moses, and how the latter, in virtue of its unique character and claims, overcame both ancestor-worship and every form of polytheism (p. 438 *sq.*).

In David Castelli's "La Legge del popolo Ebreo nel suo svolgimento storico," a clear and full exposition of the modern critical view of the legislation (or rather, legislations) contained in the Pentateuch, is combined with a popular and readable explanation of the laws themselves. The author, who is professor at Florence, writes with moderation, and shows independence of judgment. After examining the traditional opinion (ch. i. ii.), and stating briefly (ch. iii) the conclusions of critics on the composition of the Pentateuch, he proceeds in the chapter following to explain the laws in detail, beginning with the Decalogue (ch. iv.), then passing to the "First Code" (Exod. xxi.–xxiii.), after this to Deuteronomy (ch. viii.), and ending (ch. ix.) with the "Priests' Code," which embraces the ceremonial law of Leviticus and Numbers. This is not the place to criticize the theory here presented of the course taken by Hebrew legislation: doubtless it embodies elements of truth, and it unquestionably throws great light upon particulars which seem otherwise anomalous or obscure. At the same time there are questions connected with it which are yet not clear; and something still remains for future investigation to explore. Castelli, it may be added, is a good Talmudical scholar; and the expositions of Jewish legalists and commentators are continually referred to in his volume.

A *brochure* of 108 pages by Dr. F. E. König, entitled "Die Hauptprobleme der altisraelitischen Religions-Geschichte," is a helpful and well-timed attempt to bring to a clear issue the questions now so warmly debated on the field of Old Testament criticism. Dr. König is a *Privatdocent* at Leipzig, and is already favourably known to scholars by two learned and useful works on Hebrew Grammar and Theology.* He accepts upon literary and historical grounds the same critical position as Castelli,† while repudiating the theological assumptions with which it is sometimes associated, and arguing that it can be stated with such limitations and in such a form as to be in no way incompatible with the belief in a supernatural influence operating in the religious development of Israel. In the present *brochure* the issues raised are stated under thirteen heads and briefly discussed, the general conclusion being that, while it is true that there is *a* development traceable in the Old Testament, its extent has been exaggerated by naturalistic critics, while the facts which limit it have not been duly estimated. The distinction insisted upon by König between the critical and the theological issues is an important one, and in its more general recognition, alike in this country and upon the Continent, will probably be found the ultimate solution of the controversies which at present divide Old Testament scholars. Neither the critical position of Keil nor the theological position of Kuenen will be found in the long run to be tenable; and the problem which now demands the concentrated energies of all serious students is the discovery and reconciliation of the truth which beyond doubt underlies both the opposed views. There is an appreciative and favourable notice of König's book by Kautzsch in Schürer's *Theol. Zeitschrift*, 1884, No. 22, and it is, we believe, in course of being translated into English.

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* "Historisch-kritisches Lehrgebaude der Hebraischen Sprache" (1881); "Der Offenbarungsbegriff des Alten Testaments" (1882).

† See the last-named work, vol. ii. pp. 321–332.

Dr. Berliner has merited the thanks of all interested in the Ancient Versions of the Old Testament by his reprint of the Sabionetta edition (1557) of the "Targum" of Onkelos, the most celebrated of the translations of the Pentateuch into Jewish Aramaic, with a valuable introduction, containing critical notes, and an explanation of the nature and history of the Targum, with especial reference to the changes through which the text has passed since it was committed to a written form. The relative antiquity of this "Targum" on the Pentateuch, and of another of which fragments have been preserved, has been a matter of controversy among scholars, and further investigation seems still to be required. Dr. Berliner reverts to the traditional opinion, but in this connection the remarks of Nöldeke, in the *Lit. Central-Blatt*, 1884, No. 39, deserve to be consulted; in all probability, also, Dr. Berliner antedates the period at which the Targum was committed to writing. The useful "Handwörterbuch des Biblischen Altertums," edited by Dr. Riehm, has also been completed during the past year. In the field of grammar and lexicography may be mentioned Kautzsch's Grammar of Biblical Aramaic (the so-called "Chaldee"), which will at once supersede all others upon this subject, and Strack and Siegfried's small but scholarly "Lehrbuch der neuhebräischen Sprache und Litteratur," which will be a welcome aid in a study for which there are few helps at present available. The defects of the ninth edition of Gesenius' Lexicon, edited by Mühlau and Volck in 1883, which formed the subject of a long notice by Siegfried in the *Theol. Literaturzeitung* for Nov. 17, 1883, have provoked a characteristic article from Professor Lagarde, in the *Gottingische gelehrte Anzeigen* (No. 7, 1884), which well deserves to be read. Certainly, Mühlau-Volck's work is in many respects unsatisfactory, and not preferable to the well-known translation of Gesenius, edited by Tregelles; it is to be hoped, should it ever appear in an English dress, that something more than a mere translation may be attempted.

Inscriptions continue to throw their light upon the Old Testament; and seldom a year passes without the zeal of explorers conducting them to some new discovery. During last year the identity of Tiglath Pileser and Pul, which had been long suspected, and to which, as Schrader showed, the existing evidence pointed very distinctly, seems to have been definitely settled. Two parallel lists of Babylonian kings have been discovered by Mr. Pinches in the British Museum, of which one names Pulu, the other Tugulti-pal-Esara as the successor of Ukinzer on the throne of Babylon, in a position exactly corresponding to Πῶρος, the successor of Χινζίρος, mentioned in the Canon of Ptolemy (Proceedings of the Society of Bibl. Arch., May 6, 1884, p. 198 ff.). In 1883 a long and important bilingual inscription (Greek and Aramaic) of 137 A.D., relating to taxes and imposts (νόμος τελωνικὸς), found at Palmyra, was published by de Vogüé in the *Journal Asiatique*. This inscription (to say nothing of the fresh light thrown by it on the provincial government of the Romans) is remarkable as acquainting us with a dialect more closely resembling the Aramaic of Daniel and Ezra than any previously known. The principal linguistic features are noticed and explained by Sachau in the *Zeitschrift* of the German Oriental Society, 1883, pp. 562–71 (see also Duval in the *Revue des Études Juives*, viii. 1884, p. 57). At the beginning of 1884, Mr. Charles Doughty, who had explored parts of the north of Arabia in 1876–7, offered copies of inscriptions which he had taken during his travels to the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, on condition that they should be published as speedily as possible. The offer was accepted; they were entrusted to the competent hand of M. Renan; and they are now published in a quarto volume, with transcriptions and explanations. The district of Arabia in which these inscriptions were found is a little north of Medina, and formed in the first century of our era part of the kingdom of "Hartat, king of the Nabatæans" (the Aretas of St. Paul and Josephus), whose name repeatedly occurs in them, and whose forty-eighth year is twice mentioned. The inscriptions are chiefly sepulchral, prohibiting unauthorized persons from using or disturbing the tombs. Like the Palmyrene inscriptions, they exhibit other new forms, supposed until now to be peculiar to the Aramaic of the Bible; they are also of interest as illustrating certain rare proper names occurring in the Old Testament. The publication of a selection of Phœnician and Aramaic inscriptions, in a convenient form, with short explanatory notes, would be of great service to the student.

Of articles in periodicals may be named a study in Comparative Grammar (the terminations of the perfect tense) by Theodor Nöldeke, in the *Zeitschrift der Deutsch-Morgenländischen Gesellschaft* (1884, p. 407–22), the sequel to an article in the preceding volume, p. 525; in Stade's *Zeitschrift für die Alttestamentliche Wissenschaft*, the conclusion of Voller's notes on the LXX. translation of the Minor Prophets, and of the correspondence between Delitzsch and Dietrich (now first published) on the pronunciation of the Tetragrammaton; an article by Siegfried on the pronunciation of Hebrew in Jerome, abundantly illustrated by classified examples; a new attempt by Rud. Smend, only partially satisfactory even to its author, to solve the historical problems offered by the difficult section of Isaiah, ch. xxiv.–xxvii.; and in the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, an article by Kuenen on "Balaam," which is important for its criticism of Wellhausen's view of the composition of Numbers xxii.–xxiv., and refutation of an improbable theory, recently propounded, respecting the historical purport of the song preserved in Numbers xxi. 27–30.

S. R. DRIVER.

II.—MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Mr. D. G. Thompson's "System of Psychology"* is one of the largest of recent contributions to the literature of the subject. Mr. Thompson disarms criticism by the unaffected modesty of the note with which he closes his second volume. There can be no harm, however, in saying that the book might have been more useful, and altogether a better book, if it had been kept within more moderate limits. The author seems, from a laudable desire of being comprehensive, to have gone upon the principle of taking nothing for granted, and the result is that his work treats of a great many subjects not usually included under the term Psychology. It is true that Psychology, as the last or most complex of the sciences, presupposes or postulates the fundamental notions of the simpler sciences; but that is hardly justification for the extent to which the statement and criticism of physical notions is allowed to run. Again, the summary of general biology, followed by a sketch of human physiology, extending in all to nearly 80 pp., does not profess to be more than a compilation from authorities. Why, then, does the author cumber the entrance to his own treatise with it, when a reference to one or two of the accepted treatises on the subject might have sufficed? The same is true of the matter contained in the chapter on "The Expression of Science," which belongs partly to comparative philology and partly to logic. But this criticism of a fault which lies upon the surface of Mr. Thompson's book should not be permitted to obscure the substantial merits of the work. Errors of excess may to a large extent be rectified by the judicious reader; and such a reader will soon discover that the purely psychological parts of the book are the best. Mr. Thompson is an acute and careful observer himself, and a systematic student of the results put forward by other workers. The standpoint from which he writes will be apparent from the fourfold acknowledgment in the prefatory note—"To Julius H. Seelye, the personal teacher of my youth; to John Stuart Mill, the ever-influencing though unseen friend of boyhood, youth, and manhood, who with the first-named taught me to love truth above all things else; to Herbert Spencer and Alexander Bain, who with the second of the four, have shown me the paths of true knowledge in the department of Psychology." Mr. Thompson does not prefer any claim to originality, and indeed it is evident that the more any body of knowledge assumes the fixed form and character of a science, the less scope must there be for originality in any one who undertakes to give a conspectus of the whole subject. Psychology may now claim to be fairly established as a science, and, as in the other sciences, the work begins to be parcelled out among specialists, who attain the only originality possible by elaborate monographs on separate—often very minute—departments of the subject. Hence the author's statement that he has "only been endeavouring to present Psychological science as it is, with occasionally some contribution of my own in the way of original observation, objective or introspective," is one which hardly requires to be taken in an apologetic sense. And, though at times one could wish that the influence of Professor Bain had been less overpowering, the author has amply made good the modest claim he puts forward for himself as an independent student. His powers of first-hand introspective analysis are best seen, perhaps, in the elaborate classification of feelings which he undertakes in Part VIII. ("Integrations of Feeling," vol. ii., pp. 293–501). Here he has been less forestalled by systematic treatises, and he allows himself accordingly more scope for original treatment. On the other hand, the Part immediately preceding, devoted to "Cognitive Integrations," exemplifies perhaps at its worst that unconsciousness of the true limits of Psychology which runs through the whole book and constitutes its main defect. The discussion of concepts and judgments deals with these almost entirely in their logical character, and the chapters on "Definition and Division," and on "Arguments"—the latter containing Mill's canons of induction, and a classification of logical fallacies—belong clearly to a treatise on logic. This Part closes with two long chapters on "Some Theories of Intuitional Knowledge" and "Necessary Truth," which belong, as clearly, not to Psychology, or the science of mental states, but to Philosophy proper, or, more exactly, to the Theory of Knowledge. There is a fundamental distinction between the intellectual functions, as states of consciousness or physical facts whose history and conditions can be given, and knowledge as an ideal content whose validity requires examination. The investigation of the history and conditions of mental facts is the business of psychological science; the investigation of knowledge (in its constituent notions and the validity which attaches to them) belongs to the theory of knowledge, and constitutes a philosophical question in the strict sense of that term. The mingling of the two questions can only lead to confusion. It is only of late years, thanks mainly to the Kantian influence, that this distinction has begun to be clearly apprehended in England; and Mr. Thompson, to judge from many of his utterances, has not emancipated himself from the tendency to substitute psychology for philosophy, which is so strong in the older English psychologists.

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* "A System of Psychology." By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1884.

The absence of a definite philosophical criticism of knowledge makes itself felt in Mr. Thompson's attempt—as it does in the attempts of his masters—to define the Ego or mind, which psychologists are supposed to study. A start is made with the fundamental distinction between Ego and non-Ego, the *indicia* of this distinction being respectively "impressions from without and ideas within, or as some choose to say, sensations and ideas, the former being distinguishing manifestations of the non-Ego, the latter of the Ego. These manifestations exist in parallel streams or currents." The first stream is afterwards spoken of as "phenomena of the non-Ego," and, as "based upon a common property of extension," is treated as equivalent to "phenomena extended." But if this is so, the study of sensations would cease to be a part of psychology and would require to be relegated to physics and physiology. Or if, as most people suppose, sensations are not extended, they are strictly mental facts, and as such, phenomena of the Ego; in other words, the distinction of impressions and ideas in no way carries us beyond the individual mind. The distinction drawn breaks down equally when followed out on the other side, owing to "the curious fact," as Mr. Thompson calls it, "that the very manifestations of the Ego are themselves objective and strictly a part of the non-Ego." That is to say, the states of consciousness which we began by accepting as *indicia* of the Ego, are themselves objects or presentations to a subject, and to that extent non-Ego. What is known is *ipso facto* an object; there is therefore perpetually postulated a subject which we can never reach, because to reach it would be to make it an object and thereby to create another subject to know that object. Mr. Thompson deserves credit for the clearness with which he brings out the dilemma, but this very clearness should have made him hesitate to identify this subject-Ego, simply because we cannot make an object of it, with something "whose substance is unknown and unknowable." Why not be content with knowing it as it is; why insist on making an object or thing of it; that is, on knowing it as it is not? As subject we do know it; that is, we recognise its presence by reflective analysis. What right have we to suppose that it is anything else than that as which we know it, namely, the necessary correlate and unity-point of all knowledge? But this is not a matter to be charged against Mr. Thompson individually. It is only the crowning phase of that great mystification which philosophers have long practised upon themselves, and to which, as Berkeley sarcastically puts it, they "are indebted for being ignorant of what everybody else knows perfectly well."

Very different in every respect from Mr. Thompson's work, though called by the same name, is Rosmini's "Psychology,"* of which the first volume is now published in translation. Any one passing from the one to the other might be excused for wondering how one term could so far vary in connotation as to include both treatises. If the one is empirical and scientific in its method and contents, the sole interest of the other is philosophical or metaphysical. Rosmini treats of psychology only so far as it is a philosophical science, that is, he takes it as an introduction to Ontology, or what he himself calls Theosophy. The work of the great Catholic philosopher appears at first sight to have little in common with the modern spirit. A book whose first part is entitled "Of the Essence of the Human Soul," daunts a reader of to-day by its hopelessly scholastic look. But even the scholastics have been rescued of late from the unmerited contempt which it has been the fashion to heap upon them. Moreover, Rosmini wrote in full view of the results of modern philosophy, both empirical and transcendental. He put forward his philosophy as the only way of escape from the Subjectivism (whether of the senses or of the intellect) to which he maintained that most modern thought had succumbed. His work, therefore, demands to be carefully studied; for the Subjectivism referred to is not entirely an imagination of his own. Even though he may fail to win us for his own metaphysic of substance and essence, he may help us to discover the weak places in our modern armour. Certainly no one can read the General Preface to his metaphysical works, printed at the beginning of this volume, without recognising the clearness of vision and firmness of grasp with which the field is mapped out. In the "Psychology" itself, his remarks on the nature of perception and the correlation of feeling and the real, are especially worthy of note in a philosophical regard.

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* "Psychology." Three volumes. By Antonio Rosmini Serbati. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1884.

Mr. Jardine's "Psychology of Cognition"[*] is "designed principally for the use of students who are beginning their philosophical studies." Perhaps there is rather more controversial matter in the book than is warranted by this account of its aim. But Mr. Jardine also admits that "one principal object which he kept before his mind in the preparation of the book was to show the inadequacy and unsatisfactoriness of a prevailing system of psychology, which may be indicated by the word *phenomenalism.*" This system is mainly attacked in the person of John Stuart Mill. The author's own account of Perception has its good points, though the account of extension ultimately adopted seems to take "localizing" somewhat loosely as equivalent to grouping or clustering of sensations in Berkeley's sense. The empiricist might reply that sensations may be grouped, clustered, or associated without introducing the peculiar fact designated by localization in space. It might be difficult to define exactly Mr. Jardine's general philosophical position, but his affinities are in the main with Hamilton and the Scotch school. It is like Hamilton, but somewhat at variance with his own declaration above about phenomenalism, when Mr. Jardine entangles himself in the same puzzle as Mr. Thompson about an all-knowing but unknown self. "This peculiarity of self," as he quaintly calls it, "makes it the most intractable and puzzling element of our conscious existence." What has been said will be enough to show that Mr. Jardine approaches psychology more from the philosophical than from the scientific side; and as a consequence the handbook is rather meagre in its treatment of the sensational elements of knowledge. On the other hand, there is too much purely logical matter in the concluding chapter on "The Elaboration of Knowledge." But the book as a whole is agreeably written, and it appears now in a second edition.

Dr. McCosh has begun a "Philosophic Series"[†] of "didactic" and "historical" pamphlets, intended to rehabilitate "old and fundamental truths in religion and philosophy," and more especially directed against Agnosticism. Dr. McCosh enunciates his own positions with much clearness and vigour; but though they are not infrequently sounder than those which they controvert, the author's attitude is too uniformly apologetic and controversial to admit of his being always in line with the modern shape of the questions at issue.

This cannot be said of Mr. Shadworth Hodgson's thorough-going Presidential Address to the Aristotelian Society on "The Relations of Philosophy to Science, Physical and Psychological."[‡] The substance of the pamphlet will not be new to readers of the author's works, but the differentiation of the psychological from the philosophical problem has never been more luminously put by him than now. This is probably the most valuable part of the Address; at all events, it is likely to be the most useful at the present juncture. Writers of books on psychology would do well to take to heart the stricture with which it closes. Even the best and most scientifically minded are accustomed to begin their treatises with the stereotyped formula that they are merely treating of the phenomena of the subject, and that the real nature of the mind is a question for philosophy. "As if," adds Mr. Hodgson, "the consideration of the real nature of anything which is admitted to be a real condition of consciousness could be omitted from psychology, and yet psychology could preserve its scientific character. . . . Neither will it escape you how injurious to philosophy is this attempt to put off upon its shoulders an inconvenient and indeed impossible task, as the psychologists in question well know it to be, the wild-goose chase of mind as an entity. Philosophy exposes the fallacy of the conception; it is hardly fair to saddle it with the capture of the thing." Mr. Hodgson's own position in regard to psychology is, while avoiding the assertion that no real conditions exist but physical ones, that the business of psychology is altogether exhausted in connecting the several moments, states, or events of consciousness with their conditions, organic and extra-organic. He points out with truth that "the revolution which has recently taken place, and is still going on in psychology, and to which its present proud position among the positive sciences is owing, consists in bringing the phenomena of consciousness, that is, its states and processes, into immediate connection with physiological processes," and adds that "its scientific character rests upon this kind of investigation and comes to an end with it." When we depart from this ground, he seems to say that "we are merely giving a preliminary description and provisional description of the phenomena." This is an exact description of the old Psychologies—such good general reading in parts from the acute observation of men and manners which they imply, so dreary at other times from their amount of tabulated commonplace.

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[*] "The Elements of the Psychology of Cognition." By the Rev. Robert Jardine, B.D., D Sc. Edinburgh; ex-Principal of the General Assembly's College, Calcutta. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

[†] "Philosophic Series." I. Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth; II. Energy—Efficient and Final Cause. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., D.L., Author of "Intuitions of the Mind." Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1884.

[‡] "The Relations of Philosophy to Science, Physical and Psychological." By Shadworth H. Hodgson, Hon. LL.D. Edinburgh, &c. Williams & Norgate. 1884.

The ethical bent of English philosophy continues to assert itself. Professor Fowler, in his pleasant Essay on "Progressive Morality,"* has endeavoured "to exhibit a scientific conception of morality in a popular form," detached as far as possible from the "discussion of theoretical difficulties." The Essay is written with the lucidity of style which we meet in the best philosophical writers of last-century, and, as becomes a writer who is seeking common ground beyond the strife of theories, with studied tolerance for varieties of expression where these may fairly be held to cover the same essential meaning. The term Conscience he in general, avoids on the ground that, as popularly used, it suggests—partly through Butler's influence—"a sort of mysterious entity," divinely endowed "with the unique prerogative of infallibility." "In any intelligible or tenable sense of the term, conscience stands simply for the aggregate of our moral opinions reinforced by the moral sanction of self-approbation or self-disapprobation. That we ought to act in accordance with these opinions, and that we are acting wrongly if we act in opposition to them, is a truism. 'Follow conscience' is the only safe guide when the moment of action has arrived. But it is equally important to insist on the fallibility of conscience, and to urge men, by all means in their power, to be constantly improving and instructing their consciences, or, in plain words, to review, and wherever occasion offers to correct, their conceptions of right and wrong." Holding thus the common-sense view that the moral sanction or sentiment varies, as to the actions it approves and disapproves, in different ages and communities, and even in the same individual at different periods of his life, Professor Fowler points out, after Hume, that "reason and sentiment concur" in every ethical estimation of action. The nature of the moral feeling, as a feeling, is not affected by the objects to which it attaches itself. Progress in morality is due, therefore, to the development of the rational rather than the emotional element in the ethical act—in other words, to that wider horizon and increased accuracy in judging the tendencies of actions which are the heritage of civilized man. In seeking an ultimate scientific statement of the object of the moral sentiment, Professor Fowler chooses the term "welfare" rather than "pleasure" or "perfection," as being least misleading in its associations, and holding out most prospect of a common understanding. But the welfare of the individual and of the society to which he belongs consists in adjustment to his and its surroundings, and this implies again the fluid character of morality. For as men's knowledge of their social and physical environment becomes clearer and ampler, they are gradually led to rectify the comparatively crude generalizations of an early time. And in addition to this, as their circumstances themselves continue to change, a constant process of readjustment goes on. The work of the moralist and of the social reformer consists in criticism of the defects of current moral sentiment with a view to elevate the standard of feeling and action. By their consciously reflective action they "detect those aspects and bearings of conduct which are not obvious to the general intelligence;" but their work is "best regarded as corrective of and supplementary to the work which mankind is constantly doing for itself." Professor Fowler himself essays this criticism of existing morality in his concluding chapter, which contains some interesting practical applications.

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* "Progressive Morality." An Essay in Ethics. By Thomas Fowler, M.A., LL.D., President of Corpus Christi College, Wykeham Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

There are proofs that Green's "Prolegomena to Ethics" continues to occupy English thinkers. In the newly published third edition of his "Methods of Ethics,"* many of Mr. Sidgwick's alterations and additions seem to have been made with reference to Green. The current number of *Mind* also contains an article by Professor Calderwood, entitled "Another View of Green's Last Work," highly appreciative in tone, though controverting certain of Green's main positions from the standpoint of the Scottish philosophy. Such discussions can only do good.

Mr. Malcolm Guthrie concludes his elaborate criticism of Mr. Spencer's system by a small volume devoted to the "Data of Ethics."† He contends forcibly that "the purely biological explanation of ethical injunctions is insufficient as a means of understanding their imperative character." In other words, "the mere study of what has been, and the consequent prevision of what will be, establishes no rule of right." While admitting the presence of elements of the utmost value in Mr. Spencer's Ethics, as in every other department of his system, Mr. Guthrie nevertheless concludes that the system as a whole is like "Nebuchadnezzar's dream-god"—"a thing apparently perfect and complete in configuration, but inevitably falling to pieces under the strain of sustained criticism."

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* "The Methods of Ethics." By Henry Sidgwick, Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. Third edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

† "On Mr. Spencer's Data of Ethics." By Malcolm Guthrie, Author of "On Mr. Spencer's Formula of Evolution," and "On Mr. Spencer's Unification of Knowledge." The *Modern Press*. 1884.

Mainly historico-critical in character are Professor Flint's "Vico,"* the latest volume of the Philosophical Classics for English Readers, and Mr. Masson's "Atomic Theory of Lucretius."† Mr. Masson has devoted great pains to working out at all points the exact sense of Lucretius's conceptions of the world and universal law. He compares them in an instructive way with the conclusions of the most recent science. The chapter which the author devotes to combating the conclusions of Professor Tyndall and others rather interferes perhaps with the unity of an able and sympathetic study. Professor Flint's "Vico" is a welcome sheaf from the rich garner of the author's erudition. The fact that Vico is so little known in this country makes the volume all the more valuable. An age which especially prides itself upon its historic sense ought to have a peculiar interest in the founder of the philosophy of history. The title "Scienza Nova," which Vico gave to his great work, was no mere presumptuous boast. "His picture of the heroic age," says Professor Flint, "was a prophecy and prefiguration of the achievements alike of a Wolf and Niebuhr, and of a Walter Scott and Augustin Thierry." Readers of this little volume will hope that Professor Flint may soon be able to complete the subject of which this forms a part, and give the world a second volume of his "Philosophy of History."

Andrew Seth.

IV.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

Biography.—The new year has been signalized by the appearance of the first volume of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Dictionary of National Biography," the most complete and exact work of the kind that has ever been undertaken.‡ The magnitude of the work may be guessed from the fact that the present volume of 474 large 8vo pages brings us no farther than "Anne." The editor has solved the difficulties of his task very successfully. He has omitted no name, it may safely be said, that anybody can have occasion to want information about, and it must be remembered that it is for the obscurer names on which other sources of information are wanting that a biographical dictionary comes most to our aid. Proportion, too, is well observed throughout, and a most useful feature is the paragraph of bibliographical references at the end of each article. The articles themselves are, with hardly an exception, just what such articles ought to be; clear, condensed, exact narratives of the lives in hand. The most important articles in the present volume are those of Sir Theodore Martin on Prince Albert, and Professor Ward on Queen Anne.—Another volume of industrial biography by Dr. Samuel Smiles will meet with general welcome.[*] It treats of such men as Pett, the founder of English shipbuilding; Pettit Smith, the introducer of the screw-propeller; Harrison, the inventor of the marine chronometer; Lombe, the introducer of silk industry; the Walters of the *Times*; Clowes, the printer, &c. One of the best chapters is devoted to a number of "Astronomers and students in humble life," who were brought to the author's knowledge through the publication of his previous works on Edwards and Dick. In a chapter on Industry in Ireland, he gives an account of a recent visit he paid to that country, and makes many remarks on the possibility of developing fisheries and other industries there, which are well worthy of consideration. The book is throughout most readable and instructive.—In connection with what is called the Seabury celebration—the centenary of the foundation of the Episcopal Church in America—an abridgment of Dr. Beardsley's memoir of Bishop Seabury, the first American Bishop, has just been published.[†] It is a work of some importance, as showing the sufferings of the loyal clergy during the American rebellion, and the struggles of the early Episcopalians under the Republic. It is dedicated to the present Primus of Scotland, in memory of the fact that it was from his predecessors, the nonjuring Bishops of Scotland, that Seabury received consecration, and consequently the American Episcopal Church got its canonical start.—In "Life and Work in Benares and Kumaon,"[‡] Mr. Kennedy relates his experiences of mission work in Benares, and of Indian life generally, and his reminiscences of the Mutiny of 1857, which will be all found very interesting. The author writes with a light and easy pen, and in a general spirit of sober confidence and hope.—In his rather bulky volume, "Charles Dickens as I knew Him,"[§] Mr. George Dolby gives a sort of last chapter of the life of the novelist. Being financial manager during the reading tours in this country and America from 1866 to 1870, he was thrown into the closest communion with Dickens; and he certainly gives a very enthusiastic estimate of his "chief," as he somewhat too uniformly calls the versatile reader. The humour, vitality, and what in most men might have degenerated into fussiness, of the owner of Gad's Hill, are exhibited with a devotion of more than Boswellian intensity. The story of the physical sufferings of the novelist while entertaining the public, is one of the most pathetic because so realistic, and because by aid of his manager his troubles were chiefly of his own manufacture. There is some sympathy with Forster's dictum that the reading of his works for money was beneath the dignity of Dickens's position as a writer. But "Boz" neither was nor could be particular about the social proprieties.—In "Johnson: his Characteristics and Aphorisms,"* it is the intention of the Rev. James Hay to portray his hero intellectually and socially as he was, taking, as he thinks, a middle course between Boswell and Lord Macaulay. As matter of fact, he surpasses even the prince of biographers in excessive appreciation of "England's great moralist." There are no shadows in his picture, and to say the least, the learned author of the great English Dictionary was not without his faults. Mr. Hay's appreciation of him, however, is good in substance, but the form of his book, even to its grammar, is defective. Being of equal proportions, it is not clear whether the Life or the Aphorisms is the chief part.

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* "Vico." By Robert Flint, Professor in the University of Edinburgh, &c. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

† "The Atomic Theory of Lucretius contrasted with Modern Doctrines of Atoms and Evolution." By John Masson, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons. 1884.

‡ "Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. I. Abbadie—Anne. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

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[*] "Men of Invention and Industry." By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. London: John Murray.

[†] "The Life of Samuel Seabury, D.D., First Bishop of Connecticut, and of the Episcopal Church in the United States of America." By E. Edwards Beardsley, D.D., LL.D. London: John Hodges.

[‡] "Life and Work in Benares and Kumaon, 1839–1877." By James Kennedy, M.A., late Missionary of the London Missionary Society. With an Introduction by Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I. London T. Fisher Unwin.

[§] "Charles Dickens as I knew Him: the Story of the Reading Tours in Great Britain and America (1866–1870)." By George Dolby. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In "Custom and Myth,"† Mr. Lang applies the method of comparative folklore to the interpretation of mythology. Instead of regarding myths, with the philologists, as the result of a certain disease or decadence of language, under the influence of which their original significance has got lost, he prefers to consider them survivals from a primitive stage of culture, and to look for the true key to their explanation in the ideas that prevail among primitive races still. This is not only a rational, but, as every page of Mr. Lang's book shows, a fruitful and interesting method of investigation, and in his hands it is used with as much scientific skill as literary polish. Of course the author makes no attempt at more than a very fragmentary treatment of the wide subject thus opened up to us, and, in an element peculiarly tempting to speculative flights, he moves always with sobriety and a shrewd hold of fact. Students of folklore will welcome another useful addition to their stock of materials, which they owe to the conscientious labour of Mr. Gomme.‡ He has collected into a single volume all the notices of popular superstitions to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has classified them under convenient heads, supplied them with occasional explanatory notes, and added a complete index to the whole. The arrangement is excellent, the notes are brief and to the purpose, and the writers of the extracted articles are as far as possible identified. "Myths in Medicine," § in spite of its title, carries us into a different region from the two last books. It is really a somewhat ill-digested collection of gleanings of various kinds from the history of medical theory and practice from Hippocrates to Hahnemann.

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* "Johnson: his Characteristics and Aphorisms." By James Hay, Minister of the Parish of Kirn. London: Alexander Gardner.

† "Custom and Myth." By Andrew Lang, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ "The Gentleman's Magazine Library: Popular Superstitions." London: Elliot Stock.

§ "Myths in Medicine, and Oldtime Doctors." By Alfred C. Garratt, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE MAHDI AND BRITISH INDIA.

IN reference to current events in the Sudan, it is of importance to arrive at an opinion as to the effect which the fall of Khartum and the fate of General Gordon are likely to have on the Native mind in India, and whether the re-capture of that place by British arms is necessary, or highly desirable, for maintaining that Empire of Opinion which belongs to us in the East.

On so serious a question as this, anything like violence of expression is to be deprecated. Some may say hastily that unless a victorious advance is at once made on Khartum, India will be in a ferment, and the Muhammadans will think that the Cross is yielding to the Crescent—and so on. We should rather try to approach the matter in a calm temper, and use moderate, even guarded, language—remembering that what we say and write in London is likely to be criticized by Oriental as well as by European readers.

Now, allowing that lustre is being shed on British arms during the expedition on the Upper Nile, and that victory was snatched from almost within our grasp, through no military default of our own—we must all admit that the fate of Khartum and of Gordon is a considerable misfortune, likely to move all Oriental minds and to stir deeply the Muhammadan heart. The Arabs have fought with a furious devotion, recalling the memory of the early Caliphate. The Mahdi has now for many months maintained a persistent defiance. His tribal organization has withstood the discouragement of several bloody defeats. The old enthusiasm for the Great Prophet, and for a succession of lesser prophets down to this day, is thus proved to be still burning in the souls of some hundreds of thousands of fanatics. The combined result has been to foil for a time the trained legions of England. The immediate retrieval of this check is not expected. The Desert is the oft-tried ally of the sunburnt followers of Islam. And the spectacle of white soldiery toiling along the thirsty sands is impressive to all people, especially to Muhammadans. The Sudanese may be in rebellion against their sovereign, the Sultan, and his deputy the Khedive; they may be slaveholders fighting for slavery—no matter, they are waving the green banner in the face of the infidels from Europe.

Moreover, the position of Gordon will have been regarded quite as highly by Indians and all Orientals as by the most patriotic Englishman. They will have looked upon him as an envoy bearing the commission of England and clothed with English authority. His fate will be in their eyes a case of *læsa majestas* for England.

This situation then is embarrassing to England as the Power which of all Powers has the greatest number of Muhammadan subjects. The Sultan of Turkey may have so many millions, so may the Shah of Persia. France may have some millions of Moslems in North Africa, so may Russia in Central Asia. But what are any of these totals compared with the forty millions of Muhammadans directly under British rule in India, besides the many millions under British control or British influence in Afghanistan, Beluchistan, the shores of the Persian Gulf, Southern Arabia, Zanzibar, and Eastern Africa? We have, too, a position to maintain with the purely Muhammadan States; we have to prop up the tottering independence of Persia and of Turkey; under the arrangement of 1878 we have a certain sort of protectorate over Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine. For England, thus holding the very first political position in the Muhammadan world, it is a serious affair to be thwarted under arms, and to be kept at bay in the mid-valley of the Nile.

Nor do the Anglo-Muhammadans constitute the only subject or dependent nationality in which political fermentation is possible, and which is affected by the sight of British reverses. The entire Hindu race, making up the largest item, numerically, in the British Empire, notes whether the star of England is in the ascendant; and among them several tribes—notably, the Mahrattahs, the Sikhs, the Gorkhas—are susceptible of national emotions. Some considerable sections of the Buddhists, too—especially the Burmese—are on the watch.

Without attempting to minimize the Khartum events, we should decline to admit that they give any immediate shock to British dominion in the East. This dominion is too well founded to be shaken all at once; it bears up against the yet graver mishaps that occur in this quarter and in that. The blows of adversity must needs descend from time to time, but the back of British power is strong enough to bear them; indeed, as a political force, that power would not be worth much unless it possessed a vital endurance.

Nevertheless, this check, in the face of Khartum and of the Sudan, is just one of those events which, if left un-retrieved, might prove a link in a chain of circumstances that would hereafter drag down the British Empire in the East.

To understand the operation of these adverse causes, let us reflect for a moment on what our power in India rests? Professor Seeley, in Lectures III. and IV., Course II., of his recent work, "The Expansion of England," has shown that we hold that vast India, not by conquest, nor by any masterful force, but through the goodwill or the consent of the people there. This argument, though somewhat nakedly and incisively put by the brilliant author, has much truth in it. Let us analyse, however, exactly the main elements in this imperial tenure. Though some classes, such as the native Christians, the Parsis, the banking caste, are bound up with us; though many native Princes are closely interested in England as their paramount, though there are touching instances of individual fidelity not to be surpassed in any age or clime—yet we are not to expect from the Indians in the mass that national loyalty which Englishmen feel towards England. We must rather understand that in fact Indians sigh for the secular supremacy of their religion, and for a polity that shall be their own. These blessings, however, being unattainable, they submit in this (for them) "iron age" to British rule.

The factors, then, in our power over the Indian people are these.

1. Good government, better far than anything that has ever been had, or could otherwise be got nowadays; and this, despite faults or shortcomings.

2. A popular goodwill hence arising, and an acquiescence in a system which is the only popular one, if quiet is to be enjoyed by a much vexed and long-suffering people.

3. The existence, in the country itself, of English military force, and the conviction that a still greater English force exists beyond the sea.

4. The certainty that any outrage against British people will be visited with a punishment which, though not vindictive at all, must be adequate.

5. The cohesion of Englishmen among themselves, all acting with one mind against Oriental adversaries.

6. The tenacity of English purpose, the anxiety of Englishmen for doing that which they have once said they would do, and for adhering to their word.

Now among these six factors of British ascendency over the Indian mind, one only is material, while the remaining five are moral. This is an analysis of what is meant by the Empire of Opinion. And the factors are interdependent; none of them would be efficacious without the others; in combination they are like stones of an arch, forming a compact mass; if any one of them be taken out there is danger of collapse. The just government, and the goodwill therefrom resulting, would not save our rule without the military force on the spot. Nor would any force that we could maintain there be at all sufficient, unless the people were in the main well-disposed. But even with these cardinal advantages, it would be hard for Europeans to preserve their position if, being few and far between, constantly surrounded by infinitely superior numbers, confronted too with fanatical violence, they were liable to attack and outrage. Therefore the sanctity of European life, as a vivid idea, has always been kept in a strong light before the mind of Indians. The certainty of condign punishment following outrage is stamped on their imagination. They are taught by oft-repeated experience that it is not only dangerous but futile to assail British rule through the persons of its representatives. If a British officer is struck down murderously, not only is the slayer doomed, but the Government remains undaunted and the gap is instantly filled. In a hundred ways is this lesson taught to the evil-disposed. The cohesion of Englishmen in time of public trouble—so unlike the practice of Orientals—is a marvel to Indians, and is regarded as one of the secrets of our political success. The phrase referring to unity of will has a perfect counterpart in the Indian language, as "ek rai;" the words "one mind" and the words "ek rai," in the English and the Indian respectively, have the same significance and are applied to the same circumstances precisely. It is violent disunion among themselves that has caused the Indians to be a subject-nation for many centuries; they think, then, that it is the ultimate union among her sons, despite differences of opinion, which makes England the mistress. If there were disruption, if one set of Englishmen were to aim at spoiling the national policy, if the minority applied itself to frustrate the measures adopted by the majority—as is usually the case with Orientals—then British rule would crumble away, despite all its other forces. But the Indians see that this disunion never comes to pass. Again, the strong tendency of England towards doing that which she has declared she will do is thoroughly understood by the Indians, and that is a wholesome belief for them to entertain. Agitation—which if unchecked among a vast and excitable population would be embarrassing—is thus checked. Infirmity of purpose and vacillation in action are among the well-known faults of Asiatics; but the Indians believe that the British faults lie in the very opposite direction, and British persistency commands even the unwilling admiration of opponents. Lastly, above and beyond all these factors, there is the knowledge that British rule has a national basis beyond "the black water." Such knowledge has been ever present with the Indians; they see that our material power in India is strong, and has been augmented by mechanical means within the last few years; still they know that, on the spot, this alone would never be strong enough, were it not backed by ulterior resources in the home of the British race. This principle was exemplified when in 1857 England sent out a fresh European army to re-establish her dominion after the back of the Indian Mutiny had been broken. Doubtless it is to this that English statesmen refer when they speak of "the keys" not being in Calcutta or in any political centre adjacent to India, but in London.

Now let us apply the consideration of these factors to the case of Khartum and Gordon. If after having gone so far we were now to pause, several of the moral forces embodied in these factors would be weakened, if not shaken. Let any person acquainted with the East, and free from political bias one way or the other, quietly reflect as to what the Indians will think of us if we now hesitate? What will they begin to say among themselves, if, after undertaking to rescue Gordon and his faithful adherents from Khartum, after despatching an expedition for hundreds of miles up the Nile with well-equipped troops of the bravest type, under a renowned General like Wolseley, after collecting marine resources from distant quarters for river navigation past cataract-rapids heretofore deemed impassable, we flinch at what will be termed the final crisis? It were vain to tell Orientals that after our hard-won successes on the Nile, and in the Nile desert, we had done enough to vindicate British authority. They would wonder whether we found the enterprise too hard for completion, or the resistance too stiff, or whether the farther we penetrated the weaker we felt, and so on. It were equally vain to define to them any limitation of the objects of the expedition, to explain that it was intended only to rescue Gordon and his garrison, if alive. They will not really comprehend this; they will say that we went to take and occupy that city which Gordon had so long defended. They will not consider that we are at all committed to stay permanently in Khartum or to set up British rule there. But they will expect us to vindicate our authority, to evince our mastery, and then, if we see fit, to retire with honour after settling the country in such form as may be practicable. They have seen us thus retire on several occasions previously, and will not be surprised to see us do so again. But they have never seen us retire in the face of an enemy *re infectâ.* To begin showing them such a novel sight nowadays, right in front of Khartum, would be dangerous. A retirement which they would regard as premature, then, would weaken their faith in several of the factors which constitute the moral basis of our power in the East. They might begin to doubt whether, as of yore, there is a certainty of punishment following the death of Europeans and their trusty adherents; whether England is now quite as united within herself in the presence of trouble as she has heretofore been; whether she has still the tenacious adherence as of old to her line once taken up; whether she has yet that resourcefulness at her Imperial headquarters which has long been the centre of power radiating almost throughout the world. If doubt on these cardinal points were once to creep into the Indian mind, then a sap is begun near the basement of British rule. A sapping process may be slow, but it is generally sure.

In the Khartum case there are two points specially provocative to the Indian mind. The city was not taken by the Mahdi, but its gate was opened to him through the treachery of certain persons in command of Gordon's own troops. Presumably the traitors are now in power within Khartum, enjoying the fruit of their treachery. By virtue of all Oriental precedents they ought to be proceeded against, not revengefully at all, but punitively. They should be brought as criminals to the bar. If they are in force, then Indians will think that, according to British traditions, this is all the greater reason why superior force should be exerted against them. Again, it is reported that the families have been murdered of those faithful men who issued forth from Khartum to join us. If, on inquiry, this shall prove true, then not only does English honour dictate, but also the exigency of Asiatic opinion requires, that we should do our utmost to bring these women-slayers to justice. Our character stands so high that no Oriental will permit himself to doubt our loyalty to duty in this respect, or our energetic sympathy with the griefs of those faithful ones who have suffered in our cause. But if any indifference on our part were suspected, the effect on the Indian mind would be most injurious.

In these times, day by day, the spread of education is rendering the Indians more and more intelligent in respect of politics as of other things; more and more appreciative of all the weak as well as of the strong points in the British Empire; and consequently we are obliged to pay increasing heed to public opinion among them. To their sentiments, or to what may be regarded by some as their prejudices, we have always been considerate; but it is only of late that their political opinion has become developed, and we must now attend to that also. In this matter the fast-growing Vernacular Press is a prime mover; but further, the Anglo-Indian press—which is specially skilled in collating the news of the world at large—disseminates information not only among its English constituents, but also among a circle of Indian readers who have learnt our language. The most cursory glance at the events of the last few years, as concerning the British in the East, will show how very much of *pabulum* has been afforded to those who supply political news to the Indians. We need not look so far back as the time from 1877 to 1879, with the Afghan operations, the Zulu campaign, the Russo-Turkish war, the Berlin Conference—all of which sensibly moved the Indian mind. Even if there was a brief lull after that, we readily see how fast has been the march of events specially interesting to Indians. For the last five or six years the Indian press, both in the English and in the Vernacular, have been retailing to the people the news of the subjugation of the Turcomans, and the occupation of Merv by Russia, the introduction of railways into Central Asia, the bombardment of Alexandria, and the victories of Wolseley over Arabi, the hard fighting near Suakin, the operations of the French in Tunis, in Madagascar, in Tonquin, in Formosa; the critical situation of the Chinese Government; the expansion of Germany in the Australasian archipelago; the beginning of establishment on the Red Sea shore by France and Italy; the British protectorate in New Guinea, and elsewhere; the progress of the Borneo Company. Irrespective of other events in which India may feel a secondary interest, these events above mentioned are considered by Indians as primarily interesting. In some cases the course of affairs has been in favour of England, in other cases against her. We can but hope that the effect of the whole upon the Indian mind has not been prejudicial. But we should be flattering ourselves if we imagined that the Indian mind is restful and quite confident in respect of us, or that it is entirely free from anxious suspense on our account. The good old reliance is still sustained when they see that England is aroused; nor is it immediately damaged even by the concussion of adverse events. It has grown gradually, and, unless we incur some unusual disasters, it will wane as gradually, if indeed we ever permit it to wane, as I hope we shall not.

Still, with all that has happened within the Indian purview during recent years, and is still happening, we should be doubly careful that nothing goes really wrong with us in the Egyptian Sudan, and that we deal with Khartum in a manner that shall be deemed worthy of us, not only by Europe and by Egypt, but also by the Oriental nationalities under our charge.

The attitude of the Vernacular Press of India has not been wholly satisfactory towards political affairs. In many respects it has been well-disposed, and in some respects signally loyal; but in matters of foreign policy it has been sometimes very disloyal. So grave were the symptoms some years ago, that special legislation had to be passed temporarily. Afterwards this restriction was abandoned, and we must trust that the Vernacular Press will prove fit to proceed unrestricted. Even if nothing politically objectionable appears in vernacular print nowadays, yet native publicists are writing about the advance of Russia in Central Asia, and discussing the effect which such movements may have on British policy in India, assuming apparently that

Russia is sufficiently near to attract the regard of England, and possibly to modify the conduct of the English towards the Indians. All such assumptions are, of course, to be deprecated; indeed, their existence in any shape is inconvenient. Again, the organs of native opinion seem to be increasingly ambitious of political power within India itself. Now, local self-government in India is a most commendable thing, but there must be a limit even to that while we hold the reins and are answerable for guiding as well as defending the State. And while encouraging all legitimate aspirations, we are sorry to see that some aspirations spring up which are not legitimate, and can only end in disappointment.

The inference from these phenomena is clear, that we should look well to the just dignity of our political conduct respecting Khartum and Gordon, for the sake of public opinion in India, over and above all other considerations. The natives have a retentive memory for political antecedents. It was the memory of certain circumstances in the Afghan war of 1840–1 that suggested, in conjunction with other reasons, the Indian Mutiny sixteen years later. God grant that nothing shall occur in the Sudan to put mischief hereafter into the thoughts of the evil-disposed in India.

On hearing of the fate of Gordon at Khartum, the natives of India will recall several notable precedents. They will think at once how Macnaghten was treacherously murdered at Caubul in 1841, and a British army of retribution retook that capital; how Agnew was cut down at Multan in 1848, predicting with his latest words that, where he fell singly, there thousands of his countrymen would come, to punish his slayers—a prediction which was fulfilled; how, in 1857, during the Great Mutiny, the Government, merciful in many ways, and ready to grant amnesty to rebels, was inflexible in prosecuting those who had been concerned in the murder of Europeans; how, in 1879, Cavagnari at Caubul, with his escort, a little band, was destroyed by armed multitudes, and within some few weeks a British force entered the guilty city. They will probably hold that the case of Gordon at Khartum falls within the category of these precedents; and as yet they believe that England is constant to her traditions. Many lesser precedents might be cited, but the case of Gordon is so grand, that it should not be compared with any Indian precedents, save the most striking.

I have said that the personal safety of Europeans in the East, though by no means inviolable, is generally inviolate because of the fear which possesses the Indian mind. Nevertheless, untoward events occur from time to time which, though they fail to disturb the even tenour of British administration, do yet serve to keep alive a jealous vigilance, such as the assassination of a Frontier Commissioner in 1853, of a Chief Justice in 1871, of a Viceroy in 1872, and the attempt to poison a Political Resident in 1875. In these instances treachery was a main element; Gordon's fate will come home to the Indian mind almost as if he had been in India, and that, too, was due to treachery. Again, while it is true that on the whole a Roman peace has reigned in India, still not a year elapses without troops being called into the field for some service or the other, and no decade has passed without some internal *emeutes*. Take the last decade from 1870 to 1880. In that short space there was a fanatical outbreak near the Satlej in the Panjab, a rising in the hill country near the east coast of the Madras Presidency, an attempted rising in Sonthalia on the Behar border, a violent agrarian disturbance in Bengal, a bad Muhammadan plot centering in Patna and branching to Calcutta, a formidable riot at Surat in Guzerat, an organized plundering in the Bombay Deccan, besides other instances that might be adduced—all showing that India has inflammable material which untoward events, happening anywhere within Indian view, might easily ignite.

Further, though we have the main factors of strength, moral and material, already enumerated, though we may count on the faithful loyalty of the Native Princes, the active goodwill of the moneyed classes, the passive contentment of the great agricultural interest,—still we must reckon with several sections of discontent, with some of the priestly classes who see their influence melting away in the sunlight of British civilization, with some titled clans that have unavoidably lost wealth and status by the change from Native to British rule, with the restless spirits that cannot find a scope for immoderate ambition under a stable system like ours, with a mob which seems to have a nucleus in every Indian capital, and which usually breaks out if by any chance the civil power seems to be momentarily embarrassed. Though we have every right to expect loyalty from the educated classes trained through our language in our modes of thought, yet we cannot depend unreservedly upon that. For although the great majority of this class are happily loyal, still some, forming a minority, which we cannot estimate with exactness, are vaguely discontented to a degree which verges on disloyalty. Thus, although our Eastern power is safe so long as we do the best for ourselves everywhere, not only in India itself, but in all countries within its range of vision, still there are elements of insecurity which are not to be trifled with, and which might become dangerously aggravated if we permitted the moral force of Opinion to be weakened. Certainly the Sudan does fall within this range; besides the fact that the Mahdi has many millions of co-religionists in India, the employment of native Indian troops in Egypt, and in the littoral tract of the Sudan itself, and the contemplated employment of them again for service there under certain contingencies must keep the case of Gordon and Khartum uppermost in Indian thought.

If in front of Khartum the British Government were to act in a manner different from that in which it has usually acted in the face of all Asia, then unfavourable notions might sink deep in the Indian heart.

I have confined myself to the effect on the Eastern mind likely to be produced by the events at Khartum, without in the least entering on the questions relating to Egypt, to the rest of Africa or to Europe in connection therewith; all these are quite separate matters.

It may be added, however, that those who advocate the capture of Khartum are not actuated by any revengeful feelings against the Arabs, whose valour alone commands respect. We need not here consider how far the Mahdi and his Arabs are patriots fighting for their country, or fanatics striving for their religion, or slaveholders battling for slavery. They have seized a town, as yet belonging to Egypt, and held by a garrison which England has declared to be under her protection; they have killed or captured a British representative. They are then at war with us, and should be subdued by military operations conducted according to the rules of civilized warfare. They may be wounded or killed while fighting, otherwise they would not be hurt, nor would any of them be punished except on proof of actual crime.

In conclusion then, if the various considerations now adduced are admitted, it follows that the fall of Khartum and the fate of Gordon must have a bad effect upon India and the East, unless the reverse shall be retrieved, and that from this point of view the recapture of that place is extremely desirable; so desirable indeed, that it becomes hard to draw the line between urgent expediency and necessity.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

THE ORGANIZATION OF DEMOCRACY.

IN the Colonies, at least in Canada, there are a good many of us who believe, not in the expansion of England, but in the multiplication of Englands, and to whom Imperial Federation, or any scheme for the political re-absorption of an adult and distant Colony into its Mother Country, appears totally impracticable. Yet we regard the Mother Country not only as the object of our filial affection and pride, but as the centre of our civilization, feel a practical as well as a sentimental interest in everything that touches her, and tremble at her danger as at our own.

We look on from a distance, it is true; and though the cable transmits to us the news, it does not, nor do even the newspapers and the correspondents, transmit to us the mind of England. In this respect our judgment may be at fault. On the other hand, we are out of the fray; we stand clear of English parties; we care for nothing but the country; we see, while those immediately engaged do not see, the heady current of faction, ambition, chimerical aspiration, political fatalism, and disunionist conspiracy hurrying the nation towards a bourne which all the speakers and writers on the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill, by the vagueness of their speculations on the practical results, proclaim to be unknown.

The electorate, that is to say, the government—at least the body by which the government is appointed and its policy is determined—is undergoing reconstruction on the largest scale. Yet we look in vain, even in the speeches of the great statesman who is the author of these measures, for any forecast of their practical effect, of the influence which they will have on the character of government, or of the sort of policy which they will produce. Able and impressive as the speeches may be, there is little in them but philanthropy and arithmetic, neither of which is politics. The effect of the Redistribution Bill especially is evidently a matter of the merest conjecture. Lord Salisbury thinks that it will act in one way, and Mr. Chamberlain that it will act in another. The first considers it favourable to aristocratic reaction, the second considers it favourable to authoritative democracy. The Bill is a leap in the dark. In any case less important than that of a reconstruction of the national institutions, safe experiments would probably precede sweeping change. A new mode of paving would be tried first in one or two streets; a new mode of cultivation would be tried first in one or two fields. But if you proposed to try the Redistribution Bill in one or two specimen districts, a chorus of scornful reprobation would arise from all parties, sects, and ambitions. Nor would any voices be louder than those of some who are foremost in hailing the advent of political science, and preaching the necessity of a scientific method in all things. This is not a deliberation on the amendment of national institutions; it is a battle of parties. Each party is seeking not so much to improve the government as to make it the instrument of particular theories or passions. But this surely is what a government, an executive government at least, ought not to be. A government ought to be the impartial guardian for the whole nation of law, order, property, personal rights, and the public safety; while opinion is left to shape itself by discussion, reach maturity, and at length impress itself on legislation. This whole movement is pre-eminently the work of party, and inspired by its passions. Reform in 1832 was really national; the nation earnestly desired liberation from a corrupt oligarchy. But the subsequent suffrage agitations have been mainly set on foot by the politicians for the purposes of their party war.

Democracy has come. By all reflecting men its advent seems to be acknowledged, by most it is welcomed as bringing, so far as we can see or so far as experience, though chequered, informs us, an increase of happiness to the masses of mankind, and therefore, in the highest sense, to all. But it requires to be organized and regulated; otherwise the end will be anarchy and, as the inevitable consequence of anarchy, a relapse into a government of force. Republics, as we have more than once seen, are capable of suicide. The people is no more divine than kings, though its divinity was proclaimed by the Maratists; it is capable of governing itself as wrongly as any king can govern it. The ignorance, the passions, the self-interest, not only of particular classes, but of all of us alike, need to be controlled, as far as institutions can control them, and eliminated from the Councils of the State. The Americans, as was said before, have tried to organize and regulate democracy. The framers of the American Constitution—no veil of illusion being spread before their eyes by the surviving forms and names of an old monarchy—saw the problem which destiny had set before them. It was not such a problem as would be presented to them by the America of the present day, with its New York and its Chicago, its flood of foreign immigrants, and its enfranchised negroes; far less is it such a problem as Great Britain, with the populace of its great cities, its host of Radical and Secularist artisans, its uninstructed millions of farm labourers, and its disaffected Irishry presents to the British statesman. They had to deal only with the Puritan freeholders of New England and the planters of the South. Still they saw the necessity of providing a solution, and a solution they produced—one not in all respects correct, even in its day (for the mode adopted of electing the President was a fatal error), yet effective as well as deliberate, and such as has sufficed, notwithstanding the great increase of the strain upon the machinery, to shelter civilization and avert anarchy. They instituted an executive government invested with actual power and existing independently of parties in Congress, a real though suspensive veto, a Senate elected on a Conservative principle, a written constitution in the keeping of a Supreme Court, by which all powers and jurisdictions are strictly defined and limited, and which can be amended only with the deliberate consent of the nation at large. Besides, as was said before, the Federal system itself, by localising questions and breaking the sweep of agitation, has a highly Conservative effect. These safeguards, with the political qualities of the Anglo-Americans and the Germans, prevent a catastrophe which without them would certainly come. But England has nothing like them. She has nothing but an "ancient throne," now stripped of the last vestige of political power, and an aristocracy which is evidently doomed, and, by its struggles to retain its obsolete privilege, stimulates revolution. The only Conservative institution which is really effective is the non-payment of Members of Parliament; and this Democracy has already marked for abolition.

One could wish for a blast of the Fontarabian horn to awaken British statesmen, in this decisive hour, to the fact that England, though she has the consecrated form, has no longer the substance of monarchical government. Her only government is the House of Commons, or a committee of leaders of the dominant party, holding their offices during the pleasure of that House. In the electorate is the supreme power; this is now not only the fact but a recognized fact. Twice the Ministry, after submitting its policy to the judgment of the constituencies by a dissolution of Parliament, has resigned in deference to the verdict. Yet these same statesmen go on dealing with the electorate as though they were not dealing with the government or with the sovereign power, but only with a representation of the people convened for the purpose of assenting to taxation. They seem to fancy that flood the electorate as they will with ignorance, passion, and all the elements of violence and anarchy, the government will still be carried on calmly and wisely by the occupant and the Ministers of the "ancient throne." Is it possible that the mere phrase "servants of the Crown" can cast such a spell over practical minds?

Down to this time the political history of England has been a long revolution, of which the Whig or Liberal party in its successive phases has been the organ, and by which, after many oscillations and vicissitudes, supreme power has been drawn from the Crown and the aristocracy to the Commons. The destructive part of the process is now all but complete, only a small remnant of precarious power being retained by the House of Lords. The constructive part remains to be performed. The task of British statesmen at the present day is, in effect, to found a Democratic Government. The ground has been cleared for the new edifice, but the edifice has yet to be built. Its foundations have hardly yet been laid.

Without giving way to reactionary panic, it may surely be said that the times are critical. They are not evil; they are full, on the contrary, of the unripe promise of good; but they are critical. Statesmen cannot afford to act blindfold. Democracy comes, as it was likely that it would come, not by itself, but as part of a general revolution, political, social, and religious. Nihilism marks, by its all-embracing lust of destruction, the connection between the different revolutionary forces, while it exhibits them in their delirious excess. The English reform movement in the early part of the century was almost exclusively political; other agitations were called into being by the general disturbance, but they were secondary and subsided; the main object sought was the removal of abuses in government; the leaders were strict economists, and, far from seeking a social revolution, would have recoiled from the idea. But a momentous change has taken place since that time. The fermentation is now not only political but general. Political power is sought by the masses and their leaders, not merely for the sake of purifying the administration and reducing its cost, but in the hope that it may be used to effect a great social change. Secularism has become an important factor in the situation. Rate religious influence, and that of faith in a future state, as low as you will, it can hardly be denied that the patience of the masses under the inequalities of the social system has hitherto been largely sustained by the belief that the system was a providential ordinance, and that those who did their duty in it, even if they suffered here, would be in some way made happy in the sum of things.

Nor has the doctrine of spiritual equality been without its effect in consoling the lowly for their inferiority of rank. Hereafter scientific conviction, derived from the study of the social organism, may supply the place of religious impressions as a motive for acquiescence in things as they are. At present it is the destructive process of science that has almost exclusively taken place in the mind of the Radical proletarian. Believing now that this world is all, he naturally desires to grasp his full share of its good things without delay. His sensibility having been quickened with his intelligence, he feels inferiority as well as privation, and is impelled by social envy as well as by desire. His education has advanced just far enough to enable him to imbibe theories which coincide with his wishes. If he cannot understand the fine reasonings of Mr. George, he can understand the confiscation, and he thinks that so much fine reasoning must make the confiscation moral. Communism and semi-communism are rife; there is a tendency to them even at the Universities, and in other high places. Perhaps the loss of faith in the Church leads some to seek an indemnity for it in a communistic polity. If there is not in England, as there is in Germany, a strong Socialistic party, there appears to be a growing disposition to make a Socialistic use of the suffrage. There is certainly in many quarters an exaggerated idea of the powers and duties of the fictitious being styled the State. One conspicuous candidate for the succession to the leadership, at all events, is evidently holding out hopes of a Socialistic system of high taxation for the benefit of those who produce least, and he appears inclined to head a crusade against the property of all landowners, and of all owners of houses in towns. Nor is he without rivals in this quest of popularity on the Tory side. The ball of agrarianism which has been set rolling by recent legislation in Ireland, rolls on, and its course is not likely to stop in Skye. All this may be working for good. The writer of this paper, at all events, has no inclination to take the despondent view. But surely there is enough to warn statesmen that they must exercise forecast, that they must try, while they can, to secure to the nation a stable and rational government; that they must not hastily divorce power from intelligence and responsibility; that they must not plunge the country headlong into unorganized and unregulated democracy. If this Parliament comes to an end without having created any conservative safeguards, while it has instituted a suffrage destined evidently soon to be universal, the reins will have been thrown on the necks of the horses, and the last leverage of Conservatism will be gone. M. Taine has just shown us whither horses with the reins upon their necks may run, and what wreck they may make of their own hopes. It is true that great resignation, and even apathy, has been sometimes shown by the masses in times of suffering from dearth. No doubt the masses move slowly; but you incite them to move when you thrust into their hands the vote and send among them people to teach them that by a violent use of it they can raise themselves to the level of the rich. Able and powerful men of the ruling class itself are now, either from philanthropy or from party motives, doing their utmost to pave the way for a Socialistic revolution.

Of all the calamities that ever befel the human race, the greatest was the French Revolution. Wide, happily, is the difference between the France of a century ago and the England of the present day. In the case of England there is no Versailles, no deficit, no gulf between the aristocracy and the middle classes; while there is diffused intelligence instead of a night of political ignorance in which all sorts of spectres stalked, general habits of self-government in place of a paralyzing centralization, and a political character, as we may flatter ourselves, stronger and sounder than was that of the French. Still there are some points of similarity, especially the dangerous conjunction of social or agrarian with political revolution. In England, as in the France of the eighteenth century, scepticism has gained the minds of the ruling class; with their convictions their nerve is shaken, and it is difficult to see who would stop the avalanche if once it should begin to slide. Nor is there wanting a sybaritic Jacobinism which ominously reminds us of the Palais Royal. Pleasure-hunting and frivolity, athletic and of other kinds, appear to have reached a great height, and on public questions a sort of careless fatalism seems to prevail. No doubt there is still plenty of force and of seriousness in the country; but something like a convulsion may be needed to bring them to the front. The masses in France, though galled by the burdens of feudal lordship, were not, properly speaking, Socialistic. Socialism proper can hardly be said to have shown its head before the conspiracy of Babœuf; and the nation was still at the core monarchical and Catholic, as was proved by the ease with which both monarchy and Church were restored by Napoleon. Should the manufacturing and maritime supremacy of England be still more severely challenged and continue to decline, an amount of suffering might be produced among her people hardly less than was, in reality, that of the people in France. If Socialistic legislation commences in earnest, and, as the inevitable consequence, property begins to shrink from circulation and investment, stoppage of industry and dearth of bread cannot fail to ensue, and we know what the effects of these would be in the middle of a Socialistic revolution. Much ought to be risked, if there were real hope of equalizing, by any political action, the human lot. But who seriously believes this to be possible? Who does not know that the things which we deplore and are slowly mending will only be made worse by convulsions?

Surely, if this work were in the hands of patriotic and comprehensive statesmanship, not in those of party, there would be, instead of a mere extension of the Franchise, a revision of the Constitution. Before, by the admission of a large popular element, the strain upon the conservative and regulative parts of the machine was increased, those parts would be looked over and put in order; this question of the Second Chamber would be settled, and if the result was a determination to reform the House of Lords, that determination would be carried into effect, and the institution would be placed in a condition to do its work, before the next general election.

In a reform of the House of Lords it is difficult to feel any confidence. The hereditary principle seems to be thoroughly dead. In the Middle Ages it had a root in the faith and in the ignorance of mankind; it had its temporary uses, and at the same time it had its correctives. A mediæval lord was obliged to exert himself that his lordship might not be taken by another. A mediæval king was obliged to exert himself if he wished to keep his crown upon his head. Now, except in the rare cases of men moulded of Nature's finest clay, with whom nobility acts really as an obligation, hereditary rank and wealth kill duty in the cradle. It is found impossible to get a decent attendance in the House of Lords. In answer to Lord Rosebery's appeal, a Peer says that he will be happy to attend if the nation will re-enact the Corn Laws, so as to enable him to keep a house in town. To indulge a mere whim, the hereditary wearers of the crown refuse to visit Ireland, and thus fling away the affections of the Irish people. The historical cause has been tried during this controversy and the issue is not doubtful. We have seen how the House of Lords, since it assumed its present character, which it did under the second Tudor, has worked. That it has acted as a court of mature wisdom, revising on grounds of impartial statesmanship the rash decisions of the popular House, is as complete a fable as its Norman pedigree. It has simply opposed the selfish resistance of a privileged order to change of every kind. Could it have its way, not only Rotten Boroughs and Sinecurism, but the old Criminal Code, Religious Intolerance, Arbitrary Imprisonment, the Censorship of the Press, the Paper Duty, even Slavery and the Slave Trade, would still be cumbering the earth; or, rather, long ago, the nation would have been compelled to choose between political death and revolution. To fear, on questions which caused national excitement, the House of Lords has at last given way; but not to reason and justice. A multitude of minor reforms it has strangled, by its obstructiveness, altogether. The only great measure of change which this organ of mature wisdom ever readily passed was the Franchise Bill of 1867, which was described by its own author as a leap in the dark, and had been devised with the view of swamping progressive intelligence in a flood of ignorance and beer. Nor has obstruction been the only sin of that order of which the House of Lords is the organ; it has given to the general policy of England a class bias; it stimulated the crusade against the French Revolution, and unlike the crusading Barons of the Middle Ages, it stayed at home revelling in high rents and in a mass of sinecures, of which it sacrificed not one penny, while the people bled and starved in a cause which was not theirs. It has fostered militarism generally as a diversion from domestic reform. On economic questions the legislation of the Lords has been mere landlordism. As mere landlords they have acted, from the day on which they sold the national religion to the Pope for a quiet title to the Church lands, to the day on which they passed the Arrears Bill, after showing their sense of its character, in order that they might recover some of their back rents. If twice in the course of their long history they have been for a moment on the side of freedom, fear for their Church lands, combined with jealousy of ecclesiastical favourites, was the cause. The period of their most complete ascendancy, in the last century, was the epoch of political corruption; and the conduct of the House at the time of the railway mania, when it formed a Ring in the landlord interest, was, to say the least, not a proof that hereditary wealth lifts its possessor above commercial motives. Many histories are darker than that of the House of Lords; few are less heroic; and the facts are now deeply imprinted on the minds of the people. Faith in the "noble blood" of the scapegrace son of a law lord, once dissipated, is not likely to return. The hereditary wealth itself, which is the real basis of aristocratic influence, and without which the Peerage would be a thing of shreds and patches, is reduced by agricultural depression, and will be greatly broken up by the abolition of primogeniture and entail;—a change which is sure to come, for it will be found that the only antidote to agrarian communism is the free acquisition of land. The hereditary principle is dead, and can serve England or civilized humanity no more. Introduced into, or retained in, any Senate, it will carry with it the seeds of death. As soon as it obeys, as obey it certainly will, its obstructive instinct, the cry against it will be renewed. It will not become less odious by becoming weaker. If the life element which it is proposed to introduce remains antagonistic to the hereditary element, the tribunal of mature wisdom will be divided against itself and fresh conflicts will ensue. If it is assimilated, you will have the House of Lords over again, and more odious than ever, since the life element will be regarded as having apostatized and betrayed its trust.

Yet the whole theory of a Second Chamber as a necessary part of Parliamentary institutions appears to have no other origin nor any sounder basis than a mistaken view of the nature of the House of

Lords, which all the world has supposed to be a Senate, when in fact it was an estate of the feudal realm, representing not a higher grade of deliberative wisdom but simply the special interest of the great landowners. The only valid argument in favour of the retention of the House of Lords is, in fact, the difficulty which the Bicamerists find in devising anything to be put in its place. Nomination is a total failure; the nominated Senate of Canada is a legislative cypher, the debates of which are not even reported, and the places in it are a mere addition to the bribery fund of the party leader. If both Chambers are elective, as in Victoria, the result is a collision and a deadlock, out of which, in the case of sovereign assemblies, there would be no colonial officer or governor to point a way. Co-optation in any form, or election by an order, would give us the oligarchy over again, perhaps in a worse shape than ever, since the members would have to cultivate the good graces of a privileged and reactionary electorate. Not only as to the mode in which their Senate is to be elected are the Bicamerists at fault; they are equally at fault as to the special materials of which it is to be composed. If age or wealth is to be the qualification, impotence or odium will be the result. If the wisest are to have their seats in the Senate, the popular House will be deprived of its best leaders. Supreme power must centre somewhere; it will centre in that body which most directly represents the national will. Let the assembly, then, which is the seat of supreme power, be the seat of collective wisdom. Concentrate in it, as far as possible, all the best available elements, those of a conservative character as well as the rest. Frankly recognize its authority, and invest it at the same time with a full measure of responsibility. Notoriously the existence of a Senate diminishes the sense of responsibility in the popular chamber, and diminishes it out of proportion to the control really exercised; for a Senate soon gets tired of incurring the unpopularity of rejection. This surely is a more rational and hopeful plan than that of abandoning the seat of supreme power to popular impulse, and affixing by way of safeguard an artificial regulator to its side. Checks and balances belong to mechanics, not to politics; in mechanics you can apportion force, in politics force cannot be apportioned, though nominal authority may. That there are good and useful elements in the House of Lords, especially among the new creations, nobody doubts. Let them be transferred, with any social influence which in these democratic times may adhere to them, to a sphere where they can act with effect. At present they are ostracized by seclusion, as is clearly perceived by some Radicals, who on that ground deprecate a reform of the House of Lords. Let Lord Salisbury go to the Commons and Lord Hartington stay there. The Lords are warned by their partisans against imitating the foolish abdication of the

French aristocracy in the famous holocaust of feudal titles. To that it may come, if they do not take care. But this is an earlier stage of the revolution, and the day of grace has not yet expired. Let the Lords do that which the French aristocracy ought to have done, and by doing which they might have averted the catastrophe. Let them at once go over frankly to the *Tiers Etat*, and strengthen by their accession the conservative forces in the national assembly. Convulsive efforts to retain an obnoxious privilege only inflame the revolutionary spirit, and at the same time make it still more desperately difficult for rational statesmanship to deal with the situation. Tory democracy is apparently a plea for founding aristocracy on demagogism, and for stemming Socialism by heading it and combining it with a foreign policy of violence. Can the House of Lords be so blind as not to see in what such a course must end? What has been the end of other attempts of privilege to save itself by an alliance with extreme Radicalism against moderate reform?

Not in a Second Chamber, patched up or newly created, but in a well-regulated franchise and a rational mode of election, are effectual securities for the permanent ascendancy of national reason over passion in the legislature to be found. The electorate has been dealt with by successive reformers in the belief that its functions, and therefore the necessary qualifications for it, have remained unchanged. But its functions have been greatly changed, and have become infinitely more important and difficult than they originally were. Instead of merely choosing delegates to give his assent to taxation, the elector is now called upon to choose a ruler, and, at the same time, virtually to decide upon the general policy of the country. This is beyond the capacity of any ordinary voter. Everybody knows what happens, and until an immense progress shall have been made in popular education, must happen—how the intelligent elector, even supposing him to escape bribery and all other corrupt influences, votes at best for the Blue or Yellow ticket, and too often votes not even for the Blue or Yellow ticket, but with reference to some merely local or personal question, some fancy or antipathy, leaving the broad interests of the country and the qualifications essential to a legislator altogether out of sight. The author of "Round My House" tells us how opinion among the French peasantry in certain districts was swept by an angry fancy about a reduction in the value of a coin. What chance would Chatham or Peel, representing a great national policy, have stood against the lowest demagogue if he had been on the unpopular side of the question about the Cider Tax or Wood's halfpence? An ordinary citizen, occupied in trade or manual labour, has not the leisure, if he had the knowledge and capacity, to study the complex questions put before him. Yet there are reformers who desire to set Hodge to choose not only out of the worthies of his own neighbourhood, but out of all the notabilities of the country, among whom the largest vote would probably be polled by the Tichborne Claimant. From selfishness the poor are at least as free as the rich; they would vote at least as well if they knew how; but the knowledge is to them unattainable. In no sphere but that of politics does anybody propose to thrust upon people power of which it is manifestly impossible that they should make an intelligent use. Not only is it manifestly impossible that the people should make an intelligent use of the power of direct election to the governing assembly and of determining its policy: it is morally impossible that they should really make use of it at all. They are unorganized, and, though they live in the same district, unconnected as a rule with each other: they have no means of taking counsel together for the selection of a member. The selection must therefore be made for them by some self-constituted agency. That agency is the Caucus, into the hands of whose managers and masters the representation, styled popular, really falls. Both the party organizations in England are now adopting the system, and thus confiscating the suffrage which they profess by legislation to bestow. One of them at least already has the Boss, and both of them will soon have the complete machine, with a host of professional politicians, recruited from the class which prefers place-hunting to honest trades. Government, in a word, will fall into the hands of irresponsible intriguers, and will be dominated in ever-increasing measure by knavery and corruption. Nor is there any assignable remedy for the evil; the wire-pullers and professional politicians alone can give their time to the elections, and therefore it is hardly possible to organize the means of casting off their yoke. Attending "primaries" is often preached as the duty of the patriotic citizen; but the patriotic citizen who does attend the primary finds everything arranged by the wire-pullers beforehand and himself impotent and a laughing-stock. This will not appear in the first flush of a revolutionary movement, while the present leaders retain their ascendancy, but it will appear as soon as the revolution settles down. Public education, it is true, has been introduced in England; but it has always existed in the United States, and it has not saved that country from the Boss. To save the country from the Boss is now the highest aim of the best citizens; but they will hardly succeed without a constitutional change.

American reformers, if they want to go to the root of the evil, have a light to guide their efforts in the successful working of their Senate, which, being elected indirectly, through the State Legislatures, is a body of remarkable ability, and possesses the general confidence of the nation; while the House of Representatives, elected directly by the people, that is, by the wire-puller, who usurps the functions of the people, presents a most unfavourable contrast. Those who have sat in both say that the difference between the two political atmospheres is immense. Rid the Senate of Party, and it would be about as good a governing body as any nation could reasonably desire. Indirect elections through local councils is the plan which seems to promise the best central legislature; and it takes from the primary elector nothing which at present is really his. Ordinary knowledge and intelligence ought to suffice to enable a man to choose from among his neighbours those who are fittest to manage his local affairs. But the local councillors would be a comparatively picked body; they might reasonably be expected to give their minds to the central election; they would not be too many for concert; and they would exercise their power as a trust under the eyes of the people. As permanent bodies they could not, like the College of Presidential Electors, be reduced to the mere bearers of a mandate. A high trust, by adding to the importance and dignity of local councils, would be likely to draw into them better men. Through such an organization, apparently, opinion might freely and quietly flow from the people to the depository of power. Local and social influences would no doubt be strong; but they are more wholesome than that of the Boss, and, as was said before, it is easier to enlarge the parochial than to make the wire-puller honest. Parochialism, however, has been pretty well broken up by the press and the telegraph. Hardly anybody can now live in intellectual isolation. The Caucus itself, so far as it works fairly, is a tribute to the principle of indirect election.

To begin by passing a measure of Home Rule, not for Ireland alone, but for the United Kingdom, to reconstruct the local institutions, unloading upon them part of the now crushing burden of the central legislature, and then to base the central institutions upon them, is a policy which might at least claim attention, and, perhaps, deserve partial experiment, as an alternative to central revolution, if the nation and its leaders had not surrendered themselves to the revolutionary current.

Like the mode of election, the qualification for the franchise has never undergone any rational consideration with reference to the changed status and duties of the elector, who, instead of being really a subject, is now a participant in sovereign power. Nothing has been thought of the property qualification, which by successive agitations has been reduced to the vanishing point, and the next time anybody wants to raise the political wind will finally disappear. The broader the basis of electoral institutions can safely be made the better, and with indirect instead of direct election to the central legislature, it would be safe to make it very broad. Still some qualifications are necessary, even for the primary elector; nor, if the writer may trust his own observation, is there any indisposition on the part of the intelligent working-classes to look at the matter in that light. A common education is now placed within everybody's reach by the help of the State, and it entails corresponding obligations. A mode of ascertaining that the elector could read and write, or at least read, by means of a certificate or test, might surely be devised. Personal application for registration would also be a fair requirement, since a man would hardly be fit to share the sovereign power who did not care enough about his vote to ask for it; and it would probably act as a useful criterion, self applied. With the full powers of a citizen should also go, in reason, the full duties—liability to serve on juries, to assist in the enforcement of the law, to take part, if called upon, in the defence of the country. There is a vague notion that all human beings, or all who pay taxes (which, directly or indirectly, everybody does), have a natural right to a vote, and this is carried so far that votes are about to be given to a multitude of Irish who openly profess themselves the enemies of the State, and announce that they will use the votes for its destruction. Perhaps this Irish experiment may help to bring us all to reason, and convince us that nobody has a right to the means of doing mischief to himself and his fellows, or to anything but that form of government which is practically the best for all.

Considering how our morality and happiness depend on the maintenance of right relations between the sexes, it is surely a proof of the desperate recklessness of party that the Conservative leaders should be willing to fling female character and ultimately the home into the political caldron for the sake of gaining the female vote. Their calculation may prove unfounded; at least on this continent the women of Conservative temperament seem to stay at home, while the revolutionary Megæra mounts the platform and, brandishing her torch among the Anarchists of Chicago, bids the poor trust in dynamite instead of trusting in God. That gentleness and purity will come with woman into public life is certainly not the decisive verdict of experience, so far as experience has gone. It rather seems that her gentleness and purity depended on her absence from the political arena. Will the government be improved by being made feminine? That is the question to be answered in the common interest of both sexes. The male nature, though not higher, is the more practical. Men, as a rule, alone are brought into daily contact with the world of action by the varied experiences and exigencies of which the balance of political character is formed. Men alone can be said to be fully responsible. Unless sentiment should undergo a total change, a female Member of Parliament or office-holder could not be called to account like a man. In this rough world how will a nation prosper which is swayed by the emotions of its women?

The sexes may be co-equal, and yet, having different natures, they may have different parts to play in the community as they certainly have in the family. Laws have been made by man, because law, to take effect, must have force behind it, and the force of the community is male. If women made such laws as some of them threaten to make in the interest of their sex, men would refuse to execute the law. If women voted a war for some object of female enthusiasm, as the French women would for the defence of the Pope, men would refuse to march. The authority of government would then fall. A woman cannot support the police or take part in the defence of the country. Women are not a class with separate interests of its own, but a sex, the political interests of which are identical with those of their husbands and brothers. Their property is not of a special kind, nor can it be alleged to have suffered any wrong by general legislation. Assuredly general legislation has of late not been unfavourable to woman. Perhaps they get more from the chivalry of male legislation than they would get if, armed with political power, they were fighting for themselves. To the argument that property held by them is unrepresented, the answer is that no property is represented in any hands beyond the minimum required for a qualification in each case. This is a small hardship compared with the practical exclusion from voting of all our sailors, the flower of our industry, and of a large number of those employed by commerce in the work of distribution. Women, if she has her disabilities, has also her privileges, which, with the general guardianship of affection, the majority of the sex would probably be unwilling to renounce for the sake of gratifying the ambition of a few. Conservatives especially may be expected to consider the effects likely to be produced on female character and on domestic life by the introduction of women into politics and the general revolution in the relations between the sexes of which that measure is an integral part. Female aspirations begin to take a new turn. An American apostle of woman's rights told us plainly the other day that she considered maternity a poor aim for a woman's ambition. Nature answers by dooming the race to decay.

A stable, though responsible, executive, invested with a reasonable amount of authority, commanding the general confidence of the people, and capable of exercising forecast and governing on a plan, especially with regard to foreign affairs, is a necessity of civilised life. How is it to be secured for the future to England? Have reforming statesmen asked themselves that momentous question, or has the necessity of answering it been hidden from their eyes by the illusion which surrounds the "ancient throne?" What basis has Government at present but party? Is not that basis crumbling to pieces? Is not the Liberal party in the House of Commons split up into discordant sections and held together solely by the authority of a leader in his seventy-fifth year and without any visible heir of his power? Have not the Irish entirely severed themselves from it and taken up a position which renders a reunion with them hopeless? Is not even the Tory party, though as a party of reaction less exposed to disintegration than a party of progress, rent by divergent tendencies towards Conservatism on one side and Tory democracy on the other? Is not everybody at a loss to conceive how, after next election, and when the number of the Parnellites shall have been increased, a party broad and strong enough to support a government is to be formed? The disintegration is not confined to England; it extends to all countries in which Parliamentary institutions prevail. It is extending now to the United States, where the reforming Republicans voted in the Presidential election; and the other day the Liberal party in Belgium suddenly split in two. The consequences everywhere are the fatal instability and weakness of government, the only exception being Germany, where Bismarck holds himself above party, governs on a principle really monarchical, and makes up a majority from any quarter that he can? France, with her Chamber full of Sectionalism, cabal and unruly ambition, lives always on the brink of administrative anarchy: industry and commerce never knowing whether next day they will have the shelter of a government over their heads. The Executive in the United States stands on an independent though elective footing; if it depended for its existence from day to day on the factions of Congress, chaos would soon come. Is there any prospect of a return to party union and solidity? As intellects grow more active, idiosyncracies more pronounced, ambitions more numerous and keen, is it likely that divergences will become fewer and that patient submission to party discipline will increase? Is not the tendency everywhere the opposite way? What permanent claim has party on the allegiance of a moral being? What is it but a soft name for faction, the bane of States? Why should a good citizen surrender his conscience to it? Why should good citizens for ever divide themselves into two hostile camps, and wage political war against each other? Is an unpatriotic and anti-social principle to be accepted as the last word of politics? The supply of organic questions cannot be inexhaustible. When it is exhausted and divisions of principle have disappeared, on what ground of reason or moral motive are parties to rest? Must they not thenceforth become factions pure and simple? Have they not become factions pure and simple, whenever organic questions have ceased to be at issue? Party has been the organ by which in England the Long Revolution has been conducted to its issue, and power has been gradually wrested from the Crown and transferred to the Commons. Hence the belief, shared by the whole of Europe, that party was inseparable from Parliamentary institutions, and that in no other way could free government be carried on. If free government can be carried on in no other way, the prospect is dark, for party is apparently doomed, alike by morality and by the growing tendencies of the age. But there is obviously one other way at least in which free government can be carried on. Instead of making office the prize of a perpetual faction fight, the members of the Executive Council of State may be regularly elected by the Members of the Legislature for a term certain, under such a system with regard to the rotation of vacancies as may at once secure sufficient harmony between the two bodies and a sufficient continuity in the executive government. The responsibility of the Executive for the decisions of the Legislature, and its obligation to resign upon every Legislative defeat, which is a mere accident of English history and devoid of rational foundation, would then cease. The Legislature and the Executive would be at liberty each to do its own work. The Executive would be national, and would receive the general support of the community instead of being an object of organized hostility to half of it; it would be stable instead of being as it is now throughout Europe ephemeral as well as weak. Responsibility on the part of its members instead of being diminished would be increased. It would become individual, whereas now it is only collective, the whole Cabinet and the party majority being bound to support each Minister whatever may be his failure in duty. Personal aptitude might be considered in the elections to the offices, whereas at present little can be considered beyond the necessity of providing for all the leaders, and a good financier or Minister of Marine would not be turned out because he was in the minority on a Franchise Bill.

The nations have been so much engaged in taking authority out of bad hands, that they have forgotten that it is a good and necessary thing in itself. Government has become dangerously weak. The greater part of its energy is now expended, not in the work of administration, but in preserving its own existence. Not only is it exposed to the incessant attacks of an Opposition whose business is to traduce and harass it, but it is now hardly able to sustain itself against the irresponsible power of the press, wielded nobody knows by whom, but often under secret influences, which are a great and growing danger in all communities. To keep the popular favour, which is to them the breath of life, the members of the Cabinet have to be always on the stump, reserving to themselves little time for rest or reflection, and the stump orator is rapidly superseding the statesman. This vacillation of policy on the Egyptian question, the consequences of which all have been deploring, has not been so much that of the Government as that of the nation itself worrying and distracting the Government through the press. A country with an Empire and a world-wide diplomacy cannot afford to have an Executive, the policy of which is always shifting with the wind of opinion, and which can exercise no forecast, because it is not sure of its existence for an hour. In India, the danger is not so much from native disaffection as from British agitation, which the Company managed to exclude, but which, since India has been driven into the vortex of British politics, a party Government has no power to control. Those who are as far as is the writer of this paper from being Imperialists, must see, nevertheless, that while the Empire exists it creates a special necessity for a strong and undemagogic Government, and that on any hypothesis, a disruption, or general dissolution from a collapse of the central authority, is not the thing to be desired. The Radicals themselves are saying that what the country now wants is a strong government, by which, however, people often mean a government strongly imbued with their own ideas.

England ought not to be very much in love with the party system at this moment, for it has well-nigh laid her, with all her greatness and her glory, at the feet of Messrs. Healy and Biggar. Faction and nothing but faction has brought her to the verge of a dismemberment, which, by carving a hostile Republic out of her side, would reduce her to a second-rate Power, and condemn her to play a subordinate instead of a leading part in the march of European civilization. "England has lost heart" is the exulting cry of Mr. Parnell. She has lost heart because she is betrayed by faction, seeking under highly philanthropic and philosophic pretences to climb into power by bartering the unity of the nation for the Irish vote. With a truly national government she would soon be herself again.

There is another point which, while time for consideration remains to them, British statesmen will surely do well to consider. It would seem paradoxical to say that England, the parent of constitutional government, has no constitution; but it will be admitted at once that she has no legal constitution, at least that her legal constitution is not actual. Actually she has nothing but a balance of power, or rather the power no longer balanced of the House of Commons, which if the Crown attempted to govern would stop the supplies, and if the Lords attempted to vote would force the Crown to coerce them by a swamping creation, or incite the people to terrify them into submission. The term "Constitutional," though it seems full of mysterious and august meaning, has never really denoted anything but the limit of practical force. If it has been unconstitutional for the Lords to amend a money Bill, but constitutional for them to reject a Bill respecting a tax, as in the noted case of the paper duty, the reason was that the rejection was final, whereas the amended Bill would go back to the Commons, who would throw it out. But while the Commons have annihilated the power of the Crown, and reduced that of the Lords almost to a cipher, they remain themselves liable to dissolution at the will of the party leader into whose hands that prerogative has come, and who can thus suspend at any moment the existence of the supreme government, reduce its members to private citizens, and, if they resist, deal with them as common rioters through the police. In the ordinary course of things the existence of the supreme government is suspended, and an interregnum ensues, whenever the regular Parliamentary term expires. This is hardly the sort of ship with which it is wise to put out on the wide waters of democracy. England, like other nations under the elective system, needs a written constitution, defining all powers and duties, guarding against any usurpation, and entrusted to the keeping of a court of law. Traditions and understandings, which may be maintained and serve their purpose so long as the government is in the hands of a family group of statesmen walking in the ancestral paths, will not command the same respect in a far different order of things. The written constitution is the political Bible of the United States, and without it all would soon be usurpation and confusion. A written constitution in no way interferes with the freedom of development which is the supposed privilege of the unwritten. It only provides that development shall proceed in the way of regular and legal amendment, and not in that of violent collision and intimidation by street parades. The system of constitutional amendment works perfectly well in the United States. The power might be safely reposed in the people at large. Men who are not competent to vote on the complex question of the general policy of the country, and at the same time on the merits of the candidate, are competent to vote on a single question submitted by itself, and with regard to which, moreover, there is little danger of corruption or illicit influence. But the nation at large ought, by petition sufficiently signed or in some other way, to have the power of initiating constitutional amendments or compelling their submission by the Government as well as of rejecting them when submitted. Elective rulers, once installed in power, are no more willing to part with it than kings. Such a body as the American House of Representatives, though it might become a sheer political nuisance, would never take the first step in reform. There ought to be a power of enforcing change, when the necessity for it has become apparent to the nation, without having recourse to a violent revolution, or even to intimidation such as is being used in default of a better means to wrest the veto from the House of Lords.

These are the views of one who has long been convinced that the day of hereditary institutions had closed, that the day of elective institutions had fully come, that the appointed task of political science was to study the liabilities, weaknesses and dangers of the elective system with a view to their correction or prevention, and that the mission of the Liberal party in England was to conduct the critical transition and guide Europe in accomplishing it without revolution. If such views are condemned as Conservative by Radicals, and as Republican by Conservatives, neither charge can well be repelled. They certainly cannot be congenial to any who exult in the prospect of a socialistic revolution. But the upshot of all that has been here said is that Democracy must be organized and regulated. Unorganized and unregulated, it will probably end in confusion.

Goldwin Smith.

AMIEL'S JOURNAL.[*]

YEARS ago, at one of the Scottish linns, the present writer remembers standing fascinated for many minutes to watch the come and go of the water on a small semi-circular shelf, or side landing, about half-way down the fall. Perched there, close beside the tumbling weight of water, within the circle of its roar and the rush of the cool water-driven air, this small shelf, sufficiently apart to hold under the shadow of the rock a tiny reservoir of its own, was also just near enough to catch and divert the edge of the torrent in its downward plunge; so that at every pulse of the torrent a swirl of water flashed into and round the little nook, and then stepped down and out again by a curving jagged ledge beneath the rocky wall, and so with two or three little steps and bounds ran down sideways into the main current and was lost once more in its turmoil.

As one watched it, all the noise and passion and conflict of the cataract seemed to have less meaning and to usurp less power over the imagination than the monotonous story of this little shelf. Moreover, in the basin of the little place itself, the centre of interest soon ceased to be the inrush and outsweep of the water direct from the fall. It lay rather in the quiet water left behind, and in seeing how it conducted itself in the whirl of invasion and the alternating intervals of peace.

It was all a symbol, of course. A better symbol than the vulgar one of words, or the poor concrete of a thought—vaster, closer, more distinct. It seemed better not to violate it by thinking it out. It seemed better, standing there, to say to oneself that one was studying the movements of mere water, under certain mere mechanical conditions, than to say, "Here thunder the ages down their ancient course, with power to startle and bewilder, not to touch and teach; and here lies—swept by them, but not swept away—the little world of individual life, a spectacle to men and angels."

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[*] "Fragments d'un Journal Intime." Paris: Sandoz & Thuilier; Geneva: Georg. An English translation, by Mrs. Ward, is to appear in a few weeks.

It was better to study it as water, and not to "hook it to some useful end." So, too, it takes, as a record of natural fact, a firm place in the memory, and is ready for other "liberal applications" some other day. And such applications are never far to seek.

As, for instance?

In days when life ran slower, when culture was less diffused and the general mind less receptive, and when the material results of human activity were less rich and inviting, it was perhaps less rare than it is now for gifted men to stand apart and think, without undertaking the further labour of producing. But the modern world is exacting, and action is its one appreciable form of duty. Every exceptional power possessed is a claim that your neighbour has on you to exercise that power for his benefit. "What have you done for your generation?" we ask of each man as he turns to leave the stage. Work is our test. We are true democrats; we allow no privilege of order or individual. And, partly by mere contagion and the movement of the crowd, partly by pressure on noble consciences, we end by sweeping every loiterer sooner or later into the mêlée. All shall strive, high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Even genius must compete. And it does compete. The kings of men come down from their thrones and strip themselves in hot haste for the arena. Between the call of duty and the ferment of ambition, the spectators' seats are empty—everybody is on the stage.

Nay, not quite everybody. Even here, Nature is too much for theory. A few of her finest creatures she resolutely sets apart for herself. Depriving them of the very faculty that could lead them away from her—a power of action at all commensurate with their power of thought—she ties them to her apron-string, and moves forward, mighty mother, with a little troop of these bright-eyed but often sad-hearted children about her feet, whom she will never allow to grow up into children of "this generation." The world may lose them, she will not. They shall stay with her, spectators with her of the rush of human things—sharing even, by fragments, her insight, and perhaps her irony. And yet she will not keep them quite apart, lest they be lost both to life and her. She will not set them out of reach of that sideway swirl of the stream. It must visit them every moment with its disturbing coil, bringing with it precious things—stray bits of flotsam and jetsam—only to catch them away again; and tangling the quiet waters of the little basin with the currents of the restless world.

These are the men who cannot even strive, much less succeed, the men whom nobody ever heard of,—who come to light at last, if they ever come at all, by the publishing of some little volume of letters, or a memorial notice in a magazine, or who are found flitting across the pages of somebody else's "Life."

And yet these silent hearts are some of them very strong. Dismissed from action by the absolute hand of Nature, there is laid upon them a task of thought. In the world to which they are relegated, the formula of duty is rather "think justly" than "act well;" but it is just as stern a formula, and just as sternly based on that other law, binding alike in either case, "be good." These are not the men with whom the processes of thought go on and leave whole regions of their being undisturbed. Like the old English archer of Latimer's days, they "lay their body to the bow." The shaft is sent so true by the whole might of the whole man. As other people pass through the experience of life, so these men pass through the deep experience of thought. It has, as life has, its expected and unexpected joys; it has, as life has, its pains, its catastrophes, its irretrievable and touching losses; it has, as life has, its unveiled facts, that must be faced and borne. Nor is this all. The intense susceptibility which is the characteristic of minds of this order fronts both ways. It has its aspect towards the life which is closed to it, as well as towards that in which it moves and lives. On the side of active life it is conscious of all its privations. It weighs and measures every joy and every dignity from which it is debarred. It asks itself whether it is debarred by its own fault.

There is here, then, no respite at all from the pressure of moral demand. On the contrary, the demand is carried into the deepest and loneliest recesses of a thoroughly searched soul. And it is none the less real or importunate because it utters itself, not in the favourite formula of the moment, "Do this," but in the other formulæ, "Endure, forego, avoid, hold fast."

"Did you fight the enemy?" we cry to every soldier returning from the camp.

But for the sentinel it is enough if he can answer, "I kept the post."

These are some of the thoughts that gather in the mind as one closes the two volumes in which the friends of the late Professor Amiel, of Geneva, have published their selections from his private journal. Professor Amiel was not, indeed, quite unknown. He lectured for thirty years or more—drily enough, we gather—in the University of Geneva. He even published some volumes of verse, and brought himself to write an article for a magazine. His lectures were a framework of pigeon-holes to put facts into; his poems were frigid and mechanical. The man was not there. To those who knew the man, especially to those who knew him in his youth, he was a sore disappointment. They could not understand such wealth of faculty and such dearth of production. For himself, he was equally disappointed. Ambition he had almost none; but he was sorry to disappoint his friends, to come short of reasonable claims, and to be wanting in one of the instincts which are common to men. He could not but feel in himself the wealth of nature which others perceived in him, and he would have coined it if he could. But the fine gold would not take the stamp, and alloy he would have none. It was the same with everything. His powers were all at the mercy of a rigorous ideal, an intolerable insight, a balanced and ever-balancing judgment; he could do nothing with them. He knew and lamented his own defect, and sorrowfully chronicled its increase as the years went on; he hoped some development from within might redress the balance, or some catastrophe from without might shake him into action; but the catastrophe never came, and the development was all the other way. At fifty-two he was still preparing for life, when the doctors told him to prepare for death. At sixty he was dying,—patient, dignified, resigned, as always, but unsatisfied, because he had not yet lived.

It is pathetic reading, the more so that the gentle and human nature of the man, and that sympathetic grasp of genius, take such possession of the reader. There is a strange, shadowy intensity in it all—as in the face and voice and touch of those most living phantoms at whose words Dante flamed into anger or swooned with pity. We, too, in reading Amiel, pass through the secret places of an underworld. It is a pilgrimage through the Valley of the Shadow of Life.

Nevertheless, these shadowy places are not altogether dark. How should anything be altogether dark to the meditative man? The very flaws and torturing incongruities of his own nature have this at least—that they are there to analyse. And Amiel does analyse them. There is no torpor of the powers here. Out flashes the shining faculty again and again with unblunted edge—biting, cleaving, dividing soul and spirit. The keenness of his criticism, whether he turns it on himself or on others, is almost startling, but it is all sheet lightning; it illuminates the landscape with a flash, but it scathes nothing. From beginning to end, the book does not contain an unkind word. The pages are as warm with human gentleness as a little nest from which the mother-bird has only just lifted her warm wings.

Besides, there are other joys. There is the rapture of imaginative sympathy—he shall describe it in his own words directly—in which he finds himself a sort of faun of the spiritual universe, a creature hardly yet quite differentiated and segregated off from the illimitable

Pan. This is his most peculiar and delicious experience; he wonders at it in himself, and recurs to it again and again. There is the exquisite sensibility to the sun, the seasons, the weather, the way this autumn leaf is coloured, the precise outline of those mountains against the sky, the peculiar shades and harmonies of this sea, here, which is different from what you see at other ports, the form of ripple left in the sands just at this spot, "like the pink roof of a kitten's mouth." There is the tenderness he has for little animals, and the soft appeal of their instinctive confidence in him; the "little yellowish kitten, very dirty and deplorable," he finds on the staircase one night and brings up to his room; he can find nothing in the house to give her to eat, though she is desperately hungry, but the good little thing is contented with a caress and a chair beside his, where she curls herself up, purring to heart's content, and he sits down and puts her into his journal. He tells the little story with an evident sense of its prettiness; admits that animals do like him—it is a gift he has; and finishes comfortably, "It would not take much, I think, to make the birds build in my beard." There is the pleasure of being left in the house one night with "the children"—apparently his sister's children—and stealing up twice during the evening to look at them asleep, and fancying that he knows now what a young mother feels. There is the pleasure of thinking what a new revelation of happiness it might be to be married, and wondering whether he will ever dare so much. He never did. He put it from him, with other unfulfilled hopes, when the physician sentenced him to death at fifty-two. There are social pleasures now and then—the subject well thrashed out by a group of equal friends—the contact of minds that move in the same plane and play according to the laws of the game; or the tea at Mme. ——'s, where her three nieces come in and are so delightfully pretty, and their dainty freshness goes to his heart and does him indescribable good; or the English "interior," which must be given in full lower down; or that evening near the end, when he comes back unusually stirred and lifted, and you gather by degrees from the modest page that his own talk has been helping some one else. There are the Easter holidays in the country —deep draughts of refreshment; and the summer holidays in the mountains, at Charnex, or Villars, or Bellalpe, where the exhilaration rises to ecstasy, where the panoramic splendours of the world seem revealed "in a moment of time," and the soul throws wide her gates to let the pageant in.

Thus, in this solitary valley, as on the highways of the world, the path is flecked with light and shadow. But, with all the poetic susceptibility of his nature, Amiel is not one of those to whom life's very substance is nothing but a tissue of sensations. The fluid stuff of sensibility is not the whole of him. He is solid rock at bottom; a grave and earnest Genevese; a man of inalienable integrity; religious by the very stuff and structure of his being. He is no faun, after all, but a complete and living Adam, and a Voice speaks to him in the garden. The friends to whom we owe the compilation of these exquisite memoirs strike the true key-note of the whole in their opening extract, an extract taken—it and the next alone—from the fragmentary jottings of the year '48, before the journal becomes continuous in '49. At the time he wrote it Amiel was still studying in Germany, and the passage dates from Berlin:—

> "One thing alone is necessary: the possession of God. All the senses, all forces of soul and spirit, all external means, are but so many vistas opening on the Divine, so many ways of glorifying and enjoying God. . . . . Be reconciled with thyself; live in the presence and communion of God; and leave it to the irresistible forces to direct thy course. If Death leaves thee time, it is well. If he snatches thee away, it is well. If he kills thee by halves, it is well still. The career of success is closed only to open to thee the career of heroism, of resignation, of moral greatness. Every life has its grandeur; and, as it is impossible for thee to separate thyself from God, it is best for thee consciously to choose thy home in Him."

The second extract is hardly less characteristic:—

> "To look on our own time from the point of view of universal history, on history from the point of view of geologic periods, on geology from the point of view of astronomy—this is to enfranchise thought."

The book has almost no setting. What little it has is very lovely. Amiel himself could not have been more modest and tender than the nameless friends to whose discretion he left his papers, and who have here fulfilled their trust. "The Editors"—they give themselves no other name—offer no sketch of his life, and supply the explanatory notes required by the extracts with an almost too sparing hand. In their little preface of three pages they simply describe the conditions under which the journal was written, and the principles on which their selections have been made, and introduce the essay which, in their anxiety to shelter themselves behind an honoured name, they have begged M. Edmond Scherer to write for them.

It is to M. Scherer that we are indebted for all we know of the mere matter-of-fact biography which underlies, or overlies, this history of a soul; and even he is careful to guard himself from any appearance of continuity or completeness. He will not have it that his paper is either a memoir, or a sketch, or a study, or a criticism; it is simply something he has to say about Amiel, and he has been asked to say it. But it is from him that we get our fragmentary glimpses of the sensitive schoolboy, early orphaned, unhappy among the other boys; of the student in the Prussian capital, with the world of knowledge opening before him, and splendid powers waking within, "when, rising before day, and lighting his lamp, he went to his desk as to an altar," reading, musing, seeing in a vision the ages pass, and space unroll, and the absolute hover within touch—("there is no joy so deep," he said, speaking of these days, "that I have not passed through it")—and of the scholar just returned from his travels laden with learning, but "bearing all that weight" so lightly poised. It was at this time that M. Scherer first saw him. His face was charming, his conversation brilliant; there was no affectation about him. "Young and alert, he seemed to be entering life as a conqueror, with all the future at his feet." And, in fact, only a few months after his return to Geneva, and before he was thirty years old, he had competed for and obtained the post of Professor of Æsthetics in the University there. Unhappily, this apparent triumph turned out to be signal and irreversible defeat. It was worse than defeat; it was captivity and martyrdom. The circumstances were peculiar. "The radical revolution of 1846 had deeply divided Genevan society, and had led to the resignation of some of the professors, who belonged to the vanquished civilization. Amiel's professorship was one of the number thus vacated. Never very familiar with politics—least of all with party polemics—and placed by his long absence from Geneva quite outside the conflicts by which the city had been torn, he felt himself free, without any violation of duty or propriety, to accept from the new Government a post which was the due reward of his own merit. Nevertheless, his acceptance naturally looked like taking a side. He had classed himself—disclassed, misclassed himself; and he had the mortification of finding himself treated with coldness by the more cultivated society of Geneva, while he was utterly out of his element amidst the surroundings into which he was thus thrown. . . . . His isolation was very great."

He went on with his work. But the greatness of things oppressed him. Neither as Professor of Æsthetics, nor later as Professor of Philosophy did he make any mark. He was too toilsome, too earnest, too complete. He could not help making skeleton systems; and, elaborately as they were put together, he could not make them live. M. Scherer gives us a sufficiently graphic account of his method: "When he has a subject to treat, instead of grasping at the heart of it, and taking possession there, our friend walks round about it, tracks it through all its ramifications, traces out all its attachments; in this way he embraces it completely, but from outside; he assigns it its place in the circle of our knowledge; and he thinks he has said enough when he has catalogued all that there would be to say about it."

Amiel's own early ardours and ambitions—if indeed his ardour ever had any mixture of ambition—seem soon to have passed away; and after a few years we find him wondering that his friends still expect anything of him. He can hardly account for it. Perhaps it is this: "My nature must be essentially a social one, which can only realize its true value by conversation and exchange. Solitude drops me at once into diffidence and impotence. As it is, I spend my life stifling in isolation. . . . . My friends see what I might have been, and I see what I am." This is in a letter to Scherer, whom he tenderly loves, whose opinion he thinks of when he does not ask it, whom he calls his "dear Rhadamanthus," and under whose invited and honest criticism he shrinks and shrivels, because he feels it to be just, and because it leaves him no hope.

But, with all these disappointments, M. Scherer is not going to let us believe that Amiel ever came to be embittered or morose—no, not though he should say so himself in his Journal. The sweetness and elasticity of his spirit were far too great. Were there not those Thursdays, when, summer or winter, the little party of three or four—Scherer, Charles Heim, Lecoultre, and sometimes Amiel—went off for a walk up the blue slopes of Salève, and spent the rest of the day there, coming back at night? Who was the gayest, the most eager, the most delightful of the company—so true, besides, so kind, so trustworthy? We are not to trust the Journal here. When he opened it, he opened the sources of a deep and secret sadness. But this sadness, even if it were the deepest thing in him, was not the whole of him. It is quite another picture that lives in the faithful memory of his friends. They remember his joyous childlike ways, his pleasure in little things; "no one who had heard him laugh his good college laugh would guess him the author of so many melancholy pages." Nor yet was he so very unpractical in everyday matters; he was too dutiful. "He was occupied with others," says M. Scherer, "kind, unselfish, affectionate, serviceable; he liked to make himself useful."

In several ways the Journal is a revelation to M. Scherer himself. He did not know all these things of his friend. There is more religion than he expected; and he is evidently surprised at Amiel's liking to go to church, and actually listening to the sermon. Perhaps, when it comes to rival theories of existence, the reader may be disposed to think Amiel's the profounder of the two. M. Scherer's hardly amounts to more than

"These things must not be thought
After these ways."

• •

But it is more than time to stand aside, and let Amiel speak for himself:—

"To make a true portrait you must turn the successive into the simultaneous, plurality into unity, and penetrate through the changing phenomena to the permanent substance. Now I am half a score of different men, according to time and place, surroundings and opportunity. I escape myself in my mobile diversity. It is no use showing anything of myself, or my journal, or my past, to those who have not the poetic intuition, and cannot recognize me in my totality with all—and in spite of all—the materials I give them.

"This phenomenology of myself is a sort of magic lantern turned on my own destiny; and at the same time it is an open window looking out on the mystery of the world. I am—or, rather, the sensibility of my consciousness is—concentrated along this ideal line, as on a sort of invisible threshold where one feels the impetuous rush of time as it boils and bubbles away into the imperturbable ocean of eternity."

"Responsibility is my nightmare. To suffer by one's own fault is a torment of the damned. . . . . I pay for my privilege. My privilege is, to be a spectator of the drama of my own life, to be conscious of the tragi-comedy of my own destiny; more than that, to be in the confidence of the author himself; to be unable to take my illusions in earnest; to watch from the pit my own movements on the stage, and to have to feign a special interest in my own particular part, whilst I live in the intimacy of the poet who is playing with all these important people and knows everything they don't know. It is a strange position, and it becomes painful when sorrow drives me back into my own little part and effectually ties me down to it; warning me that I am giving myself too much liberty in fancying myself dispensed, after my confidences with the author, from going back to my modest employment as a valet in the piece . . . . .

"The life in us tends to restore itself without our effort; it repairs its breaches, mends its torn gossamers, recreates the conditions of well-being; it weaves the bandage across our eyes again, revives hope in our hearts, reinfuses health into our organs, regilds the fantasy in our imaginations. But for this, experience would have chafed and worn and blunted and jaded us past remedy, long before our time. . . . The wisest part of us is the unconscious part; the most reasonable thing in us is the unreasoning; instinct, nature, the divine impersonal activity, recovers us from our personal follies; the invisible genius of our life is never weary of furnishing material for the extravagances of our selves. The essential, maternal basis of our conscious life is our unconscious life."

"Life is an apprenticeship in progressive renunciation, in the continual reduction of our claims, our hopes, our powers, our liberty. The circle contracts more and more; you hoped to learn, to see, to attain, to possess everything; and in every direction you touch the limit. . . . . Wealth, fame, love, power, health, happiness, long life, all the good that other men have had, seems at first to be offered and accessible; and then one must puff away this dream, accept a smaller and smaller part, make oneself little and humble, be limited, weak, dependent, ignorant, mean, poor, stripped of everything, and learn to look for everything to God, because one had no right to anything, and because one is bad. It is in this nothingness that one finds some life again, because the divine spark is there at the bottom. You renounce yourself. And in growing love, you regain true greatness."

"You are not bound to follow vulgar examples, nor to succeed. 'Fais ce que dois.'"

"The inward life is the means of successfully resisting one's surroundings."

Yet, while he thus praises renunciation and chooses the joys of the inner life, he is keenly aware of the faults that lie on that side. Again and again he chastises the faults he is most prone to. Here are some whips of small cords :—

"If you wait to see perfectly plain before deciding, you will never decide at all. If you cannot accept regret you cannot accept life."

"Latent genius is a mere assumption. All that can be ought to become; if it does not, it never was anything at all."

"The ideal, the chimerical, the insubstantial, ought not to hold itself so high above the real, which, on its side, has the immeasurable advantage of actually existing."

"The unfinished is nothing at all."

"Self-criticism simply eats away all spontaneity of speech or writing. The hankering for self-knowledge is punished, like the curiosity of Psyche, by the loss of the thing sought. . . . . The goose lays no more eggs from the moment she begins trying to find out why her eggs are gold."

He is not sure that he does not theoretically over-value action, just because it is so impossible to him. Coming back from one of those afternoon expeditions to Salève in company with Heim, Scherer, Lecoultre, and Naville, he reports with delight the talk they had, which made them quite unconscious of the depth of mud they were walking in. It was good hard metaphysical debate. He and Scherer and Naville talked the most. It was delightful "arguing with solid champions;" and if he acquired nothing new, he came away greatly confirmed in his original opinions. But what especially interests him is the part taken by each of the friends in the discussion. The distribution strikes him as curious.

"One very striking fact, which reminds one of the change of swords in 'Hamlet,' is that the abstract mind is always on the side of concrete reality, while the concrete mind generally battles for abstract ideas. The strong point with each is the point at which he himself is weakest. . . . It is an unconscious protest against the incompleteness of either nature. Each tends towards the thing he has least of, and the point of arrival is exactly opposite the point of departure. The promised land is the land where you are not."

He recurs to this contrast again and again—once in discussing Maine de Biran, who distresses him because he is so like him; though here he consoles himself by adding, "He is only one of the men I am."

"Why does Maine de Biran make the Will the whole of man? Because he had too little will himself. . . . . Another man, unable to concentrate himself and think, would have made self-consciousness the supreme thing."

"The duty you divine binds you from the moment you have divined it."

"There is no real evil but sin—that is, selfishness and rebellion. As to error, we are always changing it, but we never get rid of it. Go where you will, you must still be somewhere; and just as we are always at some one point of the globe, so we are always at some one point of the truth."

"The notion of moral evil and of its cure is the best measure of the depth of any religious system."

He reads St. John's Gospel through, and writes:—

"I am amazed at the incredible amount of Judaism, of formalism, that still exists, eighteen centuries after the Redeemer's declaration that the letter killeth. . . . . Christian liberty has yet to be won; it is the Church which is heretical—the Church whose sight is dim and her heart timid. Whether we will or no, there is an esoteric doctrine. There is a relative revelation; each of us enters into God as God enters into him. As Angelus (I think) says, the eye with which I see God is the same eye with which He sees me.

"Christianity, if it is to triumph over Pantheism, must absorb it."

"No one can think but through the general thought, refined by centuries of culture and experience. Absolute individualism is nonsense."

"The ideal is the anticipation of [the Divine] order. . . . . But why is not the Divine irradiation complete? Because it is still going on. Our planet, for instance, is in mid-career of its experiences. Its flora, its fauna, are still in course of transformation. The evolution of humanity is nearer its starting-point than its goal. The complete spiritualisation of the animal being seems to be a matter of peculiar difficulty; and this is the work of our race. . . . . At the present time, humanity, as a physical unit, is not yet constituted, and its education as a whole is yet to begin. All our attempts at order have been local crystallizations, the rudiments of a progressive organization."

"Historical justice is usually tardy justice—so tardy as to be practically unjust. The providential theory is based on solidarity. Louis XVI. pays for Louis XV., Alexander II. for Nicholas. Individualism cries out against this defiance of equity; and it would be quite right, too, if its principle were the true one. But is it the true one? . . . . It appears that, for each of us, the individual part of our destiny is after all only a part."

"The modern theory of the nullity of the individual, the materialistic or pantheistic conception, does but break in an open door, and strike down a fallen man. The moment we cease to magnify this imperceptible point of conscience, and to recognize its supremacy, the individual naturally sinks into an atom in the mass of humanity, which is but an atom in the planetary mass, which is but an atom in space. He is but the third power of nothing, with just the capacity of measuring that nothing. Thought leads to resignation; self-disparagement leads to passivity, and passivity to servitude. To escape this, there is no way but voluntary submission, a religiously accepted dependence—that is to say, the vindication of ourselves as free agents, bending to duty alone. Duty becomes our principle of action, our source of energy, the pledge of our partial independence of the world. . . . . The world can neither make me will at all, nor make me will my duty; here I am my own and only master; I treat with it as sovereign with sovereign. My body it holds in its clutches, but my soul escapes it and defies it. My thought, my love, my faith, my hope, are beyond its reach. . . . . In this we are greater than the universe, which has mass, but not will.

"Submission such as this is not prostration; it is itself a force."

He is full of acute remarks on the characteristic defects of the French character, and it is curious to read the biting judgments passed on the French language by a man whose fate it has been to be born, live, think, and write in French.

"In our language everything is fixed, solidified, crystallized. It gives the form, not the substance; the result, not the process; the thing seen rather than the thing thought."

"The French mind is limited by the insufficiency of its spiritual alphabet, which makes it impossible to interpret the Greek or German or Spanish mind without perverting its natural accent. The hospitality of French manners does not culminate in a true hospitality of thought."

"One of the vices of France is the frivolity which subordinates truth to public convenience, and absolutely ignores personal dignity and the majesty of conscience. These people do not know the A B C of individual liberty, and have quite a Catholic intolerance of ideas which have not secured the adhesion of at least a majority. . . . . These disciplined and sociable races have an antipathy to personal independence; with them everything must derive from the military or civil or religious authority, and God Himself is not, unless He has been decreed. They have an instinctive belief in social omnipotence, which regards as usurpation, if not sacrilege, the claim of truth to be true without a licence, and the pretensions of the individual to a private conviction or a personal value."

"The fundamental mistake of France is her misunderstanding of human nature. She has always supposed that a thing said was a thing done. . . . . She has never understood the very first sentence of Montaigne: 'Laws are the necessary relations arising from the nature of things.' She will not see that her powerlessness to organize liberty comes from her very nature, her idea of the individual, of society, of law, of duty, of religion—from the way she brings up her children. She plants her trees head downwards, and then wonders at the result."

"Aug. 15, 1871.—Read for the second time Renan's 'Life of Jesus,' 16th popular edition. The characteristic thing in this analysis of Christianity is that sin does not appear in it at all. Now if there is anything which explains the success of the Good News among men, it is that it offered deliverance from sin—salvation. It certainly would have been more appropriate to explain a religion religiously, and not to evade the very centre of the subject. This 'Christ in white marble' is not He who made the strength of the martyrs. . . . The author is wanting in moral seriousness, and confounds mere nobility of character with sanctity. He approaches a pathetic subject with artistic sympathy; but his conscience does not appear to be interested in the question. . . . . There is a vestige of seminarist subtlety in Renan; he strangles with consecrated cord."

"D'Israeli, in his new novel ('Lothair'), shows that the two great forces of the present day are Catholicism and revolution, and that if either of these should triumph, the free nations are lost. This is precisely my own idea. Only while in France, Belgium, Italy, and all Catholic societies, the preservation of the State and civilization is only possible so long as each of these forces holds the other in check, it is otherwise in the Protestant countries; there is a third force—a mean faith between the two idolatries—which makes liberty, with them, no mere neutralization of opposites, but a self-subsistent moral reality. . . . . In the Catholic world religion and liberty contradict each other; in the Protestant world they accept each other, and there is therefore no loss of force.

"Liberalism feeds itself with abstractions when it fancies that freedom is possible without free individuals, and forgets that liberty in the individual is the product of a previous education—a moral education which presupposes a liberating religion. What astonishes me is the shortsightedness of Southern statesmen, who do not see that the main question is the religious question, and cannot even now realize that a liberal State is incompatible with an anti-liberal religion, and almost incompatible with the absence of any religion at all."

His remarks on current history have almost always a tone of uneasiness and distress. Republican as he is, he has no illusions on the future of democracy.

"Democracy, by making the masses supreme, gives the preponderance to instinct, nature, and the passions—that is to say, to blind impulse, to elementary gravitation. A perpetual oscillation between opposite points becomes its only mode of progression. . . . . Luther was right in comparing humanity to a tipsy peasant, falling off now on one side of his horse and now on the other. . . . . However, humanity has a tough life, and survives all catastrophes. Only it is so intolerable to see it going always the longest way round, and exhausting all possible mistakes before it can make a single definite step in advance. . . . . The history of science is majestic; the history of politics and religion is unendurable; the march of the moral world seems an abuse of the patience of God."

"Democracy does bad work, but it makes citizens. . . . . After all, social institutions are made for man, and not man for them."

Here is the "English interior:"

"Took tea at Mr. ——'s. These English interiors are very lovely. They are the reward and result of a long civilization and an ideal steadily kept in view—the ideal of moral order founded on respect for yourself and others, on regard for duty,—on *dignity*. You notice the consideration shown by the hosts to their guest, the deference shown by the children to their parents; everything and everybody is in its place. They know how to command and how to obey. This little governed world seems to go by itself; duty is the *genius loci*—duty, too, with that peculiar tinge of reserve and self-command which is distinctively British. The children are the test of this domestic system; they are happy, smiling, confiding, and yet discreet. You can see that they feel themselves beloved but subordinate. With us, the children carry all before them, and when their excessive importunity is checked by a positive order, they resent it as an abuse of power, an arbitrary interference; and very naturally, because they have been accustomed to think themselves the centre of everything. They may be pretty and affectionate; but they have no gratitude, and no idea of restraining themselves.

"How do English mothers get the result they do? By their impersonal, firm, invariable rule; by law, which forms and fits the governed for liberty—not by decree, which leads only to discontent and mutiny. This method has the immense advantage of creating a character at once intolerant of despotism and submissive to lawful authority aware of what is due from others and to others, quick of conscience and trained to self-control. In every English child you feel the national motto, 'Dieu et mon droit.' . . . . And this family life is worth what it costs; it has its sweetness for those who bear its burden."

One would like to know how Amiel himself appeared to others, in these places where he moved so keenly perceptive of them and their ways. One half suspects that he lived and scrutinized under an exterior which gave little clue to his own thoughts and sympathies. "There is a certain secret stubbornness in me," he says, "which will not let me show a real emotion, or say things that may give pleasure. . . . . My heart never ventures to speak in earnest, for fear of seeming to flatter, or of not finding the proper shade of expression." He seems torn between the social cravings of an affectionate nature and an absolute intolerance of anything—even affection—which seems to threaten his inward freedom and solitary independence. Here is a picture taken midway in this eventless life—a study from Whistler. It is a dull, grey, foggy January morning, nine o'clock, the bells ringing outside for some fête or other. Indoors everything is motionless and quiet—nothing to be heard but the flickering of his fire "in this modest lodging, the scene of my work and dreams, where the middle-aged man"—he is forty-five—"carries on his student's life, and the sedentary professor retains his traveller's habits."

> "What makes the charm of this bare and empty life? Liberty. What do I care about the absence of comfort, and all the things I have to go without? The things are indifferent to me. Under this roof I find light, quiet, and shelter. I am near my sister and her children, whom I love. My material wants are supplied. That is enough for a bachelor. . . . . It would be ungrateful to complain. And I do not complain. It is only the heart that sighs and asks for something more and better. But the heart is an insatiable glutton, as everybody knows; and besides, who does not sigh for something? . . . .
>
> "I have known and felt this long enough, and this religious self-renunciation is sweet and familiar to me. It is the stir outside, the example of others, the being carried away helplessly by the current of things, which makes one forget one's acquired wisdom and accepted principles. This is what makes it so fatiguing to live. This eternal recommencing is wearisome to disgust. It would be so good to fall asleep when you have once gathered the fruits of experience, when you no longer resist the Supreme Will, when you are weaned from yourself, and at peace with all men. And instead, you have to begin it all over again, the old round of temptations, disputes, vexations, neglects; to fall back into prose, into vulgarity—earth to earth! It is so sad and humiliating. The poets take care to get their heroes away out of the strife, and do not drag them after the victory in the dust of thankless days. Those whom the gods love die young.
>
> "Yes, but this flatters our secret inclination; it is our own will, not the will of God. We must be humbled, exercised, harassed, tempted, to the end. It is by our patience that our virtue is to be tested . . . .
>
> "When life ceases to be a promise, it does not cease to be a task."

Here is another pathetic passage. He has been ill again, and the depression of illness is evidently still hanging about him:—

> "After all these storms of feeling, and all this physical disturbance, which has so imprisoned me during these last months in my individual life, can I at last rise into the region of pure intellect, return into a disinterested and impersonal life? . . . . Can I at last forget the needs which bind me to the earth and to humanity? Can I become pure spirit? Alas! I cannot even think it for a moment. I see before me the approach of infirmity; I feel that I cannot do without affection; I know that I have no ambition and that my faculties are on the wane. . . . . I cannot deceive myself as to the fate which awaits me—increasing isolation, inward mortification, long regrets, an inconsolable and incommunicable sadness, a gloomy old age, a slow agony, a death in the desert. . . . .
>
> "You have no strength left; you wish for nothing;—ah, but that will not do; you must wish what God wishes."

It is some comfort to find him, a month later, holidaying at Villars, and taking a different view of things:—

> "Thus, after the season of tears, may come a time of tender joy. . . . . Rain and cloud and fog often shadow this later season; but the air is still sweet, the light still caresses the eyes, and the yellowing foliage: it is the fruit-gathering season, harvest, vintage."

In and out among his sorrowful meditations come many of these little happy passages of natural delight. Nature is his dearest companion, his kindest physician. She is always putting a healing hand just on the place that aches, or turning the sensitive sorrow into a sensitive and exquisite joy. There are days when all the things out of doors are delightful to him—not only the Voirons with their rim of dazzling mist, and the delicious June air, and the orchards in full bloom, but the work going on in the fields, the vague, sweet, wholesome smell of the earth, and even the "two charming donkeys, one browsing eagerly on a barberry hedge." "To be so sweetly happy, is it not too much? . . . . To have leisure, to enjoy the peace of the fields, the fine weather, easy circumstances—to have my two sisters with me. . . . . Oh, let me enjoy it without grudging Heaven its kindness. The evil days will come fast enough. I have not the presentiment of happiness." Another June day, he spends the afternoon "living with the birds in the open air, the midday orchestra in full force. . . . . The smell of the acacia scented the paths, the light down of the poplar catkins floated down through the air like warm flakes of fine-weather snow. I felt as happy as a butterfly." Another summer, he is spending his holiday at Bellalpe. "A marvellous panorama—a symphony of mountains—a cantata of the Alps to the sun." He has been ill and is better. "The great thing of all is the joy of being well enough to enjoy." Next day, he ascends the Sparrenhorn. The point is not very easy of access, owing to the rolling stones and the steepness of the path, which skirts two chasms; but how you are rewarded!

> "The view embraces the whole series of the Valaisian Alps, from the Furka to the Combin, and even a few peaks beyond; and when you turn round you see behind you a whole polar world of ice and snow—the southern front of the immense embankment formed by the Finsteraarhorn, Mönch, and Jungfrau. It culminates in the Aletschhorn, from which radiate the various Aletsch glaciers, winding below the peak on which I stood. Noted the superimposition of zones—fields, woods, turf, bare rock, snow; and the principal types of mountain form—the pagoda-like Mischabel, with its four buttress-ridges and its staff of nine clustered peaks, the cupola of the Fletschhorn, the dome of Monte Rosa, the pyramid of the Weisshorn, the obelisk of the Cervin. Around me fluttered butterflies and brilliant green-helmeted flies. No trace of vegetation, except a few lichens. The great roadway of the upper Aletsch glacier, dead and desolate, seemed a sort of icy Pompeii. Vast silence. Coming back, observed the effects of the sun, the close elastic turf with its gentians, myosotes, and anemones; the cattle relieved against the sky, the boulders scattering the ground, the circular pits, the petrified waves thousands of centuries old; the roll of the ground, the soft fall of the evening."

The year 1867 seems to open with a burst of doubt and questioning. What is it all for? Where are we tending? Is life worth living? Yes, "if the sense of duty has not been a deception." But

> "to experience true peace you must feel yourself guided, pardoned, sustained by the Supreme Power; you must feel yourself in your true path, placed where God *ordains*, *in order*. . . . . You *have not this faith*. What is appears

> to you arbitrary, fortuitous, a thing that may or may not be. Nothing in your circumstances seems to you providential; everything seems left to your own responsibility; this is what disgusts you in the conduct of your life. You longed to give yourself to some worthy love, to some noble aim; you wished to live and die for the ideal, for a sacred cause. The impossibility of this once proved, you have never really taken heart again; you have done nothing but trifle with a destiny of which you were no longer the dupe."

Or sometimes he takes a larger view:—

> "Faith is the inheritance of the individual at birth; it is the tie which unites him to the general mass of being. The individual separates himself with pain from the mother's clasp, isolates himself with effort from surrounding nature, from the love that enfolds, the ideas that bathe, the cradle that contains him. He begins in union with humanity, with the world, and God. Faith is the vestige of this original union. . . . . Our individual life consists in separating ourselves from our surroundings, in reacting upon them, in order that we may take cognizance of them and may constitute ourselves spiritual beings—that is to say, free and intelligent beings. Our primitive faith is but the raw material which is to be worked upon by our experience of life and things, and which, as the result of our various studies, may perish altogether, as to its form. We may ourselves pass away before we have been able to recover the harmony of a personal faith which shall satisfy at once the mind, the conscience, and the heart; but the need of faith never leaves us. It is the postulate of a higher truth which is to reconcile everything."

The substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen. All these things get a fresh accentuation as the end begins to come in sight. Everything in this history moves, as it were, at a musing pace, and the end is seen approaching for eight years. It is as early as 1873 that the mischief is first discovered, and he is ordered to Scheveningen for sea-bathing. He enjoys Scheveningen; the "clear, clean, distinct landscape" and tonic air seem to make his perceptions more vivid than ever; he notes this and that as distinctive; thoughts crowd in upon him. But the bathing does no good. "I dare not tell my friends in Geneva that I am coming back worse than I went, and have only been wasting my time, my trouble, my money and my hopes." Hereupon he re-discusses life, and the spiritual means of living, from the point of view of the dying. Pessimism will not do. You must be well and strong, body and brain, if you are to live on that. The idea of immortality and a paternal Providence does help; but then, is it true? What local revelation—Judaism, Christianity, Islamism—has been able to stand in the face of modern research? They were founded on a childish cosmos which has crumbled away. But every conception of the cosmos demands a corresponding form of religious belief. We, in this time of transition, are at fault between two contradictory certainties—two incompatible methods—the religious and the scientific. Perhaps the truth is that they are not contradictory, because they do not move in the same plane; that the moral fact—*which is also a fact*—belongs to another cosmos than the cosmos of necessity. He thinks biology is against him (is it?); but he is not so sure that biology knows all about it. The idea of a final cause, however you may expel it from Nature, does exist in the human mind; there it is a fact, and must be dealt with as a fact; what will you make of it?

> "I ramble and vacillate," he goes on, "and flap like a loose sail in the wind; and why? Because I have no creed. All my studies end in points of interrogation; and in order not to come to a premature or arbitrary conclusion, I have come to no conclusion at all."

A little later in the day he reopens his Journal to redress the balance by a word from the other side of his mind—out of that cosmos which is not the cosmos of necessity.

> "My creed has dissolved away; yet I believe in good, in moral order, in salvation. Religion, for me, is to live and die in God, in absolute self-abandonment to that holy Will which underlies Nature and destiny. I even believe in the Good News—the restoration of the sinner to the favour of God through faith in the love of the forgiving Father."

He has been considering life all along, but he now takes up some omitted considerations. Some elements have hitherto been left out of sight. A word used by Ste. Beuve in speaking of Benjamin Constant strikes him, and opens up a train of reflections—the word "consideration."

> "What is consideration? Public esteem. What earns it? An honourable life and character, joined with a certain amount of service rendered and success achieved. It is not good conscience, though it is like it; it is a testimony from without, not from within. . . . . It is the homage rendered to a life held to be irreproachable.
>
> "Here am I at fifty-three, without having ever given this idea the smallest place in my life. Curious, is it not? . . . . Outsiders, the gallery, the public, have had but a negative importance for me. I have expected nothing from them—not even justice. . . . . And yet it would have been such joy to me to be welcomed, loved, encouraged, caressed,—to receive what I lavished, kindness and good will. But to court consideration, to force esteem, seemed to me unworthy of me—almost a degradation, I never even dreamed of it.
>
> "Perhaps by this independence of consideration, I forfeited consideration. I probably disappointed public expectation by standing aside, because I was chilled. I know that the world, which is eager enough to silence you while you are speaking, gets angry with your silence when it has taken from you the wish to speak.
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> "I have been too indifferent to opinion, even while I have been too sensitive to injustice. These two faults have cost me dear. . . . . Now my peace is made, but my career is over, my strength is gone. . . . . There is no more time for anything but to die. So that I can look back on all this as a matter of history."
>
> "I discovered very early in life that it was easier to relinquish a desire than to satisfy it. Having no chance of obtaining all that my nature could have craved, I renounced the whole. . . . . Like the Stoics, I anticipated disillusion. . . . . Only, oh illogical!—I have allowed regret to supervene; I have allowed myself to review with common eyes a course of conduct based on exceptional principles. I ought to have been ascetic to the end. . . . . But then I am a man and not a theorem. A system is impassive, and I suffer. Logic needs only to be consequent, and life needs a thousand things."

But the notice to quit has stirred him up to try and get something done before he quits. Even at this eleventh hour, since he has now perceived that a professor is morally bound to publish, we find him setting himself, on his return to Geneva, to write an article on Madame de Staël for the "Galérie Suisse" of M. Eugène Secrétan. But it is misery to him. When he writes for the press every word is an effort. He cannot take the mastery of his subject and bend it to his purpose; he has not the effrontery. It is his nature to reverence it, to subordinate himself to it. He dare not be definite, concise, conclusive, for fear of wronging the truth. He is always going back over the ground to see if he has omitted anything, distorted anything, lost the balance anywhere. As a matter of fact, he has never studied the art of authorship; it would have been useful to him, and he has always been ashamed of the useful.

He is accustoming himself now to speak of himself as in the past. Always when he passes judgment on himself there is that pathetic "I *was*" so and so. It is all "d'outre-tombe." Old experiences repeat themselves with a new tinge and meaning.

"It seems to me that, with the decline of my active powers, I am becoming more and more pure spirit; everything grows transparent to me: I see the type, the essence, the meaning. . . . . All personal experiences are so many pretexts for meditation, so many facts to generalize, so many realities to reduce to ideas. Life is a document to interpret. . . . . The thinker is perpetually *depersonalising* himself; if he consents to experience or to act, it is in order to understand; if he wills, it is in order to know Will. Sweet as it is to him to be loved—nothing else so sweet—he seems to himself, even here, to be rather the occasion than the object of the phenomenon. He contemplates the spectacle of love, and it remains to him a spectacle. His very body hardly seems to him his own; the vital whirl that goes on within him seems lent him for the moment in order that he may be sensible of the cosmic vibrations. . . . . To my consciousness, time does not exist; all the partitions which make life a palace of many chambers fall away; I am reduced to the primitive uni-cellular condition. . . . . I feel my faculties themselves reabsorbed into the substance they individualized. All the advantages of animality are, so to speak, repudiated; the whole product of study and culture is annulled; the crystallization is redissolved into its bath; the whole woof of Iris retreats into the dewdrop's heart; consequences recede into their principle, effects into their cause, the bird into the egg, the organism into the germ.

"This psychological *reimplication* is an anticipation of death. . . . . Is it not the definition of spirit? Snatched away from space and time, is not the spirit just this? Its past and future development is in it as the curve is in its algebraic formula. This point without dimension is a *punctum saliens*. What is the acorn but an oak shorn of its boughs, its leaves, its trunk, its roots—that is to say, of all its adjuncts, its forms, its attributes—and concentrated in its essence, in its formative force, which can recreate them all?

"This impoverishment, then, is a retrenchment only of the surface. To return into one's eternity may be death; it is not annihilation."

This was written during his last autumn—the autumn of 1880.

Then comes the winter, with an ever-loosening hold on life. He is fast wearing out.

> "Jan. 28.—Splendid weather, the sun pouring in. With my feet on the fender, I am finishing the morning paper. For the moment, I feel well. I can hardly believe I have so short a time. . . . .
>
> "Feb. 15.—Gave up my lecture at the University—not without a struggle—and sent for my doctor. Put the flowers sent me by . . . on the mantelpiece. Letters from London, Paris, Lausanne, Neuchâtel. It feels like wreaths laid upon a tomb. Mentally I take leave of all the distant friends I shall not see again.
>
> "Feb. 18. . . . . The possibility of taking up my official work again seems like a dream. . . . . This floating condition, between living and dying, is not without its charm. Surrounded by affection and books, I sail down the stream—as I have glided down the canals in Holland, without shock or noise, hardly hearing now and then the soft splash of the water parted by the barge, or the hoofs of the towing-horse trotting along the sandy path. There is something fantastic in a voyage under these conditions. . . . .
>
> "March 14.—Finished the letters of Mérimée to Panizzi. Mérimée died of my disease—bronchitis and asthma, ending in innutrition and final exhaustion. He, too, tried arsenic, winters at Cannes, compressed air—all in vain. . . . . This week, too, my plot of ground in the Oasis" (the cemetery at Clarens) "is to be bought. All moves towards the conclusion—*festinat ad eventum.*
>
> "March 28.—I cannot work; it is difficult to live. 'Tircis, it is time to be going.'"

The Journal becomes a mere record of the rise of the invading weariness. With the month of April it ceases altogether. On the 11th of May he died.

"If I wished anything," he had written a few years earlier, "it would be to have been a great author. To leave a monument *aere perennius*—an indestructible work, which should move successive generations to think and feel and muse—this is the only glory I should covet, if I were not weaned from coveting even this."

"*Aere perennius*"—who shall say? It was better to be weaned from such a wish. But to us of this generation, at least, he has left the record of his life and nature. "If Herder was not a Poet," says Jean Paul, "he was at least a Poem."

BLANCHE LEPPINGTON.

THE SHIPPING COMMISSION VIEWED FROM THE FORECASTLE.

IT was with regret and surprise, not unmingled with indignation, that the Merchant seamen and firemen of this country learnt that they were not to have professional representation on Mr. Chamberlain's Shipping Commission. They had been told over and over again that the sole object Mr. Chamberlain had in haranguing shipowners, introducing shipping bills, and proposing shipping councils was that the loss of life among sailors, through the greed and unscrupulosity of owners might be diminished by legislative interference. They had also witnessed concessions made in the composition of the Commission by the inclusion of a representation of the cargo-carrying interests. This concession rendered it more emphatically desirable that the views of the forecastle sailor should have a nautical exponent, because the evils which affect him are mainly referable to cargo-vessels. But Mr. Chamberlain could not, apparently, be induced to provide a better representative than Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P. Mr. Burt is distinguished by intimate knowledge of the mining life, and by an unsparing hostility to compulsory vaccination. With the sea it is not known that he has more than the average landsman's acquaintance. Why should Mr. Chamberlain choose him in preference to a sailor? It would be reckless to suppose that the Right Hon. gentleman apprehended that the boldest forecastle hand would be subdued into acquiescence with objectionable testimony by the concourse of owners and builders which the summoning of the Commission assembles. Yet there is so much evidence of real sympathy in Mr. Chamberlain's attitude towards the seaman that, however greatly the sailors may deplore his selection of Mr. Burt, they would hold it ungenerous and unjust, in the absence of explanation, to question the sincerity of his motives for doing so. It is not for them, at all events, to assume with his antagonists that his adoption of sailors' grievances, as a subject to be drastically handled, is simply a political platform from which he can make a successful appeal to the emotionalism of the hour. He believes the mariner to be a wronged and oppressed man, and he has taken the side of the helpless and the poor, at the cost of rendering himself obnoxious to an opulent and powerful community. Let this be frankly admitted. To me it seems that Mr. Chamberlain has recognized the condition of the Merchant Service and of the men employed in it as a matter high above the draughts and windy currents of party politics; as a subject that belongs to the whole nation, and to the posterity of Englishmen. Of him it cannot be said, as it may of others in search of political stilts, that he chose the bowed and heavily-laden back of the humble sailor to render himself taller, to the extent of the poor fellow's stature, than the rest of the tip-toeing crowd, merely waiting for the broader, because better fed, shoulders of the Navy sailor to spring on to when the opportunity arrived. On the contrary, Mr. Chamberlain has put himself in front of mercantile Jack, and has encountered those who want the unfortunate man either to go to sea and be drowned, or be dealt with as a felon and locked up, with scorn and vehement eloquence, daring and truthful, though it must not be denied that an excess of generous zeal may have hurried him on one occasion into fixing the figures of loss of life at sea, due to the negligence of shipowners, at a larger total than analysis justifies. Mr. Chamberlain's unaffected belief in the indifference of the employer to the life of the sailor being beyond dispute, and as he is manifestly determined to expose to the gaze of the country a mass of facts which at present are little more than conundrums, owing to fierce denunciations on the one hand, and to sullen or derisive contradictions on the other, the eyes of British seamen will be necessarily riveted upon Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., to whom, as the individual who, by virtue of Mr. Chamberlain's choice of him, must be assumed to know all about everything connected with the sea, they will look for the judgment, knowledge, and experience which alone can neutralize the arguments of the shipowner, and give the present condition of Mercantile Jack the publicity that will end in amending his calling.

Shipmasters and mates can speak for themselves; they are educated men and can tell their story. They suffer from scores of wrongs, as the forecastle hand does; but they are, or, should be, qualified to put those wrongs into language, to give substance and sharpness to them; and if they desire an organ there is the whole press of the country before them, for it is certain at least that, let party feeling rage as it will, the disposition of English journalism throughout the nation is one of sympathy with the Mercantile Marine, and a hearty willingness to relate to the world the inner existence, the trials, anxieties, and sufferings of the men who keep it going. Moreover, in Mr. Kennedy, a master-mariner who, I believe, forms one of the Commission, masters and mates will, I trust, find a representative cordial and determined in his interpretation of the life of the quarter-deck or bridge. But the mass of seamen and firemen are unlettered: their minds are full, but they cannot express them. They need a representative; not a man who has been, but who is still one of them; who could stick to the skirts of the most sagacious of shipowners and traverse his questions to witnesses by inquiries of the subtlest nature in relation to forecastle or deck-house life. It may be that Mr. Chamberlain cannot find such a man: one who is squarely abreast of the marine times, to whom every species of sea-borne trade is familiar; who is at once a sailor and an engineer, a rigger and a fireman, who has worked among the furnaces of the ocean passenger-steamer, or wrestled with the reef-points of a brig full-up with coal from Blyth to Boulogne. Yet it ought not to be suggested that such a man as this is not to be had, otherwise you convert your nautical assessors, your ex-ship-masters and admirals, your long-since retired naval captains with whom the courts confer, or who yield to the inspirations of Mr. Rothery, into mere shams. For if *these* gentlemen are not side by side with whatever is latest in sea affairs, how can they presume, as sailors, to sit in judgment upon men who come before them with the ocean winds fresh about them, and their faces dark with the weather of ten thousand miles? But be this as it may: if Mr. Burt desires to fulfil the serious obligations he has thought fit to accept, he ought, on accepting Mr. Chamberlain's offer, to have gone to sea at once, and given up his days and nights to the study of the calling; otherwise, Jack will find that his representative has suffered the owners to be one too many, even for Mr. Chamberlain. The primary object of the Commission will be to take evidence and report upon the overloading of ships. This chiefly, as vessels are said to go down and drown sailors because they are packed with more cargo than they can carry with any promise of safety. But the overloading of ships involves a score of other points, all relating to the same question, all susceptible of endless discussion. I have no doubt Mr. Burt will find out in due course that the mariner's acquaintance with theoretical arguments on freeboard is just sufficiently great to inspire him with a hearty contempt for the Tables which have been framed, and a still heartier disgust for the greed which the Tables desired by shipowners exemplify. He will ascertain that the sailor has heard something about the freeboard calculations of Lloyd's, and the humaner "loaded factors" of Sir Digby Murray; that here and there he has read about or been told of numerous definitions, opinions, scientific statements concerning awning-decked vessels, spar-decked vessels, and flush-decked vessels; of vessels with three decks, vessels with closed-in superstructures, vessels of extreme proportions, and vessels which, not many years ago, would have been regarded as without proportions at all; that his soul has been sickened by limitless twaddle, all about moulded depth and co-efficient of fineness, surplus volume and percentage of surplus buoyancy, the situation of long ships when the behaviour of the sea neutralises their midship "lifting power," and the various prospects which attend the duration of the sailor's life when his vessel is loaded in fresh water, brackish water, and salt water. Of a good deal of this—of as much of it as he has the strength and health to endure—Mr. Burt will, I trust, discover that the sailor has heard, laughed at, and scornfully ejected from his mind as he would an ill-flavoured quid of tobacco. He is sick of it, because he finds out that the more clever shipbuilders and shipowners become, and the more energetically they go to work to formulate their ideas and flourish their Tables, the more the mariner goes in peril of his life, the more ships disappear, the more sailors are drowned. Jack could take you to a ship and say she is safe or dangerous, and could explain why in a few sentences; but he recoils from the wars of the Martells and the Murrays; the clash of scientific words alarms him; he cannot for the life of him see why a ship should not be made safe by construction, stowage, freeboard and manning, without the clamour that leaves things as they are—that is to say, going on from bad to worse. Hence Mr. Burt will be doing wisely if he suffers the question of height of side to be fought out between the President of the Board of Trade and the shipowners without interference on his part, since he may take it that what the sailors want is freeboard enough to guarantee safety, so far as mere height of side can, in heavy weather: and that all the talk, all the evidence, all the inquiries and contradictions will be of no use to him if the security of an amply tall side is not enforced.

For what, speaking for the sailor, could Mr. Burt say that is not known on this head? It is the seaman who is drowned when he is sent to fight with the ocean in a fabric whose covering-board is almost awash; and it is the seaman who asks that his ship may look like a ship and not like a raft, when she is loaded and steaming or sailing away. His eloquence can go no farther; and if it is to be a matter of a theoretical inch or two more to please the Board of Trade, or a theoretical inch or two less to please the owners—if, in short, it is not to be provided that the carrying capacity of ships shall be settled by tests of weight, as boilers are by expansion and chain cables by hydraulic strain, as cheese is by tasting and as gold is by ringing: if it is not to be settled once for all that general rules cannot be applied to vessels of diverse forms and intended for widely different purposes, then Jack must make up his mind to go on earning wealth for his employers by the sacrifice of his life, and in that conviction, keep the silence and preserve the indifference of the drowned.

But should the construction of ships come under the notice of the Commission, Mr. Burt might, with advantage to the sailor, exhibit inquisitiveness. For instance, we all know that a ship built according to specified conditions may obtain a class at Lloyds. But before she can be classed she must be surveyed by an official appointed by Lloyd's Committee. Now let Mr. Burt put these questions:—"Is it true that there are shipbuilders upon the Committee?" "It is true." "And in the towns where their yards are there are surveyors?" "Yes." "Is it conceivable that a surveyor who owes his situation to Lloyd's Committee would refuse to pass a ship built by a member of that Committee?" One knows what the reply would be; but one also knows what human nature is. Then as to material. The North-Eastern ports are and have been for a long time turning out vast quantities of tonnage. The Cleveland Hills are not far off, and much of the Cleveland pig is used for plates in building ships. As Wear-, Tyne- and Tees-built vessels are among the many which annually sink and drown their crews, Mr. Burt might consistently ask some questions about Cleveland pig. He might inquire if it be true that you cannot make a sound weld of iron where phosphorus is present in the iron or coal used? Does not the smallest quantity of sulphur or phosphorus prevent adhesion? Is not this the difficulty and danger of welding boiler plates? Is not the expulsion of the phosphorus accompanied by the removal of the carbon? And in proportion to the diminution of carbon is there not decrease of tensile strength? If it need skill and ingenuity in "process" so to eliminate the phosphorus contained in the ore as to render it fit, by the admixture of hæmatite and Spanish ore, for conversion into rails, what, Mr. Burt might ask, can be the quality of ship-plates and angle-bars made from the ore that is not subjected to the "processes" for the manufacture of steel? It is no uncommon sight to see a plate, intended for use in the construction of a ship, break in halves by a fall from no greater height than a railway truck. Let Mr. Burt himself examine ships in frame in yards to which his instincts as a representative of sailors will direct him, and count for himself the number of cracked and defective angles which are to bear the weight of a heavy cargo and all the straining and varying motions of a labouring fabric. You may build a very showy house with nine-inch walls and mortar that is half dirt: it looks a fine building certainly—but wait for the first gale of wind or a thunderstorm! Yet death need not necessarily lurk in the trowel and the bricks of the jerry housebuilder, if the skeleton does not rise from the sewers; you can run out and save your life before the roof gives way, even if the chimney stacks are in the front garden and the attics and basement are flooded. But when the jerry-builder puts his hand to a ship, it is Death who draws up the specifications, who splits the heads of the rivets, who increases a misjudged length of iron by a block of wood painted to resemble metal, who christens the ship, drinks to her, launches and mans her and goes to sea with her and the poor fellows Mr. Thomas Burt is going to represent.

It is obvious that the construction of ships concerns the lives of sailors as fully as, I will not say more than, the question of freeboard. Classification is good for insurance, but it is of no use as a life-guarding condition. In the days of oak, teak and treenails sailors never thought of considering whether the vessels they signed for would hold together; but now they want to know this, and I suspect that they will require Mr. Burt to go very closely into the matter. They do not perhaps expect their cargo-tanks to be built as if they were men-of-war; but if loss of life at sea is to be diminished, some measures will have to be taken to enforce the adoption of a superior quality of metal in the manufacture of plates, angles and screw and crank-shafts. We put a hall-mark on gold that the world may know its quality. Is not the iron that has to convey scores of lives across the ocean more precious than gold? Why not stamp what is fit for use that the sailor may know how best to invest the treasure of his life?

But the causes of loss of life at sea cannot be limited to the settlement of load marks or by integrity in construction, even if both were achievable. A great deal, of course, would be done by the building of vessels on such lines that when they were afloat the weight of a quarter-boat would not make a difference between a list to starboard and a list to port; whilst in freeboards, an improvement, according to the notions of sailors, might be expected if the theories which prevail, for instance, at Newport—"their idea was that in a well-built ship they might gain two or three inches by measuring in front of the board instead of amidships; for although they had no desire to put the last straw on the camel's back, they thought the camel should bear a proper load"—could be settled after the knock-on-the-head fashion of the elder Weller, so that no owner would dream of putting "last straws" in juxtaposition with "proper loads," nor fall half crazy over fractions of inches of immersion in the belief that the space that divides life from death at sea is of the width of the darkened end of his finger-nail. The survivors of a wreck, the penniless and friendless relatives of the drowned seamen, will charge the owner with other wrongs, other outrages upon our common humanity, than badly built ships and ships sunk so deep by cargo that dock officials used to such spectacles are still to be heard mur-

muring their wonder and disgust as the iron coffin warps slowly out, with the half-clothed, half-drunk sailor on her flourishing a tipsy farewell to the pier-head. If that same sailor, instead of being stupefied with drink, had his senses; if, on looking over the side and along the deck, he should suddenly realize the peril of remaining on board such a ship; and, if thus prompted by love of life, he should spring ashore, the act would be called desertion. Now it is with desertion, it is with undermanning, and other features presently to be touched upon, that the Shipping Commission will have to deal, if the object of its assembling is to consider the *causes* of loss of life at sea; and Mr. Thomas Burt will deserve well of the forecastle hand, if he makes all the meaning of undermanning and all the reasons for deserting plain to the country. For my own part, venturing to express a personal opinion on a subject upon which I feel strongly, I know of no greater cruelty than the operation of the law that permits a knot of country gentlemen, who are utterly ignorant of the sea, to send a sailor to prison for six or eight weeks with hard labour for declining to join his ship after signing articles. The shipowner complaining of desertion says that since the abolition of imprisonment for this offence he has no remedy; his ship is detained, he is put to heavy expense, and so on, and so on. No remedy! Why such is his remedy, that were it applicable to the working classes ashore, there would be rebellion and bloodshed throughout the land in a week. If it be no remedy to have the power of carrying a man who deserts on board the ship by the legs and the arms, by the head and the feet, and to obtain the assistance of the police if the master and mates and the others who may help are not strong enough to convey him aboard; or, failing this, if there be no remedy in the alternative of bringing the man before a magistrate and procuring his imprisonment for a term as long as a miscreant would have to serve for knocking his wife's eye out or starving his children—what would the shipowner have? Will nothing short of the gallows for the absconding sailor suit him? You cannot lock your footman up for leaving your house after he has agreed to work for you; you cannot with your own hands and those of others carry bodily back to the scene of his labour the gardener who objects to you and your garden, nor will the police help you to drag him by the head and heels to the half-dug bed or to the partly-mowed lawn. Yet the shipowner may thus deal with a sailor who regrets his bargain and quits his ship. "If," said Mr. Chamberlain in his fine and memorable address to the shipowners, "if a man has entered into an engagement and refuses to join his ship, his owner, or the master or the mate or the consignee of the ship may, without the assistance of the police, convey the man forcibly on board. *There is no such provision in the case of another employment in this kingdom.*" Let the reader weigh these italicised words and consider them side by side with the owner's cry of No Remedy! I have before me the opinion of a keeper of a sailor's boarding-house, a man of judgment and experience. Speaking of the operation of the Merchant Seamen (Payment of Wages) Act, 1880, he declares that numbers of respectable sailors would rather go to sea in an unseaworthy ship for which they had unwittingly signed than submit to the ignominy of a term of imprisonment for breach of contract. He also affirms that many seamen "Who have no intention of missing their vessels fail to reach their ships in many instances by five or ten minutes only. I could quote numerous cases where, in addition to losing all their effects, seamen have undergone from eight to twelve weeks' imprisonment with hard labour through being delayed by conveyance; and others have actually been taken into custody whilst endeavouring to join their ships."

I have provided myself with a few examples of desertion or refusal to return to the ship, which I believe shipowners and all concerned in our maritime interests will consider as fairly typical. They shall be related with the utmost brevity possible:—

"Ship *Stanley Leath.*—In a moderate gale seven men came aft to the captain and requested him to put back. They gave no reason, and refused to wear ship. Two of the seven returned to their duty; the others continuing to refuse, the captain carried his vessel to Swansea. The men, when before the magistrates, said the ship was unseaworthy; the captain denied this. One man declared that the stirrups of the mainyard footropes had carried away, and that the crew were in consequence afraid to go upon that yard. Also that the house in which the men lived was unfit for occupation. Also that a small sea, not heavy enough to knock a man down, broke the house to pieces. The captain admitted that one of the stirrups was gone, and that the house was broken. The prisoners further declared that 'the steering gear was bad, and the bunks were all wet.' The bench characterized the conduct of the prisoners as extremely bad, and sentenced them to eight weeks' imprisonment with hard labour."

Next:—

"Ship *Winnifred.*—Eleven men charged with refusing to do their duty. Some were English, some foreign. The Englishmen said they refused duty because the foreigners were incapable of doing theirs, and therefore it would not be safe to cross the Atlantic in winter with such a crew. All the men were admitted as able seamen; but the master, in reply to the magistrates, owned that he thought the foreigners were not capable of doing their duty. He was willing to get rid of the six foreigners, and obtain substitutes if the others would consent to return. The Bench asked the Englishmen if they would consent to return on that understanding; but this they refused to do, saying they would rather go to prison than go back. They also made reference to the bad state of the ship and the rigging; but that the master denied, and reminded the Bench that the vessel would not have been allowed to proceed on its voyage in an unseaworthy condition. The foreigners also refused to return to the *Winnifred*, some stating that they did not know English, and thus could not understand the orders that were given them, whilst others would give no reason at all why they should not go back. It was pointed out that the foreigners were, if anything, worse than the Englishmen, for they had signed the articles representing themselves as able seamen, whereas they were not such. The men were allowed to consult together for a short time, but they still refused to return to the vessel, and the Bench accordingly sent them to prison for one month with hard labour."

Next :—

"Ship *Ruthan*.—Five of the crew charged with refusing duty on a voyage to the East Indies. They went to the master and complained of the state of the forecastle, which they alleged, was full of water, that had got in through the hawsepipe. One of the officers went and looked at it. In the meantime the pipes had been stopped with rope, the carpenter being unable to find the plates provided for the purpose. Later on they went to the captain and asked him what port he intended to steer for. He told them he was going to Plymouth. They then refused to work, and consequently he was obliged to put into Portsmouth, thus occasioning much delay and expense. In defence the prisoners said that the forecastle was full of water, and that the men on the port side were swamped out of their hammocks; there was a delay of about an hour in stopping up the hawsepipe, and the forecastle was so full of water that their clothes were floating about. Moreover, they contended that the captain committed an illegal act in filling up the spare bunks with ship's stores. The magistrates asked the captain whether he was willing to take the men back if they were discharged. The captain replied in the affirmative; but the prisoners declined to return to the ship, saying that the place was not fit for a pig. *The magistrates sentenced the prisoners to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour, saying that they had only inflicted a slight punishment, because they considered that the forecastle was in a state unfit for the men to live in, and they had a perfect right to complain.* Where the offence lay was, that when the defect was remedied they still refused to do any other work than mere navigation of the ship. They thought the carpenter was to blame for not knowing where to put his hands on the plates for stopping the hawsepipe."

Next :—

"Ship *Tocopilla*.—Eight seaman charged with wilful disobedience. They complained of the ship being too wet, and refused to proceed. Sent to prison for six weeks with hard labour.

Let these suffice. The reader does not need to be told that as many examples as would make fifty volumes of this publication could be furnished. Mr. Thomas Burt will know that there must necessarily be bad sailors among the vast number of English seafarers; but he will also know that, bad as many sailors are, they must be bad to a degree not readily conceivable even by the Governor of a gaol, or any one used to criminals, to prefer the heavy punishment of hard labour and confinement, with loss of clothes and money, to adhering to their undertaking to work the ship, enjoy their liberty, and earn their wages. Hence as there is something repugnant to common sense in the theory that these men love imprisonment for its own sake, you are forced to consider whether in numberless cases justice has been done to crews who have submitted to the degradation of imprisonment sooner than return to the ship which they pronounce unseaworthy, or to the captain whom they declare brutal, or to the provisions which they affirm are unfit for human food. It is at least monstrous that benches of magistrates composed of country farmers, retired doctors, clergymen, and the like, with shipowners to boot, should be held qualified to decide such matters. A sailor will say one thing, his captain will say another. The captain, standing in the witness-box, may know that yonder nervous, hollow-cheeked, ill-clad seaman is speaking heaven's own truth; and were it not for his bread and butter, there is many a master of a ship who, as a man and a sailor, would in cases of this kind spurn the detestable obligation of lying, which comes upon him by imposition of his owner. But the "Bench" believe the captain; they have not seen the ship, and if they had they would not be able to remember which end of her the sailor before them lived in; so considering the case proved, they give the "prisoner" (God help him!) the alternative of returning to his "duty," or going to prison; and the sailor, who may have a home and a wife, to whom liberty is dear, to whom the slender monthly wage is precious, says No! He fears the ship; he will not sail in her, he will go to gaol; and for two months this man, who has possibly saved life, done noble service at sea, is a felon, on a level with the garrotter, the burglar, the wife-beater, the baby-starver, because he refused to sail in a ship he never saw until he was aboard of her, a "signed" man!

I would entreat of Mr. Burt to maturely consider three things: first, the high and manly deeds of sailors, the records of which are as numerous as the reports of the committal of seamen to gaol for refusing duty; next the numbers of ships which are annually foundering; and third, the construction, equipment and character (not Lloyd's) of the vessels from which the sailor deserts. For it will not do to say that our sailors are a fine body of fellows, as we invariably affirm when we present one or another of them with a silver cup, or a telescope for a heroic deed; then admit that ships are not as they should be, which we are repeatedly finding out when one of them founders full enough of people to make her loss a striking disaster; and then wonder why desertions happen. Mr. Burt may be told by shipowners that it is not the good but the bad sailor who risks the consequence of breaking his contract. But I hope he will not believe it. In the majority of cases of desertion it is a question of life or death—whether a man shall go to sea and be drowned, or whether he shall stay ashore and be locked up; and if any shipowner will prove to me that a good sailor does not value his life as highly as a bad sailor, then he shall convince me that it is only bad sailors who are sent to gaol. Why desertion takes place is not because seamen are bad, but because ships are bad; bad in build, form, workmanship; bad in food, wages and foreigners; bad in being undermanned and overloaded, and so insured that the risk taken is almost wholly the mariner's.

In nearly all the cases of desertion which come before magistrates the complaint is that the ship is unseaworthy. The captain's answer is that if the ship were as the men represent her she would not have been suffered to leave port. Nevertheless, it is again and again decided in the marine law courts and by inquiries that ships have foundered because they left port in an unseaworthy condition. Hence the assertion that a ship's condition must be good *because* the Board of Trade surveyor let her pass is no answer to the sailor's complaint. It might be worth Mr. Burt's while to ascertain from the lips of sailors themselves to what extent the remedies an owner or captain has against a crew are oppressive and barbarous. Let me instance some of the causes for desertion. Here is a case:—

> "The captain of a vessel in Ramsgate harbour complained of the insubordination of one of his crew, a German, who positively refused to go to sea. The seaman, in answer to the Bench, who recommended him to rejoin his ship, declined to do so. The mate had cruelly ill-treated him on previous voyages. He 'kicked him about the deck,' and had been charged with assaulting him before, and was fined for doing it. He (the mate) had vowed he would 'take it out of him' when he got to sea. He was safe on shore, but not on that vessel, where he would very likely be thrown overboard. The mate denied beating, or in any way ill-treating him. The seaman had brought him before the magistrates at a little place in Scotland for assaulting him, and he was fined. He had not molested him since. The Bench again advised the seaman to go on board, but he firmly refused to do so, saying he would not be safe there. He was ultimately removed to the Police-station."

Let us now have the sequel to this business. An attempt was made to forcibly carry him aboard from the police-station. This failing, he was brought before the magistrates again, and witnesses said:—

> "He became very violent, and clutched hold of the shafts of a van to prevent himself being taken further. When they got him away from that he laid down and commenced kicking. The mate tried to hold his legs, to prevent him from injuring the constables present, but the defendant kicked him, and said he would kick his —— head off before he would go on the ship. Defendant said he did not wish to go aboard. The Chairman said that defendant had not only disobeyed the order of the court, but had also assaulted the mate and the constables. A superintendent of police said he tried to persuade the defendant to go down quietly to the vessel with the mate, but he refused, and consequently witness had to send some constables with him. This attracted a crowd, whose conduct and cries of "un-English-like" seemed to excite the prisoner and make him worse than he would otherwise have been. Some of the crowd were as much to blame as the defendant, and he was not sure that he should not take-proceedings against them for molesting the police. Defendant was then sentenced to seven days' hard labour."

Now if Mr. Thomas Burt has any recollection of the case of the *T. F. Chapman*, the second mate and boatswain of which were charged with the murder of a Russian Finn, by fastening him to the fore-top-sail sheets, he will, when he considers that the Ramsgate magistrates ordered the German sailor back to the embraces of the mate at a period when the alleged murder on board of the *T. F. Chapman* was fresh in public memory, be as much astonished and disgusted by the sentence of seven days' hard labour passed upon him as I was. I should be sorry to suggest that the German's allegations against the mate were true; but will any one doubt that the sailor was sincere in his terror when he chose imprisonment in preference to going on board, and when, in his dread of the consequences of being put into the power of the mate again, he kicked and fought the constables and others who sought to carry him to the ship till the people in the streets cried "shame" and "un-English-like!" The owner says he has no remedy. What does an exhibition of this kind mean? I know what tyranny is exercised on board certain kinds of ships; what secret and hateful brutalities are practised; how one man will often be a butt for the rest; and I heartily hope that Mr. Burt will not spare language in denouncing a law that permits a bench of magistrates, ignorant of the inner life of the sea, to order the police to force a poor fellow back to his ship, wherein, he firmly believes, when she is well at sea, he will be brutally ill-treated and perhaps murdered; and then, because he will not go, to send him to prison for seven days with hard labour. No shipowner could treat his flunkey as the law permits him to treat a sailor; he dared not, if he had the power, for the mob would break his windows. Why should the law suffer the mariner to be the only man an employer of labour can tyrannously deal with? Is it because Jack is poor and friendless? We thoughtlessly say "poor Jack!" it is always "poor Jack." Why "poor"? Landsmen do not know. May Heaven, in its compassion for the sailor, make the landsman know why Jack is "poor."

And now let me take another defence submitted by the sailor charged with desertion—undermanning. I have been told that, prior to the repeal of the Navigation Laws, there was a regular scale of manning British ships per one hundred tons. I find, however, from the evidence given by Mr. Lefevre, joint Secretary to the Board of Trade at the time when the object was under consideration, that the law did not require that British ships should carry a certain number of British seamen, according to the tonnage, unless there were foreign seamen on board. The proportion then was one British seaman for every twenty tons, with as many foreigners as the owner chose to ship. This was a protective measure, to ensure the employment of our countrymen under their own flag. The valuable condition was brushed aside with much that was rubbish, the political Dame Partington, in her zeal to cleanse her house, having demolished ornaments of value in flourishing her broom amongst the cobwebs. It is not only that ships are now-a-days undermanned, but they are undermanned with foreigners; thus, in the most emphatic sense, reversing the wise policy that enabled this country to gain her wonderful maritime supremacy. In the case of the ship *Winnifred*, we have seen the proportion and qualifications of the foreigners among the crew; and how the Englishmen, holding the ship unseaworthy with a forecastle thus equipped, and perhaps distrusting the suave promises of the captain to find "substitutes" for the foreigners, elected to go to prison for one month rather than (as they no doubt thought) to go to the bottom for all eternity. If the shipowner were the man he was in the days of Wigram, Dunbar, Green, and Smith, when stately sailing ships were the property of private firms or of individuals, when security was earnestly endeavoured, and the voyage, though rather slow, was perfectly sure—then, I daresay, we should not hear sailors demanding a manning-scale, because in those days ships' companies were numerous, there were plenty to do the work, and what with midshipmen, apprentices, and idlers in the big vessels, and active, hearty hands in the little ones, it needed a strong gale of wind to summon the watch below on deck. But now—no matter the reasons—the managing owner shall speak for himself—the economy practised in respect of manning results in steamers and sailing-vessels being sent to sea utterly unfitted, through the number and capacity of the "crew," to encounter any sort of weather short of light airs and smooth water. I will ask Mr. Burt to put himself (in fancy) in the place of a sailor. He has, we will suppose, been hanging about for some weeks in the neighbourhood of a yard waiting for a ship. He finds numerous foreigners called into the office, while no notice is taken of his capful of "V. G." certificates. At last his chance comes, and he "signs on" for a steamer he has never seen, and will not probably see till he jumps aboard of her; and all that he knows about her is that she is bound across the Bay, and that the month is January. He steps on board with his bag, and finds out that, not counting the engineers, firemen, master, and mate, there are just enough able seamen, when formed into watches, to enable one to steer and another to keep a look-out. Mr. Thomas Burt, we will presume, is an intelligent sailor, and he begins to reflect. He says to himself, "I am a live man and I desire to keep so. I have signed articles for a ship I do not consider safe. I will not look at her freeboard, nor will I consider whether she is one of those cheap steamers built to carry all that can be crammed into them, nor will I trouble myself with reflections as to the construction of her hatches, skylights, chart-house, and other erections, how she is stowed, whether she will steer, and what are the qualities of her compasses; I will restrict myself to her crew, of which I am one. I have seen them, and one is an undersized Norwegian who does not understand English; another is a sickly looking Irishman, who is lost in astonishment that he should have got a berth; the other is a London man with a cast in his eye, which he declares prevents him from distinguishing colours. If I go to sea in this ship I must perish. Being an able-bodied man, I shall no doubt be expected to do the work of the others. It is impossible that any look-out can be kept, and consequently we shall run into everything and be drowned." So, as there may yet be time, Mr. Burt shoulders his bag and steps ashore. The mate halloas after him, and the captain cries, "Stop!" But Mr. Burt means to desert, because he values his life more than he cares about detaining the vessel and furnishing shipowners with another illustration of the rascality of seamen; and possibly he is hardened in his resolution by finding that the second engineer and a fireman are following on his heels. What the result must be we know. Think, then, of our highly respectable sailor in prison for eight weeks; but consider, also, what his feelings would be, and what also *should* be the emotions of the magistrates who locked him up, when news arrives—as it has again and again arrived under like circumstances—that, much about the date when our sailor was let out of prison, the *Tartar,* which he had refused to catch, had foundered off Cape St. Vincent with the loss of all hands, because (as the Wreck Commissioner may in due course determine) she was, among many other things, undermanned!

The danger of undermanning is perfectly understood by the shipowner and by the seaman, but to landsmen it does not carry the significance it possesses. It is due to the public that the representative of sailors at the Commission will spare no pains to render the perils which attend this disastrous form of economy intelligible in their widest extent. We are repeatedly hearing of collisions. Every year hundreds of lives are lost by ships running into one another, and property of enormous value is sacrificed. Sailors, I believe, will bear me out when I say that the bulk of these collisions happens because there is no look-out kept. Take the case of a schooner off Lowestoft, bound South: the lights of a steamer are seen bearing about one point on the port bow. The steamer comes along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and the master of the schooner, fearing that he will be run into, starboards his helm. The steamer passes within a few feet of the schooner, "becalming her sails." "*There were no orders given on board the steamer, which plainly showed there was no look-out.*" Take the report of a vessel approaching Falmouth harbour. "A steamer wilfully or carelessly steamed right across my bows, he going up Channel. Neither my officers, pilot, or self could see any one on his deck save the man at the wheel, who, I suppose, had his course given, and every one else had to leave it clear for him." The owner of a small vessel, dating from Newport, after recounting two narrow escapes, concludes thus:—"If steamers do not by some means keep a better look-out, nobody knows what valuable lives, belonging more especially to sailing vessels, will be sacrificed, particularly now that steamers are so rapidly increasing in number." But how can a look-out be kept if men are not shipped in sufficient numbers to properly work the ship? A sailor needs rest and sleep like other men; if this be denied him he will doze over his duty. Owners no doubt expect that because a seaman signs to do a day's work of twenty-four hours he will always be found serviceable and wide-awake. But owners must try to forgive sailors for having to yield to natural laws in spite of freights and dividends. No other labourer in the world is understood to be at the disposal of his master for twenty-four hours in every day; but this is Jack's condition, and short-handed crews do often come very near to making every hour in the twenty-four full of hard work. An insufficient crew is soon exhausted; and inasmuch as a sailor signs articles on the understanding that the ship is seaworthy, then when he finds she is not so by reason of her being undermanned, I contend that he has a right to refuse to sail in the vessel, the breach of contract being wholly on the side of the owner or master, who ought to be made responsible for violating a distinct understanding, whereby the sailor may have lost the chance of obtaining a berth on a vessel that would have satisfied him. Of course the remedy for desertion is largely in the hands of the shipowner. Mr. Chamberlain has said it, and it is known as a truth throughout the whole seafaring world. There are very few seamen now-a-days who would go to sea for three pounds ten shillings a month, if they could earn fifteen shillings a week by stopping ashore. Those who can stop ashore do. As the old and better and intelligent class of sailors die out, those perfectly well qualified to succeed them refuse to make a calling of the sea; they are disgusted with the neglect, the punishments, the perils, the privations which are the sailor's lot, *not* by virtue of the vocation, but because of the attitude of the owner: hence inferior men come forward and are taken. They are not genuine seamen, and they are shipped in companies so small as to be utterly inadequate to the discharge of the barest safe-guarding duties; even these men soon learn to loathe a life in which it is all working hard, living hard, and dying hard; eventually the dregs give way to the lees, and then you hear of the half-naked, starving "pier-head jumpers," of desertion, of policemen, magistrates, and imprisonment. The remedy is in the owner's hands. As it is he is destroying a noble service. The red ensign still flies, but its traditions are gone; that is to say, you must seek them in another page of history; you will find no hint of them in ours. Do owners, when they assemble at their meetings, ask one another with grave and generous anxiety to discover the truth, why sailors are as they are said to be? why they desert? why there is no longer the old British loyalty and dutifulness which kept crews shipmates in the same forecastle for voyage after voyage? "We are told," said the Bishop of Durham, speaking at Stockton some time since, "that one in every sixty sailors, if I remember rightly, dies by drowning. There is a great responsibility, I say. There is hardly any class of men in this diocese who does not directly or indirectly owe his wealth to sailors." The wealth due to the toils and perils of the sailor may be traced all round the coast and thence to the heart of this nation. We all know this, but it needs thinking of, if we wish, as an insular people, to understand what we owe to the merchant sailor, and how by suffering him to be treated as we dare not permit any other worker to be treated, we are jeopardising our naval supremacy, and hastening the decay of those very maritime interests which shipowners are short-sighted enough to declare are being threatened by every effort that is made to court good men to sea by assurance of safety and comfort.

I dwell at length on this question of desertion, because a thousand things have been said about it on its merits or demerits, without reference to the causes which produce it. Mr. Burt, in accentuating it, would not be providing seamen with an excuse, but shipowners with suggestions for prevention. I will venture to say if there be a shipowner in this country dealing with cargoes only—for this article does not refer to ocean passenger shipping Companies—whose vessels are well built, well stowed, beyond criticism as regards load-line, well officered and amply manned: if there be such an owner—let us trust there are many—he will have heard with surprise of the difficulties complained of in getting trustworthy crews, and keeping them, when signed, from deserting. Take, by all means—take both hands, full! but *give* something too! Do not hope that constables, magistrates, and gaolers are going to mould human beings into *sailors*. If it be said that, such is competition in these times, vessels cannot be made to "pay" unless they are built and managed as the current law permits men to build and manage them, then the inevitable answer is: Be it so; but frankly admit the unseaworthiness of your fabrics; own that your theory of loading is to submerge to a degree dangerous to human life; and, bearing in mind that the sailor is your fellow-man, cease to irritate the country with passionate declamation against his evil ways; because, on the evidence of your own candour, such are the conditions imposed by you on your relations with him, that he *cannot* deal with and by you as other labourers deal with and by their employers.

There is no doubt that legislation in maritime affairs has been always too timid. Mr. Plimsoll made the Government of his day understand that many lives were lost by the foundering of old, crazy, and overladen vessels, chiefly coasters, and he advocated a fixed water-mark, beyond whose submersion no owner or captain should load his ship. The good this would have done was neutralized by the Government declining to accept the responsibility of marking ships' sides themselves, and imposing the obligation on the owner, giving him to understand that if he sent his vessel to sea overloaded, so that disaster befel her in consequence, he would be held accountable. This obviously was unfair to the owner; no rules were prescribed; he was left to exert his own judgment; the temptation to get out of his ship all the profit she could be forced to yield, inevitably prevailed; he was further encouraged by observing that Board of Trade theories concerning full loads varied at different ports; yet he was in a false position, for the Department suspecting him, acted like the detective who dressed himself up as an old gentleman, with his handkerchief half out of his pocket, to tempt the light-fingered; he was led into temptation by being left to act according to his dreams of gain, always hoping that his load-mark would correspond with those departmental ideas of which he had no knowledge. Had the State boldly taken the matter into its own hands, then and there, and put its own mark on every ship's side, it would have been better for the sailor and better for the owner. We are now witnessing the result of the half-hearted policy that imposed the whole moral burden of loss of life upon the owner, whilst inventing regulations for him he was expected to conform to without knowing what they were. Unless you mean to build all your ships alike, one rule of freeboard will not do; every "loaded factor" will mean a fight. What then is the alternative? You will have to take every ship that is launched on her own merits, and test her carrying capacity by a process that will leave nothing to theory. Supposing this to be enacted, the State will not certainly leave it to the owner to affix the mark. There is therefore a probability that the Board of Trade will be compelled to accept the responsibility of defining a load-line for every vessel. The fruits of this would be of incalculable value. It would arrest overbuilding. It would starve out the class of owners the merchant service ought to be rid of. It would tend immensely to the increase of safety at sea. Further, it would conduce to the creation of a quite superior type of cargo-vessels. Let local tests of carrying capacity be supplemented by some such limitation of the gambling power of insuring, as Mr. Chamberlain has indicated, and something like a real step will have been made in the direction of the reform of the existing Marine Muddle.

Yet there are other points, all having reference to desertion and to loss of life which must be fully and freely inquired into if the Shipping Commission is to serve the nation rather than the owning interests only. Mr. Burt may well suppose that, though the yards should produce fabrics admirable for workmanship, material and sea-going properties; though a large and generous policy on the part of owners should serve to court good and abundant crews into their forecastles; though freeboards should be defined by a Department earnestly desirous of fostering and advancing the interests of the employer, but not at the expense of the sailor's life; it would still be manifest that if a ship's cargo were not properly and carefully stowed by judicious stevedoring, and by all those internal supports and appliances of shifting boards, bulkheads, longitudinal divisions and the like, she would, though fulfilling all the above conditions, be absolutely more unsafe than a badly-built, low-engined and deep-laden craft, so stowed as to preclude the possibility of shifting. This is, indeed, a subject of the last importance. In my humble judgment, it stands, as an item of sea-peril, at the very head of the list. Probably if Mr. Burt knew—he may know, but I will say if he knew—how cargoes are, in these days of violent and distracting hurry, pitchforked into ship's holds, how ships are hauling out of dock ere the crane that swung the last case into them has scarcely had time to revolve, he would feel convinced in his own mind that nothing but sailors' ignorance of the method in which freights have been tumbled down the hatchways, nothing but their being, many of them—well, the greater proportion of them, if you like—half-stupefied with drink when they jump on board, prevents such an increase of desertion as would force ships to lie by or oblige them to go to sea without crews. Let me quote from a letter published two years ago in the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*, a journal that, though obviously written in the interests of shipowners and merchants, is, nevertheless, extremely generous in the space and promptness it accords to the complaints and grievances of sailors. The writer, after pointing out that Mr. Plimsoll's Act looks only to the soundness and fair loading of ships and the sufficiency of freeboard, adds :—

> "I have never seen a Board of Trade surveyor look down a ship's hold to see if the ship be loaded too stiff or too crank. A powder magazine can be built over a lot of wet coals, and there is no one to take any notice of it. I know a ship that loaded in the London West India Dock, where the captain had to re-stow the cargo and order ballast, to make the ship seaworthy. . . . . I am prepared to prove that there are more ships lost through improper stowage than from defects in material or construction. . . . . Stevedores are mostly landsmen, who call at the merchant's office for orders. In many cases there is no more consideration how a ship will act at sea than if she was a warehouse. . . . . I will give you an outline of a Liverpool charter : Merchant's responsibility to cease on handing captain his dispatches, the ship to sail within forty-eight hours. In outward appearance the ship looks all right; but the stowage is so defective and dangerous, that the first gale she meets will cause her to speak a language which means 're-stow cargo at sea.'"

But the limits at my disposal are reached. The scheme of the Commission is happily broad, and the sailor will notice with satisfaction that, though the ostensible object is to inquire into the extent and cause of the loss of ships and lives at sea, special but not *exclusive* regard will be had to marine insurance, to the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, to Mr. Rothery, and to the condition and efficiency of merchant officers and seamen. It is possible, therefore, that, among other subjects which may be considered, will be that of apprentices; or, in other words, the necessity of recurring to the old practice of breeding lads to the sea; of shipping offices and the many objections thereto; of the nature of the provisions supplied to seamen; of unseaworthiness in respect of compasses, charts, &c; of sailors' boarding-houses and the distinct advantages to be gained by affording all possible encouragement to such keepers or masters of this kind of establishments as are obviously sincere in their desire to reform the character of the lodging-house and to co-operate with owners and captains in supplying good men. Such is the nature of the vocation of the sea that there is scarcely a condition of it, no matter how remote soever it may seem from the central and great perils with which we are all acquainted, that has not an influence upon those perils. It has been stated that the Commission will occupy two years in hearing and inquiring. Everything needing rectification is so very much on the surface, owing to the cannonading that has, by its detonations, brought up most things hidden, vile and evil-smelling, from the bottom, that one might have supposed that half the space of two years would have exhausted the requirements of the Commission. Let us all hope, anyhow, that no matter how long the process of incubation may take, the chicken, when it *does* appear from under the sitting of the five shipowners, the one shipbuilder, the four lawyers, the two underwriters and the others, among whom are the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Chamberlain, will prove a healthy and useful fowl. Since 1854, most of the marine eggs, which all sorts of people have been exerting their minds to hatch, have proved chalk. Meanwhile the eyes of the "common" sailor will be riveted upon Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.

W. Clark Russell.

GEORGE ELIOT.

"*George Eliot's Life as related in her Letters and her Journals.*" Arranged and Edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross. With portraits and other illustrations. 3 vols. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

THIS sombre book reads like one long illustration of a passage contained in Mr. Myers' essay on George Eliot.

"I remember," says Mr. Myers, "how at Cambridge I walked with her once in the Fellows' garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May, and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men, the words *God*, *Immortality*, *Duty*, pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable was the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, had sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave majestic countenance turned towards me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fate."

Even to the touch of artificial gloom artistically pervading this last sentence, the biography reads like an elaborate illustration of Mr. Myers' reminiscence. Very early in the book all belief in Revelation disappears, the faith in God soon follows, the hope of immortality vanishes almost without a sign that it is gone; but as "night falls" there is more and more straining to enforce the theme of duty, and more and more emphatically are we assured, in vague but anxious asseverations, that it is what we suppose Mr. Myers means to convey by the words "awful with inevitable fate." George Eliot was assuredly a law unto herself, in a sense in which it would be hardly true to say the same of any sceptic or agnostic who ever lived. She ascribed that law to no higher source than her own mind, unless, indeed, she regarded the antecedents which had resulted in her own existence as in some vague sense higher than that existence; and yet she attributed to that law all the absoluteness and exactingness of a power it would be infamy to evade; and she made her life one long strain to show that an interior conception of good may be even more than an equivalent for God—not perhaps so soothing, not so exciting, possibly even justifying a deep tinge of melancholy, but in her opinion all the more enduring, all the more ineradicable, all the more independent of the processes of personal judgment. "The highest 'calling and election' is *to do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance," she wrote in 1860; and it is clear that she regarded the belief in revealed religion and in God as nothing but opium-eating, at least for those who, like herself, could look the origin of religious creeds in the face, and who could dare to pronounce these creeds an illusion of our own fostering, if, as she herself held, an illusion they really are.

To me the character and works of this remarkable woman seem one of the most startling of the moral phenomena of our time; and I opened Mr. Cross's book with the strongest hope that it would throw some new and vivid lights on the paradoxes of her career. To a great extent I have been disappointed. It illustrates her temperament in many ways, but it hardly changes in a single feature the estimate of her mind and character which her books and life had previously suggested. It discloses, I think, that there was much more of straining in her ordinary life and temperament than there was in her genius properly so-called—that the artificial element so strong in her, was, if I may be allowed the paradox, *natural* to her, though external to her genius; that she was spontaneous as a novelist, artificial as a woman and a poet; that strenuous as she was, her strenuousness was too self-conscious to reach the point of positive strength; and that what I may call the pedantically scientific vein in her was not in any way contracted from her association with Mr. Lewes, but was due to her own bias or the circumstances of her education. But though the book supports and strengthens these inferences in a multitude of different ways, they are none of them entirely new to the student of her writings. The Life and Correspondence verify for us what some of those who hardly knew George Eliot personally, had previously conjectured, that the richest part of her was almost a secret from herself—quite a secret till she had reached middle-age—and that the character known to herself and to the circle of her intimates, the curiously-learned woman, the austere sceptic, the considerately gentle friend, the tenderly-devoted partner, stood to her really great genius more in the external relation of a faithful attendant than in the relation of moral substance and essence to the attributes and qualities of that genius. Still the spectacle which the Life presents is impressive enough—the spectacle of an industriously regulated career cloven in two by a sudden and striking breach with a moral law which the great majority of men hold to be of the very essence of social purity, and yet a career sustaining itself at a very high and uniform level of ethical principle after that breach as well as before it, and apparently achieving the particular object for which that breach with the commandment was made. It is the spectacle too, of a woman who was her own God, not in the least in the vulgar and injurious sense of that phrase, not in the least in the sense of worshipping her own nobility and priding herself on her own gifts, but in the better sense that the law of duty which she regarded as imposed upon her by nothing more elevated than the hidden agencies which had produced her own character, was really a religion to her, and one which she earnestly strove within her own self-imposed limits to obey, and of a woman who endeavoured with all her might to promote the diffusion of these sentiments of "pity and fairness" which she regarded as embracing "the utmost delicacies of the moral life." No one can read the Life without feeling the deepest interest in the presentation of both these paradoxes—the paradox of a woman not only full of enthusiasm for the good, but not to all appearance in the least impulsive, rather singularly painstaking and deliberate in all her decisions, calmly absolving herself from a moral law to which she seems to have attached what we must regard as, for a sceptic, an almost inexplicable sacredness, and, after that grave step downwards, not apparently deteriorating or slipping any lower, but giving us picture after picture of the most impressive kind to illustrate the depth of meaning in true marriage, and the terrible consequences of ignoring that meaning; and next the paradox of a woman who held God to be a mere human ideal, and immortality to be a dream, painfully enforcing in every way open to her the duty of a disinterested and just life, and preaching in season and out of season that men owe as much obedience to an elevated thought of their own as they could possibly owe to any external inspirer of that thought, even though he were also the perfect and concentrated essence of it. Even in an age of paradox, such a spectacle is a paradox greater than all the rest. Is there anything in the Life calculated to attenuate it?

In the first place, George Eliot was singularly incredulous of the love and care of others for herself. The most prominent trait which Mr. Cross observes in her, and which is amply illustrated in the Life throughout, is that George Eliot "showed from her earliest years the trait that was most marked in her all through life—namely, the absolute need of some one person who should be all in all to her, and to whom she should be all in all. She had," Mr. Cross goes on to say, "a pre-eminently exclusive disposition." Moreover, she not only needed to feel and to return exclusive devotion, but could not endure deficiency in the external evidence of it. "My affections are always the warmest," she writes to Mr. Bray, "when my friends are within an attainable distance. I think I can manage," she adds, jestingly, "to keep respectably warm to you for three weeks without seeing you, but I cannot promise more" (vol. i. p. 146). And, laughingly as this was written, no doubt it represented some feeling of which she was really conscious. In another letter to the same friend she says: "I can't help losing belief that people love me—the unbelief is in my nature, and no sort of fork will drive it finally out" (vol. i. p. 469). And again, in writing to Mr. Bray: "It is an old weakness of mine to have no faith in an affection that does not express itself; and when friends take no notice of me for a long while, I generally settle down into the belief that they have become indifferent, or have begun to dislike me. That is not the best mental constitution; but it might be worse—for I don't feel obliged to dislike *them* in consequence" (vol. i. p. 471). In other words, even in her relations to human beings, George Eliot had extraordinarily little faith; at least, as regarded the permanence of any feeling for herself. "If human beings would but believe it," she writes, "they do me most good by saying to me the kindest things truth will permit" (vol. i. p. 228). And, undoubtedly, her self-distrust, her doubt that she was of any real importance to others, was so strong that, even *before* she had given up her faith in God, she describes her most painful state of feeling as that in which she seemed to be conscious of dwindling "to a point," and finding herself only a miserable "agglomeration of atoms;" a poor "tentative effort of the *Natur-Princip* to mould a personality" (vol. i. p. 189). It was this deep self-distrust, perhaps, which made her so anxious to be "petted," as she calls it; and since, of course, she must do as she would be done by, to "pet" others. Thus she tells her sisters-in-law, as the phrase which best expresses her tenderness for them, to consider themselves "spiritually petted." Again she declares that after Mr. Lewes's death, she had been "conscious of a certain drying up of tenderness," which was all restored to her by her marriage with Mr. Cross. Hence, I read George Eliot's nature as one which, while intellectually even unduly self-reliant, was very diffident as to the love felt for her by others; not from humility—for though she appears to have been wholly without vanity, there is no indication of humility, though of diffidence as to her power of inspiring love there is much,—but from deep-rooted hopelessness, and, what may have had the same origin, sheer incredulity as to the existence of that of which she had no plain evidence. If the blessing on those "who have not seen and yet have believed," were the only beatitude touching the secrets of the soul which Christ pronounced, most assuredly George Eliot would be one of the last to come within the wide range of His promises. Doubtless it was not so. There were some of her characteristics which were in the deepest sense Christian; but by this powerlessness to believe that of which she had no immediate evidence before her, whether in things human or things divine, George Eliot was exceptionally distinguished. The "substance of things hoped for" was to her no substance at all; she had no buoyancy in her nature. "The evidence of things unseen" was a shadow—as to the various possible causes of which she could speculate at large with little confidence and no satisfactory result. I attribute to this chronic feebleness of hope and inability to take a strong grasp even of the true significance of past moral experience, a great deal of the ease with which George Eliot surrendered herself to any personal influence which could make an impression on her keen intellect, and the readiness—the precipitation I may almost say—with which she evacuated every stronghold of faith as soon as she saw it seriously attacked.

For nothing strikes me more in this biography than the absence of the least trace of struggle against the conclusions of the various rationalistic schools through which George Eliot's mind passed. We are told that on November 2, 1841, she called upon Mr. Charles Bray, the well-known Coventry ribbon manufacturer—whose crude rationalistic necessitarianism was so thoroughly meat and drink to him, that it not only glorified life, but reconciled him to a confident expectation of annihilation,—to try and bring him back to Christianity. Within eleven days from that time, she writes to her friend Miss Lewis, "My whole soul has been engrossed in the most interesting of all inquiries for the last few days, and to what results my thoughts may lead I know not; possibly to one that will startle you;" and it is perfectly clear that she had all but made up her mind within those eleven days to renounce Christianity; for she thinks it necessary to warn Miss Lewis that a change may take place in her, which might possibly render Miss Lewis—who was at that time, as Miss Evans had been a few days previously, an Evangelical Christian—unwilling to spend her Christmas holidays with her, as had been previously settled; and so rapidly is the ultimate decision taken, that early in December Mary Ann Evans announced to her father her inability to continue to go to church, and incurred his deep displeasure thereby. Indeed this resolution caused a temporary separation between father and daughter, as well as some alienation of feeling. This sudden change was produced by reading Mr. Hennell's "Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity." Mr. Hennell's book contains the usual arguments, thoughtfully put, for regarding Christ's teaching as just such a product of the age as a man of religious genius and noble character might have been expected to put forth, and for rejecting altogether all that is generally deemed to be supernatural in Christ's life; but to me the remarkable point is that George Eliot felt herself relieved of a burden rather than robbed of a great spiritual mainstay, by the change. Not only is there for her no deep paradox in supposing that the life and death of Christ are purely human phenomena, but it is quite clear that Mr. Hennell carried her even more completely with him in the superficial characteristics of his book than in the more serious arguments. She writes some years later—

> "Mr. Hennell ought to be one of the happiest of men, that he has done such a life's work. I am sure if I had written such a book I should be invulnerable to all the arrows of all the gods and goddesses. I should say, 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself,' seeing that I have delivered such a message of God unto men. *The book is full of wit to me. It gives me that exquisite kind of laughter which comes from the gratification of the reasoning faculties.*[*] For instance: 'If some of those who were actually at the mountain doubted whether they saw Jesus or not, we may reasonably doubt whether he was to be seen at all there, especially as the words attributed to him do not seem at all likely to have been used, from the disciples paying no attention to them.' 'The disciples considered her (Mary Magdalene's) words idle tales and believed them not.' We have thus their examples for considering her testimony alone as insufficient and for seeking further evidence" (vol. i. p. 165).

That passage seems to me to show the remarkable limitation, not the power, of George Eliot's mind. At the time this letter was written, indeed, she put the merit of Mr. Hennell's book on the ground that it was a "message of God to men." But within a few years more she was translating Feuerbach, and endeavouring to prove that fancied messages of God to men are all of them really messages only from men to men; and yet she seems to have attached much the same value to the great thesis of Feuerbach—that God is like the Brocken shadow, which merely reflects on a gigantic scale the gestures of man,—which she had previously attached to Mr. Hennell's testimony when she described it as a message from God. Indeed, "the exquisite kind of laughter which comes from the gratification of the reasoning faculties" influenced George Eliot's judgment far too much. She never wrote directly on the great subjects on which she had translated so much from the German, but you can see in all that she says indirectly on these subjects that irony, of the kind which she quotes from Mr. Hennell, was one of the chief instruments that had undermined her faith. Yet a mind of any capacity can use irony, and use it effectively, against almost any convictions or any doubts; so that irony, as such, should, I think, weigh little or nothing in the scales of a wise judgment. It seems to me, for instance, that the simplicity with which the first evangelist tells us that when the risen Christ met his eleven apostles in Galilee "they worshipped him, but some doubted," though it would have justified Mr. Hennell's sarcasm if that had been the end of the Christian story, throws a very different light upon the actual issue. If we know any historical fact in this world, we know that this frankly-confessed doubt of the apostles was extinguished in the most fervent and practical conviction —a conviction absorbing the whole existence of lives of labour and pain,—and therefore it becomes a matter of the utmost importance to us to know that the doubt *had* been felt, and had been openly declared, that both in the first gospel and in the fourth the existence of this doubt; even after the day of Resurrection, had been plainly avowed. A fanatical conviction is not one which surmounts doubt, but one which is from the first incapable of doubt. It seems to me that, looking at the matter from the broadest point of view, the evidence that doubt once existed, is at least as important for the purposes of an historical estimate, as the still more unequivocal evidence that doubt soon ceased to exist. A reasonable man's faith in Christ *now* does not depend on the exact kind or amount of evidence by which the witnesses of the resurrection were convinced of its truth, but on the broad fact that though these witnesses had once given up all for lost, and though they had been hard of belief, even after they had begun to hope again, those who had everything to lose if the resurrection were a dream, and everything to gain if it were a fact, were actually so profoundly persuaded of their Master's resurrection that they spent their lives, and often came to their deaths, in publishing the truth, and in building up the Church founded on that truth. And I cannot help thinking therefore that the sensitiveness which George Eliot displayed in this case, as in many other cases, to the power of a rather minute and petty irony, showed that her intellectual keenness was far in advance of her intellectual grasp and strength.

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[*] The italics are mine, not George Eliot's.

Now one sees easily how George Eliot came to use irony so freely and confidently, and to regard Christian convictions, of which she found it so easy to make light, as intrinsically valueless. She had a great dramatic power of interpreting vividly the petty motives of mankind, and it was no easy matter to use this dramatic power freely, and not to be shaken as to the depth of a great many apparently solemn convictions. She delighted to observe how people with a meagre lot, and no influence of any importance in this world, reconciled themselves to their obscurity by embracing some peculiar faith which enabled them to feel themselves "in secure alliance with the unseen but supreme" power. She liked to discern in prosperous people a preference for "such a view of this world and the next as would preserve the existing arrangements of English society quite unshaken, keeping down the obtrusiveness of the vulgar and the discontent of the poor." She liked to observe how "when the Black Benedictines ceased to pray and chaunt" in a particular church at the time of the Reformation, and "when the Blessed Virgin and St. Gregory were expelled, the Debarrys, as lords of the manor, came next to Providence, and took the place of the saints." And to a mind loving such bits of dramatic insight as this, it is evident how difficult it must have been to regard creeds, if once her faith had been greatly shaken, as representing anything but the various aspects of human desire, some of them no doubt charitable and noble, but some of them vulgar and selfish desires, and all of them of human origin. To a mind alert as hers the very fact that she saw clearly how much of irrelevant or even unworthy motive is mingled consciously or unconsciously in the profession of the most sacred and momentous beliefs,—and this she did see,—must have disposed her to accept the key to religious belief which Feuerbach offered her,—the explanation which traces it back simply to human desire or need. I feel no doubt that to a dramatic genius like hers this explanation must have seemed far more adequate and satisfactory than it really is. Feuerbach's book suggested that the whole history of religious belief is nothing but a history of human fears, wishes and hopes asserting their own fulfilment, declaring dogmatically their own realization. And at this solution George Eliot, who had already resolved the most authoritative of all the professed revelations of God into a myth, eagerly grasped, as resolving the deepest religious problem of all on the same lines with Strauss' solution of the questions involved in the origin of Christianity. Feuerbach's is indeed an ironic explanation of the religions of the world, and it was as an ironic explanation of the religions of the world that George Eliot, as I interpret her, so eagerly embraced it. Possibly she would not herself have called it ironic. She would have said that, though this solution of the objective truth of religious creeds discards God, it leaves the nobler orders of human feeling and motive, which had been falsely attributed to an external being, as much superior to the ignobler orders of human feeling and motive as any divine law or revelation could have made them, and in so speaking she would have been perfectly serious. None the less, this explanation of religion—this bold assertion that man's temporary and evanescent feelings have been the true origin of the supposed eternity and immutability of the Divine character and volitions—is unquestionably an ironic explanation, which makes the most momentous factor in the history of the world to consist in a grand procession of pure illusions; and, unless I greatly misread both George Eliot's works and her letters, it is the ironic aspect of this solution which constituted for her one of its chief fascinations, if not absolutely its greatest charm. No one can study her carefully without seeing how deeply ingrained in her is the belief that you must make men feel small, before you can make them modest enough to attempt only what they have some chance of achieving. To this end she uses irony in season and out of season, with good taste and bad taste, on small subjects and great subjects—her real belief evidently being that pure religion is pure idealism, and that every attempt to represent ideals as actually existing in any world, has led to the blunders and follies which make men rely solely on another world for help which they ought to find, and would otherwise find, for themselves. Thus she says in a letter to Mr. Bray, written in 1853, about the time of her Feuerbach studies, "I begin to feel other people's wants and sorrows a little more than I used to do," and then she explains why; the reason is that, as there is nothing in existence which is not more or less mingled with want and sorrow, if we don't help each other, there is no help at all to be found. For she goes on, "Heaven help us, said the old religion; the new one *from its very lack of that faith,** will teach us all the more to help one another" (vol. i. p. 302). And in a letter to Miss Sara Hennell she reiterates the same conviction: "I wish less of our piety were spent in imagining perfect goodness, and more given to real *im*perfect goodness" (vol. i. p. 392). And again, still more emphatically: "My books have for their main bearing a conclusion . . . . without which I could not have cared to write any representation of human life—namely, that the fellowship between man and man, which has been the principle of development, social and moral, is not dependent on conceptions of what is not man; and that the idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the ideal of a goodness entirely human (*i.e.* an exaltation of the human)" (vol. iii. p. 245). In other words, George Eliot held that ideals affect us only so far as they persuade us to adopt them into our own principles of conduct, that the fear of God is idle and mischievous, that the trust in His doing for us what we cannot do for ourselves is vain, and makes the heart sick by hope deferred; and that all which is operative in faith is the attractiveness which makes us embody our own ideal in our own thoughts and actions. And I think that, as I have already suggested, a great deal of her persistent effort to make men feel the poverty of their own lives, was due to the belief that thereby she would render them more disposed to aim at what was within their reach, and more likely to secure what they aimed at. By exposing, as she believed, the illusory ambitiousness of human creeds, she thought to concentrate men's attention on the little they could really do to embody in their own lives the conceptions of righteousness which religious people had so often contented themselves with glorifying in God without any attempt to transfer them to their own conduct.

But then, how did this humanized view of religion affect George Eliot herself? I think the Life gives ample evidence that it affected her gravely, and very far indeed from happily. It is impossible to hold that there is no spiritual judge of human conduct outside man, without a doubly mischievous effect resulting to all proud, self-reliant, but otherwise noble natures. First, there is a readiness to absolve yourself more easily from any self-accusation of moral declension on great occasions; for where you hold that there is no spiritual judge by whom your own absolution of yourself will be revised, you run a great risk of mistaking a final resolve for a final conviction. Next there is a tendency to be always holding yourself in hand, so as to fall into an artificially painstaking and self-conscious groove of life; for if you believe that, when you do not spur yourself on to due effort, there is no other power in creation which can be relied on to spur you on from within, you are pretty certain to apply the spur, if there is any nobility in you, too frequently and too energetically. I know it will be said that these objections answer each other; that it is self-contradictory first to look for too easy a sentence of self-absolution in relation to conduct which, if you believed in an external spiritual judge, you would probably condemn,—and then to assert that the same absence of belief in an external judge will make you too scrupulous and even fastidious a critic of your own actions. Nevertheless, to any one who knows human nature, there is nothing but what is justified by experience in the apprehension of this double mischief; and I think I see the clear evidence of both in George Eliot's life. She certainly took the moral law into her own hands with very unhappy results in forming what is euphemistically called her "union" with Mr. Lewes; and warmly as she protests against any imputation that she secretly condemned herself for that step, or ever repented it, it is clear to me that, on the whole, she intended her work as an authoress to be expiatory of, or at least to do all that was possible to counterbalance, the effect of her own example. She almost says as much in her letter to Miss Hennell, in which she promises herself that, "If I live five years longer, the positive result of my existence on the side of truth and goodness will outweigh the small negative good that would have consisted in my not doing anything to shock others" (vol. i. p. 461). And though she adds immediately, "I can conceive no consequences that can make me repent the past," she has already admitted that the example of her life would need "outweighing" by the influence of her books. Nor did she remember, apparently, that the higher the estimate formed of her books, and the higher their moral tone, the more weighty would be the personal authority of the woman who had written such books, and the more effective, therefore, would be the shield which her example would cast over those who guided themselves by her practice rather than by the moral drift of her fictions. But even in the very remarkable letters in which George Eliot defends herself to Mrs. Bray and Mrs. Peter Taylor for what she has done, she explicitly rests her defence on grounds which practically condemn her conduct. "Light and easily broken ties," she writes to Mrs. Bray, "are what I neither desire theoretically, nor could live for practically; we are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfil every responsibility that lies upon us" (vol. i. pp. 327–8). And to Mrs. Peter Taylor she writes, in 1861: "For the last six years I have ceased to be 'Miss Evans' for any one who has personal relations with me, having held myself under all the responsibilities of a married woman" (vol. ii. p. 294). Probably there is not one woman of the smallest nobility of character—unless it were Georges Sand—who ever entered into such relations as George Eliot's with Mr. Lewes, who would not have echoed George Eliot's words, though it may not have been eventually in the power of such women, as it actually proved to be in George Eliot's, to carry out her intention without the help of any legal tie. But the woman who sets the example of dispensing with that tie in her own case, sets the example of entering upon relations which no good intentions on either side, nor even mere good intentions on both, can secure by giving to these relations the seriousness and permanence which George Eliot so justly valued. And yet it can hardly be said that she valued even seriousness and permanence *enough*, for in the letter which she wrote concerning Miss Brontë's "Jane Eyre," a letter written in 1848, years before her own deplorable course was taken, she assails Miss Brontë's heroine, as we understand it, for thinking it a needful self-sacrifice to abandon a man who could not marry her only because his wife was living and a lunatic. "All self-sacrifice," she says, "is good, but one would like it to be in a somewhat nobler cause than that of a diabolical law which chains a man soul and body to a putrefying carcase" (vol. i. p. 191). For putrefying carcase, read here an insane wife. There is clearly not the highest "seriousness or permanence" about George Eliot's view of a relation which, in her opinion, ought to be dissolved by such a calamity as alienation of mind supervening on either side. The "seriousness and permanence" which George Eliot claimed for the relation of marriage, and which she thought ought to be regarded as the moral equivalent of marriage even where no legal tie was possible, were certainly not very profound, if she held a law to be "diabolical" which does not dissolve the relation whenever the greatest of earthly calamities falls upon either of the parties. And it is still clearer that such "seriousness and permanence" would soon become a dream, if good men and women thought themselves at liberty to follow her own example. And so I verily believe she herself felt, even if she did not consciously *think* so, for I look upon most of her novels as written in great measure to impress on others the depth and significance of a tie, the sacredness of which her own example will do much to undermine. Moreover, I very much doubt whether, if George Eliot had continued to believe in the spiritual Judge of all men, she would have found it so easy to absolve herself from the provisions of the moral law of marriage as she did find it. To a very proud and self-reliant intellect like hers it must certainly be easier to take a final resolve which sets social traditions at defiance, if it disbelieves in any true spiritual censorship, than it can be when it regards its own decisions as liable to be scrutinized and reversed by a perfect and omniscient Judge. The mere belief in the existence of a Court of moral appeal is a great security for care and humility in most natures.

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* The italics are mine, not George Eliot's.

Now of care there is enough and to spare in George Eliot. She is nothing if not careful, and nothing if not anxious to increase the store of pity and fairness in human life. But of humility, which seems to me so essential to the moral life of such "beings as we are," there is a remarkable deficiency in her judgments. It was not so much that she was proud—though all who knew her seem to speak of her as "proud and sensitive" in a manner peculiarly her own—but that her "fastidious, yet hungry ambition" (vol. iii. p. 125), as she herself described the side of her nature which caused her a perpetual melancholy, made her an easy prey to all those multitudinous doubts of which intellectual criticisms and intellectual subtleties are the source. She was reproached once by a friend at Geneva with having "more intellect than *morale*," and says that the remark was "more true than agreeable" (vol. i. 223). It is very doubtful, however, how far this was true. It was certainly not true at all, if it meant that she had more *sympathy* with intellectual people than she had with moral enthusiasts. But it is true that her ambition always took an intellectual form, that she despised the moral judgments of those who were not intellectual, and never showed a trace of sympathy with the Christian principle, that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." George Eliot had absolutely none of this feeling; she was always aiming at being even more intellectual than she really was, and this gives the touch of pedantry to her writings, and the large vein of pedantry to her letters. "It would really have been a pity to stay at Plongeon," she writes from Geneva, though all the people at Plongeon had been most kind and attentive to her, "out of reach of everything and with people so little worth talking to;" and that was always her attitude towards non-intellectual people. This is indeed the one flaw in her intellect, that she values every indication of intellect too highly, and so is often grandiose when she might have been great. She loves to write of "schematic forms," of a "terrene destiny," of "centripetal" and "centrifugal" forces that would carry her to or from her friends, the Brays; she is pleased with herself for suggesting that man is "an epizoon making his abode in the skin of the planetary organism," where Cobbett would have called him a tick or a harvest-bug; and she even describes her marriage as "something like a miracle-legend," though it certainly requires a good deal of intellectual grandiosity to detect the resemblance. Unquestionably, the one defect of her intellect was her utter inability to see that simplicity, not strain, is the token of true mastery. So far as I can judge, she really thought the elaborate theories by which Strauss and Feuerbach attempted to replace the supposition of the truth of Christianity and of Theism, and to declare them subjective illusions, more, not less, likely to be true for their elaboration and far-fetchedness and surprising ingenuity. With her wonderful dramatic power she could be simple enough when she had a simple character to interpret. Her children are admirably drawn, though she is not very fond of drawing them. But when she writes about children in her own person, how stiff and unnatural she is! Mr. John Morley, whose estimate of George Eliot seems to me in general a very accurate one, has quoted as the best specimen of her letters, one written (vol. iii. p. 323) to cancel an invitation to the children of her friend, Mr. Burne Jones, to spend Christmas Day with them; and it seems to me hardly possible to exaggerate the artificiality of that letter's pleasantry. It is just one of the elaborately playful letters which it sets one's teeth on edge to read,—a mosaic of genuine tenderness for children and intellectual contempt for their credulous attitude of mind.

But it was this ardent belief in intellectuality, this complete failure to regard humility as in any sense whatever a true guide to truth, which, as it appears to me, greatly increased that moral tension so vividly present to the mind of Mr. Myers, as he listened to her remark that the less you believe in God, the more peremptory becomes the internal authority of duty. Now I quite admit that this conception of an ideal to which George Eliot felt herself absolutely bound to approximate as closely as she could, and to which she did not believe that any one but herself could urge her, pervades her whole correspondence. But I think that, eager as her devotion to the ideal is, it constrained, even if it stimulated, the moral fibre of her character. Undoubtedly, as I have said before, George Eliot was in the *highest* sense her own God, *not* the object of her own worship, but her own moral Providence, her own conscience, her own lawgiver, her own judge, her own Saviour. This is, as it seems to me, what makes the sense of strain in her life grow greater towards the close. There never was much spontaneousness in her, but what there was at first grows rapidly less and less. She tried to do for herself all that religious people rightly leave to God, as well as all that religious people rightly do for themselves. Of course, George Eliot thought this the great advantage of her scepticism. It secured her, she held, from expending piety on "imaginary perfection," and required her to spend it on "real imperfection." But whatever her own view of this economy of force may have been, I think it plain that her genuine anxiety to be a law to herself, though it broke down at a very critical moment, usually made her painfully eager to assume the right moral posture, and to assume it with emphasis. A human being of strong ethical convictions, who thinks that God is to be replaced by his own moral thoughtfulness, must be always exerting himself to be more and more morally thoughtful, and must injure himself by giving to his moral thoughtfulness a highly artificial character, and that seems to me exactly George Eliot's case. "I am better now," she writes in 1852 to Mrs. Bray; "have rid myself of all distasteful work, and am trying to love the glorious destination of humanity, looking before and after." What can be worse for any mind than "trying to love the glorious destination of humanity, looking before and after?" and this, though George Eliot, of course, confessed to herself, that in the absence of any faith in God, she could only judge by the most doubtful criteria what that destination was likely to be. For my part, I wonder that she did not feel worse instead of better for that Quixotic endeavour to love the ambiguous destiny of a fatherless race. Again, in 1870 she writes to Mrs. Robert Lytton (now Lady Lytton): "I try to delight in the sunshine that will be, when I shall never see it any more, and I think it is possible for this sort of impersonal life to attain great intensity—possible for us to gain much more independence than is usually believed of the small bundle of facts that make our own personality." Can any one conceive a more artificial strain than an endeavour to delight in "the sunshine that will be" after we are dead? That seems to me a vain endeavour to make up for the void with which George Eliot has in imagination replaced God, by craning eagerly into an as yet non-existent universe, and blessing it in her own person. A fine nature stripped of faith will put itself through all sorts of painful gymnastic efforts in the attempt to supply to bereaved humanity the place of Him who is the same "yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

One of the finest touches in this book is contained in that letter to Madame Bodichon from which I have already quoted, where George Eliot, after stating that she has full faith "in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented," goes on to say that "those who have strength to wait and endure, are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls—their intellect as well as their emotions—do not embrace with entire reverence. The highest 'calling and election' is to *do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed, endurance."

I heartily agree. The sceptic, however great his hunger of soul, *is* bound not to make-believe that he thinks, what in his real inner mind he does not think, for the sake merely of the satisfaction of a little sympathy and warmth. Doubtless there is such a thing as opium-taking in the shape of entertaining in the mind soothing beliefs which are not really held with inward conviction. But it seems to me that George Eliot had not the strength to act up to her own principle. Minute doses of opium in the shape of soothing but thoroughly unreal assuagements of the pain of her own incapacity to help her friends when in trouble, she certainly did take. It is no doubt very painful to hear of the anguish of a friend and to have nothing further to say than that the knowledge of that anguish gives you pain. And there are no dismaller letters than the letters in which George Eliot tries to make-believe very much that she has something more than this to say. For example, on such an occasion she writes to Mrs. Bray, justly enough from her point of view; "There is no such thing as consolation when we have made the lot of another our own"; but the words are hardly written before she makes an attempt at consolation, and, as it appears to me, a most unhappy one, which may have imposed on herself, but cannot have imposed on her friends:—

> "I don't know whether you strongly share, as I do, the old belief that made men say the gods loved those who died young. It seems to me truer than ever, now life has become more complex, and more and more difficult problems have to be worked out. Life, though a good to men on the whole, is a doubtful good to many, and to some not a good at all. To my thought it is a source of constant mental distraction to make the denial of this a part of religion—to go on pretending things are better than they are. To me early death takes the aspect of salvation, though I feel, too, that those who live and suffer may sometimes have the greater blessedness of *being* a salvation" (vol. ii. p. 400).

I think this is hardly opium—at best it is make-believe opium; but it is curiously unreal all the same. If the early extinction of life—for that is what George Eliot means by death—is in any sense a matter for rejoicing, it must clearly be, as she implies, simply on the ground that longer life would involve a preponderance of evil; but how escape by extinction from a preponderance of evil can, in any real sense, be called a "salvation,"—a making whole,—and that, too, in the very same context in which such salvation or making whole as the good procure for those on whose behalf they suffer, is appreciated at its true worth, it is simply impossible to conjecture. The truth is, that salvation is a conception which George Eliot, with her creed, was bound to reserve exclusively for the healing of the moral maladies of the *living*. To talk of salvation as secured by the dead was playing fast and loose with her own convictions in the supposed interest of those who were suffering under some keen grief.

So again in writing to another friend she says: "I have had a great personal loss lately, in the death of a sweet woman to whom I have sometimes gone, and hoped to go again, for a little moral strength. She had long been confined to her room by consumption, which has now taken her quite out of reach except to memory, which makes all dear human beings undying to us as long as we ourselves live" (vol. ii., pp. 377, 378). In other words, as there is no real compensation for the loss we suffer in the death of our friends, to those who believe that death is final, and as it is intolerable to confess this to ourselves "with conscious, clear-eyed endurance," we must *talk* of memory making the dead undying to us as long as we ourselves live, though there is no meaning in the phrase, since memory does not begin when our friends die, but, on the contrary, rather begins then to grow less vivid. Still more unreal appears to me to be the consolation offered to a widowed friend: "You will think of things to do such as he would approve of your doing, and every day will be sacred with his memory—nay, his presence. There is no pretence or visionariness in saying that he is still part of you." Certainly there is no pretence or visionariness in saying so, if you only mean it, as George Eliot only meant it, in a very inferior sense to that in which you may say that your ancestors are still part of you. But as there is no particular consolation in thinking of that—and certainly it would not justify you in saying that they are *present* with you—it is surely a very make-believe consolation to tell a widow that her husband is present with her, when you mean only, and she knows that you mean only, that you want to say something which sounds comfortable, though it has no comfort in it. *That* surely is not "living through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance." And when it came to experiencing the same trouble herself, George Eliot did not find much consolation in reflections of this kind. On the contrary, she says, "I had been conscious of a certain drying-up of tenderness in me," and she took refuge, not in amusing herself by imagining the "presence" with her, in a non-natural sense, of him whom she had lost, but in the speedy formation of new ties. The moral strain under which she lived, in the effort to be a law to herself, did not fail to distort her intellect into very unnatural postures, which she herself even found to be hollow and unmeaning when she came to test them for herself.

George Eliot's letters are at their best when she sets herself to persuade a correspondent, who had apparently been turned into something like a misanthrope by the philosophy which rejects God, immortality, and moral freedom, that she is quite unreasonable in allowing any deeper insight into the lot of man to alienate her sympathies from man. I have already quoted the first few sentences of this letter to Lady Ponsonby, in which George Eliot declares her belief that the idea of God has only influenced men for good, so far as it has contained a true ideal of human goodness. The remainder of the letter is devoted to showing that *more,* not less, pity ought to be felt for mere mortals, than for immortals with a future in reserve; that no belief in the necessarian or determinist theory of human action ought to affect any one's resolve to take the proper means for becoming just, tender and sympathetic; and that to plead the petty scale of human life as a reason for ignoring the difference between happiness and misery, is to use an argument to which no one would be in the least disposed to grant any validity, if it were brought to bear on his own lot. The letter seems to me on the whole so much the ablest which these volumes contain, and so full of the kind of determination to make the best of a bad business which constituted George Eliot's philosophy of human life, that I must give the remainder of it in full. Nothing can express better her absolute disbelief in what seems to me the noblest elements of the human character, and the grave fortitude with which she braced herself and her friends up to the task of attenuating the miseries of a lot thus discredited:—

"Have you quite fairly represented yourself in saying that you have ceased to pity your suffering fellow-men, because you can no longer think of them as individualities of immortal duration, in some other state of existence than this of which you know the pains and the pleasures?—that you feel less for them now you regard them as more miserable? And, on a closer examination of your feelings, should you find that you had lost all sense of quality in actions—all possibility of admiration that yearns to imitate—all keen sense of what is cruel and injurious—all belief that your conduct (and therefore the conduct of others) can have any difference of effect on the well-being of those immediately about you (and therefore on those afar off), whether you carelessly follow your selfish moods or encourage that vision of others' needs which is the source of justice, tenderness, sympathy, in the fullest sense? I cannot believe that your strong intellect will continue to see, in the conditions of man's appearance on this planet, a destructive relation to your sympathy: this seems to me equivalent to saying that you care no longer for colour, now you know the laws of the spectrum.

"As to the necessary combinations through which life is manifested, and which seem to present themselves to you as a hideous fatalism, which ought logically to petrify your volition—have they, *in fact*, any such influence on your ordinary course of action in the primary affairs of your existence as a human, social, domestic creature? And if they don't hinder you from taking measures for a bath, without which you know that you cannot secure the delicate cleanliness which is your second nature, why should they hinder you from a line of resolve in a higher strain of duty to your ideal, both for yourself and others? But the consideration of molecular physics is not the direct ground of human love and moral action, any more than it is the direct means of composing a noble picture or of enjoying great music. One might as well hope to dissect one's own body and be merry in doing it, as take molecular physics (in which you must banish from your field of view what is specifically human) to be your dominant guide, your determiner of motives, in what is solely human. That every study has its bearing on every other is true; but pain and relief, love and sorrow, have their peculiar history which make an experience and knowledge over and above the swing of atoms.

"The teaching you quote as George Sand's would, I think, deserve to be called nonsensical if it did not deserve to be called wicked. What sort of 'culture of the intellect' is that which, instead of widening the mind to a fuller and fuller response to all the elements of our existence, isolates it in a moral stupidity?—which flatters egoism with the possibility that a complex and refined human society can continue, wherein relations have no sacredness beyond the inclination of changing moods?—or figures to itself an anæsthetic human life that one may compare to that of the fabled grasshoppers who were once men, but having heard the song of the Muses could do nothing but sing, and starved themselves so till they died and had a fit resurrection as grasshoppers; 'and this,' says Socrates, 'was the return the Muses made them.'

"With regard to the pains and limitations of one's personal lot, I suppose there is not a single man or woman who has not more or less need of that stoical resignation which is often a hidden heroism, or who, in considering his or her past history, is not aware that it has been cruelly affected by the ignorant or selfish action of some fellow-being in a more or less close relation of life. And to my mind there can be no stronger motive, than this perception, to an energetic effort that the lives nearest to us shall not suffer in a like manner from *us*.

"The progress of the world—which you say can only come at the right time—can certainly never come at all save by the modified action of the individual beings who compose the world; and that we can say to ourselves with effect, 'There is an order of considerations which I will keep myself continually in mind of, so that they may continually be the prompters of certain feelings and actions,' seems to me as undeniable as that we can resolve to study the Semitic languages and apply to an Oriental scholar to give us daily lessons. What would your keen wit say to a young man who alleged the physical basis of nervous action as a reason why he could not possibly take that course?

"As to duration and the way in which it affects your view of the human history, what is really the difference to your imagination between infinitude and billions when you have to consider the value of human experience? Will you say that since your life has a term of threescore years and ten, it was really a matter of indifference whether you were a cripple with a wretched skin disease, or an active creature with a mind at large for the enjoyment of knowledge, and with a nature which has attracted others to you.

"Difficulties of thought—acceptance of what is, without full comprehension—belong to every system of thinking. The question is to find the least incomplete."

It is a strange and yet a most characteristic state of mind, which insists that the more insignificant man really is, the more miserable he is, and therefore the more deserving of pity, for if that were so, the ephemera would thereby be proved more miserable and pitiable still. But it was very characteristic in her to accept without a murmur a pessimistic estimate of man's nature and capacities, and then to strain to the utmost all her powers to show that the worse his condition the more imperative is the duty to mitigate its miseries. That is George Eliot all over—the low-spirited acquiescence in a depreciating estimate of human nature, and the obstinate resolve to take the more pity on it, the more dismal is its plight. It never occurs to her that perhaps it would be the truest pity to look deeper into the question why man is so pitiable;—whether it is possible that a mere creature of circumstances and of the hour, without the capacity for either true responsibility or true guilt, could be deserving of so much pity as she bestowed on him, or could be even capable of feeling so much pity as she herself felt. She told herself truly enough that she did not admire colour the less for understanding the laws of the spectrum, but then she forgot to add, that there is nothing in the laws of the spectrum to lower the significance commonly attached to colour, while there is a great deal in her fatalist philosophy of human conduct to extinguish the significance commonly attached to responsibility, to virtue, and to guilt. It was very characteristic in her to urge that it is just as silly to ignore the fittest incentives to virtue, if you want to be virtuous, as it is to ignore the proper steps for learning Hebrew, if you want to learn Hebrew. But it is equally characteristic in her to pass by the consideration that, if you *don't* want to be virtuous, the fatalist can always omit the requisite incentives to virtue, and attribute the omission to the defective conditions under which his character was formed, and console himself by remembering all the time that it is not he, but the conditions under which he acts, which are to blame. The whole letter shows George Eliot acquiescing, almost eagerly, in the poverty of human nature, yet none the less obstinately set on teaching the world that, even though we have to deal with wretched materials in our effort to improve mankind, we are bound to make the condition of men better than we found it, and that we have the means of doing so if we will. This resolve is noble enough; but it seems strange that she did not infer from it that, after all, she had misunderstood the nature which was thus tenacious of its ground, and which, though believing the odds to be all against it, fights on all the same.

To me, George Eliot's whole career seems to be all of a piece—she conceded everything to doubt; she conceded too much to temptation, perhaps rather from a strong sense of the hopelessness of holding high ground than from any inability to maintain her ground when once she had taken it; but after all these concessions were made, and partly in the pride of these concessions, as though she had yielded everything which the most severely intellectual view of human nature could demand, she fought on in gloom and dejection as strenuous a fight for a pitiful demeanour towards the human race as it is in man to maintain. Her own position was, by her own choice, one of serious moral disadvantage; her philosophy made that position of moral disadvantage one of intellectual disadvantage also; her dramatic insight showed her very vividly how petty and illusory human motives frequently are; but none the less she struggled on, often in gloom, sometimes in despair, to convince mankind that their one clear duty is to be more pitiful to each other's sufferings, and more fair to each other's faults. "Pity and fairness—two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life—seem to me not to rest on an unverifiable hypothesis, but on facts quite as irreversible as the perception that a pyramid will not stand on its apex." In these words we have George Eliot's philosophy compressed, and a very inadequate philosophy indeed it is; for "pity and fairness" at their best will only teach us to treat others as we treat ourselves, and will not teach us to treat ourselves as we ought. But with a languid temperament, with no faith worthy of the name, and an artificial and enervating theory of human nature, George Eliot yet used her vigorous and masculine imagination in the service of "pity and fairness" with a strenuousness and even a passion which we might most of us emulate in vain. Still this Life seems to me to serve rather as a dusky background against which we see more clearly the true moral of her works, than as any enhancement of the pleasure which these works give us. Instead of enlarging the suggestions of those striking works, it rather makes them a greater mystery than before.

Two grave disappointments certainly the book has for me. The first, that it seems rather to conceal, as under a mask and domino, the vivacity and fertility which one naturally ascribes to the great author who understood labourers and butchers and farriers and sporting clergymen and auctioneers and pedlars better even than she understood scholars and poets and metaphysicians. The second and still greater disappointment was to find that, so far as I can judge from these letters, her heart never seems to have rebelled against her own dim creed—a creed for pallid ghosts rather than for living and struggling men. In the last few months of her life she visited the Grande Chartreuse, as Mr. Arnold had done many years before her; nor have we any indication in her brief notice of enjoyment that she shared those sad feelings which the most sceptical of our Oxford poets has depicted as his experience there. But to the reader of her Life nothing seems to express better its joyless and yet laborious attitude towards the world of faith than Matthew Arnold's touching lament that he could neither believe with the Carthusians nor rejoice with the so-called leaders of Western progress:

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride,
I come to shed them at their side.

Oh hide me in your glooms profound
Ye solemn seats of holy pain!
Take me cowl'd forms and fence me round
Till I possess my soul again;
Till free my thoughts before me roll
Not chaf'd by hourly false control."

For this is, to my mind, the secret of a character which through all its years waited "forlorn" for a faith which the "hourly false control" of a powerful but disintegrating intellect withheld to the very last.

R. H. HUTTON.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S NEW "SCIENTIFIC" GOSPEL.

IF anybody imagined that "to discover a new creed" was a feat beyond the power of these late centuries, that by this time man had evolved every possible creed and performed every possible marriage between religion and physics, metaphysics, or common sense—if there were such a person before the publication of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," he stands proclaimed now as the greatest living sceptic. "There is nothing new under the sun," said he; "everything has been done that can be done in the way of re-stating religion, and giving it fresh and powerful sanctions"—but he was confuted even as he spoke. He did not know what was going on in Scotland. The great discovery was being made there; religion was being married to modern science, and with calm authority the marriage was proclaimed to the world as ratified by every law.

We are a people desiring the prosperity and "happy establishment" of religion, and the announcement that this was now made secure for ever was received with great applause. It had seemed that science was her great rival for the inheritance of the ages; the two had long looked askance upon one another, religion suspicious, science contemptuous; to their great mutual surprise they are now all at once brought together, and as they compare notes it appears that the thoughts of one are even as the thoughts of the other. Did science, as it talked of evolution, degeneration, biogenesis, and so forth, seem to bid religion go into the desert and hide herself? Did religion turn away from science as an impostor full of mischievous tales? It is all a mistake. Mr. Henry Drummond, interpreting the mind of both, reconciles them. Now they go arm in arm, religion discoursing in the most learned terms of modern biology, science quite taken up with the new discovery that what it despised as mere poetry is pedantically accurate and quite up to its own latest discoveries. Now they have both a sanction which did not attend them before; henceforth there will be no more perplexity, no more divided allegiance; life and thought, heaven and earth are harmonized.

The happy author of this reconciliation has of course become famous. From one end of Britain to the other, church peals (of divers sorts) have rung chimes in honour of the event; the Free Church, in a hurry of rapture for what it seems to regard as a new revelation, has made the prophet a professor—even as it unmade Mr. Robertson Smith; and "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" is still selling at the rate of some hundreds a week.

It is surely not too late to inquire whether all this ringing of bells and letting off of fireworks is justified. We have here a fascinating and eloquent book: the style is charming, the scientific analogies are ingenious and striking. A tone of rare spirituality and frankness has made it exceedingly welcome to many devout and earnest people. An air of cogent argument also pervades the work, and a single reading leaves the impression that a new basis has verily been found for orthodox Christianity. But, in reality, so far from this being the case, the gist of the book, apart from the value of its arguments, is fitted to create scepticism rather than confirm faith. For what is the gist of it? What is the actual result of the author's eloquence and reasoning?

The book sets out to prove that "the natural laws are great lines running not only through the world but through the universe, reducing it, like parallels of latitude, to intelligent order. . . . . The inquiry we propose resolves itself into the simple question, Do these lines stop with what we call the natural sphere? . . . . Is it probable that the hand which ruled them gave up the work where most of all they were required? Did that hand divide the world into two, a cosmos and a chaos, the higher being the chaos? . . . . That the phenomena of the spiritual world are in analogy with the phenomena of the natural world requires no restatement. . . . . But the analogies of law are a totally different thing and have a very different value. . . . . The discovery of law is simply the discovery of science, and if the analogies of natural law can be extended to the spiritual world, that whole region at once falls within the domain of science" (Introduction, p. 6 *et seq.*).

Extending analogies will hardly bring a region within the domain of science; but our author does not depend upon this. "It is not that the spiritual laws are analogous to the natural laws; they are *the same laws.* It is not a question of analogy but of *identity.* The natural laws are not the shadows or images of the spiritual. . . . As the law of continuity might well warn us, they do not stop with the visible and then give place to a new set bearing a strong similitude to them. The laws of the invisible are the same laws, projections of the natural, not supernatural, ... laws which at one end, as it were, may be dealing with matter, at the other end with spirit."

This paragraph (Introduction, p. 11) ends with the remark: "As there will be some inconvenience, however, in dispensing with the word analogy, we shall continue occasionally to employ it. Those who apprehend the real relation will naturally substitute the larger term." This little guide-post on the road to the spiritual universe is of course eminently scientific. If we never quite know *when* to slip the one term over the other, that is not the Professor's fault. We are assured that while "the spiritual world as it stands is full of perplexity, and one can escape doubt only by escaping thought," we may see clearly if we accept the new glasses—see Nature not as "a mere emblem or image of the spiritual, but as a working model thereof. In the spiritual world the same wheels revolve, but without the iron; the same figures flit across the stage, the same processes of growth go on, the same functions are discharged, the same biological laws prevail—only with a different quality of βίος."

Here is a universal affirmation. Wherever you find a natural law, that law runs on into the spiritual world, and as sure as science is science you may depend upon finding that law at work throughout the whole universe. This certainly does make things easy: there remains, in all the mazes of thought

"no hinge or loop
To hang a doubt on."

Scepticism henceforth will be folly indeed, for we have only to learn the natural laws and their modes of operation to see the invisible as real and familiar as our native village, or the house we live in as orderly as the world of minerals and plants.

Begin, then, to enumerate the natural laws—gravitation, cohesion, diffusion of gases, electrical induction, inertia, impenetrability, correlation of forces, generation, development, reversion to type, correspondence with environment, and "the law of laws, continuity." How do these operate, and what conclusions as to the unseen world may we arrive at? Gravitation? The Professor, strange to say, looks a trifle nonplussed. "What direct application has that in the spiritual world? The reply is three-fold. First, there is no proof that it does not hold there. If the spirit be in any sense material it certainly must hold. In the second place, gravitation may hold for the spiritual sphere, although it cannot be directly proved. The spirit may be armed with powers which enable it to rise superior to gravity. . . . Thirdly, if the spiritual be not material, it still cannot be said that gravitation ceases to be continuous. It is not gravitation that ceases, but matter."

It is the pupil's turn now to look bewildered—utterly bewildered, as one who has followed a will-o'-the-wisp into the very middle of a fathomless bog. Did you not affirm, by the law of continuity itself, all natural laws to be great parallel lines running straight from visible to invisible through the whole universe? Did you not declare that if we trust Nature thus to work beyond the range of our sight we shall never be put to confusion? I accepted the revelation as a sure divine thread, and lo! it snaps already; for the certainty you held out I find only a bundle of "mays." Gravitation "may" hold on its way; so, I suppose, "may" all the rest. I think I knew as much as that before. Where is your promised certainty? How many of the natural laws *do* "run through," or how few?

Our discoverer now confesses that when all the laws that have no opportunity of acting (for want of something to act upon) are eliminated, the laws of life alone can be distinctly traced into the spiritual world. The universal affirmation dwindles away to this: wherever there is life we may expect to find it ordered and governed according to the same law. But even here he feels a difficulty. The vital principle of the body—is it the same thing as the vital principle of spiritual life? Biogenesis deals with βίος, with cells and germs and physical life. As there are no cells and germs of this sort in the spiritual world, how can the law operate, and what is the use of it?

The solution is amazing. To make this a difficulty is as rational, he says, "as if one were to say that the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid applies when the figures are drawn with chalk upon a black-board, but fails with regard to structures of wood or stone" (p. 45).

On what kind of readers did Professor Drummond count? A person does not need much science to apprehend that from a wooden board painted black to "a structure of wood or stone" is not quite the same transition as from life with cells and germs to life without cells and germs. This audacious assumption of similarity, is, however, the sole support he has for his persistent assertion that "biogenesis is the law for all life and for all kinds of life, and the particular substance with which it is associated is as indifferent to biogenesis as it is to gravitation (p. 46). . . . . There are not two laws of biogenesis, one for the natural, the other for the spiritual; one law is for both. Wherever there is life—life of any kind—this same law holds" (p. 75).

Did it not strike Mr. Drummond that his admission in regard to the law of gravitation—"it may hold for the spiritual sphere"—is fatal to the projection of biological laws? If this is all he can say for gravitation he can certainly say no more for biogenesis. For it is under the law of gravitation that biogenesis works. Its cells and germs are subject to gravitation, derive form and tendency from it. If gravitation ceases, so must biological law.

Here the grand pretension suddenly breaks down. We are to see the religion of Christ "placed upon a footing altogether unique;" we are to find "amid all that is shifting, one thing sure, one thing outside ourselves holding on its way eternally incorruptible." This "thing" is "the reign of natural law in the spiritual sphere;" and lo! as we plant our feet the ground crumbles beneath us—the sure rock amid the tides of time is nothing but a "may be." That to which we have been led is not the identity, but only the analogy of law, very imperfectly set forth.

Suppose, however, that for the nonce we agree to call this quagmire solid ground, and to assume that it will bear; to what sort of a spiritual universe does it conduct us? What does the Professor do with his law of biogenesis?

He applies it thus:—"The attempt to get the living out of the dead has failed (p. 68). Spontaneous generation has had to be given up. It is now recognized on every hand that life can only come from the touch of life. . . . . The spiritual life is the gift of the living spirit. The spiritual man is no mere development of the natural man. He is a new creation, born from above. As well expect a hay infusion to become gradually more and more living, until in course of the process it reached vitality, as expect a man by becoming better and better to attain eternal life."

And what is involved in saying there is no spontaneous generation of life?

"It is meant that the passage from the mineral world to the plant or animal world is hermetically sealed on the mineral side, that the inorganic world is staked off from the living world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. . . . . Biogenesis stands in the way of some forms of evolution with stern persistency." So also we are told: "The passage from the natural world to the spiritual world is hermetically sealed on the natural side. . . . . The world of natural men is staked off from the spiritual world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, *no evolution of character,* no progress of civilization can endow any single human soul with spiritual life.. The spiritual world is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of biogenesis" (p. 71).

An elaborate appeal to Scripture follows, or rather to certain selected portions of Scripture which suit the purpose in view. Of other passages the framer of this argument takes no count whatever, nor does he trouble himself in the least about the doctrines of the

Fall and of moral responsibility. The Scriptural appeal to man's conscience, and Christ's teaching in regard to the neglect of salvation, have been supposed to mean that man is capable of knowing and loving God. The doctrine of the Westminster Confession is that God created man with a reasonable and immortal soul, after His own image, and having the law of God written in his heart, yet under a possibility of transgressing, because he was left in the freedom of a will "subject unto change." The doctrine of the new Professor is that man is a mineral or a well-organised animal (first one, then the other); that between the natural and the spiritual there is a gulf compared with which the distance between a stone and a plant is a hair's-breadth.

Has Mr. Drummond considered what kind of God he is asking men to worship? Is a crystal to be condemned for not bearing blossoms? Then why should the natural man be condemned for not becoming spiritual? We are told that to the carnal man God, in the most literal sense, is not. Then, when Christ lashed hypocrisy, He condemned what was natural and carnal; it was as though He condemned a viper for being a viper, a leaf-insect for simulating a dry leaf. But Christ spoke to men as sinners who knew themselves sinful, as lost sheep who knew they were lost and could turn at the sound of the shepherd's voice. The outer darkness and the gnawing worm are *punishment*, not a *natural* state; they are the punishment of those who *knew better than they have done.*

Mr. Drummond very judiciously avoids defining sin and the moral constitution of man. If he had done so, he must have ended by throwing his quasi-scientific discovery into the fire; for that it is nothing better than quasi-science that we have here, a brief examination will show.

Accepting the conclusions of the latest biological science, meantime—to what do they point us? Have they a word to say as to the origin of life? Nothing positive. It was not by spontaneous generation—that is all biogenesis asserts. Does it tell us about life stooping down into the inanimate kingdom, and taking up matter into a new kingdom, and call that the origin of life? No. Biogenesis tells us that where we see life beginning *now*, always a germ or ovule of that form of life existed before. That is all. But how does our author apply this? He says that in the spiritual region life originates by the Divine spirit stooping down to the natural man (life stooping down to the dead matter), and taking up his nature into a higher region. He says that in regeneration the Spirit of God lifts the dead matter of the natural man into spiritual life. Now this may be quite true—it may be thoroughly Scriptural—but it is not biogenesis; on the contrary, it is creationism. Biogenesis tells us nothing about the origin of life in the far past. Mr. Drummond compels it to reveal the origin of spiritual life now—and behold! we have what by presumption took place in the far past, at the beginning of all life, by a direct act of God—not at all what biogenesis tells us about life now.

For, biogenesis and reproduction are one. And Mr. Drummond's theory, if it is worth anything at all, goes dead against reproduction. Can a spiritual man reproduce spiritual life in a natural man? Can he throw off germs of spiritual life which will take root and grow in the soil of the natural man? That would be biogenesis; but of that there is not a glimpse in this theory. When regeneration takes place it is a direct act of creation, equal to the conversion of a stone into a tree. Again, this may be all true. We are not saying whether it is or not. But it is not biogenesis. It is something quite different. If it be true it is certainly a miracle—and a miracle is no law of Nature. Conversion, or regeneration, and biogenesis, as Mr. Drummond interprets it, are not in any sense convertible terms.

So much for biogenesis. The other laws—*and the only laws*—of which Mr. Drummond treats are Degeneration, Growth, Death, Mortification, Conformity to Type, together with Environment, Parasitism, Classification. As time may serve, let us hear what he has to say about these.

Degeneration, he tells us, is reversion to type, and this, applied to man, means that being dead already he is always becoming deader. "Without the smallest effort, in the most natural way in the world . . . . the gravitation of sin sinks man further and further from God, and lands him" (he was never anything but dead) "in the hell of a neglected life."

Again, this may be true—if one could make sense of it; but what is the proof?

A flock of tame pigeons, with their varieties of form and marking, if turned loose in an uninhabited island, will revert to the original rock-dove type—that is, *their descendants* will. A garden planted with strawberries and roses will, if neglected, run to waste. The strawberry will revert to the size of the wild fruit, the rose to the type of the wild rose. By what scientific right is this process called, as Professor Drummond calls it, *degeneration?* Fantails, pouters, and other forms of pigeons produced by breeding are, scientifically speaking, monsters. The original dove is Nature's type, the type suited to climate and other conditions of environment—therefore, to science, the best type. Professor Drummond, talking as a "fancier" might, declares that the changes are "invariably to something worse"—"deterioration comes in and changes the plant to a worse plant, the bird to an uglier bird." This is very complimentary to the Divine Artist; but what poet ever thought of the exquisite wild rose-spray, tossed against a June sky, as "ugly"—a low deteriorated form? Where is the botanist who does not class double flowers as monstrous forms? Nevertheless, our scientist assures us that here is deterioration, and then, as a theologian, he applies the law. "The same thing exactly would happen in the case of you or me," he says. "If a man neglect his body he will deteriorate into a bestial savage; if his mind, it will degenerate into imbecility and madness; if his conscience, it will run off into lawlessness and vice; if his soul, it must inevitably drop off into ruin and decay." What? Do we here see the law of reversion, to type at work? Do imbecility and madness mark the true type of man—man made in the image of God, to subdue the earth, man who can

"suffer countless ills
And battle for the true and just?"

Even so; the normal type of this greatest work of God is the poor Bastille prisoner, [illegible] white-faced, trembling, idiotic. And yet, all the time, this imbecile is a mineral, was never organic at all!

There are three possibilities of life—balance, evolution, degeneration. In face of the fact that evolution is unquestionably the law of races, we are assured that degeneration is in each individual supreme; instead of aspiring to conversion to a higher type, man submits, by a law of his nature, to reversion to a lower. But, if so, how came man into a position from which degeneration is possible? Having this "law" at work in him, how can he have risen? Yet, somehow, he has risen, and can now revert. Nay, he is "lost from the very first," and yet can revert! The race is kept in existence, it continues to subdue the forces of Nature, and to hope for good; but each individual is as dead as a stone, and subject to further death. The garden strawberry reverts to the wild type, the garden rose to the dog-rose, the fantail pigeon to the rock-dove—all "worthless"—and so they find their hell; man, by the same law, is dragged into corruption, away from a God his carnal mind cannot know, and a righteousness of which, though his laws establish and his heart desires it, he is utterly incapable—as incapable as a flint. In science, this hell of the dog-rose and the rock-dove is simply a serviceable type, best adapted to natural conditions. Is this analogous to the hell of a lost life? Is this "filling up with its full consequence the darkest threat of Revelation?" or, again, how can man help degenerating? Is he to make himself unnatural in order to live?

But all this is rigorous science and lucid argument compared with what follows. Mr. Drummond is weak on the subject of Evolution, but he is strong on Death. Death is his pet law. He sees death everywhere. We are all utterly mistaken in supposing that we are alive, that the universe teems with life, that the sun and the atmosphere are ministers of life. On the contrary, "the forces we associate with life are in reality ministers of death;" "the world which we imagine to be full of life is in reality full of death;" "one cannot say it is natural for a plant to live, its natural tendency is to die." "Instead of overcoming Nature, it is overcome." And this law, true of the plant and animal world, is "valid also for man" (p. 103). True and valid! But then, how does there come to be life at all? If it is "natural" to be dead, then all the rich variety of energy is disease. "Air is not life, but corruption," we are told; sunlight and heat are of course equally ministers of death; and yet, year by year, "the pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys also are covered over with corn," the great trees are full of sap, and man of victorious energy. All this, then, is *unnatural*, because the "true nature" of every existence is Death.

But so biogenesis, too, is unnatural, and then what becomes of the argument? Was ever such a horrible echo of Shelley's despairing lament:—

> "Death is here and death is there,
> Death is busy everywhere,
> All around, above, beneath,
> Within is death and we are death."

There follows a chapter on Growth which need not detain us. Like the rest, it bristles with the most aggravating inconsistencies, but the intention is to teach that only the spiritual man can grow; the natural man being "a dead crystal," or, if he tries to be moral, "a wax flower." The great laws of growth—assimilation, waste, reproduction, are just mentioned and passed by. Even the growth of the spiritual man is "an automatic process." Now we come to definitions of Life and Death, and their application in the spiritual domain, and again, as when degeneration was spoken of, we actually find the word *soul* coming in perpetually. The natural man who is "dead from the very first" has "a soul," and can "neglect salvation," and if he does will "incur the heavy sentence of violated law." Spiritual life, we are told, is the sum total of the forces which resist sin. The soul's atmosphere is the daily trial, circumstance, and temptation of the world. It is spiritual power which alone gives the soul ability to utilize temptation and trial, and without it they destroy the soul. How shall we escape if we refuse to exercise these functions—in other words, if we neglect the salvation of the soul?

Why! the writer has told us that the natural man has no soul; that he is an animal, a crystal; that he is farther from the spiritual than a stone from a plant, and cannot break through to it. And he has told us that the law of man's nature is degeneration, that he is "impelled downward with irresistible force." But all the time, it seems, it is a soul of which these things are said. "The very atmosphere of the soul's life is fitted to corrupt." This frightful affirmation is the most monstrous of all his attempts to "explain" in terms of science the state of man and the vast problems of Providence and Redemption. But further on we come to a description of the natural man as "a soul with a vast capacity for God," as having "a religious faculty, the most splendid and sacred talent we possess," as endowed with "spiritual senses" and experiencing "spiritual hunger." "The chamber is not only ready to receive the new life, but the guest is expected and till he comes is missed." "Till then the soul longs and yearns, wastes and pines, waving its tentacles piteously in the empty air, feeling after God if so be that it may find Him" (p. 300). "God is the native air of the soul." Is this dead matter? And if it is, what sort of an indictment have we against the Creator who has made us thus, and yet does not lift us up by a life-force more potent than our death?—who sees us withering and does not

> "Stoop to gather our life's rose
> And smile away our mortal to Divine?"

This question recurs again and again as we read. In fact, although he never seems to perceive it, our writer applies the term *death* indiscriminately to inertness, imperfection, numbness, unconsciousness, and disease. For example, in one place his natural man is a person who has been poisoned and "only need neglect the antidote to die." This is not death, but disease—an un-natural state. When the limbs of a poisoned man are convulsed, and all his functions are deranged, is he reverting to type? This simile of poisoning is either true or false. If true, all the argument that the natural life of man is reverting to type is false; if the simile be false, then there is no hereditary sin in us, opposing the divine law, there can be no moral responsibility attaching to man any more than to a bit of clay, a toadstool, or a rotten tree. If, again, man is poisoned, he is not yet dead, and if for this state of disease there is a remedy which he does not use, he is himself responsible for his condition, and is choosing to let death have him. If, on the other hand, the natural man is quite inorganic, having no correspondences with the spiritual, lying away from the spiritual on the other side of a gulf which only a direct act of creationism can bridge—if this be so, how can he so much as dream that there is a spiritual world? How can he, any more than his fellow-clods of the valley, yearn for a higher life; be in the darkness of a felt deprivation and "wave piteous tentacles" towards God? A clod or stone waving piteous tentacles is a sheer absurdity, which represents well enough the numerous absurdities of this wonderful new religion, based upon *science.*

In the chapter on Classification the question "What is the essential difference between the Christian and the Not-a-Christian?" is answered by a restatement of "the fundamental scientific distinction" between organic and inorganic. And now we find that this dead natural man, who is so rapidly "reverting" to corruption, may yet be; like a sapphire or a diamond, exquisitely beautiful and perfect in kind. "Moral beauty is the product of the natural man, spiritual beauty of the spiritual man, and these two, according to the law of biogenesis, are separated by the deepest line" (spoken of elsewhere as "a fathomless chasm") "known to science. This law is at once the foundation of Biology and of Spiritual Religion" (p. 380). . . . . . "That which is mineral is mineral, that which is flesh is flesh, that which is spirit is spirit . . . . It is certain that the Founder of Christianity intended this. . . . . Suppose it be granted for a moment that the character of a Not-a-Christian is as beautiful as that of the Christian. This is simply to say that the crystal is as beautiful as the organism . . . . but no matter how great the developments of beauty, that which is flesh is withal flesh. . . . . Man is a moral animal, and can and ought to arrive at great beauty of character. But this is simply to obey the law of his flesh. To be good and true, pure and benevolent in the moral sphere, are high and so far legitimate objects of life. But what he is not entitled to do is to call himself a Christian . . . . his moral nature cannot generate life" (p. 383).

This is the doctrine of Splendid Sins with a vengeance, and one imagines that in such a form it will scarcely be acceptable even to the hardest of the Hard Church—for where is the use of Christianity if it only consists in the labelling of specimens which, without the label, could never be distinguished from each other?

The author perceives this difficulty, and faces it as well as he can, without giving up his theory. "In dealing with a man of fine moral character we are dealing with the highest achievement of the inorganic kingdom; the spiritual man is the lowest form of life in the spiritual world; the spiritual man is a mere unformed embryo. . . . . To a cursory glance these rudimentary spiritual forms may not seem to exhibit the phenomena of life, but let the appropriate scientific tests be applied. . . . . At this point we hand over the problem to Physiology" (p. 388). By all means hand over the problem. Be content for the rest to hint that scientific tests *may* be applied, and that certain results *ought* to follow. "The characteristics of life, according to physiology, are assimilation, waste, reproduction, and spontaneous action. . . . . These tests might fairly be applied to the spiritual man." Very well, why not apply them? This vaunted science looks strangely like empiricism, a mere sticking on of labels. If the gum sticks the specimen is classified. This one is "living," that one "dead."

Another of the liberties taken by Professor Drummond is the use he makes of that majestic word, the Kingdom of God. In his speculations it stands opposed to the inorganic, the animal kingdom; but the true opposition is to the kingdom of darkness, of Satan, of human self-will. These have their contrast because they are in one sphere—the sphere of morals. *Inorganic, animal,* are not terms of this sphere at all. The Kingdom of God against sand, clay, and quartz! The result of this juggling with scientific terms is seen when we come to the question: How may the new life deliver itself from the still persistent past? Strangely enough, the spiritual man is still inorganic, he still sins: how is he to cease doing so? Well, the easiest way, we are told, would be to die, if he could, as that would arrest all correspondence with the lower environment. Unfortunately, this way of escape is not at once permitted. The spiritual man is not so soon as he is created taken up "to heaven;" he must stay here, and is "morally bound to accept the situation." His business, henceforth, is to "die morally" as fast as he can—whatever that means. A wonderful apotheosis!

Having thus made a complete separation between human history and divine redemption; having declared that "organic evolution, notwithstanding the vastness of its achievements, is simply a stupendous *cul de sac,*" and that "Nature's most finished product, Man, is, to the Third Kingdom, not even a shapeless embryo," the Professor gives us the conclusion of his scientific gospel: "The outstanding characteristic of the new society is its selectness. 'Many are called,' says Christ, 'but few chosen.' And when one recalls the conditions of membership" (what are they?) "and observes the lives and aspirations of average men, the force of the verdict becomes apparent. The analogies of Nature upon this point, from the waste of seed, of pollen, of human lives, are too familiar to be quoted. A comprehensive view of the whole field of Nature discloses the fact that the circle of the chosen slowly contracts as we rise in the scale of being. . . . . *Quantity decreases as quality increases*" (p. 412).

These italics are the author's own; and he proceeds: "If there is one thing more significant for religion than another, it is the majestic spectacle of the rise of kingdoms towards scarcer yet nobler forms, and simpler yet diviner ends."

The simple divine end being the arbitrary culture of a few perfect white lilies upon a vast Serbonian bog of death,—the butchering of worlds to make eternal holiday for a few favoured aristocrats, whose good fortune comes without any condition whatever in pure inexplicable caprice from the hand of almighty Cæsar. It is to be presumed that He desires a few favourites to behold with Him the cosmic gladiatorial show; but still it seems a good deal of trouble for very little result. It would surely have been a vast deal cheaper and easier to have created as many peers as the court circle would comfortably accommodate, without all this unutterable groaning waste. True, the show would then have been wanting, and the aristocracy, with nothing in all eternity to do but admire their own white-liliness of perfect pure "spirituality," might have found immortality flat after a while. The arena is necessary, then; the pit of waste, the struggles, the groans, the death, the black caves underneath, where the corpses rot, the constant rush into view of lithe agile creatures, shining, clashing, dying, and swept out of sight again—it is all necessary to enhance the dainty complacent security of those who have by mere caprice been "eliminated" from the doomed mass, and placed on high, "automatically" saved.

To those who cannot feel sure of their own elevation and safety, or who have an infirmity of compassion for the wasted multitudes, this "Reign of Law in the Spiritual Sphere" looks as cruel as capricious. We are by no means "overcome with thankfulness that Nature is so like Revelation and Revelation so like Nature." On the contrary, as we believe in God and reverence truth, as we trust to the working of those majestic laws which make no favourites and leave no waste, as we have faith in the Evolution of Providence and Redemption, we shall take leave to call Professor Drummond's theory neither science nor theology, but a bastard Calvinism, of which Scotland ought to be ashamed, and the sturdiest Arminian may well say "the old is better." Certainly the Calvinism of John Calvin is a vast deal better. For where is Christ in this religion?

One word more. In his preface Professor Drummond says:—"When I began to follow out these lines I was prepared, at least for the time, to be loyal to the method throughout." *At least for the time!* Is this the temper either of Religion or Science? Mr. Drummond's motives are admirable. His ability is great. When he takes some new line of investigation and follows it resolutely, at once zealous for truth and inspired by a Christ-like love of men, we shall hope for discoveries which, whether or not they please those who now hail him as a prophet, will satisfy better both the scientist and the theologian.

ROBERT A. WATSON.

NATIVE FAITHS IN THE HIMALAYAH.

IT is generally admitted that manners and customs change more slowly in a mountainous than in an open country; and northern India is no exception to the rule. Moreover, in the wide plains of the Punjab the hordes of Mahomedan iconoclasts, which have again and again swept over them, have left little trace of the ancient idols. A great portion of the population, too, has been converted, more or less forcibly, to Islam.

The Himalayah districts, on the other hand, owing to the difficult nature of the country, as well, perhaps, as to its comparative poverty, have escaped to a great extent the fire and sword of the invader. And the people have been left to follow their ancient customs, and to retain their ancient faiths.

Here, then, may be found traces of religions and rites which have descended from very early ages. Some of these seem to have altogether disappeared from the more accessible parts of India, while others, which here still remain outside the Brahmanic pale, have elsewhere become merged in orthodox Hinduism. The people who observe these unorthodox rites, although they are in many cases the descendants of aboriginal tribes, all consider themselves Hindus. And they are gradually adopting—many have already adopted—Hindu customs, including that of caste. Speaking of the objects of their worship, they invariably call them "Hindu gods," although many of them have not as yet any place in the Hindu Pantheon.

Many causes tend to the extinction of these ancient faiths, but their most formidable enemy is Brahmanism.

The Rajahs have long been under Brahmanic influence; orthodoxy being necessary for intermarriage with other royal houses. At the capital of every small State are temples, the worship of which is conducted by Brahmans imported from Hindustan, or by their descendants. Few of these temples are very ancient, and the story told of them by the people is almost everywhere the same—viz., that Rajah so-and-so built the temples and sent for Brahmans from Benares.

For a long time, although Brahmanical Hinduism was the religion of the Court, the old Deotas (gods) were worshipped by the people, who rarely visited the orthodox temples. The latter were supported by the Rajah from State revenues, often to the neglect of roads and useful works. Now, however, as civilisation extends and wealth increases, Brahmanism becomes more and more fashionable. The rich trader and successful native official become strong supporters of the orthodox faith. They display at once their wealth and their piety by erecting and endowing new Brahmanical temples. And, under the guidance and protection of the Brahmans, they look down upon the old and barbarous gods whom they revered before they left their native villages. Again, owing to a strong police and the extension of railways, travelling has become safe and easy. Hence, pilgrimages to the holy places of orthodox Hinduism have become possible to numbers who would otherwise have been content with an occasional visit to the Deotas in their immediate neighbourhood. Indeed, many of the principal temples have travelling agents, who personally conduct crowds of pilgrims from distant places.

All this tends strongly to the spread of Brahmanism, and is powerfully assisted by the missionary influence of the wandering ascetics. Brahmans, too, in search of a livelihood sometimes undertake to conduct the worship of the outcast Deotas; and in time succeed in persuading the villagers that they are identical with some of the orthodox divinities.

The most popular of the Brahmanical deities in northern India at the present day are Shib, or Siva, and his consort Devi, or Kali. There is therefore a constant tendency for male Deotas to become identified with the former, and for female divinities to assume the name of the latter.

An instance of this supplanting of the Deotas by the Brahmanical gods is to be seen at a temple in the Kangra district. This was originally a serpent Deota, and was known as Baghsu Nag; but the temple has now, under Brahmanical auspices, become sacred to Siva, and has changed its name to Baghsu-nath. The old stone figure of the snake still remains under a tree close by; but Siva, as the Linga, occupies the temple and receives all the attention of the officiating priest.

The Nag would probably have disappeared, had it not been that the country people still bring offerings for it. The Brahman told me, with a knowing look, that it was believed that, if the

Nag did not receive his dues, the calves would die and the cows dry up.

On more than one occasion, I have heard wandering religious devotees assure the people of a village that their Deota was identical with Siva or some other orthodox divinity. The rustics are often flattered to find their god is so famous, and are persuaded without much difficulty to adopt the new title. At the temple of the Jibi Deota, however, an image of Siva, which some one had presented, was placed outside, and was said to be an attendant (naukar) of the Deota.

Before going further, I may mention some peculiarities which, though they vary somewhat in different localities, are common to nearly all the "Deotas of the Hills." The first of these is, that the priests are very seldom orthodox Brahmans. They often call themselves "Brahmans of this country." But they are people of the tribe or district, and do not belong to any of the recognized Brahmanical families. They know little or nothing of the Brahmanical scriptures, or ceremonies; are held in little estimation beyond their own neighbourhood or tribe; and, in many places, intermarry with other castes. They are of course not acknowledged by the orthodox Brahmans. These men are probably descendants of the priests of the aboriginal tribes, who have gradually assumed Brahmanical rank. In other cases the priests are of various castes and tribes, and do not pretend to be Brahmans.

The temple of each Deota, whether a Brahman is attached to it or not, has a priest or seer, who is called the chela. This office, which has some resemblance to that of the Hebrew prophets, is sometimes hereditary, and sometimes elective. The chela is sometimes one of the so-called Brahmans of the country, but never an orthodox Brahman.

There may be no Brahman, orthodox or local, but no Deota is without a chela. Where there is a Brahman priest, the chela appears to be a coadjutor and not a subordinate. In fact, he seems to represent the ancient priest. The chela generally belongs to one of the higher castes; but he not unfrequently belongs to one of the low castes, or to one of the outcast aboriginal tribes; and this, even when acting as coadjutor to an orthodox Brahman. In any case, however, the chela is the mouthpiece and inspired representative of the Deota.

At the great temple of Siva at Burmaor, although the priests are now orthodox Brahmans, the chela belongs to the outcast Koli tribe. The Kolis are the aborigines of that part of the country; and to them, no doubt, the original temple belonged.

Occasionally, as in this instance, a chela is to be found attached to an orthodox Brahmanical temple, but only where it has supplanted one of the old Deotas.

The existence of a chela, in the sense in which the term is used in these hills, is quite opposed to the Brahmanical system. According to the orthodox doctrine, the public worship of the gods can be conducted by none but Brahmans. In the worship of these outcast Deotas, on the contrary, the presence of a Brahman is not required; but that of the chela is essential. The latter becomes inspired or possessed by the Deota; and a sacrifice is incomplete and useless without him.

At sacrifices the Brahman repeats Sanskrit texts, if he knows any, and incenses the chela while in the state of sacred frenzy. But it is the chela who gasps out the commands of the Deota, as he shivers and writhes under the divine afflatus, and the vigorous application of the soongul or iron scourge.

Whether the chela's frenzy is always genuine or not may be doubtful, but there can be no doubt as to the earnestness of the worshippers. I have seen a fine athletic young man use the soongul so energetically, to his own back and shoulders, that the blood ran down in streams and the punishment was most severe.

This scourge is a formidable instrument. It is somewhat like the old cat-o'-nine-tails in shape, but has only five tails, and is made entirely of iron. Each tail is formed of three links, and is terminated by a sharp lancet-shaped blade. The weight of a soongul varies from two to ten pounds.

A few years ago I was invited by one of the head men of the Guddi tribe, in the Ravi valley, to a great sacrifice, which was to be offered to the snake god, Kailung Nag. The object of the sacrifice was to ensure fine weather for the sowing.

I arrived at the temple early, as I wished to see the preliminary arrangements, and was much amused at the rather niggardly way in which the assembled villagers subscribed the necessary sum for the purchase of the victim. After some time an old woman stood up, and made a vigorous speech, asking the men how they could expect any favour from the Deota when they contributed so grudgingly. This soon produced the requisite amount; and a man was sent to buy a sheep.

The men then sat round in a circle near the temple, and the women sat by themselves at a little distance. The music struck up, and some of the men and boys began to dance, the chela amongst them.

After a time the music became wilder and the dance more energetic. The chela then produced the soongul and, stripping to the waist, applied it to his own back and shoulders, amid shouts from the spectators of "Kailung Maharaj ki jai!" ("victory to the great king Kailung"). An orthodox Brahman, attached to the temple, burned incense and repeated muntras. At length, all being ready, the head of the victim was struck off with an axe. The body was then lifted up by several men, and the chela, seizing upon it like a tiger, drank the blood as it spouted from the neck. When all the blood had been sucked from the carcass, it was thrown down upon the ground amid yells and shouts of "Kailung Maharaj ki jai!" The dancing was then renewed and became more violent until, after many contortions, the chela gasped out that the Deota accepted the sacrifice, and that the season would be favourable. This was received with renewed shouts, and the chela sank down upon the ground in a state of exhaustion. Water was poured over him, and he was vigorously fanned till he showed signs of revival. The assembly then began to disperse.

The fierce excitement of the people, and the wild frenzy of the chela as he flogged himself with the soongul, and as like a beast of prey he sucked the blood of the victim, made up a scene not to be easily forgotten.

The office of chela, the use of the soongul, and other rites, which no doubt originally belonged to the Deotas of the aboriginal tribes, have now extended to other divinities of later date. In fact, they are now universal in the Punjab Himalayah, except in connection with orthodox Brahmanical temples. Even Sidh or Budha and the demi-god Googah have their chelas, as also has one shrine at least of the Mussulman saint, Lakh Data.

To most of the temples of the hill Deotas musicians are attached. They are generally hereditary servants of the temple, and receive a share of the offerings.

A curious feature in the worship of some of these Deotas is the erection near the temple of a tall mast, usually a pine-tree stripped of its branches. Upon the summit of this "thamba" the Deota is supposed to rest when sacrifices are offered to him, or festivals are held in his honour. Sometimes the worshippers dance round it. (Can this have been the origin of our maypole?)

A smaller pole is sometimes carried round from house to house by the chela and other officials of a Deota, when contributions are received from the persons visited. This pole is often ornamented by strips of coloured cloth being wound round it, and in some cases it is surmounted by a tuft of feathers. It is occasionally fanned with a chowry, or yak's tail, thus showing its sacred character; and it is called by the name of the Deota, as if the divinity were present.

May not these resting-places for the Deotas represent the "grove" which is so often mentioned in the Bible in connection with idol-worship, and which Biblical scholars have found so difficult to identify?

At the fire temple of Jowala Mukhi is a tall mast covered with plates of copper. On my asking the chief Brahman what it was, he hesitated, and then said it had no use. It was no doubt originally one of the masts which I have just described, and was connected with rites which have now become unorthodox.

The stambhas, or stone pillars, found in connection with Jain, Budhist, and Vaishnava temples, in several parts of India and in Nepal, had no doubt their origin in these wooden resting-places for the Deotas. At Vaishnava temples the pillars are usually surmounted by a figure of Garuda, the eagle upon which Vishnu is supposed to ride.

These pillars seem to have been common to several of the ancient religions of the East.

In the valleys near the plains the unorthodox Deotas occupy an inferior position, and are usually meanly lodged in roofless enclosures of rough stones, in small rudely built temples, or under trees. Here the principal temples are sacred to the worship of the deities of modern Hinduism. In the more remote districts, however, the "Deotas of the Hills" have few rivals, and their temples are often imposing. They are generally of timber, very massively built, and are often adorned with elaborate carving. In fact, the timber stage of Indian architecture, referred to by Fergusson, here still survives; and the resemblance between these wooden temples and some of the sculptured stone edifices represented in his works is very striking. Whatever the name of the Deota, the plan of the temple is generally the same. An inner cell of wood, or more rarely of stone, contains the god—usually a rough stone or a rudely carved image. Over this cell, and extending a little beyond it at the back and sides, is a wooden roof, with overhanging eaves, supported by massive wooden pillars. This roof is prolonged in front so as to form a pillared hall, in which the worshippers assemble, and in which sacrifices are offered. Travellers are allowed to lodge in the hall, but women are not usually admitted. Sometimes a high pyramidal structure is raised over the cell, but in most cases the roof is of the same height throughout. The carving is sometimes very elaborate, the serpent being almost invariably introduced. A fringe of carved wooden tassels round the eaves, so arranged as to wave in the wind, is a common decoration.

The Deota worshipped in some of these temples is Shib, and in others Devi; and it is sometimes doubtful whether these are the original deities for whom the temples were erected. Doubtless, however, these were the deities of some of the aboriginal tribes, and they are perhaps here seen in their original form. They are worshipped with the same rites as the other Deotas.

The Kylas peak, at the source of the Sutlej, and the peak of Munh Mahesh, at the head of the Ravi, are both considered as the home of Siva, and as such are visited by crowds of pilgrims from

India and the countries beyond the Himalayah. Other mountain peaks, too, are believed to be the abode of particular Deotas.

All the "Deotas of the Hills" have their melas or festivals. The people flock to these from great distances to do honour to the god, to meet their friends, and to do a little business in buying or selling. Swinging-boats, merry-go-rounds, or other amusements are provided, as at an English fair.

The women, who are the great supporters of the melas, are allowed much more liberty on these occasions than at any other time. Dressed in their best, and decked with the family jewels, they make up parties, and travel under the escort of one or two male friends. They relieve the tedium of the journey by singing in chorus. The songs are sometimes in honour of the Deota, and sometimes not. And the ladies, to make up for their good behaviour during the rest of the year, are often quite ready to exchange a little badinage with the passers-by, especially if the male escort does not happen to be near.

Besides these melas, pilgrimages of a private nature are often performed in fulfilment of vows made during sickness or trouble, or by married women without families. When, in such cases, the pilgrimage results successfully, the Deota soon becomes popular, and his fame spreads to distant places. It matters little what the name or attributes of the Deota may be, if pilgrimages to his shrine are attended with success. Siva, Devi, the Nag, Sidh, Lakh Data, and others are each visited by women of all ranks, castes, and degrees of orthodoxy.

In these cases the journey is generally made by night; and, apparently to prevent any evasion, a mark is made at every few yards upon a stone or some object near the road. These marks are made with a mixture of rice-flour and water, and are called likhnoo (writing). Each Deota has his appropriate mark; thus, Shib has a circle with a line drawn through it; Devi, a circle; Sidh, a pair of foot-prints; &c.

Besides the ordinary sacrifices there are votive offerings, as in the Catholic Church, in fulfilment of vows made during sickness or misfortune. To Sidh is usually presented a pair of wooden sandals; to the Nag, a small iron or wooden snake; to Shib, a trident; and to Devi, a sword or trident. Sometimes a man vows a new bullock-yoke, or hoe; or a woman vows a spinning-wheel; and these, or small models of them, are deposited in the temple.

Of all the unorthodox Deotas, the one known as Deo (god) most nearly approaches to our idea of the Deity. His altars are on the mountain-tops or in solitary places. They are simple square platforms of unwrought stones, without any temple or enclosure. No image is placed upon them, but sometimes a rough stone is set up.

The platform is sometimes almost covered with votive offerings of flowers, grain, or models of farm or other implements.

The attributes of the Deo are far more sublime than those of the other Deotas. The latter are often malevolent beings, to be dreaded, and to be appeased by bloody rites. But the Deo is beneficent. The people say, "he has no form, is never seen, but is everywhere, and sees everything even at night." And he only punishes men when they do wrong, or do not fulfil their vows.

Sacrifices of goats are made to the Deo, but more frequently the offerings are of the fruits of the earth.

The altars of the Deo are not to be met with everywhere, but they are numerous in some districts. I have never seen a newly built one.

In the Himalayan villages are numbers of Deotas, many of them doubtless the deities of broken aboriginal tribes. These are known usually by the name of the village to which they belong; but each has also a distinct name, as "Than," "Changnoo," "Khoroo," &c.

Sometimes several villages have the same Deota. When this is the case, the image of the god, with his chela, musicians, and other officials, visits the different villages in turn, and then high festival is held. On these occasions the Deota travels in a small litter, somewhat like the representations of the ark of the Hebrews, which is carried on men's shoulders; and on approaching a village the musicians strike up, and some of the people dance before it.

Dancing is a very important rite in some districts, but less so in others. In Kulu a former Rajah, under Brahmanical influence, introduced an image of Rughonath from Benares, and, to ensure the supremacy of the new god, he ordered that all the Deotas in the State should assemble once a year at the capital to dance before the idol. This order is still obeyed by some two hundred gods.

The most popular of all the Deotas is the Nag or Serpent. Throughout the hill country the wooden or stone representation of the Nag may be found in every village.

Although probably introduced by some of the Scythic invaders, the worship of the serpent is not now confined to any particular tribe or caste. It is perhaps to be met with more especially amongst shepherds and herdsmen, but is not by any means confined to them. If ill befalls the cattle, or rain fails for the crops, the Nag is always propitiated. He is especially the guardian of cattle and of water-springs.

According to the legend, the valleys of Kashmere and Nepal were both at some remote period lakes or marshes, the abode of Nags.

The first milk of a cow is usually presented to the Nag; and goats or sheep are sacrificed to him, as to the other Deotas.

So far as I am aware, the only place in the Himalayah where the living snake is worshipped is at the foot of the Rotung Pass. Here a number of small harmless snakes live amongst the rocks, and are worshipped as the "Nag Deota," or "Nag Kire." These snakes are venerated both by the Kulu people, who consider themselves Hindus, and the people of Lahoul, who are Budhists. There is no temple, but the offerings, which consist of milk, flour, and ghee, are deposited upon a slab of slate under an overhanging rock.

Although the Nag Deota is held in great reverence, I have seen a Kulu man kill a snake of the same species, at a distance from the sacred spot. On my asking him how he could kill one of the gods, he said it was not a Deota, the Deota only lived at the "Nag rewar" (serpent's cave).

Indra, who appears to be the only survivor in these hills of the older Vedic gods, is worshipped in several places, but especially where the descendants of the Ranas remain. These Ranas were petty chiefs, who are said to have held the country before the Rajahs. They must therefore have been very early invaders. They rank now as Rajputs, but do not belong to any of the regular Rajput clans.

It is difficult to recognize the Indra of the Hindu Pantheon in the Deota of the mountains. Indeed, the latter, though retaining many of the characteristics of the Vedic god, is in these days quite as unorthodox as the other "Deotas of the Hills." No orthodox Brahmans are attached to his temples. The priests are the so-called Brahmans of the country, and the chelas of various castes. The rites are similar to those I have already described.

At the summit of the Indra or Andra Pass, 14,000 feet above the sea, a snow-covered pinnacle of rock represents Indra's temple. This is provided with a soongul for the convenience of worshippers; but there is no resident priest, and no image of the Deota.

At a somewhat lower elevation is Indra's lake, a small mountain tarn, reputed to be unfathomable.

In the valleys on either side the pass are several temples of Indra, who is here curiously enough associated with the serpent, and called Indroo Nag. In most of the temples, Indra is represented as a man in a short tunic, with bare head; and sometimes holding a bow and arrow, sometimes a club in one hand and a water-jar in the other. At Kote, in Chumba, the Deota is represented as grasping a serpent by the neck with one hand, and holding a club in the other, a serpent standing erect on either side. The priest knew nothing of the Vedas, or of the Brahmanical fables relating to Indra, and could not explain the connection between Indra and the Nag.

Budhism must have flourished at some time throughout the Sub-Himalayah, as is shown by the many traces of it still remaining.

The name of Budha is now almost unknown; but, as Sidh (the holy one) or Sidh Deota, he is still worshipped. The term Sidh is very closely connected with the later phases of northern Budhism.

In the ancient fort of Kangra are many Budhist remains; and a large stone image of Budha in the principal temple is still an object of veneration. The Sidh Deota of Sidh Kot is also very ancient, and is visited by crowds of worshippers.

Small altars and slabs of stone, upon which are sculptured the footprints of Budha, known as Sidh pât, abound in the Kangra district. They may often be seen decked with flowers.

The sacred lake of Rawalsir, with its floating islands, is a celebrated place of Budhist pilgrimage. This lake is between Kangra and Simla, and is called by the Thibetans Cho Pudma. It is visited every year by many hundred pilgrims from the Budhist countries beyond the Himalayah, as well as by crowds of Hindus. There is a Budhist temple, on the shores of the lake, with an officiating lama. There is also a modern Hindu temple dedicated to Siva, and another to Vishnu.

The temple of Jowala Mukhi, where the sacred fire, fed by a naphtha spring, has been burning since prehistoric times, is also a place of Budhist pilgrimage.

Three years ago I was surprised to find a new image of Budha set up under a tree, close to a large orthodox temple of Siva, at Byjnath in the Kangra district. I found that it had been placed there by the Brahman priest of the temple; Sidh having appeared to him in a dream, and told him to set up his image at that spot.

I have since seen a new image of Budha at another Sivaite temple in the same district. The priest (an orthodox Brahman) called it Sidh Deota, and said many people came to worship it.

The Bodhisatwa Manjusri has several temples in the Punjab Himalayah. He also is called Sidh Deota, and is confused with Budha.

The priests of Sidh Deota are usually Brahmans of the country, but sometimes they are of other castes. Chelas are attached to some of the shrines.

In some places an umbrella, ornamented with beads and other decorations, is carried round from house to house by the chela and others. This is supposed to represent the Sidh, for whom contributions are solicited.

Several mortals, whose history is scarcely yet forgotten, are worshipped with the same rites and upon much the same footing as the Deotas.

The Pandu brothers, the heroes of the Mahabharat, have several shrines in the Punjab Himalayah, but the number does not seem to increase.

Vasishta Muni, the Vedic Rishi, has an ancient temple at the hot springs in the Kulu valley, which take their name from him, and near which he is said to have lived. The Rishi is represented as a black man dressed in a waist-cloth, and holding a water-jar in his hand. He has no other temple that I am aware of.

In the worship of Gogah and Lakh Data, which in each case originated in the plains, there are signs of a new unorthodox religious development.

These demigods, of comparatively modern origin, may already be said to rank amongst the Deotas of the hills.

Gogah was a chief of the Chohan tribe of Rajputs, who was killed while fighting against the first Mahomedan invaders. He is represented as a horseman, armed with a spear, and attended by his wife and brother. A chela is attached to each shrine, and the worship is conducted with same rites as that of the Deotas.

Gogah is much venerated in northern India. In the hills he appears to have fully attained to divine honours; and even shares the same temple with Devi and the Nag.

So tolerant are these Deotas, or their worshippers, that for two or three divinities with different attributes to occupy the same temple, and to share the same altar and the same priest, is not at all unfrequent.

Lakh Data, who is known also as the Peer or Sukki Surwar, is a Mussulman saint who is reverenced equally by Hindus and Mahomedans. In fact, by the former he is now worshipped as a Deota, and sacrifices are offered to him. The custodian of one of the shrines of Lakh Data in the Kangra district is a Hindu of the cultivator caste, and is called the "chela," as in the case of the temples of the Deotas. As a rule, there is no idol in the shrines of Lakh Data, but merely three or four small lamps, which any one who wishes to propitiate the saint may supply with oil. In the shrine, however, to which I have just alluded there is a stone carving of Lakh Data, as a horseman, in a tall Persian cap, and armed with a spear. Lakh Data is a great patron of athletics, and especially of wrestling. He is propitiated by pilgrimages and sacrifices, as in the case of the Deotas, and also by wrestling matches. These may be held in any convenient place, certain dues being paid to the custodians of the shrine, and to the musicians attached to it. Hindus and Mahomedans meet at the shrine of Lakh Data on equal terms. And the animals sacrificed, although killed according to the Mahomedan formula, may be partaken of by Hindus without any loss of caste. The number of Lakh Data's votaries seems to be increasing rapidly.

Bhuts, Joginis, and other spirits, although not usually worshipped as Deotas, are universally dreaded, and consequently treated with the utmost respect.

Bhuts have no temples, but propitiatory offerings are frequently made to them in case of sickness or misfortune. The most usual form of offering is to arrange in a basket small quantities of fruit, flowers, vegetables, meal, spices and condiments, ghee, a few coins, and sometimes a fowl or eggs. This basket is passed round the head of the sick person, and is then taken out after dark and left in the middle of the road leading to the house or village. It is hoped that, the anger of the Bhuts being appeased, the sickness will leave the patient. And it is believed that, if any one interferes with the basket, the sickness will seize upon him.

I have seen the same ceremony amongst the Malays of Perak, the offering being left to drift down the river.

In casé of epidemic sickness, cabalistic diagrams are sometimes drawn in the dust of the roads leading to a village, the different compartments being occupied by articles of food, &c. These are intended as a protection from the evil spirits.

Joginis, who seem to correspond in some degree with our fairies, are not usually worshipped in temples; but when they are so, they are represented as women and are sometimes attended by snakes.

One very powerful Jogini, who has a temple on the borders of Kashmere, I was told, "formerly used often to eat men before she would give rain." She is known as the "Mother of Serpents" (Ama Naga). The people assured me that men are never eaten now; but that, under British rule, goats are always found sufficient.

The "Mother of Serpents" is represented as a woman, dressed in the costume of the district, and supported by two snakes standing erect, their heads meeting over that of the Jogini.

Joginis often reside on mountain passes, and travellers sometimes set up one or two stones on end, or build a rough imitation of a temple, as an acknowledgment of the goodness of the Jogini in allowing them to get safely over.

The spirits of departed relatives are worshipped, not exactly as gods, but as protectors or guardian angels. They are also believed to have the power of punishing their friends, if they are forgotten or neglected.

In some localities the worship of the dead does not seem to be confined to the relatives of the deceased, but to be shared in by the whole community. The people of a village once told me that they had lately had great trouble in consequence of some of their departed neighbours having been neglected.

Around, and sometimes within, the temples of the Deotas are usually to be seen a number of stone slabs, like miniature gravestones; these are more or less rudely carved with the representations of men and women, and are the monuments of departed villagers. A lamp or a little charcoal is burned before them, and food is placed near them on stated occasions. The figures upon these stones are sometimes in pairs, representing suttis; but, upon the older ones, and those in the more remote localities, they are generally single. From this it would seem that widow-burning was not derived from the aboriginal tribes.

New stones are not by any means numerous, so that it appears as if the custom of erecting these monuments was gradually falling into disuse.

As may be seen, many curious rites, and remnants of ancient superstitions, are to be met with in this debateable land on the borders of Hinduism. Some of these throw much light upon the growth of Hindu customs and Hindu mythology.

As Brahmanism extends some of the unorthodox faiths will disappear before it, and others will be absorbed.

The Serpent has already found a place in the Hindu Pantheon. In due time Gogah may appear as another form of Siva; while Lakh Data may develop into an Avatar of Vishnu.

CHARLES F. OLDHAM.

THE SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

ALTHOUGH the arguments for and against the extension of the suffrage to women householders have been bandied backwards and forwards with considerable urgency, and may be supposed to be worn rather threadbare, it has appeared to me that at this moment, when the motion is again to be brought before Parliament, it would be well to pass some of the chief objections once more in review, confronting them with such answers as may seem most conclusive.

The space permitted me would not allow of anything like an exhaustive examination of this large question, even if at this point of its career it were called for. All I propose is to gather up the scattered threads of the argument, and to commend it at an important crisis to the consideration of the thoughtful and candid of either sex, who have either given it no serious attention, or whose opinions are still undecided.

Of the objections to the measure, I take it that the following are the chief:—

First, that the admission of women to Parliamentary suffrage would be tantamount to a social revolution.

Secondly, that women always have been, and still continue to be, adequately represented by men.

Thirdly, that could it be proved that women would benefit by enfranchisement, there would be danger of their exercising its functions exclusively to their own advantage.

Fourthly (and this seems a little illogical, not to say contradictory), that the indirect influence already possessed by the sex, is stronger than any which direct action upon the State could confer.

Fifthly, that the principle accepted in giving to any number of women a Parliamentary vote, would be taking the sex out of its sphere.

Sixthly, that women are incapable of bearing arms.

Seventhly, that they are radically inferior to men.

Eighthly (and here we come again to a seeming contradiction), that the possession of the franchise must deprive them of those graces which it appears are belonging to their inferior estate.

These arguments, which I have felt some hesitation in setting side by side—they seem so to quarrel with each other—are held in close proximity, and in impartial favour, in the minds of many of the opponents of this movement. I will endeavour to put something like order into this tangled skein; and, beginning with the objection I have set first on the list, I shall hope to show that those who stand in fear of this woman's claim as revolutionary, are attaching too much importance to a word. If this movement is in any sense a revolution, it is one that has been slowly and surely, if silently, working since the time when man first became a social animal. It needs no seer to tell us that in the beginning the weaker vessel was exposed to much vicissitude, and in many ways had a hard time of it. Where physical prowess is the test of human efficiency, the woman is naturally at a disadvantage. The savage races still in existence, the Mongolian and Mohammedans of various nations, while they are to be regarded rather as in a state of decrepitude than of growth, may still serve to illustrate the position of servitude inevitable to the sex in social conditions wherein law could only be upheld by the strong hand. The gradual emancipation of the non-combatant half of the human family, by which the degree of civilization attained by any people may be gauged, is in effect the slow triumph of the spiritual nature over the brute.

The whole process of evolution, after the building up of the human body, is a history of the gradual transformation of the brain. The line of progress having come to an end on the lower plane, has been lifted by an unseen hand to a higher. Now the brain having no separate material function or calling to interfere with its free development in either sex, it follows that along this path the two halves of the human family can move under conditions of greater equality. If it is even here seen that the pace of the woman has been comparatively slow, her two-fold burthen, that of maternity being added to her share in daily toil, is still sufficient to account for it. Not only has that retarded her intellectual development in certain directions, but it has checked the free expansion of personal character. Her physical weakness, or more properly speaking, the greater call that has been made upon her strength, has thrown her from the first into the power of her partner, and it would have been a miracle had her faculties, so restrained, developed themselves perfectly throughout their whole range. Thus it is that whereas man in the nobler races has long since secured to himself a measure of freedom and justice, the bonds which he has everywhere riveted upon his companion, bonds that are all the stronger in that they are often tender, have been slow to fall, and in the matter of legal justice the woman is still to a great extent an outlaw.

But this slower rate of movement on the woman's part notwithstanding, it is only needful to cast an eye over the course she has trodden, to feel that this long and even progress, accelerated as it has been in the last few years, implies a goal which she must inevitably reach. Those who have noted the humanising nature of woman's influence through all the ages of the past, those who have seen it diffusing itself in new spheres of activity in our own day, and who have felt the comfort and added strength of its help in many a social difficulty, must surely be very blind if they can still be startled by, very timorous if they can still fear, the last revolution of a wheel which has been so long in motion.

Secondly, it is sometimes contended that women are in no need of a means for making their own wants heard, being sufficiently represented by their natural protectors. It might seem hard of belief that any one acquainted with the long history of female suffering and wrong could be sincere in occupying this position; but we will endeavour to accord the credit demanded, and argue the matter on its assumed ground.

I think it will hardly be denied by the men most eager to keep the weapons in their own hands, that in fighting the battles of the non-fighting sex they have thus far been very unlucky warriors. Nowhere is this more strikingly the case than in England, where, notwithstanding that our champions have so early won freedom for themselves, the cruelty of the law in relation to women has made us a by-word among the nations. Were it not that the Englishman is, on the whole, a good-natured and easy-going fellow, and apt to be better than his word, the crushing effect of such iniquitous enactments upon those who have the training of the young must either have led long since to their abrogation or have accomplished the ruin of the race. Even the amelioration of the laws concerning the property of wives, which has been conceded within the last twenty years, has barely brought the statute in this country up to the level of that which protects the female subjects of the Czar of Russia.

Allusion has been made to the stimulus which the security of legal right to women has received within the last quarter of a century, and to this undeniable fact the advocates of leaving their interests to the guardianship of men are sometimes known to point. But no assumption could be more unfortunate to those employing it, for the argument is all on the other side, and proves convincingly how surely God helps those who help themselves. These changes in the law of property can be shown to exactly synchronize with that upheaval of tardy revolt which resulted in the establishment of the Suffrage League.

The afflictions of others are proverbially of easy endurance, and it is not in the nature of things that the wrongs which press the most poignantly upon women's hearts can be adequately gauged by the other sex. As it is, with all the assistance they have received from women themselves in this latter time, they have been quicker to see the injustice which has mulcted women of worldly goods, than that far blacker legal turpitude which has wrested from them all property in their own children. If proof should be sought that women need other championship than that of men, no better example could be found than that afforded by the debate last March on Professor Bryce's Infants' Bill. That Bill was only suffered to pass to a second reading in a condition so emasculated, that although some small concession to human feeling might be its final outcome, all inherent vitality, every vestige of principle by which it could be fruitful and progressive, was eliminated. A foreigner well read in our literature, well-informed on our social life, would have been puzzled in listening to that debate. He would have had difficulty in seeing how the women, who were known outside St. Stephen's as in the van of every movement of social progress, should within those walls be the subjects of distrust and scorn. It would be unaccountable to him that the being from whom the offspring of Englishmen were to be so jealously guarded should be the one to whom Nature had confided them in their hour of utmost need. It would almost seem that, in these islands in these latter days, there had been a departure from the original intention, and that the maternal function had been relegated to creatures of a lower grade. The Bill that elicited an exhibition of feeling so injuriously insulting to womanhood, was considered a success,—and for such, I suppose, we must take it,—for the sake of the modicum of relief it is capable of extending here and there to cases of outraged motherhood. But it is not thus that the wives and mothers and daughters of England claim to have their cause adjudged. We are no longer satisfied with these crumbs of justice that fall from the rich man's table, and all the less that they are given, not as of right, but in charity.

The objection that I have placed third on my list is, that women, if possessed of a vote, would use such power as it gave them chiefly with a view to their own advantage. In good sooth, I am unable to deny this charge. I think it highly probable that they would, and I am not very sure that I see how on the whole they could do better. Surely every class that has ever contended for the power of expression, has done so primarily with the object of furthering its own claims. The State, if it would administer justice, must be in possession of the best light that can be cast on the condition of each section of its citizens, and that light to be trustworthy must come from within. None, if we except criminals, are so competent to plead as those who have to suffer under the disabilities of a position; and is it possible that anything like a just view of what is beneficial to a part of the body politic could be injurious to the whole?

But taking the objection for what it is doubtless intended to convey—viz., that the views of the more home-keeping sex are necessarily confined, is this not, where the objection is valid, arguing in a circle? Few will be prepared to maintain that the sympathies of women are duller than those of men; and thus it must appear that their limitation is due to those circumstances in their lot to which the objectors would rigidly bind them. If women less generally than men rise to any keen interest in the affairs of the State, it is that they rightly regard them as matters on which they have no direct action. It may be urged that there are whole classes of men in the same predicament, who nevertheless may be found to take a boisterous part in the pothouse politics of their parishes; but no man living in a country where freedom of citizenship is gradually filtering downwards is in the same position with respect to public affairs as that which has hitherto been universally occupied by women. It ill becomes those who would still deny them the conditions upon which broader views can be arrived at to charge them with a narrow selfishness. If the ties of family and home should always commend themselves with peculiar force to female consideration, it may be that a time is coming when such bulwarks of civilization would be all the better for the defence women may be reckoned on to bring to them.

Thirdly, it is a favourite position with many of the specious admirers of what they are pleased to call the "fair sex," that that charming variety of the human family is already in possession of some altogether fabulous amount of indirect influence, which it would be madness in them to seek to exchange for a small measurable quantity to be exercised in the light of day. I waive the apparent insincerity of this argument when brought forward by those, as is frequently the case, who feel themselves routed from their former defences. If a little portion of power ill-used would be an evil, surely a larger portion, however come by, would be a greater; and it is difficult to conceive how a modicum openly exercised and subject to control could be more dangerous than an incalculable sum of it working underground. But to pass from this dilemma, let us hear what one of the most influential antagonists of woman's suffrage has delivered himself of in this connection on a public occasion during the past session.

"If women are to make their influence felt," it is suggested by this opponent, "what man is not, or has not been, more or less, under the influence of a woman?" He goes on to touch on the classes of women who are able to have influence on politics. It seems that, taken *en masse,* they may be reduced to two. There are the noble women who can inspire great hopes for the sex, and who can lead the men over whom they have sway to prefer claims for their sisters on the ground of human right; but this influence the speaker makes it clear, if not depised, is still to be rejected; and there is the influence of the "Sirens of the political boudoir," to whose occult action he alludes approvingly as likely to remain more potent than that of the "emancipated Amazons of the public platform." I so rarely find myself in agreement with gentlemen of this way of thinking, that it gives me satisfaction to pause for a moment upon a standing place which we can occupy together. On this point at least we are at one. I believe that, as against opponents of the other sex, the "Sirens" wield a force indefinitely more potent than that of the honest "Amazons." But it would be precisely for this reason—for this reason above all other, because it has a deeper spiritual root—that I desire for the women of England some appreciable share of open action in the things concerning the State. I look upon all utterly irresponsible influence as likely to be unsound in its consequences, and as certain to be injurious to the dignity and honesty both of those who exercise and those who yield to it. Some of us in our travels have had occasion to observe the traces of this "Siren influence," where it is to be contemplated in its condition of unalloyed perfection. The harems of Constantinople and of Cairo have long been as busy and far more "influential" in political matters, than the organizations which are the centres of feminine effort among ourselves. The contemplation of a once dominant race withering at the top of its own corruption, rotting at the base of oppression and misrule, false and feeble throughout its entire mass, must be depressing to a thoughtful on-looker of any persuasion; but I confess that, standing amid the foulness and ruin to which the untempered disposition of one sex has brought Constantinople, I have seemed to hear a whisper of hope, like the faint stir of the new day felt in that darkest hour which precedes the dawn. If I have turned in disgust from the manifold tokens of the evil pass to which men, and the poor creatures they have denaturalized, can bring the fairest portions of the earth; if I have lamented in the steps of the Turk the fruitful gardens which he has trodden into wildernesses, I have been comforted by my faith in the future destiny of humanity worked out in the unison of its power. But however small may be the beginnings of the accredited action of women in the political arena, I desire for the sex above all things an open field, where it may know itself subject to all the laws of the political game.

And this brings me in the fourth place to the consideration of a thing which it is more easy to talk of glibly than to define—that fluctuating line which has given way at so many a point, that broken circle which is known as "woman's sphere."

Far be it from me to deny that there is a sphere proper to either sex, a circle of action and influence radiating from a point which in either case has been indicated by Nature. What may be freely objected to is the attempt to stop, in the woman's case, its healthy increase, and to so confine its borders as to keep the twin spheres from somewhat overlapping.

We are told to iteration that the sphere of the companion of man is the home. I willingly grant it. No single word could better symbolize the affections and duties inseparable from the idea of woman. But even if we could be justified in consenting to have the radius from a vital centre arbitrarily limited, or could suffer our souls to be imprisoned within the material meaning of a word, it would behove us, in submitting for ourselves and our sisters, to be fully sure that the thing to which the sex was bound had a universal objective existence.

Now this universal material existence of the home, whatever approach may have been made to it in the past, it is impossible to predicate of the present. There is no need in support of this position to do more than point to the toiling millions cast forth, every morning in the struggle for life, from the bare walls and the shake-down to which they will only return for sleep; or to that smaller contingent of educated women, whose greater comforts or heavier responsibilities are likewise ministered to by labour which withdraws them from what, in the sense claimed for it, is their "sphere." That these things are so is known to all; that it is well that they should be so is not the question; we have only to do with facts as they exist.

In the endeavour to bind down living needs to an imaginary standpoint, a grave responsibility is incurred. It has happened that theorists, but dimly enlightened concerning the laws of Nature, have improved certain species off the face of the earth. If woman could be sentenced by the governing sex to imprisonment in the home, it would become a matter of conscience that home-prisons should be provided for them. But none of those who are so solicitous for the perfection of an ideal of their own making, are in a position to supply the conditions needful to its realization. That women must work as well as weep has long been determined, if it was ever doubtful, and it is only a question of the more or less of help or hindrance that men will accord to their labours. It is needless to dwell upon the fact that unattached women, in the pursuit of their various callings, find themselves everywhere at a disadvantage from their unrecognized position as citizens. I think I have sufficiently shown that the sex is not at present adequately represented.

That representation is a boon to any class possessing it can call for no special proof. If it were otherwise, the chief battles of freedom would have been fought for a chimera.

It may be instructive in this place to consider for a moment the aspect under which this so-called sphère of woman has presented itself at different periods and in different climes. It is a subject upon which the masculine mind has been always and everywhere busy.

In the barbarous ages, which we are generally, if erroneously, agreed to call the earliest, the sphere of the weaker half of man was a daily round of soul-subduing toil, like that of the ox which treads out the corn before the interdiction was given concerning the muzzling of its mouth.

When strong men had in turn gained advantage over weak ones, they took to employing the labour of their fellows in lieu of that of women, and the "sphere" of the latter became defined by the walls of the harem. Perhaps one of the most interesting varieties of this artificially created position of the gentler sex is to be found among our Chinese contemporaries. Two or more articles, very explicit upon this matter, appeared last summer in successive numbers of the *Revue des deux Mondes*. They are signed by a colonel of the Celestial Empire, by name Tchang-Ki-Tong. The Oriental shall speak for himself: "The best service which can be rendered to woman is to lead her, and to flatter her self-love by allowing her to think that she is leading you. The traditions of the Flowery-land permit men to make the happiness of their women (by these highly improving means), since with them the masculine principle is expressed by the sun, and the feminine by the moon. The one illuminates, the other is illuminated; the one glorious in its own light, bestowing upon the other all that it can ever possess of pallid rays." Upon this, the Chinese gentleman launches into praises of the munificent generosity of the star which not only lights the darkness of the planet, but has clearly created it, such as it is; for he tells us that man has made of this moon-woman, "*un être toujours espérant.*" One wonders if the hope, never destined to fruition, has ever made the heart of the Chinese woman sick, and that quite without the knowledge of her ingenious artificer. The Colonel, Tchang-Ki-Tong, goes on to assure us that no one in China would entertain the absurd idea that the precepts of Nature in regard to the relative position of the sexes, delivered in the original by the sun and moon, and interpreted by Chinamen, could be false. He says: "It is granted us" (always on astronomical authority) "to establish as an immutable law the superiority of the male over the female. The sexes have, therefore, a separate education." (This is wise, as, otherwise, the sovereign decree of the heavenly bodies might run the risk of being impertinently disputed.) "Science in China is held to be an unnecessary burthen for woman." (She may carry the copper money of crushing toil, but she may learn nothing which would enable her to get hold of the gold.) "Woman has no need to perfect herself; she is born perfect:"—this last being a happy privilege which she shares with the beaver and the bee. I have quoted these passages because they aptly illustrate the fatuity of those who would take out of the hands of Nature, or of the power which lies behind it, that gradual work of creation which, silent and inevitable, is going on for ever in our midst. The time is not remote when it would have been impossible for a Florence Nightingale to do her work without reproach; for a Mary Carpenter to scatter the seeds of a better hope for the women of India; for women students of medicine to carry help for the neglected ailments of their imprisoned sisters; for an Isabella Bird, a Miss North, and many another, to bring back bright pictures and fruits of distant travels; and, finally, for an Octavia Hill, and a large contingent of lady helpers, to quietly show the way in which an evil, spreading its poison through the social fabric, may be cured. No one of those who unthinkingly or dishonestly repeat this parrot cry of chaining the woman to her sphere, would now dare to maintain that such women are trespassing beyond it. That sphere, as traced by jealousy and greed, is a circle of chalk, which the tide of necessity and the steps of these noble ones are obliterating.

We come now to an argument, deemed conclusive in certain quarters, for the exclusion of women from the suffrage, their incapacity, namely, to bear arms. It is chiefly among the party known as Positivist that this position is affected. We are accustomed to think of this sect as composed of persons of very advanced opinions and hopeful views, but the one in question, whatever may be its merits, has certainly nothing millennial in it. We may be far from the time when wars shall cease; but we are also far from the time when reason, justice, and mercy had no price; and when intellect, if it aspired to any authority, was obliged to dress itself up in the dangerous disguise of witchcraft. The progress of society shows a steady advance, if slow, towards the settling of questions by other than material means.

Let us examine for a moment this contention for physical aptitude as a necessity of citizenship. We shall find that it has two bearings. The first is that those disqualified to fight the nation's battles, as against external foes, have no right to a voice in its councils; the second, that a class unable to uphold its own rights by the strong hand has no business to possess them. Now, in regard to the first plea, looking upon the offering of life as a due return for the protection of the State, it may well be argued that such sacrifice is rendered by the sex charged with the maternal function to an extent unknown to the other, and that this should in all fairness be held as an equivalent for the military service of which that sex is incapable. Touching the second point in this discussion, that of the inability of women to protect their own position should right and reason at any time be overwhelmed by might, surely that aspect of the case should have leave to be regarded as their own affair. If they are willing to accept the boon on its only feasible condition, it is clearly they and not the militant sex who can by any possibility be the sufferers.

If this objection of the incapacity of women for war had all the valid force that its employers would have us believe, it would follow that no man who was crippled, or otherwise physically disabled, could be suffered to have a vote, and that all should lose it when age had unfitted them for military service. The clergy, too, in accordance with a rigid logic, should be excluded, and the bench of bishops cast down from its high place.

But, in order to be fair to our opponents, let us be sure that their argument is duly stated. They would probably say that it is only the general principle of a physical force adequate to the maintenance of ideas that is contended for, and that cases of exception like these may be suffered to pass. Be it so. I will not contend, as it possibly might be contended, that the grant of voting power to the small number of women for whom it is asked should be included among the exceptions. The case of the non-warlike half of mankind, whose lives are more universally imperilled than those of men in the interests of the race, rests on a surer basis when it demands for this reason, and this alone, to be put in a separate category.

It seems to the advocates of women's suffrage that the moment has arrived for a political departure more on a level with the corresponding acquirements of progress.

In the examination of this subject we have come, in the seventh place, to an assumption on the part of its antagonists which practically underlies all the foregoing objections. I allude, of course, to the much-tormented question of woman's equality with man. The new material furnished during the last few years of higher education might seem to tempt to fresh comparison; but I hold that, whatever might be the final outcome of such a review, it could have little real bearing upon the claim of women householders for a vote enabling them to protect their own interests. I desire, therefore, to take this matter off debateable ground, and to regard it as one might still be permitted to do if no woman had ever risen above the difficulties of her position; if Sappho had never taken the crown of song from the heads of her male contemporaries; if George Sand and George Eliot had never written; if no Octavia Hill had blown the breath of common sense through the fœtid blind alleys of our hopeless slums; and if the "girl-graduates" of the hour were not giving good account of their abilities in every department of knowledge. Under these supposititious circumstances, it would still be true that women have to be, to do, and to suffer for themselves, and that, while they have wit enough to work for their own existence, they must know more about the conditions desirable for their lives and labour than any one viewing these things from the outside. It is obvious that a very inferior wearer can tell more about the pinching of a shoe than the most talented onlooker, and, as I have already said, the primary use which is made of a vote by any class is to bring its own needs before the attention of the Legislature.

In assuming that the capacity of women is generally equal to this, I think I am on ground which broadly may be pronounced to be safe, although an attentive following of some recent debates will not permit me to feel quite sure of it. When Mr. Woodall's amendment was brought forward last Session, it was said on good authority—said before a Parliament headed by a Queen—that women could under no conceivable circumstances become "capable citizens." Whatever may be the changes in our intellectual condition or social relations, there has been no difficulty experienced by certain doctrinaires in arriving at this final conclusion. Not only have such made up their own minds on the matter of the incapacitating inferiority of women, they have also in some cases gone so far as to give a voice to what on this moot question we must call the pride and prejudice of others. When it was asked by one who (as I think rightly) has overcome his fear of letting in a flood of ignorance with the agricultural labourer, whether the House really thought women could be trustworthy citizens, it was answered for Members, lest the workings of their minds should be unknown to themselves, that in their "hearts" they "knew that they could not." The question which led up to this foregone conclusion, was put with many changes: "Would the House be content, if they had a political association in their boroughs and counties, that the various officers of that association should be women? Would anybody be content to represent a constituency simply composed of women? Would any one be satisfied to entrust political questions to them?" The answer was made for the House: "Certainly not;" and the question again posed as a mark to shoot a reply at, a sort of parliamentary popinjay: "Why not?" The arrow was once more fledged by a well-practised fancy: "Because in your hearts you do not believe women are capable citizens." It was quite in order after this that the speaker should have proceeded to pass judgment on what would be for the interests of creatures so feckless. It would not be good for this class incapacitated by Nature to have the franchise. It is the old vicious circle: first the question is begged, then the corollary is drawn.

Now I know not what amount of divergence might have been found in this meeting of men had they been left to reply to these questions for themselves. We may naturally conclude that there would have been none; that, one and all, they would have objected to so obviously absurd an arrangement; and we may be at least equally sure that the same question put to an assemblage of women of any class would have met with the same answer. The more thoughtful and sympathetic among them are not now content that their sex should be solely represented by men, but they would be even less satisfied that all national interests should be committed to women. They would prefer that the governing body should represent both halves of the human family, and, in view of the special physical function of the one, that that half which was not so heavily burthened, should be more largely and fully active in it than the other. Such I conceive would be the verdict of the clearest intelligences on the female side; and such in any practicable condition of things must be the issue.

Before quitting my present position, to wit, that the intellect of women, whatever may be its limitations, is equal to the demand on it implied in the present claim, I should like to point out what is in reality the natural outcome from that assumption of feminine incapacity which, as we have seen, is even yet maintained by some of the leaders of public opinion.

If woman is really so ill-appointed for that struggle for life into which she has been anomalously drawn; if she occupies a position in the scheme of things which has more in common with that of the hopeless imbecile or the dangerous lunatic than with the progressive child, a heavy responsibility not heretofore recognized, rests on the State in regard to her. If unable to amend her own lot, or even to cast any light upon its difficulties in a world of change, it behoves the ruling body to provide for the unattached female in a sense which has never yet been dreamed of, and in return for such services as she can render, to guarantee her the means of subsistence, or, in any case, to preserve her from aggression. Let me not be misunderstood. There is no woman fighting the battle of her sex but would scorn such charity. All that is here implied is this: that in leaving old stumbling-blocks and rocks of offence in the new paths opened up to the weaker vessel, a load is laid on the consciences of men, which the more just and generous among them could not fail the first to feel.

But the world will not be content in the end with an appeal to what honourable gentlemen or any others may think they "know in their own hearts." When the assertion is hazarded that "women are not capable citizens," the onus of proof rests with the propounders. Can it be proved that women are indifferent to practical interests? Less alive than men to the moral aspect of affairs? More given to the overthrowing of established order? Less sensitive upon the point of honour? Less moved by considerations of humanity, more under the dominion of the lower passions, less trained to the control of their humours, or open to the charge that they have bungled such public business as has hitherto come under their hands?

We may confidently throw back the retort, and say that honourable gentlemen know in their own hearts that they are not.

We have followed now the several counts of this indictment against women as being unfit for citizenship till we have arrived at the eighth and last—viz., That the acknowledgment of the principle of freedom as applicable to their case would deprive them of the virtue peculiar to their sex. It is necessary in this connection above all things to be sure that the standard of female perfection to which conformity is required is a right one. In fixing to any advantage the condition of a living creature with a view to aid its development, all depends upon the justness of the idea which has been formed of its nature. The presence of a true ideal of the subject operated upon is peculiarly important in the case of woman—the being who, standing with man at the summit of created life, has been unable for lack of combative power to fix her condition for herself, and whose desire to be pleasing in the eyes of her partner must at all times have a tendency to modify her in accordance with his requirements. Let us see in what direction the current of masculine taste has generally tended.

Few, I think, will deny that so soon as the slave labour of men had replaced that of women, an attitude of dependent weakness came to be regarded as becoming in the latter. Such an attitude flatters the self-love of the stronger sex, and its false pathos has a sentimental appeal. It is time, that this exaggerated self-love should be repressed; and on the sentimental side there will ever remain enough of real pathos in the natural condition of woman to content the healthy appetite for sympathy and the manly desire for service.

In proof of the assertion that the set of masculine opinion has been towards weakness and dependence in woman, I will note only a few of the characteristics which, in different countries and at different times, have been artificially induced upon the sex in conformity with this idea. There is the pinched waist, the mincing gait, the pallor, which the Italians and the French worship under the name of *morbidezza*, and the crushed foot. Such are outward signs, to which may be added the more superficial one of a dress which increases bodily incapacity. When we come to the things of the mind, the bias is equally apparent. The many small hypocrisies, the innocences, and ignorances, and affected fears, which have all had their day of encouragement, have invariably flowed from the same source. To this we owe the doctrine of blind obedience and unquestioning belief; the preference of an Eve for the voice of the man over that of the angel; the treachery of a Griselda to the most sacred trust of Nature. If there should seem to be some slight divergence at the present moment from this feeble ideal, it gives no denial to the general proposition. A few of our younger women, students, and would-be teachers, are following the instincts of their nature in trying not to emphasize but to suppress the supposed characteristics of that sex which, owing to the friction of interests, appears to them momentarily in disgrace. Not only do these, whom for want of a better name, I must call deserters, ape the garments and manners of men, but some of the most able among them, in their anxiety to proclaim their virile independence in literature, have done violence to their finer impulse, to the point of plunging their hands into pitch, which shows all the more loathly upon their native whiteness. Would that women had faith in womanhood; would that men and women alike were content to learn of Nature the true lines upon which we might be co-workers with her!

For it is not weakness, but a different strength, of which womanhood is the type. Its energy is constructive. If the male half of the race may be called the fighting half, the female may be said to be the formative. Great art has always understood this; witness the marble women of the Acropolis. Whatever may have been the personal lot of the beings who inspired these creations, there is not a slave, still less a doll, to be found among their numbers. For art, when true to itself, is prophetic; has a gospel message to deliver, a revelation for mankind to work up to. Let us take the hope it has vouchsafed to us at its highest, and accept no narrow and ignorant conceit, no ideal, stunted and stereotyped from the original Asiatic conception, as the canon of womanly proportion. This, with the locks of gold and feet of clay, which the kings of the world have set up for their own worship and our ensample, let us beware how we render it homage. It is a false god, the work of men's uninspired hands; it is unbeautiful, being shaped in ignorance; it is effete, and blocks the way of progress. Nature, striving within the soul, is at work upon another pattern—larger, more noble and fruitful. Men, and women no less, might surely learn of the past to beware of fixing the rigid stays of custom and fancy upon this growing life. It is not so long since "learning" in the "fair sex" was accounted a disfigurement, and a beggarly subservience to pride, tyranny, and sensuality, as highest virtue in the companions of freemen. The contrast between the true ideal and that which obtains in certain quarters may be fitly typified, by the figure of victorious womanhood, known as the Venus of Milo, on the one hand, and the Dutch-doll outlines with which fashion presents us, on the other. There is a French proverb which is suggestive in this connection: "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.*" Doubtless it is necessary to suffer in order to be beautiful after an artificial standard; and such standards still existing, help to retain the non-combative sex at its original disadvantage. That the deformed figures, the joint production of the corset and mantua-maker, which shuffle about our streets and drawing-rooms, fulfil the physical ideal of the majority of men of all ages is clear, since the subjects most manipulated are precisely those who are the closest students of masculine proclivities. But more open proof of this depravation of taste might be cited if such were wanting. Even a poet of the quality of Mr. Coventry Patmore, does not shrink from lending the weight of his authority to the milliner's model, where he makes a lover, watching the approach of his lady, express his rapture at a waist which he likens to an isthmus between two continents; and in the male novelists, English, French, and German, you will hardly come upon a bit of description of female loveliness, in which you will not be called on to do homage to a waist which might be spanned by a necklet. After this, that the suffrage of the mashers of the park and pigeon-ring would be given to the same account, goes without saying.

While on this subject of the womanly grace, which it is supposed by some a freer life might put in peril, I will not attempt to maintain that in certain attitudes of opposition and revolt the sex may not momentarily lose its appearance of softness; but I am confident that the feeling underlying this harder aspect, is often, even generally, more tenderly, because more sympathetically womanly, than the position of supine acquiescence in the suffering and abasement of others, which is superficially more acceptable to cultivated taste. It may be matter of regret if even for awhile, among a few active spirits of the advanced guard, the sex should be seen to forego somewhat of the charm belonging to its happier mood; but we may nevertheless be comforted with the assurance that, in this its latest departure, it has entered upon a phase more beautiful, as more beneficent, than any it has yet shown in the universal scheme.

I have now passed in rapid review the whole of the principal objections which, so far as I have been able to gather, are commonly brought against the admission of women to the franchise; and I have given to each in order such answers as have been most potent in carrying conviction to my own mind. The present is a moment which may be said to be one of crisis: in any case it is one of considerable tension to those who have this question at heart. If the counties bring up their raw recruits, and the dead weight of bucolic inertia is suffered to settle down before women have received the small boon for which they ask, this movement of progress will presumably be retarded for another decade. This may seem a slight matter in the case of beings who have waited so long, but it must not be forgotten that the ever-augmenting army of struggling and suffering women is composed of units, and that no foregone experience of a class has ever been known to deaden individual pain.

The quality of the minds that commend this movement is one of the presumptions in its favour. It is sometimes urged that there is no general consensus of womanly opinion on its side; but allowing that it is a minority which makes this claim for itself or others, it is one which includes, with few exceptions, all the highest intellect, the deepest sensibility, and the most awakened conscience of the time. The plea that the "best women" are unfavourable to it, generally advanced by those to whom it is likely that the "best" would be unknown, cannot stand for a moment before the open facts.

There are those who will tell us that the spinsters for whom a vote is claimed, are inferior to the married women who must forego it, the latter being a "selected class." Truly the secret of rejected sisters must have been honourably kept for grown men to believe that the often brilliant and attractive single women are such because they have been overlooked. Be this as it may, the spinsters and widows are the freest of the sex, and as such its most fitting representatives. It may seem strange and discouraging to some that a matter so clear to reason and justice, as that all who labour and suffer should have equal protection of the State, remains in this advanced age of the world still a subject for debate, and that legal disqualifications, such as press upon women, should even now be borne patiently by any number of them. In reality the causes of such acquiescence are not far to seek. It is a rare, perhaps even an unknown, thing for a class upon which opinion and custom have weighed heavily to seek with any unanimity to emancipate itself. Doctrines of duty, considerations of what is shown to be the natural fitness of things, are rained upon it from without; and the suggestions of physical weakness, and the self-distrust incident to a condition of tutelage, attack it from within. To these, in the case of women, is superadded the keen desire for sympathy and approval, together with the instinct of sacrifice. Nor can it be left out of the account, in contemplating the condition of Englishwomen—those who may be supposed to share the instincts of freedom with their fathers, husbands, and sons—that, brutal wife-beaters and outworn laws notwithstanding, the general tone of feeling towards the sex in this country may compare favourably with that at present existing among any other people. But for the individual fairness and consideration which has circumscribed the effect of cruel laws, the reproach of a legal system more backward in this relation than any other in the European polity, would probably long since have past from us.

There is something in that attitude of hostility to their natural protectors forced upon the more advanced female intelligence of our time, which is strange, even repugnant, and would be exquisitely painful, but for the conviction that it is a passing dissonance preparing the way for the completer harmony of the future. Women who feel for women are smarting under a sense of the injustice done them, and the men who oppose their demands are irritated by the lack of reason on their own side, and ashamed of the fears which they nevertheless suffer to overmaster them.

But, happily for all parties, the antagonism regretted is far from being wholly one of sex. The women in the van are no more in opposition to men than they are admittedly so to the careless or self-distrustful of their own kind. There have never been wanting, since the commencement of the movement, generous souls outside the ranks of the oppressed, who have pointed out the baseness of acquiescence in wrong, and directed unaccustomed steps into the more perfect way. Of these champions we have lately lost one whose name alone must inspire respect for any cause with which it is associated; but he has left many gallant brothers in arms, disinterested and chivalrous men, willing to risk themselves in a cause which, for the moment, offers no pay, opens no prospect to the place and preferment for which men are accustomed to strive, but whose names, nevertheless, may be expected to shine in the light of the day that is breaking.

Of the male opponents of female enfranchisement, not all are of the class who look down upon their claims. There are some who affect to regard, possibly do sincerely regard, women as elevated by their sex to a position too dainty and delicate for the rude contact of politics.

To those kindly-intentioned gentlemen, the nineteenth-century Paladins who are willing to fight women's battles and leave them queens of the tournament, to reward success with their smiles, I would invite reflection to the fact that, in this crowded and struggling society where most men are contending for dear life, the women in the hurly-burly are, alas! many, and the Paladins will ever be few. It would indeed be a miracle if that small though gallant company should hold its own and ours against the army of disputants whose needs become daily more pressing, and who have been educated to consider that they as men have a prescriptive right to the first and the best of everything that is going in the world. Under circumstances of such increasing exigence, "favour is deceitful," and even "beauty is vain," while at all times, in view of the possible absence of either, and with knowledge of the egoism and imperfection of human nature, it is better to be under the law than under grace. As women, we cannot, we ought not to forget, that it is not yet a quarter of a century since the earnings of a deserted wife and mother have been secured to her; that even now the protection the weaker sex receives from brutal violence is disgracefully inadequate; and worse, far worse than all, that a married woman, without fault of her own, is liable to be despoiled of her children.

What is needed is, that representatives of constituencies should feel that they had, to a certain extent, to reckon directly with their female electors, and that to the same extent they could suffer from the neglect of their affairs. Their limited claim for the Parliamentary vote, existing only in the air, acting only potentially on the minds of men, has already done women more service than ages of volunteer championship.

Let me say in conclusion that there must ever be room for the tenderest gallantry on the part of those who are pleased to render homage to weakness. It is not in the restrictions of custom that womanhood is worthy of gentle thought; it is that Nature has selected her for the most sacred service, and has made and will maintain her tender and true for its performance. It is not because her development has been hampered and her action crippled, that she is entitled to help and sympathy; it is that whatever may be her strength, that strength is heavily burthened by the charge that is laid upon her by Nature. It is not when her views are narrowed, and the sources of her interest restrained, that she is most entitled to the influence which sentimentalists are threatening her with losing; but rather when possibilities of freer action have elevated to a still higher plane the affections which specially distinguish her. We all know too well that reason has only a limited sway, but it is to the interest of both sexes that its borders should increase. The world is in want of more women after the perfected type, and would be the better for fewer "Sirens."

I feel that apology is due to the noble womanhood of our own day, to the faithful and progressive womanhood of all time, for the humility of the position I have sometimes taken in advocating this cause. But if, in despite of proof, there are still men who persist in viewing all women as feeble and foolish, there is nothing to be gained by indignant denial; no arguing with blindness or fear. It is enough that want of faith, want of hope, and want of charity, are negative values little likely to prevail against the vital forces which are ever more and more actively operative in completing the work of life.

But it is not of the future—of which we have no doubt—it is of the present, that those who have this cause at heart, are now thinking. We would so willingly hasten its fruition. Much must depend on opportunity. Will Mr. Woodall's motion have a chance of coming before Parliament again this Session, or will it, according to immemorial order, be pushed out of the way at the bidding of any, the most trivial, matter which has superior interest for the ruling powers?

If it be so in the present disposition of affairs, it will furnish us with a final and eloquent appeal in support of the claim that has brooked such discourtesy.

Emily Pfeiffer.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.

IN no department of literature has there of late been greater activity than in this, and in none have more important scientific results been obtained. There are many workers in the field, students of old and new, of savage and historical religions; and many more who, from sociological, philosophical, or religious points of view, are interested in their discussions and watchful of their researches. Buddhism is for many reasons the religion that has attracted most attention, not simply because of its remarkable character and diffusion, but because of the many problems in comparative historical, literary, philosophical, and religious criticism it involves. Of all the Eastern religions it is the one that seems at first sight most alien to the spirit of the West; yet it is the one that has awakened here the most deep and distinct echo. Our contemporary Pessimism not only owed its inception and earliest form to Buddhism, but owes to it to-day most of its vitality, and much of its right to consideration and criticism. The similarities of its political organisation or constitution, its ritual, observances, ethical and social ideals, with those distinctive of Roman Catholicism, open a large field at once of comparison and inquiry; of comparison as to the history of similar institutions and ideas, working under dissimilar conditions; of inquiry as to the rise and relations and action of kindred ideas and customs. But of much greater scientific significance than its relation to our speculative Pessimism on the one hand, and its institutional and ceremonial affinities with Catholicism on the other, are the questions connected with its origin, history, and interpretation. It cannot be understood unless studied as a chapter in the history of Hindu religious thought; but its history cannot be written unless it be followed into the countries into which it has penetrated, and where it still lives. Buddhism is quite as lineal a descendant of the Vedic Age, its later speculations and social conditions, as Brahmanism, and only as its descent is traced can its genesis be explained, or its character and meaning be interpreted. This has been in various ways becoming more evident to scholars; the nearer they have got to primitive Buddhism the more they have seen its organic connection with the past, the religious thought and customs, the social and political conditions that preceded it. Buddhism was to older scholars, like Hodgson and Burnouf, in its rise a revolution, but it is to later ones a development; yet these are not contradictory ideas; they only imply a difference of standpoint, due indeed to new and more primitive sources of knowledge. Development becomes revolution when neglected principles or overshadowed customs and institutions are emphasized to the contradiction or supersession of the system that caused the neglect or cast the shadow. In the history of religion in India, Buddhism is, viewed in relation to the antecedent historical conditions, a development; but viewed in relation to the historical consequences, a revolution.

Of recent books dealing with Buddha and the origin of Buddhism, the two most important are those of Oldenberg * and Kern. † These works have, amid many radical differences, one point in common; they both believe that Buddhism must be explained through the course and conditions of religious thought and life in India, prior to and at the time of its appearance. Oldenberg says: "Buddhism has acquired, as an inheritance from Brahmanism, not merely a series of its most important dogmas, but, what is not less significant to the historian, the bent of its religious thought and feeling" (p. 53). Kern declares still more decisively, "Buddhism is rooted in antiquity, and is nothing else than a variety of an Indo-Aryan plant," which, "naturally and genetically classified, is and remains a species of Hinduism" (p. 281, vol. i.). And again: Buddha's "doctrine differed little from that of his contemporaries, especially as we find it in the Upanishads" (p. 2, vol. i.). This is important for the interpretation of the system. While we find its oldest form in the Pâli books, we must use the still older Sanskrit literature and Brahmanical customs and institutions, as supplying standpoints, and, as it were, rudimentary or grammatical material for the interpreter. In other words, while the system to be studied is preserved in the Pâli scriptures, the student must come to their interpretation through the Vedic and Brahmanical literature, reading the later in the light of the earlier, which is here, in truth, the more luminous. But, while both writers agree as to the real and organic character of the historical relation, they differ radically in their view of its nature: to Oldenberg it is intellectual and institutional, but to Kern mythological. The former seeks to trace the antecedents of Buddhism in the older Brahmanical thought, institutions, and customs; but the latter seeks to explain it as a transfigured mythology. This does not involve the position that the religion had no historical founder, or that in the story of his life there are no elements of historical reality; but it requires that the Buddha legend and the primitive and cardinal doctrines of the religion be alike translated in the terms of the Solar myth. This Professor Kern is quite prepared to do; he holds the legend to be "one of the most important chapters in comparative Aryan mythology" (p. 242, vol. i.). "In the mythical sense Buddha is the arisen light, the beginning of the day, of the year; personally considered, he is the creator. He is the beginning and source of the

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* "Buddha: His Life, his Doctrine, his Order." By Dr. Hermann Oldenberg. Translated from the German by William Hoey, M.A., D.Lit. London: Williams & Norgate.

† "Geschiedenis van het Buddhisme in Indië." Voor Dr. H. Kern. Haarlem: H. D. Tjeenk Willink. 2 vols.

visible world, Brahma Swayambhû, whose names are innumerable. The Dharma is the continuation of the creative work; personally, the Sun and Time god in his orderly course, Vishnu. The Dharma works in the present; the Buddha in the past. Finally, in the Sangha, the union or community of the Saints, there is signified the realm of the Shades, where the holy and blessed dead dwell under Yama, the God of Death, who is only another form of the God of Life. Yama, Time, Death, 'unites all,' as we often read in Indian works, and, strictly taken, his realm would be the third of the three jewels, the Sangha, or union" (pp. 281–282, vol. i.).

The theory which Professor Kern so clearly states, he applies and works out with courage and skill, though not so as to make his book a mere essay in comparative mythology. It is a careful exposition and history of Buddhism, though, as studied and conceived by one who regards alike its form and contents as expansions and transformations of our aboriginal Solar myth. We regret that Professor Kern occupies this standpoint; we think it impairs the value of his book, and makes his view of the religion defective and unhistorical. Professor Oldenberg (pp. 72 ff.) has dealt fairly and forcibly with the form and application given to the theory by Senart in his "Essai sur la Légende du Buddha," but a few remarks may be ventured here, suggested by the peculiar turn and development it receives at the hands of Kern. There is a danger of the theory playing the same part in modern inquiries into the history and genesis of early and ancient religions as was played by the old doctrine of a primitive revelation or tradition. The one is no more historical than the other, leads to as violent interpretations of the phenomena, and diverts attention from the study of the living mind and the conditions of its activity and development. Grant that the sun was once the occasion or object of a multitudinous mythology, yet it is certain that the longer man lived it would not only become the more anthropomorphic, but tend to be superseded and merged in a mythology more human and historical. The more time lengthens, the greater the influence exercised by the past over the present; as man grows more Nature grows less, and the imagination that had once been filled mainly with physical is now filled mostly with historical images and forms. Physical mythology is the speech of a man so possessed by the present that he can hardly be said to know or feel the past; but historical mythology is the speech of a man governed by the human rather than the natural interest, more in the hands of his ancestors than of Nature. Hence at its basis there is real history, just as at the basis of physical there are real natural processes and events; and according as an inquirer starts from the one or the other, he will handle his material very differently. If he assume a physical mythology, he will endeavour to translate the history back into its physical equivalents or originals; but if he assume the historical, he will endeavour so to analyze and resolve it as to discover the real behind the legendary, the actual persons and occurrences that had at once evoked the mythicising imagination and been concealed by it. The former method, not necessarily indeed, but almost invariably, tempts the inquirer to forsake the search after historical causes and antecedents for the region of arbitrary interpretation, but the latter requires him to pursue this search. Now, Professor Kern has often been unable to resist the fascination of his mythical theory; it has beguiled him from more fruitful investigations. In looking at the legend and the doctrine from the mythological point of view, he has looked away from the material that would have enabled him to give a truer and more historical interpretation. There is history below the mythology; a great personality must have appealed to the imagination before it could have been moved to clothe him in so rich legends, and with so marvellous attributes. A new order of thought must have penetrated and transformed the ancient myth-system before it could express the beliefs represented by the ethics and metaphysics of Buddhism. And what we want to know is the process by which this happened, not simply to possess a cunning interpretation of the thing as changed and re-formed. But to know this process is to trace the history of the religion and religious thought that preceded and produced Buddhism.

Professor Kern's book is more elaborate and comprehensive than Dr. Oldenberg's. Each is true to its title: the former is a "History of Buddhism in India," bringing us from its origin to the period of its decline and fall, about the end of the Middle Ages; the latter has presented us with a sketch of the person, doctrines, and order of Buddha as they may be gathered from the Pâli books. They are all the more supplemental that they differ in their range, as well as in the points above indicated. Professor Oldenberg lays too much stress on the affinities and too little on the differences of Brahmanism and Buddhism. I believe that the growth of the sacerdotal idea and order had more to do with its origin and distinctive character than he appears to think. Still, the study of his book will give a tolerably fair and clear idea both of the original Buddhism and the India that produced it. A fuller and more adequate representation of the religion as it lived and worked in Indian history, with its ecclesiastical organization, doctrines, questions, social and moral characteristics and achievements, will be found in the work of Professor Kern. While we have freely criticized his underlying theory, we wish to express our gratitude for the research, the independence, the patient and careful scholarship it everywhere displays. We are yet a long way from a scientific and final history of Buddhism, but these works carry us a considerable way towards it.

Professor Beal has added another to the many obligations students of Buddhism owe to him. In no other book have we so clear and so real an insight into it as an actual and active religion as in the itineraries of the Chinese Pilgrims now before us in an English dress.* The introduction contains the translation, which appeared in Mr. Beal's earlier work ("Buddhist Pilgrims," 1869), but the body of the book gives the narrative of the more detailed and extensive travels of Hiuen Tsiang. It is now nearly fifty years since the attempt was made to introduce the oldest of these itineraries to the Western world, but not till seventeen years later did Stanislas Julien surprise and delight the learned world with his "Histoire de la Vie de Hiouen-Thsang," with his remarkable identification of the Hindu and Sanskrit names, so strangely disguised by the Chinese characters. The two volumes of

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* "Buddhist Records of the Western World." Translated from the Chinese of Hiuen Tsiang. By Samuel Beal, B.A. &c. London: Trübner & Co. 2 vols. 1884.

"Memoires sur les Contrées Occidentales" appeared several years later, but they have been long out of print, and not easily accessible. Thanks to Mr. Beal, we have now a most readable English version of the travels, enriched with valuable geographical and exegetical notes, and we may be the more grateful as there is a favour to come—a translation of the life.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the worth for history of these "Buddhist Records." Their literary qualities are remarkable enough; they are vivid, realistic, romantic, graphic, full of interesting narratives of sober and weighty reflections. Where the mysteries of the faith are not concerned the travellers are shrewd, observant, critical, comparative, statistical, gifted with eyes that carefully mark the physical features of the country, the character and state of its people, the qualities of their rulers, the relations of rulers and ruled, and the action of the respective religions on them and their relations. They are Buddhists, but they are also Chinese, devoted to their faith; but also sensible of the fame and excellence of their land and people. Their narratives fall at the time of the bloom and early decadence of Buddhism in India. Fa-hian started for India A.D. 399, and was fourteen years on his travels; Hiuen-Tsiang began his A.D. 629, and did not return till 645. A great change had, between these periods, come over the fortunes of Indian Buddhism; places where it had been seen by the earlier traveller active and flourishing, are described by the later as fallen and desolate. Then we can see how it lived, its attitude to Brahmanism, the way it affected the character of the people, the extraordinary mythology it created and incorporated, the large number of its monasteries, the immense multitude of its monks, the product of religious enthusiasm, but the cause of religious decay. The Pilgrims themselves are most significant objects of study; children of a prosaic race, the most conservative yet permanent of peoples, who have founded the only empire that can claim to be at once ancient and modern, they have yet been so possessed and inspired by the religion that has come to them, their imaginations have been so touched, their hearts so moved by the person and qualities of its founder, that they brave the worst dangers and endure every kind of hardship that they may visit the land he had made holy, collect sacred relics and books that told his history or expounded his doctrine. Their contribution to our knowledge is not simply of a particular faith, but of universal religion. They help us to see how under all religions the imagination works; what miracles it can accomplish, what feats of devotion and ecstasy it can perform; how the intellect operates; what schools, sects, orthodoxies and heresies it can create; theologies, supralapsarian or infralapsarian, of the great Vehicle or the little Vehicle, that feed the spirit on hopes of annihilation or on dreams of restful bliss; yet whether imagination or intellect be active, each is, where most extravagant, still most surely under law! Before anchorites or monks or monasteries were in Europe, they existed in Asia; centuries before Catholicism had its Calendar of Saints, its sacred places, its miraculous relics, its authoritative councils, its fixed canon and determined dogmas, Buddhism was in possession of all these things, and had even proved their inability to arrest decline or preserve dominion. In these instructive volumes many such things may be studied; by their help the student can look into the very heart of India as it was in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries of our era, and know Buddhism as it appeared to sincere and devout believers in the heyday of its power and in the first century of its decline. Here are two extracts illustrative of some of the mythical and miraculous affinities to Western legends :—

"To the south-east of the city, thirty li or so, is the town of Hi-lo (Hidda); it is about four or five li in circuit; it is high in situation and strong by natural declivities. It has flowers and woods, and lakes whose waters are bright as a mirror. The people of this city are simple, honest, and upright. There is here a two-storied tower; the beams are painted, and the columns coloured red. In the second story is a little *stûpa*, made of the seven precious substances; it contains the skull bone of Tathâgata; it is one foot two inches round, the hair orifices are distinct, its colour is a whitish yellow. It is enclosed in a precious receptacle, which is placed in the middle of the *stûpa*. Those who wish to make lucky or unlucky presages (*marks*) make a paste of scented earth, and impress it on the skull bone; then, according to their merit, is the impression made.

"Again, there is another little *stûpa*, made of the seven precious substances, in which is deposited the eyeball of Tathâgata, large as an *âmra* fruit, and bright and clear throughout; this also is deposited in a precious casket sealed up and fastened. The *saughâti* robe of Tathâgata, which is made of fine cotton stuff of a yellow-red colour, is also enclosed in a precious box. Since many months and years have passed it is a little damaged. The staff of Tathâgata, of which the rings are white iron and the stick of sandal-wood, is contained in a precious case. Lately, a king hearing of these various articles, that they formerly belonged to Tathâgata as his own private property, took them away by force to his own country and placed them in his palace. After a short time, going to look at them, they were gone; and after further inquiries, he found they had returned to their original place. These five sacred objects often work miracles". (Vol. i. pp. 95–96.)

"On the southern side of the stone steps of the great *stûpa* there is a painted figure of Buddha about sixteen feet high. From the middle upward there are two bodies; below the middle, only one. The old tradition says: In the beginning there was a poor man who hired himself out to get a living. Having obtained a gold coin, he vowed to make a figure of Buddha. Coming to the *stûpa*, he spoke to a painter and said, 'I wish now to get a figure of Tathâgata painted, with its beautiful points of excellence, but I only have one gold coin; this is little enough to repay an artist. I am sorry to be so hampered by poverty in carrying out my cherished aim.'

"Then the painter, observing his simple truth, said nothing about the price, but promised to set to work to furnish the picture.

"Again, there was a man, similarly circumstanced, who also sought to have a picture of Buddha painted. The painter, having received thus a gold piece from each, procured some excellent colours (*blue* and *vermilion*) and painted a picture. Then both men came the same day to pay reverence to the picture they had had done, and the artist pointed each to the same figure, telling them, 'This is the figure of Buddha which you ordered to be done.' The two men looking at one another in perplexity, the mind of the artist understanding their doubts, said, 'What are you thinking about so long? If you are thinking about the money, I have not defrauded you of any part. To show that it is so, there must be some spiritual indication on the part of the picture.' Scarcely had he finished, when the picture, by some spiritual power, divided itself (*from the middle upwards*), and both parts emitted a glory alike. The two men with joy believed and exulted." (Vol. i. pp. 102–103.)

Mr. Beal has also contributed a new volume to the series on "Non-

Christian Religious Systems."[*] Our author's space and scope are here alike limited, and the book is, while in some respects interesting and valuable, in others disappointing. There are some irrelevant chapters in it, and it does not add as much as we had hoped and could have wished to our knowledge of Buddhism in China. We need to know something of the conditions and circumstances that opened China to it, its effect on the thought and character and life of the people, their effect on it, how it happened that one foreign came to stand beside the two native religions, not displacing or superseding, but simply supplementing them. Buddhism exists in China, but the Chinese are not Buddhists, though they are often *en masse* set down to its credit. The relation of the imperial and native to the imported faith may help us to understand the co-existence through many centuries of Brahmanism and Buddhism in India, while the continuance of the latter in China, with its disappearance from India, may illustrate the difference between a religion which is a department of the State and a religion which constitutes the State, creates the order on which it reposes, and holds society to be the articulation or realization, as it were, of its immanent idea. We could well have spared Mr. Beal's more than questionable speculations about the Sakyas, the genesis of Kwan-Yin, and the Western Paradise of the Buddhists, for the sake of some more light on the action of Buddhism on China and China on Buddhism.

It has often been remarked that the lives of Buddha belong to the history of Buddhism. If they do not show us what the founder did for the religion, they show at least what the religion has done for the founder. They belong to its history, represent the process of apotheosis in a system which is said to know no deity, the power of an ideal to fulfil the functions of a god, and the growth of a mythology. From this point of view great interest belongs to Mr. Rockville's work.[†] We can the better understand Buddhism in Tibet when we learn how the Tibetans apprehend and construe Buddha.

A very elegant and discriminative work comes from the pen of Professor Chantepie de la Saussaye.[‡] It treats of four great religious founders—Confucius, Lao-tsze, Zarathustra, and Buddha. The book is not intended for scholars, but for cultivated readers, and is admirably adapted for its purpose. It is written by a man who has made a full, careful, and critical study of his subject, who is possessed of the insight that comes of sympathy with the men he has studied, as also with the religious aspirations and endeavours of the race, and who writes vividly and gracefully. In a body of notes there are some excellent criticisms and literary notices that may be of advantage to the reader anxious to pursue his studies in this field.

We have space only for a word of commendation of the heroic and patriotic enterprise of Protap Chandra Roy,[§] who is publishing and distributing gratis one of the two great Indian epics. Perhaps nothing could better exhibit the distinctive character of Indian literature than a translation of this huge poem.

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[*] "Buddhism in China." By the Rev. S. Beal. London: Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. 1884.

[†] "The Life of the Buddha and the Early History of his Order. Derived from Tibetan works in the Bkah-Hgyur and Bstan-Hgyur." Translated by W. Woodville Rockville. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

[‡] "Vier Schetsen uit de Godsdienstgeschiedenis." Door Dr. P. D. Chantepie de la Saussaye, Hoogleeraar te Amsterdam. Utrecht: E. H. E. Breijer.

[§] "The Mahabharata." Translated into English prose. Calcutta: Bharata Press.

Two handsome volumes on the "Parsis" * have been sent to us. Those who wish to know something of the manners, customs, social constitution, domestic habits and regulations, commercial aptitudes and enterprise, and political tendencies of this remarkable people, will find these volumes interesting. But to the student of the religion they are of little value. The writer but repeats, often with little precision or discrimination, the opinions of more or less well-known European scholars, writers, and statesmen.

In the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, for January, there is an interesting Essay, by Professor Rauwenhoff, on "Universal Religions," the purpose of which is to plead for some new and better principle of classification, which would save us from the unjust and offensive co-ordination of Christianity with religions so much inferior as Buddhism and Islam. In the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, for last November–December, there are instructive papers by M. Eug. Beauvois and Professor Goldziher. The latter, a translation from the German, is on the "Worship of Ancestors and of the Dead among the Arabians," and is particularly valuable.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

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* "History of the Parsis." By Dosabhai Framji Karaka, C.S.I. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

II.—BIOLOGY.

No evidence that could be brought to the biologist bearing on the validity of the doctrine of the origin of species by variation, and the survival of the fittest, can for a moment surprise him. Whether or not the doctrine is competent to account for *all* the phenomena within our reach, it is so thoroughly established, so far as it extends, that the surprise would be that cumulative evidence should be lacking. It is none the less of value to the general reader to become familiarized with the more important of the new links in the chain of evidence which Nature yields to the zeal and industry of experts.

Some very interesting facts have recently been brought to light at the Antipodes bearing directly on the origin of the great Mammalian group. As a group it is marvellously diversified. In form, size, and habits the utmost divergence exists within its borders; whilst mind shows itself in almost every conceivable grade, from its almost unlimited elevation in man, to the merest trace of its existence where, amongst extant forms, we feel ourselves to be nearest, in condition and descent, to the dawn of the group which complete their development by means of the mammary secretion.

All who understand the question have long realized the enormous antiquity of the Mammalia: it may indeed be fairly believed to be as great as that of the reptiles, and greater than that of birds. In all such questions it is superfluous to say that only the judgment of the skilled observer can be of value. There is now a consensus of judgment that the Mammalia arose in a root common alike to the reptiles and themselves; and the two lowest extant forms arising in this stem give indications to the student of both embryology and morphology of an archaic type of the deepest interest. It is to such researches as those of Professor W. K. Parker, F.R.S., that we are indebted for the most conclusive evidence on this point; and although there may be nowhere discoverable, even in a fossil state, the complete forms suggested and abbreviated in the fœtal development and general structures of the Monotremes, there is yet to the well-instructed student of the subject evidence that such did exist.

The Monotremes are in all respects a singular group. They are included in two genera—the Ornithorhyncus, or duckbill, and the Echidna, or porcupine ant-eater. Both these are strictly Australian, and the former is the lower of the two. It is not to fossils, but to a study of so much of the embryology as has been hitherto within the reach of science, that we are indebted for very clear suggestions of the ancestors of these strange and lonely forms, as well as for indications of the great variations and processes of development through which in vast periods of past time they reached their present state. The adult forms now existing are highly specialized when considered in relation to the archaic ancestral type—of that there can be no doubt; but the lower reptiles and the more ancient birds occupy as elevated a position in general structure as the duckbill does; and it enfolds in its embryology and structure unmistakable evidence of forms that existed before extant reptiles and birds had arisen. But all this has been strengthened in a remarkable, although, as indicated above, not unexpected way, by very recent facts.

There is a probability that in the period when the vast coal measures were in process of growth and formation, the archaic representatives of the present Monotremes were at their zenith. Since then their slowly diminishing survivors during the long intervening periods have become more and more adjusted to a narrowing series of special conditions; but as mammals they retain even now the clearest indications of reptilian origin.

The Monotremes are, as is well known, non-placental; but the exact condition in which the young were born and sustained by the mother was not, and is not even now, fully known. Both Ornithorhyncus and Echidna possess mammary glands, although they are crude and without teats; and it is probable that only the Echidna has a mammary pouch like the marsupials, such as the kangaroo.

It was believed by some that the young were born blind, and almost naked; and it was generally accepted that the proved unlikeness of the immature mandibles to the mature "bill" of the duckbill, enabled the young form to obtain the mammary secretion. This is no doubt correct; but it is now placed beyond doubt that the duckbill is not viviparous at all: neither, indeed, is the whole group, as we shall presently see. They are oviparous, and the young are subsequently hatched, as in the case of reptiles and birds. We do not yet know the details of the method of hatching, or the precise condition of the hatched young.

It will be remembered that the President of the Biological Section of the British Association, in its session at Montreal, announced the receipt of a cablegram from Sydney, stating that Mr. Caldwell, who had gone from this country to make researches into the nature and habits of the Monotremes, had discovered that the Ornithorhyncus produced two eggs, which were meroblastic, and therefore bear a close resemblance to the eggs of reptiles and birds in quantity of yolk and mode of segmentation: that is to say, that after fertilisation, only that part of the ovum which is known as the "germinal disc" segments into the tissues of the embryo, the remainder forming a food mass for the developing young.

This of course was "new," and it is of the deepest import to the modern biologist; it is another infrangible link in the chain of demonstrated evolutional processes. But its reality had been more than foreshadowed. Many embryologists had been compelled by the force of facts to infer that it must be so. One strong reason was, the presence on the "bill" of the Ornithorhyncus of a horny layer, terminating in a hard point, which could have no possible purpose for such a creature but that of breaking the egg for its emergence. The same structure is found in the beak of the young of birds, and is found also in the embryos of existing reptiles.

It was of course conceivable that this, like many other parts in the organs of animals, might have been, in the surviving form, only the survival of a now unused appendage. But it certainly pointed to the fact that at least the direct ancestors of the duckbill had been oviparous, and that there was a sense in which only its outer form and feebly developed mammæ lifted this lowest mammal out of the reptilian group.

It is, moreover, of interest that there was evidence of more than scientific insight, proving that in days gone by there existed neglected evidence of the oviparous nature of the Monotremes. It appears that in 1829 Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in the "Annales des Sciences Naturelles," vol. xviii., pp. 157–164, discusses the position of the Monotremes, insisting that they should not in his judgment be longer retained amongst the mammals, but should be formed into a distinct class by themselves. With this he presents a figure of an egg, drawn to the natural size, and belonging to these animals. He received it from Professor R. E. Grant of London, who drew it from what is spoken of as a "nest" containing nine (?). Two of these were secured to the museum of Manchester. They are unfortunately no longer to be found there; but Professor Williamson has communicated to the present writer, amongst others, his distinct recollection of these eggs having been placed in the museum and labelled as the "eggs of duckbilled platypus."

In 1865 it was reported by Professor Owen that a duckbill in temporary confinement had deposited two eggs; and long before this it appears to have been known that the colonists and natives declared that the duckbill produced its young by means of eggs. In vol. xii. of the "Trans. Linn. Soc. Lond." Sir John Jameson, writing of the Monotremes, says that "the female is oviparous, and lives in burrows in the ground." Sir R. Owen from the first believed that the horny knob or point on the upper mandible of the Ornithorhyncus might point to its use in overcoming the resistance of the shell of the egg; but he held that the group was ovo-viviparous.

All this remained unused for many years: the facts were apparently beyond the insight of biology at the time; but there is now no doubt on the subject, and the origin of the great mammalian group appears to be established beyond all further question. If the Ornithorhynchus had a covering of reptilian scales, the most astute opponent, wherever he may be found, of the evidence of evolution could doubt no more the reptilian nature of the beast. But to the student of Nature in this section of science the evidence within is as absolutely convincing. In the words of Charles Darwin, "these anomalous forms may be called living fossils." Thus the evidence leans to the Reptilia, or rather to a root-stock out of which Reptilia also arose, as the source of the earliest mammals; and it is of some importance in this connection to observe that Professor Cope describes a new fossil form of reptile, which he calls Theromorpha, that in some points characteristic of the Monotremes, as in the scapular and pelvic arches, comes very near to these remarkable mammals.

A yet further fact of cognate interest is brought to us, only a little later than Mr. Cardwell's discovery, through the labours of Dr. Wilhelm Haacke. He discovered in the August of last year an egg *in the mammary pouch* of a female Echidna; thus directly proving that the second genus of the Monotremes is also oviparous. The egg measured

15 mm. in length and 13 mm. in width; having thus nearly a spherical appearance. This is quite different to the long oval egg figured as the form produced by the duckbill. The shell of this egg was found by Dr. Haacke to be parchment-like, and to be in striking resemblance to the eggs of reptiles.

Being found in the marsupial pouch, it is highly probable that in the warmth there obtained the incubation is effected. Dr. Haacke inclines to Gegenbaur's judgment that the pouches in the female Echidna are only periodically developed organs: and this seems at least a rational explanation of the conflict of statement amongst very competent observers as to their presence at all. It appears to be further probable that the pouch is modified on the emergence of the embryos from the egg, and their commencement to feed on the mammary secretion.

There is very much meaning to be attached by the evolutionist to the fact that Dr. Haacke found similar glands in the male to those found in the female Echidna.

The day is not now far distant when the results of careful and scientific study of the development of Monotreme eggs will be placed before us. In the work there will be the rarest pleasure; but in the results of it, a new embryological vista will clearly open up, and will determine much that is now only learnedly suspected, and will enable us to go down to the profounder depths of underlying life-forms out of which arose alike the Monotreme-like reptile, and at length the now remarkably specialized reptile-like Monotreme.

Professor W. K. Parker* has by very recent work been led to the conclusion that the Edentata, including the sloths, armadillos, and anteaters, which are *placental* mammals, are nearer to the Monotremes than the marsupials. He contends that if they did pass through a metatherian (or marsupial) stage, they did not utilize it, but ran through it in an abbreviated prenatal stage. And writing further of one of the more archaic of these forms, the pangolin, he says that "if the term reptilian might be applied to the characters seen in any *placental mammal*, it might to what I find in this." Its correspondence with the reptilians is very broad. It has a *scaly covering*, but it is composed of cemented hairs, a mimetic simulation of the lizard's scales; while the structure of the sternum or breast-bone is eminently lizard-like, as are equally the features of the skull.

It is to investigations like this, carried on in every direction, that the evolutionist trusts. Twenty years ago the hypothesis was boldly assailed; but much work and investigation has happened since then, and all, like the above, has shown that the method according to which the Great Power that wrought the universe produced the living series, was according to the great secular processes and laws formulated in the "hypothesis" of Darwin.

The morphologist has been long familiar with the fact that the cockroach (*Blatta*) is an extremely ancient insect; it is one of the oldest in fact, and has undergone but little special modification. All, however, were not prepared to find that it flourished in the Silurian epoch; this, has been proved to be the fact. M. A. Milne-Edwards has communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences a discovery by M. C. Brongniart of the wing of an insect in the Silurian sandstone of Calvados, which is declared to be without question that of *Blatta*. Such a confirmation of the archaic type of this insect is both welcome and interesting. Its discovery as a part of the fauna of the globe at an epoch of such enormous antiquity may cause, not only the biologist, but others, to reflect upon the pertinacious persistence of some forms, amidst the vast mutations of others.

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* "Proc. Roy. Soc." No. 232, 1884.

Along the same line of discovery is the finding, in two distinct parts of the world, of two fossil Scorpions. They have been found in the Upper Silurian beds of Scotland and of Sweden respectively. The former discovery was made by Dr. Hunter in Lesmahagow in Lanarkshire; and the latter by Professor Gustav Lindström of Stockholm, who obtained it in the island of Gothland.

The Swedish professor shows that the fossil gives distinct evidence of being a true air-breathing land animal. It is lowlier developmentally than any of the carboniferous forms which lie so far above in the later history of the globe; but it is a distinct member of that ancient family of Arachnids. The exoskeleton has become corrugated under pressure; but the cephalothorax, the abdomen with several dorsal laminæ, and the tail with its dart for the injection of poison, can be clearly distinguished. It is named *Palæophoneus nuncius*, and is without doubt one of the most ancient of the land animals at present known; and it has one feature no longer found when we come up to the fossil scorpions of the carboniferous formation—that is, four pairs of thoracic feet, large and pointed, resembling some embryonic forms, and animals like the campodea, occupying morphologically a low position amongst the insect groups. In the carboniferous forms the appendices resemble those found amongst extant scorpions, differing indeed but little from forms now living.

The Scottish specimen is smaller than the Swedish, and is lying on its back in its fossil state. In this it fortunately presents the reverse aspect of that given by the latter. The walking limbs, however, have the same characters, and terminate in the same "claw-like spike;" while the presence of breathing pores or spiracles is as clearly seen. In like manner, the barb is visible and has the same construction.

This existence of scorpions in the Silurian age involves the existence, in large numbers, of other Arachnids, insects, and similar forms on which these fierce animals preyed. In this relation the discovery of the remains of the cockroach in Silurian rocks older than those in which the scorpions are found, is in harmony with this necessity.

The careful study of the septic organisms was a natural consequence of the great improvements effected in the principles and practice of the optical construction of our recent lenses. In this matter there has been a long progressive movement. There can be no doubt that the complete and intimate study of these remarkably minute but powerful forms, is a legitimate part of minute Botany. They lie perhaps in a neutral line between plants and animals; but in practical treatment they are fairly considered plants. The patient and systematic work of the botanist is, and must be, of very large importance in a complete study and thorough knowledge of the Bacteria. But they have been studied also with much zeal, and admirable ingenuity and purpose, by microscopists on the one hand, as objects of great interest with which their instrument was alone concerned, and therefore as "objects" simply, with no necessary relation to their character and biology as a group; and on the other hand, since it has been proved that there are pathogenic forms of bacteria—*i.e.*, forms resembling the septic series, but possessed of the properties of contagia of deadly forms of disease—as a matter of necessity they have formed the subject of the most untiring research and study on the part of the pathologist. But from a strictly pathological point of view; the object of the pathologist is a distinct and limited one: a specific form is supposed, or proved, to be associated with, or the absolute virus of, a given disease. To study this form, find out if possible its real relation to the given disease, the cycle of its life, and its behaviour under a variety of superinduced changes, is the task with which the pathologist is charged. It is none the less clear to all who will take a broad view of the subject, that while both these methods of study have vast theoretical and practical value, yet completeness, and therefore accuracy, of final results cannot be certainly obtained without a comprehensive knowledge of the entire group of bacteria.

The absence of this knowledge is, from the highest scientific considerations, a serious impediment to understanding the complete morphology of such forms as may prove "specific" in the septic series; to trace their life histories; the variations to which they may be subject under altered surroundings, especially such as temperature and food; and finally, to endeavour to discover what, if any, biological relations exist between the pathogenic and the septic forms, is manifestly of the utmost importance. And this would lead up to, and probably explain, in a manner immensely valuable to pathology, what the changes are that are brought about by the multiplied "cultures" of pathogenic forms, producing varying intensities of virulence. Are they biological changes, or chemical changes, or both? and by what are such changes determined? Nor is this all even of the larger questions that need reply in order to certainty of action. How far are the pathogenic forms mutable? Is functional specificity a more, or a less, rapidly acquired variation than morphological modifications? Dr. Klein has well shown that no one has yet succeeded in changing the septic bacillus of hay into the virulent bacillus of anthrax, and *vice versa:* he has proved that Büchner's claim to have done so was without scientific foundation. It was not perhaps a large number of biologists who believed at any time that the evidence offered was competent, or in the least satisfactory. But it would be fatal to the interests of a true science of Bacteriology to conclude in the present state of our knowledge that no such change *can* be brought about. There is a remarkable resemblance between these two forms; it may be—no doubt is—true, that to all the tests hitherto used, they are specifically stable; that is to say, that the one does not, under any circumstances yet ascertained, become possessed of the qualities of the other. The element of time has been too much neglected in all the so-called attempts at change. Minute and prolific as these organisms are, time must be an essential element in their vital mutations. But they may yet prove to be subject to "variation" of an important kind "under domestication." At least it is one of the many problems deserving the most complete and careful study; for as the facts now stand, there are few things that appear more probable than that such pathogenic forms as the bacilli of anthrax have arisen as the result of change and survival from such forms as *Bacillus subtilis.* It at least looks as probable, in a very minute field, as that *Equus* arose through a vast series of changes from *Orohippus.* But the law of variation is as operative to-day as ever, and the rapidity with which generation succeeds generation in these lowly and minute forms, certainly promotes the chance of variation and survival. It is therefore conceivable that changes may happen which it is of the utmost importance for us to know.

This and much more is suggested by the recent dubiety and controversy on the so-called bacillus held by Koch to be the cause of cholera. There can be no longer any serious doubt that Koch is in error. He has ignored his own canons of research. His eagerness for results has possibly led him astray. We are enabled to see this now, not only by an examination of Koch's own record of his methods and facts, but we have, besides the Preliminary Report of the India Cholera Commission, a very concise and clear account of "The Relation of Bacteria to Asiatic Cholera" by Dr. Klein, read this month before the Royal Society. There is no point of real importance that is not touched. Koch affirms that the "comma" is a specific micro-organism with distinctive characteristics; that it is always present in cholera; and that it is the only form which is constantly present. But the complete specificity of this organism can only be established by a thorough knowledge of it. This has not been obtained; and this organism is known to inhabit the healthy human mouth, to be present in some common articles of food, and to be correlated with other intestinal affections.

The vibrio, called by Koch a "comma bacillus," is admittedly present in cases of cholera; but the numbers greatly vary, and apparently bear no relation to the character of the attack. It will be noted, however, with surprise by many, that it is affirmed there is direct evidence to show "that water contaminated with 'comma' bacilli, where used for domestic purposes and for drinking by a large number of persons, did not produce cholera."* In this very statement, considering all the facts, is sufficient evidence of the importance of as large a knowledge of the nature and relations of the form as may be in all such investigations. It is also of interest to note that there appears some vacillation at the commencement of Koch's investigations as to the form of the organism that really, in his judgment, gave rise to cholera. In the earlier stages of his work it is difficult not to conclude that he accepted as closely related to the cause of cholera a small rod-shaped bacillus, which, from the comparison he makes, must be straight. The English Commission in India found such a form, "after death from typical acute cholera," contained within mucus flakes, and these are "never missed," even when the "comma" bacilli are. They are non-motile, and behave as putrefactive organisms.

But no fact is more important than the discovery by Dr. Klein and his colleagues that there was a vast difference in the result as to whether a case was examined *soon* after death or at a period of greater length. The "comma" was found very sparsely in its usual haunt when the examination was made from fourteen minutes to an hour or an hour and a half after death; for, in total reversal of Koch's affirmation that in acute cases the ileum was densely charged with the comma bacilli, Dr. Klein finds that if examined *soon* after death, it does not contain in any part any trace of "comma" bacilli. This surely points to the putrefactive nature of the "comma" form, and a delay on the part of the German *savant* in his examinations; for, says Klein, "if the post-mortem examination is sufficiently delayed, *comma bacilli and other bacteria* may be found penetrating into the spaces of the mucous membrane."*

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* *Vide* Klein's paper on the "Relation of Bacteria to Asiatic Cholera."

The English Commission to India thus, on apparently good grounds, disallow the conclusions of Koch. His "comma" bacillus is probably only a putrefactive or septic form, merely incidentally present in cholera. But a complete study of this, and, so far as so eminently difficult but by no means impossible a task can be accomplished, of all forms of septic bacteria, on broad biological principles, will afford the earnest pathological student the key to the solution of many problems not easily accessible now to any solution that has undoubted value.

W. H. DALLINGER.

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* "The Relation of Bacteria to Asiatic Cholera." E Klein, M.D., F.R.S.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

Biography.—A biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson by Oliver Wendell Holmes[*] will attract many readers, and, though the present book will not answer the high expectations which the names necessarily excite, it will still occupy a very agreeable and instructive hour. Little that is new is told us of Emerson, and one is particularly disappointed to meet with almost no reminiscences of the author's own personal intercourse with him; but the simple story of Emerson's life and successive works is made the occasion of a running commentary full of Dr. Holmes's happy touches and mild wisdom.—"The Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd,"[†] by his daughter, contains a great deal of new and interesting matter, and will furnish the present generation with a true picture of the real Ettrick Shepherd, as distinguished from the Shepherd of the "Noctes"—an unwarranted caricature of the poet, which caused him and his family much pain in his lifetime, and which has injured his memory even more than his feelings. The present volume does not profess to be anything more than its name indicates, "memorials" of the Shepherd's life; but it undoubtedly sheds more light on Hogg's true nature and history than has been done before, and it is written in an unpretending and agreeable style.—The correspondence of Sir James Bland Burges has just been edited and worked up into a kind of biography by Mr. James Hutton.[‡] It would not have been worth while disturbing the dust of Sir James for anything in the man himself, for he was merely a prosperous mediocrity, with some pretensions to being a poet which time has not justified, and certain knacks of party usefulness which were more than sufficiently rewarded in their own day by an Under-Secretaryship of State. But he moved among important people, and his letters give us many a bit of pleasant chit-chat about persons like Gibbon and Pitt and Warren Hastings and Burke, and other leading politicians. Occasionally, glimpses of some value are opened into the inner working of the politics of the time, and incidents related or opinions expressed which help us to better conceptions of the character of public men or of the reasons for particular parts of their conduct. Altogether the book contains much interesting reading, and Mr. Hutton has done his part of the work very well in supplying a connecting narrative and occasional explanations.—External reasons make "Lives of Greek Statesmen"[§] rather unattractive. The little volume is printed in small type, with marginals still smaller disturbing the text; and many will be reminded of an unpleasant elementary schoolbook by Cornelius Nepos which went over much the same ground. Sir George Cox begins with Solon, and takes up in order Peisistratos, Kleisthenes, Polycrates, Aristagoras, Miltiades, Aristeides, Themistocles, Pausanias, and Gelon. These have careful treatment from practised skill; but it is right to say that Sir George is more at home in his favourite field of mythology than in that of biography or biographical history. An able effort to make Themistocles a spotless hero is worthy of more serious attention than the forbidding aspects of the work will probably permit. Land tenure in the days of Solon is one of many subjects which occur by the way in these "lives of individual citizens."—An abridged translation of "The Life and Letters of Adolphe Monod"* gives a somewhat colourless account of an eloquent and pious pastor of the French Protestant Church in Paris. The son of a Swiss clergyman in Copenhagen, he came to study theology at Geneva in 1820 while Rationalism still prevailed there, and in Geneva he met Carlyle's friend, Erskine of Linlathen, who led him to evangelical opinions and exercised an abiding influence over him to the end of a life that seems very perfect within a limited intellectual boundary. Of his travels for health and for the advance of evangelical religion in various countries a good deal appears. In England, and especially in Scotland, he was well known as one of the most important Protestant visitors from the Continent, and his untimely death, in 1856, was the cause of mourning through all circles where simple faith and devout eloquence had recognition. The book, with a suggestive photograph of him, will be welcome to those of like mind.

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[*] "Ralph Waldo Emerson." By Oliver Wendell Holmes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

[†] Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Garden. With a Preface by Professor Veitch. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

[‡] "Selections from the Letters and Correspondence of Sir James Bland Burges, Bart., sometime Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. With Notices of his Life." Edited by James Hutton. London: John Murray.

[§] "Lives of Greek Statesmen." By the Rev. Sir George W. Cox, Bart., M.A., Author of "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," &c. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

TRAVELS.—Mr. Thomson's "Through Masai Land" † is one of the best books of travels we have read for many a day. The country described has been hitherto almost unknown; the perils the author encountered, and by courage or tact overcame, are varied and often thrilling; the contributions he makes to our geographical and anthropological knowledge are important, and the whole record is written in an easy, lively, and winning style. He found the country very different from our ideas of the tropics. He calls it park-like. Instead of palms there were trees of the pine sort, and heath and clover, and herds of cattle; nor are the people the usual Equatorial Africans. They are not negroes; their language is Hamitic, and their cranium is much higher than the negro type. One of Mr. Thomson's most interesting chapters is devoted to a description of their manners and customs, which, by a good idea, he unfolds to us under the form of a history of a Masai male and female from birth to death. Some of their customs are very remarkable. Mr. Thomson's account of their religious ideas seems imperfect, for while he denies that they have any idea of spirit or a future life, he mentions some things that seem inconsistent with this statement. Mr. Spencer's attention may be called to the fact that the Masai have no theory of dreams, and do not believe the people they see in dreams to be real disembodied souls.—Dr. Faulds's "Nine Years in Nipon"* is very good reading. His descriptions are sketchy, but full of interesting facts. As a medical man practising among the people, he had better opportunities than usual for observing their ways, and in some not unimportant particulars he corrects the information supplied by the most recent travellers. Miss Bird, he says, was quite mistaken in asserting that the hara-kiri (not, it seems, hari-kari, as we generally see it spelt) was extinct; the only change that has occurred being a resort to more refined methods of execution. But Dr. Faulds is far from agreeing with those recent accounts which told us that while Japan had made great strides lately in intellectual and economic progress, she remained morally where she was. His experience leads him to the opposite conclusion. "On the whole, the moral elevation of the mass of the people within the last decade has been still more striking and noteworthy. The judges will not now, I am sure, accept a bribe any more than an English magistrate would do; obscene images and pictures are rarely to be seen in public, unless imported from Christian countries; and the women are far more modest in their clothing and outward demeanour than they were a few years ago."—"Above the Snow Line,"† by the Vice-President of the Alpine Club, is a book that should have a charm for the ordinary reader not less than for the specialist. Mr. Clinton Dent narrates some of his adventures on the Saas-Fée, Zermatt and Chamouni Alps, but the interest centres in his repeated attempts upon the Aiguille du Dru, which only yielded at the nineteenth assault. The author's humour is most excellent; his chief fault is that he is so absolutely restless in his desire to amuse that he makes the effort almost always evident; and "even the least critical of our race" (to quote Mr. Dent's own words) "feel irresistibly disposed to cavil at anything they are told they must admire." Nothing, again, is more wearisome than to meet a simile, though of the most apposite, for every conceivable event; nor is anything more surfeiting than a foolish repetition of the trite figure of speech by which people are described as inflated with success and *limonade gazeuse*. But with these reservations the book is in every sense readable: the Fragment, the Sentimental Journey, and Early Attempts on the Aiguille, contain some supremely funny passages. There is a delightful honesty, too, about the way in which the writer exposes the common tricks of mountaineering literature, even so far as to admit that one of his flights of panoramic description does not represent so much his observations at the time, as what he gathered subsequently from a study of the map.

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* "Life and Letters of Adolphe Monod, Pastor of the Reformed Church of France." By one of his Daughters. Authorized translation; abridged from the Original. London: James Nisbet & Co.

† "Through Masai Land; being a narrative of the Royal Geographical Society's Expedition to Mount Kenia and Lake Victoria Nyanza, 1883–1884. By Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Under the title of the "Universe of Suns,"‡ Mr. R. A. Proctor has added to his "Science Gleanings" another volume of the lucidly popular type. The most important essay contains chiefly a cursory exposition of Sir William Herschel's theories of star-systems; besides numerous astronomical papers, including a chapter on the planet Mars considered as an eligible sphere of habitation. There are articles of general interest, in which the lime-light of science is made to illuminate at once the dark questions of earth-shakings and the game of poker, of pitch-and-toss and the equality of the sexes. The chapter on "Strange Coincidences" is so carelessly constructed of casual articles that the join is quite noticeable: at least, the writer on one page gives a detailed account of some railroad incident, and on the very next is pleased to recapitulate the whole with the pointless introduction: "It may be remembered that I have elsewhere described how," &c. But the paper on the "Principles of Poker" is very commendable.—Mr. Mark Thornhill,* late of the Bengal Civil Service gives us a personal narrative of those scenes of the Indian Mutiny which had the district of Muttra and Agra for their *locale*. Parts of the book, in particular the chapters about the defeat of the Indore mutineers, and the traditional ghosts and treasures of Agra, are very entertaining; the writer is on occasion even humorous. But the trivialities, the personal details, and the needless digressions, incline to tediousness; very scant pains, too, seem to have been taken about the composition of the sentences, which have all the disjointedness of a journal-entry. The treatment of the subject, however, shows thought: and in his remarks, for instance, upon the mismanagement at Agra, the writer would appear to be furnishing an impartial, not to say generous, criticism. Military tactics are described in military fashion, though the rudimentary details of the firing of a gun—"I was standing close by one of the cannon when there came a deafening roar and jet of flame, and a puff of smoke"—seem unnecessarily to savour of the civilian.—The new edition of the Works of Marlowe† now before us is the first instalment of a handsome and critical series of the English Dramatists which Mr. Nimmo purposes publishing in due course. It is edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen, who, although he has made generous use of the labours of previous editors, such as Dyce and Cunningham, exhibits in his own notes much care and considerable critical judgment. The introduction is ably written and full of literary interest Mr. Bullen relates the little that is known of Marlowe's life with much care, leaving all that he tells us of him beyond the region of doubt; for with great pains he has succeeded in verifying his statements. In the earlier portion of these volumes there seems to have been some carelessness manifested in reading the proof-sheets; but a small slip containing the *errata* has in some measure corrected this editorial oversight. There is, however, one important error which has been overlooked: it occurs in the fifth act of the First Part of Tamburlaine the Great. The commencement of scene ii. has not been noted—a fault which will cause some annoyance to the inexpert reader. The book is beautifully printed.—Mr. Shepherd is indefatigable in his task of saving the "unconsidered trifles" which their writers would have willingly let die, and he now publishes a collection of the plays and poems of Charles Dickens.‡ Some of the poems are already very well known, but the plays and the miscellaneous prose pieces, such as the pamphlet on Sunday Observance, the "Threatening Letter to Thomas Hood," and the article on "Fechter's Acting," will be new even to Dickens's admirers in the present generation, and read by them with great interest. Mr. Shepherd has added a very complete and valuable bibliography of Dickens. —Mrs. Cashel Hoey translates for us a very interesting book on Cats from the French of M. Champfleury.* The cat is looked at in every possible aspect, from that of a divinity to that of a social companion, and we are told all about its friends and its enemies, its habits, and language, and character. M. Champfleury loves cats, and writes of his favourites with as much knowledge as enthusiasm.—Sir Edward Sullivan's "Stray Shots †" are aimed at such casual marks as Gladstoneism, the Land Act, Short Service, Cosmopolitanism, Free Trade, the Liquor Traffic, Official Ignorance, and the Tyranny of Priggism. Though posing as a cross-bencher, the author writes in a strong Tory spirit of Nationalism. His motto is Stephen Decatur's immortal toast—"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our Country,—right or wrong!" The chief fault of the book lies in the vast amount of repetition it contains; this applies not only to the subject-matter, but to many of the individual metaphors and epigrammatic expressions: "balm in Gilead," "men of *ni foi, ni roi, ni loi*," "free trade's *frugifera navis*," "disputes about the shadow of an ass"—these are examples of phrases that the author is not content to use once only. In point of style the book is very racy and readable, though its tone is highly sententious.—"Greater London" ‡ is a continuation of Mr. Walford's "Old and New London," treating of the suburbs within fifteen miles around—the area of the Metropolitan Police—with the same fulness of topographical and historical detail that marked the earlier work. It is one of the best works of the kind we know. It is of course a compilation, but a compilation by a competent writer, whose knowledge is varied, and who exercises a careful and critical judgment. The result is a trustworthy, interesting and serviceable book.—"Obiter Dicta" § is the modest title of a few fresh and thoughtful essays in literary or social criticism. The chapter on "Truth-hunting" is particularly striking, but all are marked by a certain individuality of treatment, and by a felicitous and easy literary style.—Mr. Waugh is now well known as one of the best of our religious writers for the young. He has not merely a command of happy illustration, but, what is much rarer, a distinct gift of sympathy that looks at things almost with the eyes and feelings of children. His new book, "The Children's Hour," ‖ consists of a series of short and very fresh addresses on selected texts of Scripture, and it may be warmly commended to the notice of all who want Sunday reading that will at once interest and improve their children.

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* "Nine Years in Nipon: Sketches of Japanese Life and Manners." By Henr Faulds, Surgeon of Tsukiji Hospital, Tokio. London: Alexander Gardner.

† "Above the Snow Line." By Clinton Dent. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ "The Universe of Suns, and other Science Gleanings." By Richard A. Proctor. London: Chatto & Windus.

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* "The Indian Mutiny." By Mark Thornhill. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

† "The Works of Christopher Marlowe." Edited by A. H. Bullen, B.A. In three volumes. London: John C. Nimmo.

‡ "The Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens, with a few Miscellanies in Prose." Now first collected. Edited, prefaced, and annotated by Richard Herne Shepherd. In two vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

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* "The Cat, Past and Present." From the French of M. Champfleury. With Supplementary Notes. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. London: George Bell & Son.

† London: Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ "Greater London: A Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places." By Edward Walford, M.A. London: Cassell & Co.

§ London: E. Stock. ‖ By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh. London: Wm. Isbister.

A COMMENT ON CHRISTMAS.

IT is a long time since I quoted Bishop Wilson, but he is full of excellent things, and one of his apophthegms came into my mind the other day as I read an angry and unreasonable expostulation addressed to myself. Bishop Wilson's apophthegm is this: *Truth provokes those whom it does not convert.* "Miracles," I was angrily reproached for saying, "do not happen, and more and more of us are becoming convinced that they do not happen; nevertheless, what is really best and most valuable in the Bible is independent of miracles. For the sake of this I constantly read the Bible myself, and I advise others to read it also." One would have thought that at a time when the French newspapers are attributing all our failures and misfortunes to our habit of reading the Bible, and when our own Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is protesting that the golden rule is a delusion and a snare for practical men, the friends of the old religion of Christendom would have had a kindly feeling towards any one—whether he admitted miracles or not—who maintained that the root of the matter for all of us was in the Bible, and that to the use of the Bible we should still cling. But no; *Truth provokes those whom it does not convert;* so angry are some good people at being told that miracles do not happen, that if we say this, they cannot bear to have us using the Bible at all, or recommending the Bible. Either take it and recommend it with its miracles, they say, or else leave it alone, and let its enemies find confronting them none but orthodox defenders of it like ourselves!

The success of these orthodox champions is not commensurate with their zeal; and so, in spite of all rebuke, I find myself, as a lover of the Bible, perpetually tempted to substitute for their line of defence a different method, however it may provoke them. Christmas comes round again, and brings the most beautiful and beloved festival of the Christian year. What is Christmas, and what does it say to us? Our French friends will reply that Christmas is an exploded legend, and says to us nothing at all. The *Guardian*, on the other hand, lays it down that Christmas commemorates the miracle of the Incarnation, and that the Incarnation is the fundamental truth for Christians. Which is right, the *Guardian* or our French friends? Or are neither the one nor the other of them right, and is the truth about Christmas something quite different from what either of them imagine? The inquiry is profitable; and I kept Christmas, this last winter, by following it.

Who can ever lose out of his memory the roll and march of those magnificent words of prophecy, which, ever since we can remember, we have heard read in church on Christmas-day, and have been taught to regard as the grand and wonderful prediction of "the miracle of the Incarnation?" "The Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, until he shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings." We all know the orthodox interpretation. Immanuel is Jesus Christ, to be born of the Virgin Mary; the meaning of the name Immanuel, *God with us*, signifies the union of the divine nature and ours in Christ, God and man in one Person. "Butter and honey shall he eat"—the Christ shall be very man, he shall have a true human body, he shall be sustained, while he is growing up, with that ordinary nourishment wherewith human children are wont to be fed. And the sign that the promised birth of Immanuel, God and man in one Person, from the womb of a virgin, shall really happen, is this: the two kings of Syria and Israel who are now, in the eighth century before Christ, threatening the kingdom of Judah, shall be overthrown, and their country devastated. "*For* before the child shall know"—before this promised coming of Jesus Christ, and as a sign to guarantee it, the kings of Syria and Israel shall be conquered and overthrown. And conquered and overthrown they presently were.

But then comes the turn of criticism. The study of history, and of all documents on which history is based, is diligently prosecuted; a number of learned, patient, impartial investigators read and examine the prophets. It becomes apparent what the prophets really mean to say. It becomes certain that in the famous words read on Christmas-day the prophet Isaiah was not meaning to speak of Jesus Christ to be born more than seven centuries later. It becomes certain that his Immanuel is a prince of Judah to be born in a year or two's time.

It becomes certain that there is no question at all of a child miraculously conceived and born of a virgin; what the prophet says is that a young woman, a damsel, at that moment unmarried, shall have time, before certain things happen, to be married and to bear a son, who shall be called Immanuel. There is no question in the name *Immanuel* of a union of the human and divine natures, of God and man in one Person. "God present with his people and protecting them" is what the prophet means the name to signify. In "Butter and honey shall he eat," there is no question of the Christ's being very man, with a true human body. What the prophet intends to say is, that when the prince Immanuel, presently to be born, reaches adult age, agriculture shall have ceased in the desolated realm of Judah; the land, overrun by enemies, shall have returned to a wild state, the inhabitants shall live on the produce of their herds and on wild honey. But before this comes to pass, before the visitation of God's wrath upon the kingdom of Judah, and while the prince Immanuel is still but a little child, not as yet able to discern betwixt good and evil, "to refuse the evil and choose the good," the present enemies of Judah, the kings of Syria and Israel, shall be overthrown and their land made desolate. Finally, this overthrow and desolation are not, with the prophet, the sign and guarantee of Immanuel's coming. Immanuel is himself intended as a sign; all the rest is accompaniment of this sign, not proof of it.

This, the true and sure sense of those noble words of prophecy which we hear read on Christmas-day, is obscured by slight errors in the received translation, and comes out clearer when the errors are corrected:—

> "The Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold, the damsel shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.
>
> "Milk-curd and honey shall he eat, when he shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good.
>
> "For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land shall be forsaken, whose two kings make thee afraid."

Syria and Israel shall be made desolate in Immanuel's infancy, says the prophet; but the chastisement and desolation of Judah also shall follow later, by the time Immanuel is a youth. Further yet, however, Isaiah carries his prophecy of Immanuel and of the events of his life. In his manhood, the prophet continues, Immanuel, the promised child of the royal house of David, shall reign in righteousness over a restored, far-spreading, prosperous, and peaceful kingdom of the chosen people. "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom." This completion of the prophecy, too, we hear read in church on Christmas-day. Naturally, the received and erroneous interpretation, which finds, as we have seen, in the first part of the prophecy "the miracle of the Incarnation," governs our understanding of the latter part also. But in the latter part, as well as in the former, the prophet undoubtedly has in view, not a scion of the house of David to be born and to reign seven centuries later, but a scion of the house of David to be born immediately; a scion who in his youth should see Judah afflicted, in his manhood should reign over it restored and triumphant.

Well, then, the "miracle of the Incarnation," the preternatural conception and birth of Jesus Christ, which the Church celebrates at Christmas, and which is, says the *Guardian*, the fundamental truth for Christians, gets no support at all from the famous prophecy which is commonly supposed to announce it. Need I add that it gets no support at all from any single word of Jesus Christ himself, from any single word in the letters of Paul, Peter, James, or John? The *miraculous conception and birth of Jesus is* a legend, a lovely and attractive legend, which soon formed itself, naturally and irresistibly, around the origin of the Saviour; a legend which by the end of the first century had established itself, and which passed into two out of the four Gospel narratives that in the century following acquired canonicity. In the same way, a precisely similar legend formed itself around the origin of Plato, although to the popular imagination Plato was an object incomparably less fitted to offer stimulus. The father of Plato, said the Athenian story, was upon his marriage warned by Apollo in a dream that his wife, Perictiona, was about to bring forth a babe divinely conceived, and that he was to live apart from her until the child had been born. Among the students of philosophy, who were Plato's disciples, this story, although authorized by his family, languished and died. Had Plato founded a popular religion the case would have been very different. Then the legend would have survived and thriven; and for Plato, too, there would have certainly been a world-famous "miracle of the Incarnation" investing his origin. But Plato, as Bossuet says, formed fewer disciples than Paul formed churches. It was these churches, this multitude, it was the popular masses with their receptivity, with their native tendencies of mind, heart, and soul, which made the future of the Christian legend of the miracle of the Incarnation.

But because the story of the miracle of the Incarnation is a legend, and because two of the canonical Gospels propound the legend seriously, basing it upon an evidently fantastic use of the words of prophecy, and because the festival of Christmas adopts and consecrates this legend, are we to cast the Gospels aside, and cast the celebration of Christmas aside; or else to give up our common sense, and to say that things are not what they are, and that Isaiah really predicted the preternatural conception and birth of Jesus Christ, and that the miracle of the Incarnation really happened as the *Guardian* supposes, and that Christians, in commemorating it, commemorate a solid fact of history, and a fact which is the fundamental truth for Christians? By no means. The solid fact of history marked by Christmas is the birth of Jesus, the miraculous circumstances with which that birth is invested and presented are legendary. The solid fact in itself, the birth of Jesus with its inexhaustible train of consequences, its "unspeakable riches," is foundation enough, and more than enough, for the Christmas festival; yet even the legend and miracle investing the fact, and now almost inseparable from it, have, moreover, their virtue of symbol.

Symbol is a dangerous word, and we ought to be very cautious in employing it. People have a difficulty in owning that a thing is unhistorical, and often they try to get out of the difficulty by saying that the thing is symbolical. Thus they think to save the credit of whoever delivered the thing in question, as if he had himself intended to deliver it as symbolical and figurative, not as historical. They save it, however, at the expense of truth. In very many cases, undoubtedly, when this shift of symbol is resorted to for saving the credit of a narrator of legend, the narrator had not himself the least notion that what he propounded was figure, but fully imagined himself to be propounding historical fact. The Gospel narrators of the miracle of the Incarnation were in this position of mind; they did not in the least imagine themselves to be speaking symbolically. Nevertheless, a thing may have important value as symbol, although its utterer never told or meant it symbolically. Let us see how this is so with the Christian legend of the Incarnation.

In times and among minds where science is not a power, and where the preternatural is daily and familiarly admitted, the pureness and elevation of a great teacher strike powerfully the popular imagination, and the natural, simple, reverential explanation of his superiority is at once that he was born of a virgin. Such a legend is the people's genuine translation for the fact of his unique pureness. In his birth, as well as in his life and teaching, this chosen one has been pure; has been unlike other men, and above them. Signal and splendid is the pureness of Plato; noble his serene faith, that "the conclusion has long been reached that dissoluteness is to be condemned, in that it brings about the aggrandisement of the lower side in our nature, and the defeat of the higher." And this lofty pureness of Plato impressed the imagination of his contemporaries, and evoked the legend of his having been born of a virgin. But Plato was, as I have already said, a philosopher, not the founder of a religion; his personality survived, but for the intellect mainly, not the affections and imagination. It influenced and affected the few, not the many—not the masses which love and foster legend. On the figure of Jesus also the stamp of a pureness unique and divine was seen to dwell. The remark has often been made that the pre-eminent, the winning, the irresistible Christian virtues, were charity and chastity. Perhaps the chastity was an even more winning virtue than the charity; it offered to the Pagan world, at any rate, relief from a more oppressive, a more consuming, a more intolerable bondage. Chief among the beatitudes shone this pair: *Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven*, and, *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;* and of these two, the second blessing may have been even the greater boon. Jesus, then, the bringer of this precious blessing, Jesus, the high exemplar and ideal of pureness, was born of a virgin. And what Jesus brought was not a philosophy, but a religion; he gave not to the few, but to the masses, to the very recipients whom the tender legend of his being born of the gracious Virgin, and laid in the humble manger, would suit best; who might most surely be trusted to seize upon it, not to let it go, to delight in it and magnify it for ever.

So the legend of the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus, like the legend of the miraculous conception and birth of Plato, is the popular homage to a high ideal of pureness, it is the multitude's way of expressing for this its reverence. Of such reverence the legend is a genuine symbol. But the importance of the symbol is proportional to the scale on which it acts. And even when it acts on a very large scale, still its virtue will depend on these two things further: the worth of the idea to which it does homage, and the extent to which its recipients have succeeded in penetrating through the form of the legend to this idea.

And first, then, as to the innate truth and worth of that idea of pureness to which the legend of the miracle of the Incarnation does homage. *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,* says Jesus. *God hath not called us to impureness, but unto holiness,* adds his apostle. Perhaps there is no doctrine of Christianity which is exposed to more trial amongst us now, certainly there is none which will be exposed, so far as from present appearances one can judge, to more trial in the immediate future, than this. *Let us return to nature*, is a rising and spreading cry again now, as it was at the Renascence. And the Christian pureness has so much which seems to contradict nature, and which is menaced by the growing desire and determination to return to nature! The virtue has suffered more than most virtues in the hands of hypocrites; and with hypocrites and hypocrisy, as a power in English life, there is an increasing impatience. But the virtue has been mishandled, also, by the sincere; by the sincere, but who are at the same time over-rigid, formal, sour, narrow-minded; and these, too, are by no means in the ascendant among us just now. Evidently, again, it has been mishandled by many of the so-called saints, and by the asceticism of the Catholic Church; for these have so managed things, very often, as to turn and rivet the thoughts upon the very matter from which pureness would avert them and get them clear, and have to that extent served to endanger and impair the virtue rather than forward it. Then, too, with the growing sense that gaiety and pleasure are legitimate demands of nature, that they add to life and to our sum of force, instead of, as strict people have been wont to say, taking from it—with this growing sense comes also the multiplication everywhere of the means of gaiety and pleasure, the spectacle ever more prominent of them and catching the eye more constantly, an ever larger number of applicants pressing forward to share in them. All this solicits the senses, makes them bold, eager and stirring. At the same time the force of old sanctions of self-restraint diminishes and gives way. The belief in a magnified and non-natural man, out of our sight, but proved by miracles to exist and to be all-powerful, who by his commands has imposed on us the obligation of self-restraint, and who will punish us after death in endless fire if we disobey, will reward us in Paradise if we submit—this belief is rapidly and irrecoverably losing its hold on men's minds. If pureness or any other virtue is still to subsist, it must subsist nowadays not by authority of this kind enforcing it in defiance of nature, but because nature herself turns out to be really for it.

Mr. Traill has reminded us, in the interesting volume on Coleridge which he has recently published, how Coleridge's disciple, Mr. Green, devoted the last years of his life to elaborating, in a work entitled "Spiritual Philosophy: founded on the Teaching of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge," the great Coleridgian position "that Christianity, rightly understood, is identical with the highest philosophy, and that, apart from all question of historical evidence, the essential doctrines of Christianity are necessary and eternal truths of reason—truths which man, by the vouchsafed light of nature and without aid from documents or tradition, may always and everywhere discover for himself." We shall not find this position established or much elucidated in "Spiritual Philosophy." We shall not find it established or much elucidated in the works of Coleridge's immediate disciples. It was a position of extreme novelty to take at that time. Firmly to occupy it, resolutely to establish it, required great boldness and great lucidity. Coleridge's position made demands upon his disciples which at that time it was almost impossible they should fulfil; it embarrassed them, forced them into vagueness and obscurity. The most eminent and popular among them, Mr. Maurice, seems never quite to have himself known what he himself meant, and perhaps never really quite wished to know. But neither did the master, as I have already said, establish his own position; there were obstacles in his own character, as well as in his circumstances, in the time. Nevertheless it is rightly called *the great Coleridgian position*. It is at the bottom of all Coleridge's thinking and teaching; it is true; it is deeply important; and by virtue of it Coleridge takes rank, so far as English thought is concerned, as an initiator and founder. The "great Coleridgian position," that apart from all question of the evidence for miracles, and of the historical quality of the Gospel narratives, the essential matters of Christianity are necessary and eternal facts of nature or truths of reason, is henceforth the key to the whole defence of Christianity. When a Christian virtue is presented to us as obligatory, the first thing, therefore, to be asked is whether our need of it is a fact of nature.

Here the appeal is to experience and testimony. His own experience may in the end be the surest teacher for every man; but meanwhile, to confirm or deny his instinctive anticipations and to start him on his way, testimony as to the experience of others, general experience, is of the most serious weight and value. We have had the testimony of Plato to the necessity of pureness, that virtue on which Christianity lays so much stress. Here is yet another testimony out of the same Greek world—a world so alien to the world in which Christianity arose; here is the testimony of Sophocles. "Oh that my lot might lead me in the path of holy *pureness* of thought and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws which in the highest heaven had their birth; . . . . the power of God is mighty in them, and groweth not old." That is the testimony of the poet Sophocles. Coming down to our own times, we have again a like testimony from the greatest poet of our times, Goethe; a testimony the more important, because Goethe, like Sophocles, was in his own life what the world calls by no means a purist. "May the idea of *pureness*," says Goethe, "extending itself even to the very morsel which I take into my mouth, become ever clearer and more luminous within me!" But let us consult the testimony not only of people far over our heads, such as great poets and sages; let us have the testimony of people living, as the common phrase is, in the world, and living there on an every-day footing. And let us choose a world the least favourable to purists possible, the most given to laxity—and where indeed by this time the reign of the great goddess Lubricity seems, as I have often said, to be almost established—the world of Paris. Two famous women of that world of Paris in the seventeenth century, two women not altogether unlike in spirit, Ninon de l'Enclos and Mme de Sévigné, offer, in respect to the virtue with which we are now occupied, the most striking contrast possible. Both had, in the highest degree, freedom of spirit and of speech, boldness, gaiety, lucidity. Mme. de Sévigné, married to a worthless husband, then a widow, beautiful, witty, charming, of extraordinary freedom, easy and broad in her judgments, fond of enjoyment, not seriously religious; Mme. de Sévigné, living in a society where almost everybody had a lover, never took one. The French commentators upon this incomparable woman are puzzled by this. But really the truth is, that not from what is called high moral principle, not from religion, but from sheer elementary soundness of nature and by virtue of her perfect lucidity, she revolted from the sort of life so common all round her, was drawn towards regularity, felt antipathy to blemish and disorder. Ninon, on the other hand, with a like freedom of mind, a like boldness and breadth in her judgments, a like gaiety and love of enjoyment, took a different turn, and her irregular life was the talk of her century. But that lucidity, which even all through her irregular life was her charm, made her say at the end of it: "All the world tells me that I have less cause to speak ill of time than other people. However that may be, could anybody have proposed to me beforehand the life I have had, I would have hanged myself." That, I say, is the testimony of the most lucid children of this world, as the testimony of Plato, Sophocles and Goethe is the testimony of the loftiest spirits, to the natural obligation and necessity of the essentially Christian virtue of pureness. So when legend represents the founder of Christianity and great exemplar of this virtue as born of a virgin, thus doing homage to pureness, it does homage to what has natural worth and necessity.

But we have further to ask to what extent the recipients of the legend showed themselves afterwards capable, while firmly believing the legend and delighting in it, of penetrating to that virtue which it honoured, and of showing their sense that accompanying the legend went the glorification of that virtue. Here the Collects of the Church which have come down to us from Catholic antiquity—from the times when all legend was most unhesitatingly received, most fondly loved, most delighted in for its own sake—are the best testimony. Jesus was manifested, says one of the Epiphany Collects, "to make us the sons of God and heirs of eternal life," and we, having this hope, are to "purify ourselves even as he is pure." And the Collect for Christmas-day itself—that very day on which the miracle of the Incarnation is commemorated, and on which we might expect the legend's miraculous side to be altogether dominant—firmly seizes the homage to pureness and renovation which is at the heart of the legend, and holds it steadily before us all Christmas-time. "Almighty God," so the Collect runs, "who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure Virgin, grant that we being regenerate, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit." The miracle is amply and impressively stated, but the stress is laid upon the work of regeneration and inward renewal, whereby we are to be made sons of God, like to that supreme Son whose pureness was expressed through his being born of a pure Virgin. It is as, in celebrating at Easter the miracle of the Resurrection, the Church, following here St. Paul, seizes and elevates in the Collect for Easter Eve that great "secret of Jesus" which underlies the whole miraculous legend of the Resurrection, and which only though materialising itself in that legend could arrive at the general heart of mankind.

It is so manifest that there is that true and grand and profound doctrine of the *necrosis*, of "dying to re-live," underlying all which is legendary in the presentation of the death and resurrection of Jesus by our Gospels, it is so manifest that St. Paul seized upon the doctrine and elevated it, and that the Church has retained it,—that one can find no difficulty, when the festival of Easter is celebrated, in fixing one's thoughts upon the doctrine as a centre, and in receiving all the miraculous story as poetry naturally investing this and doing homage to it. And there is hardly a fast or a festival of the Christian year in which the underlying truth, the beneficent and forwarding idea, clothed with legend and miracle because mankind could only appropriate it by materialising it in legend and miracle, is not apparent. Trinity Sunday is an exception, but then Trinity Sunday does not really deal with Gospel story and miracle, it deals with speculation by theologians on the divine nature. Perhaps, considering the results of their speculation, we ought now rather to keep Trinity Sunday as a day of penitence for the aberrations of theological dogmatists. It is, however, in itself admissible and right enough that in the Christian year one day should be given to considering the aspects by which the human mind can in any degree apprehend God. But Trinity Sunday is, as I have said, an exception. For the most part, in the days and seasons which the Church observes, there is commemoration of some matter declared in Scripture, and combined and clothed more or less with miracle. Yet how near to us, under the accompanying investment of legend, does the animating and fructifying idea lie!—in Lent, with the miracle of the temptation, the idea of self-conquest and self-control; in Whitsuntide, with the miracle of the tongues of fire, the idea of the spirit and of inspiration.

What Christmas primarily commemorates is the birthday of Jesus—Jesus, the bringer to the world of the new dispensation contained in his method and secret, and in his temper of *epieikeia*, or sweet reasonableness, for applying them. But the religion of Christendom has in fact made the prominent thing in Christmas a miracle, a legend; the miracle of the Incarnation, as it is called, the legend of Jesus having been born of the Virgin. And to those who cannot bring themselves to receive miracle and legend as fact, what Christmas, under this popularly established aspect of it, can have to say, what significance it can contain, may at first seem doubtful. Christmas might at first appear to be the one great festival which is concerned wholly with mere miracle, which fixes our attention upon a miracle and nothing else. But when we come to look closer, we find that even in the case of Christmas the thing is not so. That on which Christmas, even in its popular acceptation, fixes our attention, is that to which the popular instinct, in attributing to Jesus his miraculous Incarnation, in believing him born of a pure Virgin, did homage—pureness. And this, to which the popular instinct thus did homage, was an essential characteristic of Jesus and an essential virtue of Christianity, the obligation of which, though apt to be questioned and discredited in the world, is at the same time nevertheless a necessary fact of nature and eternal truth of reason. And fondly as the Church has cherished and displayed the Christmas miracle, this, the true significance of the miraculous legend for religion, has never been unknown to her, never wholly lost out of sight. As time goes on, as legend and miracle are less taken seriously as matters of fact, this worth of the Christmas legend as symbol will more and more come into view. The legend will still be loved, but as poetry—as poetry endeared by the associations of some two thousand years; religious thought will rest upon that which the legend symbolizes.

It is a mistake to suppose that rules for conduct and recommendations of virtue, presented in a correct scientific statement, or in a new rhetorical statement from which old errors are excluded, can have anything like the effect on mankind of old rules and recommendations to which they have been long accustomed, and with which their feelings and affections have become intertwined. Pedants always suppose that they can, but that this mistake should be so commonly made proves only how many of us have a mixture of the pedant in our composition. A correct scientific statement of rules of virtue has upon the great majority of mankind simply no effect at all. A new rhetorical statement of them, appealing, like the old familiar deliverances of Christianity, to the heart and imagination, can have the effect which those deliverances had, only when they proceed from a religious genius equal to that from which those proceeded. To state the requirement is to declare the impossibility of its being satisfied. The superlative pedantry of Comte is shown in his vainly imagining that he could satisfy it; the comparative pedantry of his disciples is shown by the degree in which they adopt their master's vain imagination.

The really essential ideas of Christianity have a truth, depth, necessity, and scope, far beyond anything that either the adherents of popular Christianity, or its impugners, at present suppose. Jesus himself, as I have remarked elsewhere, is even the better fitted to stand as the central figure of a religion, because his reporters so evidently fail to comprehend him fully and to report him adequately. Being so evidently great and yet so un-comprehended, and being now inevitably so to remain for ever, he thus comes to stand before us as what the philosophers call an *absolute*. We cannot apply to him the tests which we can apply to other phenomena, we cannot get behind him and above him, cannot command him. But even were Jesus less of an *absolute*, less fitted to stand as the central figure of a religion, than he is, even were the constitutive and essential ideas of Christianity less pregnant, profound and far-reaching than they are, still the personage of Jesus, and the Christian rules of conduct and recommendations of virtue, being of that indisputable significance and worth that in any fair view which can be taken of them they are, would have a value and a substantiality for religious purposes which no new constructions can possibly have. No new constructions in religion can now hope to found a common way, hold aloft a common truth, unite men in a common life. And yet how true it is, in regard to mankind' conduct and course, that, as the "Imitation" says so admirably, "Without a way there is no going, without a truth no knowing, without a life no living." ***Sine viâ non itur, sine veritate non cognoscitur, sine vitâ non vivitur.*** The way, truth, and life have been found in Christianity, and will not now be found outside of it. Instead of making vain and pedantic endeavours to invent them outside of it, what we have to do is to help, so far as we can, towards their continuing to be found inside of it by honest and sane people, who would be glad to find them there if they can accomplish it without playing tricks with their understanding; to help them to accomplish this, and to remove obstacles out of the way of their doing so.

Far from having anything to gain by being timid and reticent, or else vague and rhetorical in treating of the miraculous element in the Bible, he who would help men will probably now do most good by treating this element with entire unreserve. Let him frankly say, that miracle narrated in the Bible is as legendary as miracle narrated anywhere else, and not more to be taken as having actually happened. If he calls it symbolical, let him be careful to mark that the narrators did not mean it for symbol, but delivered it as having actually happened, and in so delivering it were mistaken. Let him say that we can still use it as poetry, and that in so using it we use it better than those who used it as matter of fact; but let him not leave in any uncertainty the point that it is as poetry that we do use it. Let no difficulties be slurred over or eluded. Undoubtedly a period of transition in religious belief, such as the period in which we are now living, presents many grave difficulties Undoubtedly the reliance on miracles is not lost without some danger; but the thing to consider is that it *must* be lost, and that the danger must be met, and, as it can be, counteracted. If men say, as some men are likely enough to say, that they altogether give up Christian miracles and cannot do otherwise, but that then they give up Christian morals too, the answer is, that they do this at their own risk and peril; that they need not do it, that they are wrong in doing it, and will have to rue their error. But for my part, I prefer at present to say this simply and barely, not to give any rhetorical development to it. Springs of interest for the emotions and feelings this reality possesses in abundance, and hereafter these springs may and will most beneficially be used by the clergy and teachers of religion, who are the best persons to turn them to account. As they have habitually and powerfully used the springs of emotion contained in the Christian legend, so they will with time come to use the springs of emotion contained in the reality. But there has been so much vagueness, and so much rhetoric, and so much license of affirmation, and so much treatment of what cannot be known as if it were well known, and of what is poetry and legend as if it were essential solid fact, and of what is investment and dress of the matter as if it were the heart of the matter, that for the present, and when we are just at the commencement of a new departure, I prefer, I say, to put forward a plain, strict statement of the essential facts and truths consecrated by the Christian legend, and to confine myself to doing this. We make a mistake if we think that even those facts and truths can now produce their full effect upon men when exhibited in such a naked statement, and separately from the poetry and legend with which they are combined, and to which men have been accustomed for centuries. Nevertheless, the important thing at the present moment is not to enlarge upon the effect which the essential facts and truths gain from being still used in that combination, but after indicating this point, and insisting on it, to pass on to show what the essential facts and truths are.

Therefore, when we are asked: What really is Christmas, and what does it celebrate? we answer, the birthday of Jesus. What is the miracle of the Incarnation? A homage to the virtue of pureness, and to the manifestation of this virtue in Jesus. What is Lent, and the miracle of the temptation? A homage to the virtue of self-control and to the manifestation of this virtue in Jesus. What does Easter celebrate? Jesus victorious over death by dying. By dying how? Dying to re-live. To re-live in Paradise, in another world? No, in this. What, then, is the kingdom of God? The ideal society of the future. Then what is immortality? To live in the eternal order, which never dies. What is salvation by Jesus Christ? The attainment of this immortality. Through what means? Through means of the method and the secret and the temper of Jesus.

Experience of the saving results of the method and secret and temper of Jesus, imperfectly even as his method and secret and temper have been extricated and employed hitherto, makes the strength of that wonderful Book in which, with an immense vehicle of legend and miracle, the new dispensation of Jesus and the old dispensation which led up to it are exhibited, and brought to mankind's knowledge; makes the strength of the Bible, and of the religion and churches which the Bible has called into being. We may remark that what makes the attraction of a church is always what is consonant in it to the method and secret and temper of Jesus, and productive, therefore, of the saving results which flow from these. The attraction of the Catholic Church is unity, of the Protestant sects, conscience, of the Church of England, abuses reformed but unity saved. I speak of that which, in each of these cases, is the promise apparently held out; I do not say that the promise is made good. That which makes the weakness and danger of a church, again, is just that in it which is not consonant to the line of Jesus. Thus the danger of the Catholic Church is its obscurantism, of the Protestant sects their contentiousness, of the Church of England, its deference to station and property. I said the other day, in the East-end of London, that, ever since the appearance of Christianity, *the prince of this world is judged.* The *Guardian* was disquieted and alarmed at my saying this. I will urge nothing in answer, except that this deference to the susceptibilities of station and property, which has been too characteristic of the Church of England in the past—a deference so signally at variance with the line of Jesus—is at the same time just what now makes the Church of England's weakness and main danger.

As time goes on, it will be more and more manifest that salvation does really depend on consonance to the line of Jesus, and that this experience, and nothing miraculous or preternatural, is what establishes the truth and necessity of Christianity. The experience proceeds on a large scale, and therefore slowly. But even now, and imperfectly, moreover, as the line of Jesus has been followed hitherto, it can be seen that those nations are the soundest which have the most seriously concerned themselves with it and have most endeavoured to follow it. Societies are saved by following it, broken up by not following it; and as the experience of this continually proceeds, the proofs of Christianity are continually accumulating and growing stronger. The thing goes on quite independently of our wishes, and whether we will or no. Our French friends seem perfectly and scornfully incredulous as to the cogency of the beatitude which pronounces blessing on the pure in heart; they would not for a moment admit that nations perish through the service of the great goddess Lubricity. On the contrary, many of them maintain this service to be the most natural and reasonable thing in the world. Yet really this service broke up the great Roman Empire in the past, and is capable, it will be found, of breaking up any number of societies.

Or let us consider that other great beatitude and its fortunes, the beatitude recommending the Christian virtue of charity. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Many people do not even understand what it is which this beatitude means to bless; they think it recommends humbleness of spirit. Ferdinand Baur, whose exegesis of texts from the Gospels is more valuable than his criticism of the mode in which the Gospels were composed, has well pointed out that the persons here blest are not those who are humble-spirited, but those who are in the intention and bent of their spirit—in mind, as we say, and not in profession merely—indifferent to riches. Such persons, whether they possess riches or not, really regard riches as something foreign to them, something not their own, and are thus, in the phrase of another text where our received translation is misleading, faithful as regards riches. "If ye have not been faithful in that which is foreign to you, who will give you that which is your own?" The fidelity consists in having conquered the temptation to treat that for which men desire riches, private possession and personal enjoyment, as things vital to us and to be desired. Wherever there is cupidity, there the blessing of the Gospel cannot rest. The actual poor may altogether fail to be objects of the blessing; the actual rich may be objects of it in the highest degree. Nay, the surest of means to restore and perpetuate the reign of the selfish rich, if at any time it have been interrupted, is cupidity, envy, and hatred in the poor. And this again is a witness to the infallibility of the line of Jesus. We must come, both rich and poor, to prefer the common good, the interest of "the body of Christ"—to use the Gospel phrase—the body of Christ of which we are members, to private possession and personal enjoyment.

This is Christian charity, and how rare, how very rare it is, we all know. In this practical country of ours, where possessing property and estate is so loved, and losing them so hated, the opposition to it is almost as strong as that to Christian purity in France. The *Saturday Review* is in general respectful to religion, intelligent and decorous, in matters of literary and scientific criticism reasonable. But let it imagine property and privilege threatened, and instantly what a change! There seems to rise before one's mind's eye a sort of vision of an elderly demoniac, surrounded by a troop of younger demoniacs of whom he is the owner and guide, all of them suddenly foaming at the mouth and crying out horribly. The attachment to property and privilege is so strong, the fear of losing them so agitating. But the line of Jesus perpetually tends to establish itself, as I have said, independently of our wishes, and whether we will or no. And undoubtedly the line of Jesus is: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" In other words: "How hardly shall those who cling to private possessions and personal enjoyment, who have not brought themselves to regard property and riches as foreign and indifferent to them, who have not annulled self, and placed their happiness in the common good, make part of the ideal society of the future!"

The legend of Christmas is a homage to the Christian virtue of pureness, and Christmas, with its miracle of the Incarnation, should turn our thoughts to the certainty of this virtue's final victory, against all difficulties. And with the victory of this virtue let us associate the victory of its great fellow-virtue of Christian charity, a victory equally difficult but equally certain. The difficulties are undeniable, but here the signs of the times point far more to the emergence and progress of the virtue than to its depression. Who cannot see that the idea of the common good is acquiring amongst us, at the present day, a force altogether new? that, for instance, in cases where, in the framing of laws and in the interpretation of them by tribunals, regard to property and privilege used to be, one may say, paramount, and the idea of the common good hardly considered at all, things are now tending quite the other way; the pretensions of property and privilege are severely scrutinised, the claims of the common good entertained with favour. An acceleration of progress in the spread of ideas of this kind, a decline of vitality in institutions where the opposite ideas were paramount, marks the close of a period. Jesus announced for his own period such a close; a close necessitated by the emergence of the new, the decay of the old. He announced it with the turbid figures familiar through prophecy to his hearers' imagination, figures of stupendous physical miracle, a break-up of nature, God coming to judgment. But he did not announce under these figures, as our Bibles make him announce, the end of *the world;* he announced "the end of *the age,*" "the close of the period." That close came, as he had foretold; and a like "end of the age" is imminent wherever a certain stage is reached in the conflict between the line of Jesus and the facts of the period through which it takes its passage. Sometimes we may almost be inclined to augur that from some such "end of the age" we ourselves are not far now; that through dissolution—dissolution peaceful if we have virtue enough, violent if we are vicious, but still dissolution—we and our own age have to pass, according to the eternal law which makes dissolution the condition of renovation. The price demanded, by the inexorable conditions on which the kingdom of God is offered, for the mistakes of our past, for the attainment of our future, this price may perhaps be required sooner than we suppose, required even of us ourselves who are living now; "verily I say unto you, it shall be required *of this generation.*"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

RUSSIA AND THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

IT is perhaps no mere assertion to declare that if England is to emerge triumphant from the maze of extra-domestic, or rather extra-European difficulties, in which as a nation she is now entangled, she would do well, in regard to future contingencies, to reconsider her present system of dealing with Oriental politics. Not simply a dozen pages—even a dozen volumes might be filled in support and illustration of this proposition; but in order to spare the reader from the longer process, the scope of the present article will be confined to Afghanistan and the region of the British Boundary Commission. And let it at once be premised that what has to be said on the subject will be no outburst of party spirit, whether Jingoism or Radicalism, but the simple result of study and experience of Eastern character and Eastern complications, together with questions and issues to which that character and those complications have given rise. That Russia is not strictly an Oriental Power is a matter of little moment. She has no feeling of shyness or strangeness in Khiva or Bokhara, or among her new subjects the Tekkés and neighbouring Turkmans, and may be legitimately regarded in an Asiatic guise when within a hundred miles or so of Merv or Sarakhs.

In the first place, neither the spirit nor machinery of our Ministerial offices is quite adapted to the wants of a territorially small and geographically isolated State such as Great Britain and Ireland, with an outlying empire in the East and vast colonies all over the world. An Indian Office and a Colonial Office are necessities in their way, and could not be dispensed with; but some special agency is required to supplement the Foreign Office in watching over the links which unite us to immensely important possessions in the far distance, and notably those countries which are situated between Europe and

India. Due regard cannot be paid to these by one subordinate department, amid a group of subordinate departments, the head of which is liable to frequent transfer; consequently, to be lost from time to time in a confusion of new detail. On such occasions, if required to enlighten his chief, he would resemble the well-known porter at the railway junction, once waiter at a London tavern, who, in lieu of calling out the names of towns and villages on the line, made the platform resound with the more popular items of unforgotten bills of fare. For Asiatic Turkey, Asiatic Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan, there should be a permanent Oriental Under-Secretary of State, who would be the responsible exponent of a fixed national policy; a referee for the past and present status of all nationalities within his range of supervision; a kind of "Speaker" to the Councils of State and India Office, for the disposal of all doubtful questions of fact and precedent. With a voice, but without a vote, his advice and arguments should always be available for the guidance of his immediate superior—*i.e.*, the Minister or Ministers to whom he would be directly attached. His staff of assistants need not be large, but should be thoroughly efficient. An officer of Engineers might be in charge of maps, and geographical information should be the latest and most trustworthy procurable. That there is an admirable Intelligence Department already existing in connection with the War Office, and that there are good libraries in the Foreign and India Offices, are no reasons against the formation of the separate *bureau*. Transfer from the older establishments might be effected with advantage, or duplicates of books and maps might be supplied, and no harm done. The great object is to *educate*, and it will not do to be stingy of means or material.

But to elaborate a reform where reform is not probable were waste of time; so let the hint and the outline suffice. More to the purpose is it to demonstrate that the present crisis—the political tension justifies the word—has to a great extent been brought about by want of that intelligent and lively interest in Oriental matters which is rather due to the system than the individual, and which it is believed that the contemplated innovation would, among its other uses, fairly supply. The fault is not to be laid at the particular door of this or that Government; it belongs with almost equal directness to the Opposition of the day, habitually more eager to have its leaders coached on certain points where Ministers are weak, than desirous that they should master an intricate case in all its bearings and minutiæ. As to the general public, the majority of those exceptional persons who understand and appreciate Oriental "situations" have gained their knowledge by professional apprenticeship or fortuitous associations. The masses know as much, or as little, about them as they do of the individuality of the Mahdi. Even the Press

—that great but still growing power, with its manifold means and resources—can do no more than describe political signs and aspects as they appear at the hour of writing. Its teaching is open to severe criticism if contrasted with that of the day before. Leaders which are full of force and logic for the casual reader, fail to convince the practical student, who detects weakness and sophistry in referring to the statements and assertions of previous issues.* The reason is obvious. No professor, whatever the compass of his attainments, could keep up a daily course of tuition on a score of subjects, preserving what may be called the instructive continuity of each, without an occasional lapse into error and inconsistency. Besides, it must be borne in mind that most of these figurative "lectures" are in explanation of a quasi-panorama, constantly shifting before the spectator's eye, and that passing objects will be repeated as well as forgotten. Here is an instance.

The *Times* quotes its own correspondent † as authority for the statement that the "mountain ranges which have been supposed to offer an impenetrable barrier to an advance from the northward on Herat, have for the most part no existence save in the imagination of map-makers." All this is perfectly true, but is not new. More than two years ago the practised eye of Sir Henry Rawlinson had taken in the fact, disclosed from a glance at the published work of the surveyor-diplomatist Lessar. Nor did that distinguished officer keep his knowledge from the ken of his Government or fellow-geographers. At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society held in November, 1882, he thus described one section of M. Lessar's journey : ‡—

> "Crossing the Hari-rúd at Sarakhs, he follows the river more or less closely for 80 miles. He then makes a détour into the interior to the East, to a country entirely devoid of inhabitants, but with occasional wells and karezes, for 77½ miles, to the foot of the Barkhut Pass, by which the great Paropamisus range, here dwindled to insignificant hills, is crossed. The ascent and descent of the Pass do not measure more than a few miles, and the total remaining distance from the robát north of the range to Kusán, the first permanent Afghan settlement, on the Hari-rúd, and near the opening of Herat plain, is only 87½ miles. At this point all difficulties cease, and a carriage and four may be driven from Kusán to our outpost at Chaman, at the Khojuk Pass, north of Pishin."

But Sir Henry Rawlinson at the same time told his hearers, incidentally as it were, a great deal more which is pertinent to the present dispute. The material item was that M. Lessar, in travelling from Sarakhs to Kusán, travelled "exclusively on Afghan soil," and that the whole of Badghis was "distinctly Afghan territory."

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* Many other articles possess the significance of leaders, though without the honour of equally large type and prominent position, and to these a similar remark applies.

† Leading article, March 13, 1885.

‡ "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. v. new series. 1883.

To say that the great organ of public opinion, in quoting from a newly-acquired source of information, apparently ignored the older and perhaps equally direct evidence, is but the expression of a natural conclusion on an ordinary occurrence, and conveys no disparaging insinuation. Strange indeed were it otherwise in the conditions of emergent papers, prepared rapidly for the printer. But the illustration will serve to indicate that the Press must not be regarded as a steady instructor in all things. Moreover, it is quite impossible for a statesman to fulfil the duties of his office, or even for an acknowledged politician to maintain his professional reputation, by no more strictly educational process than being posted in the events of the day, as reported and commented on in the best of newspapers, or by acquaintance with current official correspondence only. Neither the daily journal nor the occasional Blue Book can supply the information that is obtained from a lifelong study of the geography, polities, and people of the regions north and north-west of Afghanistan, facilitated by intercourse with Persians, Afghans, and their border tribes. They may contain the very data that are most required; in truth, the batch of printed despatches headed "Central Asia, No. 1 (1884)," is teeming with interesting particulars collected by M. Lessar; but some one is needed to ferret them out, and hold the candle while they are read in the November obscurity which prevails, for so many other months also, in London offices and departments.

Time would be thrown away in multiplying instances of a course of teaching the desultory character of which must be self-evident. Let us turn for an instant to the Blue Book last mentioned, where fault is to be found on the score of incompleteness rather than reiteration. Lord Granville's suggestion, in February, 1882, to Prince Lobanow, that "an agreement should be come to between England, Russia, and Persia, for the settlement of the frontier . . . . from . . . . Baba Durmaz to the point where the Persian frontier meets that of Afghanistan, in the neighbourhood of the Hari-Rúd," was an admirable one, better even than the after-thought, "that something might be done with regard to the adjacent Afghan frontier."* Why was the argument abandoned? It had the force of right, and was backed up by the written understanding of half a century ago, when the Governments of Great Britain and Russia were "equally animated by a sincere desire to maintain, not only the internal tranquillity, but also the independence *and integrity* of Persia."† It is probable that more than one reader of Sir Henry Rawlinson's able volume of "England and Russia in the East," published in 1875, missed in it a clearer explanation why the two named Powers should not have agreed upon the line of the Shah's northern frontier, between the Caspian and the Oxus, when giving boundaries to Bukhára and Afghanistan. Had this line been drawn, London society would have heard nothing of Panjdeh, Zulfakár, Akrabat, and the Barkhút Hills, in the spring of 1885. But the words "Bábá Durmáz" are ominous, and seem to reject the notion of a fixed boundary. If Turkish, as is almost evident, they imply incessant progress, a meaning which may not have been apparent to negotiators. "Daddy Neverstop" would be a vulgar but nearly literal rendering; and indeed the recent progress of Russia south and east has been of marvellous extent and rapidity. How utterly strange at the present day—nay, how impossible—would be the words of Count Nesselrode in the lips of M. De Giers: "A single glance at the map ought to be sufficient to dissipate . . . . all prejudice, and to convince every impartial and enlightened man that no hostile designs against England can direct the policy of our Cabinet in Asia."* Verily, Astrakhan and Orenburg are not such advanced posts on the road to India as Askabad and Old Sarakhs—or shall we say the Rabát Pass?

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* Correspondence respecting the affairs of Asia. No. 1. 1884.

† Viscount Palmerston to Mr. Bligh. September 5, 1834.

Then, again, we are enabled to gather, from incidental passages in the 1884 Blue Book, that General Tchernaïeff—who was appointed to administer the affairs of Turkistan, and would proceed thither "with the most peaceful intentions," as also under strong injunctions not to interfere in Afghan affairs—did actually reach his headquarters at Tashkand. But it is by no means equally clear why General Röhrberg, chief of the "trans-Caucasian region," in whose "discretion and prudence" the Russian Chancellor had "great confidence," should be succeeded a year later by General Komaroff, as reported in the *Moscow Gazette*, without a word being said of his qualities and disposition. Of the latter high functionary we learn something, however, from the clever artist of the *Illustrated London News*, who visited him at Old Sarakhs; not as to whether he is discreet or prudent, but that he is courteous and an archæologist.

Perhaps, however, the omission in this volume most to be deplored is that of any correspondence bearing upon the action of Persia on the Central Asian field, where she is found to be, at least by Russia, an important factor. We somehow appear to undervalue her friendship and usefulness, and take little trouble to maintain the once traditional policy of popularising our name at her Court. She is left at liberty to choose her favourites from the nationalities with which she has any diplomatic connections, and England is not necessarily the country selected for special honour. The Shah's treaty with the Turkmans in the commencement of 1878, and visit to St. Petersburg (on his second European journey) should be parts, as it were, of the same arrangement which caused Persia, a few years later, to abandon a large portion of her northern territory to the Cossack guardians of the Atak. Upon the whole, she is rather to be congratulated than pitied, for her subjects in Khurasan had been wofully harassed by Turkman marauders, and she had done little to protect them with her ill-paid and often ill-disciplined armies. But, for ourselves, we should do well to take a livelier interest in this ancient but far from exhausted country.

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* Count Nesselrode to Count Pozzo di Borgo. November 1, 1838.

Thus far our administrative deficiencies as regards Oriental politics. They may be summed up in a few words. Our public offices are roomy and substantial. We have Cabinet and other Ministers, and their immediate subordinates or assistants, besides a host of *employés*, to occupy them; but no individual of the number can be considered specially affected to a great question such as that which has arisen with Russia. There is no one recognized official or department charged with the delicate duty of enlightening the Government on it—no oracle to be consulted, as for instance, the chief of the Asiatic Bureau at St. Petersburg; and there ought to be. It is natural that responsible statesmen should select their own particular advisers, who may or may not be those whose counsel is the legitimate return for money paid by the public. In any case, they are not bound to follow the dictates of subordinates, and are free to act upon their own opinions. But discrimination in these things is a crucial test of individual power, and the admission to State secrets of an interested or unsound councillor must be a sore and fatal evil. Without attempting to penetrate the cause, it is evident that not only the Government, but a large section of the British nation, has been repeatedly told that Russia was advancing upon Herat, and the statement made no impression. It has now been trumpeted forth that a Commission of British officers has been sent out to the Afghan frontier to meet a similarly constituted Russian Commission, on an understanding that the two Commissions would work together to effect the peaceable settlement of a boundary which should protect Herat; moreover, that the British Commissioners had already reached the appointed ground, but, instead of finding their colleagues, were without positive information of their coming at all; while Russian soldiers were taking advantage of the occasion to establish themselves on debateable points of the territory to be investigated.

Rightly to comprehend and interpret the whole story to the outer world, we miss the testimony of just one essential Blue Book, with its reasons and explanations. In a lecture recently delivered at the United Service Institution, General Walker, formerly Surveyor-General of India—an officer whose maps comprise the whole region under discussion—recalled the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1872, to "consider the Oxus, from its sources in the Pamir table-lands to Khwája Sáleh on its left bank, as the boundary between Bokhára and Afghanistan." He explained that in the second edition of his map of Turkistan and neighbouring countries, published the following year, the northern limit of Afghanistan was completed on the west by "a line drawn from Khwája Sáleh across the Turkman desert to a point about forty miles south of Sarakhs, where the 36th parallel of latitude was supposed to cut the Hari-Rúd river." In the third edition of the same map, published in 1875, he told us that the line was carried farther north to the parallel of Sarakhs, but stopped twenty miles east of that town, and then turned "south-west to the Hari-Rúd." In the fourth and two subsequent editions (the last of which was published in 1882) the boundary was "brought up to Sarakhs, in accordance with an agreement between Lord Clarendon and a Russian ambassador"—an expression which might perhaps be rendered as "in completion of an old agreement between Lord Clarendon and Prince Gortschakow." General Walker added the information, that in the last edition of the Russian official chromo-lithographed map of Central Asia the boundary was also shown, "stretching from Sarakhs to Khwája Sáleh."

As regards the high mountain ranges, there is no doubt that for many years the advocates of a forward policy in Russia have wished to bring their frontier to the northern bases of the Hindú Kúsh and Himalayas, and that the suggestion of the Oxus as a boundary could only have been made acceptable to them by the intervention of a neutral zone between this river and Afghanistan, or any State under the ægis of British India. They would have preferred Afghanistan itself, as the zone contemplated, but this was out of the question; indeed, the rejection of any scheme of neutralizing territory at all was a wise resolve. Neutral ground would have afforded a constant pretext for encroachment, and such encroachment as the Government of British India would have found it impossible to check without an officer on the spot, supported by an unusually strong escort. But the tracts due north and north-east of Afghanistan have been cast into comparative shade by the critical state of affairs on the immediate north-west of Herat, the vital but heretofore neglected part of the Anglo-Russian contention in Central Asia. Here, between the Hari Rúd and Tejend rivers, Russia has certainly intruded in a spirit contrary to the pledges and assurances of her responsible diplomatists. If it were necessary to insert the wedge for purposes of self-defence and protection against Salors, Sariks, or other Turkman tribes, who serve to illustrate her ethnological "rights," the case should have been fairly stated at the time the Boundary Commission was proposed, when a formal recognition to the possession of Pul-i-Khátun and other places, or a simple assent to their temporary occupation might have been given—or the whole matter might have been referred to the Commissioners themselves. If no geographical line had been actually defined and accepted by the

Courts of St. James's and St. Petersburg, as joining the Oxus at Khwája Sáleh and the Tejend at Sarakhs, an imaginary straight line connecting these two points would naturally be understood to limit all advances from the north, pending an actual settlement; in other words, all lands south of that supposed link would represent the territory open to discussion between the British and Russian Commissioners. There could be no shadow of doubt on the subject. Seizures of land below Sarakhs, where an Afghan claim could in any shape be put in, were not to be justified; and the annexation of Merv by Russia could in no way change the position in respect of pledges made to England. The understanding arrived at in January 1874 between the two Governments was pronounced by Count Gortschakow to be "complete." His letter on the occasion, which terminated, in a singularly pleasant mood, the correspondence on his country's subjugation of Khiva, is worth quoting:—

> "In my opinion the understanding is complete. It rests not only upon the loyalty of the two governments; but upon mutual political advantages which are palpably evident. So long as they shall be animated by a spirit of mutual goodwill and conciliation, no political misunderstanding is to be apprehended between them.
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> "For our part, we remain constantly faithful to the programme traced by mutual agreement, as it resulted from my interview with Lord Clarendon, and was developed and defined by the communications between the two Cabinets. I have repeated to Lord A. Loftus the positive assurance that the Imperial Cabinet continues to consider Afghanistan as entirely beyond its sphere of action. If on either side the two Governments exercise their ascendancy over the States placed within the range of their natural influence, in order to deter them from all aggression, there is reason to hope that no violent collision will occur to disturb the repose of Central Asia, and interfere with the work of civilization which it is the duty and the interest of the two great empires to bring to a favourable issue.
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> "As far as we are concerned, it is in this sense that we act towards the Khanats which lie upon our borders. We have a full assurance that the Government of India will act in the same manner with regard to the Amir of Kabul, and we have no doubt that it possesses the means of making itself listened to."*

If the "understanding" so emphatically dwelt upon in the above extract do not comprehend limitation of encroachment, it can have no practical meaning whatever. Whether Panjdeh is an integral part of the Afghan kingdom, of which the Amir Abdul Rahman has held possession for more than two years, according to the statement of the more determined anti-Russian writers, or whether it has been bandied about from chief to chief since the days that it paid tribute to Khiva, as Abbott represented, does not seem material to the question at issue. The explanations called for and Commissions proposed, when Merv fell into the hands of Russia, should have preceded instead of resulted from the appropriation of that place. A boundary treaty of the nature of that concluded two or three years ago with Russia, and the fall of Giuk Tepé, showed plainly what strong measures were likely to follow. Voices were raised in all directions, but they were not heard. The cry may have been "Wolf," but there was more cause for it than in the fable, and the wolf came sooner than he was expected. We have been to blame in want of vigilance, of preparation, of *continuous* knowledge. We have not done what we might reasonably have done; in fact, we have done literally nothing but talk and write. Our rivals in the East do these last things also, but in season. What says the Russian authoritative organ of political opinion in high places on this proneness to desk work? It quotes the words of Skobeleff:*—"Il faut que les fonctionnaires se tiennent moins dans les Chancelleries, et qu'ils soient accessibles à chacun : qu'ils étudient en un mot le peuple et ses besoins. En Asie l'encre et le papier n'ont rien à faire là où se trouvent engagés des intérêts matériels."

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* Russia. No. 2 (1874). Correspondence respecting Central Asia, pp. 10, 11.

A brief retrospect of our position at the close of the last Afghan war again brings to notice one important proposal which had many advocates, but which was set aside by the Government of the day acting on the advice of its more favoured counsellors. The late Lord Lawrence was one of those who saw in the evacuation of Kandahar an imperative and philanthropic duty, and the respect which his character and opinions could not fail to command made his support a very tower of strength. But he saw in it rather its aggressive than its protective side, and it may be that the arguments which failed to commend themselves to the late honoured Viceroy were too purely strategical for a mind which, with all its courage and manliness, was essentially tender of wounding the prejudices of a sensitive people. To the present hour the disciples of this school can hardly be said to have changed their opinions or been convinced of their fallacy by the logic of facts; but it is highly probable they may have lost somewhat in numbers. It is late in the day now to repeat the discussion, and there is a great distinction between the remaining in a place after a possession of months to taking possession of it *de novo*; but a brief allusion may not be inappropriate.

Many persons appear to consider the retention of Kandahar as an armed occupation of Afghanistan. According to the geographical position of the city, with the desert to its south-west, it is almost on the outskirts of the Amir's territory; and enough is known of its history to show its separation from Kabul to be as much the rule as the exception. There was reason to suppose that the presence of our soldiers would have been welcome to many, even had it aroused jealousy and suspicion in the breasts of some. The Amir himself would, it is believed, have been materially strengthened, though his people's confidence in him might have been in some sort weakened, by our comparatively close neighbourhood. Abdul Rahman was our own choice, and it was natural that, under the circumstances, we should give him the continued support of our troops—not, as in the case of Shah Shuja in 1839, to watch over him in his capital, and so render him contemptible in the eyes of his subjects, but in readiness to help him against aggression from without. The murder of our envoy had given us a warrant which could not be admitted a second time if we once retired from every part of Afghan territory. Much has already been said of the strategical advantages of a post practically, if not palpably, midway between Herat and Kabul; but there were political advantages in holding the city which perhaps outweighed in value the strategical. It had a prestige for the world without which would have secured peace to the Perso-Afghan and Perso-Baluch frontiers; and in the hands of England this prestige would have been productive of much good. The result for India would have been the consolidation of an outer frontier—a double security for her peaceful population. There is certainly another side of the picture, and one to which public attention was called with marked success by able and distinguished men of the Lawrence school. Like many advocates, however, they dwelt rather upon the asserted merits of their own case than upon the confutation of adverse arguments. Thus they failed to perceive that their opponents were pleading the cause of good government; that occupation might have been provisional only; and that the dreaded danger might have been minimized by prudent diplomacy. Such risk as there was would have been worth incurring had the outcome been an undisturbed north-west frontier and Abdul Rahman without anxiety for Herat and its outlying districts and villages.

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* Central Asia, No. 1 (1884), p. 35.

It is in no miserable spirit of useless lament over unheeded prophecy, that the reader is carried back to the years 1878–79, when high military authorities on military considerations were warning the country against the abandonment of Kandahar. Writers, irrespective of these, pleaded the same cause on other grounds also—not in any blind adherence to a party policy or as advocates of a scientific frontier, but from a standpoint of broader reasoning. One of the number thus expressed himself in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:*—

> "Would not possession of Kandahar serve our defensive objects quite as well as a comparatively broken line of posts on the mountain top? Could we not thence efficiently forestall all attempts at invasion, and coerce, when necessary, such tribes as might disturb the peace of our frontier, by attacking them in rear? Command of the passes, inclusive of a scientific frontier; a Resident at Kabul; control of the Amir's foreign relations—each of these

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* May 23, 1879.

results is an important concession to us in its way; but is there no dangerous vagueness about the first which would affect the absolute value of the second and third? On the other hand, in holding Kandahar *only*, the arrangement is far simpler: indeed, there is nothing vague about it at all. We have reason to believe the inhabitants generally well affected towards us. To the mercantile community, especially, we can be no strangers. Experience of Indian heat should make the climate better than bearable to our officers and men."

Another aspect of the question, not so prominently before the public, was noted:—

> "Possession—or, it may be, occupation—of Kandahar brings British India into quasi-contiguity with Central Persia. Such a position offers many opportunities which may be used to the benefit of both Powers and the advancement of civilization. Not many years ago an arbitration was undertaken and carried into effect by our Government, according to which the territory of Sistan was apportioned between Persia and Afghanistan. The ostensible, and let us hope the real, object of that arbitration was to secure peace to a province which had been for years in a state of unrest and revolution. To some extent the desired end was achieved; though it is to be feared that border feuds in Eastern Persia and Western Afghanistan do not so easily admit of adjustment as wholly to cease on the ruling of a British Commission. But the neighbourhood of that Power whose interference has already been invoked and exercised to put a stop to local litigation and broil, might be turned to excellent account in completing the good work begun; and who can say that under such auspices a spirit of agricultural industry and commercial enterprise might not arise, which, eventually expelling the old spirit of war and discord, might healthily affect the whole frontier region from Herat to the sea?"

This healthy influence of England might, in like manner, have extended north of Herat, and in such sense would have been invaluable at the present juncture. But we now arrive at the practically weightiest question of all: What is the fitting course to be pursued in existing circumstances?

A direct, straightforward answer will conclude the present paper, but a word or so is needed by way of preface. Boundary Commissioners of one nationality—notably those appointed for the disposal of Russo-Afghan, Russo-Persian, and Perso-Afghan disputes—should not be kept waiting for fellow-Commissioners of another nationality beyond a certain time, any more than a visitor in a drawing-room should be kept waiting for the person he has come to visit. The exact period allowed must depend on considerations of distance, of weather, of local requirements, and of an *amour propre*, which is a perfectly legitimate feeling when bound up with national dignity. It is hard to believe it possible that our officers left Europe or India for the somewhat inhospitable region they now occupy without that sort of understanding which would not only indicate the general line of conduct to be pursued in discussing a settlement, but would provide also for impediments to action and similar contingencies. With this exception, little official foolscap would be required. In these cases nothing can be more unwise than for a Government to fetter its trusted agents with minute and conventional instructions which may be found impossible of execution. Details of procedure are as much out of place as details of geography; all such should be treated as general principles by the officers concerned, and room should be left for the free exercise of that firmness, tact, intelligence and judgment, the proved possession of which by the British Commissioners was, doubtless, the main, if not the sole, cause of their nomination to the work. Of course time may be utilized by the waiting Commission, and the names of those employed in it afford a sufficient guarantee that it will be utilized to good account; but this can only be regarded as a temporary expedient, and there must be no loss of prestige occasioned by the absence of the Russians.

Mr. Gladstone has explained the situation, and though the explanation may not be so full as desired by his interrogators, we gather from it that no advance further than that now certified shall be made on either side. It is therefore clear that the right to all doubtful and disputed lands or villages is to be a subject of discussion, and that if it be proved that any of these have been taken surreptitious possession of after date of the "agreement made between Russia and England to ascertain the frontier by inquiry and correspondence" (these are the Prime Minister's own words), such an act should, under the order rules of *meum* and *tuum*, rather invalidate than strengthen the present possessor's claims. Reference to the Sistan Arbitration of 1871–72 will show in how direct a manner proceedings of this nature prejudiced the case on one side and affected the final decision.*

Only let there be no misapprehension that the situation described *is* the true situation, and there is no reason why all political parties should not unite in one common policy to deal with it in the way that an upright judge would do in a litigation between man and man. Patriotism demands firmness and clear-sightedness in these matters; not necessarily war.

F. J. GOLDSMID.

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* "Eastern Persia." Macmillan. 1876. Appendix to Vol. I.

THE STATE *versus* THE MAN:

A CRITICISM OF MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

> "La nature est l'injustice même.' —RENAN.

FOUR articles of Mr. Herbert Spencer's, which appeared in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, have recently been reprinted together, and form now a work which Mr. Spencer has entitled "The Man *versus* The State." This little volume merits the most attentive study, because in it the great sociological question of our day is treated in the most masterly manner. The individualist theory was, I think, never expounded better or with stronger arguments based on first principles, or supported by so great a number of clearly analyzed and admirably grouped facts. These pages are also full of important truths and of lessons, from whence both nations and governments may derive great benefit. Mr. Spencer's deductions are so concise and forcible that one feels oneself drawn, against one's will, to accept his conclusions; and yet, the more I have thought on the subject, the more convinced have I become that these conclusions are not in the true interest of humanity. Mr. Herbert Spencer's object is to prove the error and danger of State socialism, or, in other words, the error and danger of that system which consists in appropriating State, or communal, revenues to the purpose of establishing greater equality among men.

The eminent philosopher's statement, that in most civilized countries governments are more and more adopting this course, is indisputable. In England Parliament is taking the lead; in Germany Prince Bismarck, in spite of Parliament; and elsewhere either Parliament or town councils are doing the same thing. Mr. Spencer considers that this effort for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes, which is being everywhere made, with greater or less energy, is a violation of natural laws, which will not fail to bring its own punishment on nations, thus misguided by a blind philanthropy. I believe, on the contrary, that this effort, taken as a whole, and setting aside certain mistaken measures, is not only in strict accordance with the spirit of Christianity, but is also in conformity with the true principles of politics and of political economy.

Let us first consider a preliminary question, on which I accept Mr. Spencer's views, but for different reasons from his: On what are individual rights founded, and what are the limits of State power? Mr. Spencer refutes with pitiless logic the opinions of those who, with Bentham, maintain that individual rights are State concessions, or who, like Matthew Arnold, deny the existence of natural rights. The absurdity of Bentham's system is palpably evident. Who creates the government? The people, says he. So the government, thus created, creates rights, and then, having created rights, it confers them on the separate members of the sovereign people, by which it was itself created. The real truth is, that government defines and sanctions rights, and employs the public strength to enforce their being respected, but the rights themselves existed before.

Referring to the history of all primitive civilisation, Mr. Herbert Spencer proves to Mr. Matthew Arnold that in familial and tribal communities there existed certain customs, which conferred recognised and respected rights, before ever any superior authority which could be designated by the name of State had been formed. Only, I think Mr. Herbert Spencer is wrong in making use of the term "natural rights." This expression was an invention of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and it is still employed in Germany by a certain school of philosophers as *Naturrecht*. Sir Henry Maine's clever and just criticism of this expression in his book "Ancient Law" should warn us all of the vague and equivocal meaning it conceals. The jurists and philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries attached two very different significations to the term "natural rights." They sometimes applied it to the condition of primitive societies, in which their optimism led them to dream of a reign of justice, liberty, and equality, and at other times they made use of it when speaking of the totality of rights which should be possessed by every individual, by reason of his manhood. These two conceptions are equally erroneous. In primitive societies, in spite of certain customs which are the embryo of rights, might reigns supreme, as among animals, and the best armed annihilate their weaker neighbours. Certainly, one would look in vain there for a model of a political constitution or code suitable to a civilized people. Neither can it be maintained that the "Rights of man," as proclaimed by the American and French Revolutions, belong to each individual, only because he forms part of the human species. The limit of rights which may be claimed by any one individual must depend upon his aptitudes for making good use of them.

The same civil code and the same political institutions will not equally suit a savage tribe and a civilized nation. If the granting of the suffrage to all were likely to lead a people to anarchy or to despotism, it could not be called a natural right, for suicide is not a right.

If one analyze completely the expression "natural rights," one finds that it is really not sense. Xavier de Maistre, annoyed by the constant appeals to nature which are to be found in all the writings of the eighteenth century, said, very wittily: "Nature, who and what is this woman?" Nature is subject to certain laws, which are invariable; as, for instance, the law of gravitation. We may call these "laws of nature," but in human institutions, which are ever varying, nothing of the sort can exist. This superior and ideal right, which is invoked for the purpose of condemning existing laws, and claiming their reform or suppression, should rather be called *rational right*—that is to say, right in conformity with reason.

In every country, and at all times, an order of things may be conceived—civil, political, penal and administrative laws—which would best conform to the general interest, and be the most favourable to the well-being and progress of the nation. This order of things is not the existing one. If it were, one might say, with the optimists, that all is for the best in the best of possible worlds, and a demand for any amelioration would be a rebellion against natural laws, and an absurdity. But this order of things may be caught sight of by reason, and defined with more or less accuracy by science; hence its name of rational order. If I ask for free trade in France, for a better division of property in England, and for greater liberty in Russia, I do so in the name of this rational order, as I believe that these changes would increase men's happiness.

This theory permits of our tracing a limit between individual liberty and State power.

Mr. Herbert Spencer proves very clearly that there are certain things which no man would ever choose to abandon to State power; his religious convictions, for instance. On the other hand, all would agree that the State should accept the charge of protecting frontiers and punishing theft and murder, that is to say, the maintaining of peace and security at home and abroad; only here, like most Englishmen, Mr. Herbert Spencer invokes human will. Find out, he says, on the one hand, what the great majority of mankind would choose to reserve to an individual sphere of action, and, on the other, what they would consent to abandon to State decisions, and you will then be able to fix the limit of the power of public authority.

I cannot myself admit that human will is the source of rights.

Until quite recently, in all lands, slavery was considered a necessary and legitimate institution. But did this unanimous opinion make it any more a right? Certainly not. It is in direct opposition to the order of things which would be best for the general welfare; it cannot, therefore, be a right.

Until the sixteenth century, with the exception of a few Anabaptists who were burnt at the stake, all believed that the State ought to punish heretics and atheists. But this general opinion did not suffice to justify the intolerance then practised. The following line of argument, I think, would be most in keeping with individual interests, and, consequently, with the interests of society in general: A certain portion of men's acts ought not to be in any way subject to sovereign authority, be it republican or monarchical. But what is to be the boundary of this inviolable domain of individual activity? The will of the majority, or even of the entire population, is not competent to trace it, for history has proved but too often how gross have been the errors committed in such instances. This limit can, therefore, only be fixed by science, which, at each fresh progress in civilization, can discover and proclaim aloud where State power should cease to interfere. Sociological science, for instance, announces that liberty of conscience should always be respected as man's most sacred possession, and because religious advancement is only to be achieved at this price; that true property, or, in other words, the fruit of personal labour, must not be tampered with, or labour would be discouraged and production would diminish; that criminals must not go unpunished, but that justice must be strictly impartial, so that the innocent be not punished with the guilty.

It would not be at all impossible to draw up a formula of these essential rights, which M. Thiers called necessary liberties, and which are already inscribed in the constitutions of America, England, France, Belgium, Holland, and all other free nations. It is sometimes very difficult to know where to set bounds to individual liberty, in the interests of public order and of the well-being of others; and it is true, of course, that either the king, the assembly, or the people enacts the requisite laws, but if science has clearly demonstrated a given fact it imposes itself. When certain truths have been frequently and clearly explained, they come to be respected. The evidence of them forms the general opinion, and this engenders laws.

To be brief, I agree with Mr. Herbert Spencer that, contrary to Rousseau's doctrine, State power ought to be limited, and that a domain should be reserved to individual liberty which should be always respected; but the limits of this domain should be fixed, not by the people, but by reason and science, keeping in view what is best for the public welfare.

This brings me to the principal question I desire to treat. I am of opinion that the State should make use of its legitimate powers of action for the establishment of greater equality among men, in proportion to their personal merits, and I believe that this would be in conformity, not only with its mission properly speaking, but also with rational rights, with the progress of humanity; in a word, with all the rights and all the interests invoked by Mr. Herbert Spencer.

I will briefly resume the motives given by Mr. Herbert Spencer to show that any wish to improve the condition of the working-classes by law, or by the action of public power, so as to bring about a greater degree of equality among men, would be to run against the stream of history, and a violation of natural laws. There are, he says, two types of social organization, broadly distinguishable as the "militant" and the "industrial" type. The first of these is characterized by the *régime* of status, the second by the *régime* of contract. The latter has become general among modern nations, especially in England and America, whereas the militant type was almost universal formerly. These two types may be defined as the system of compulsory co-operation and the system of voluntary co-operation. The typical structure of the one may be seen in an army formed of conscripts, in which each unit must fulfil commands under pain of death, and receives, in exchange for his services, food and clothing; while the typical structure of the other may be seen in a body of workers who agree freely to exchange specified services at a given price, and who are at liberty to separate at will. So long as States are in constant war against each other, governments must perforce be on a military footing, as in antiquity. Personal defence, then, being society's great object, it must necessarily give absolute obedience to a chief, as in an army. It is absolutely impossible to unite the blessings of freedom and justice at home with the habitual commission of acts of violence and brutality abroad.

Thanks to the almost insensible progress of civilization and to gradual liberal reforms, the ancient militant State was little by little despoiled of its arbitrary powers, the circle of its interventions grew narrower and narrower, and men became free economically, as well as politically. We were advancing rapidly towards an industrial *régime* of free contract. But, recently, the Liberals in all countries have adopted an entirely opposite course. Instead of restricting the powers of the State, they are extending them, and this leads to socialism, the ideal of which is to give to government the direction of all social activity. Men imagine that, by thus acting, they are consulting the interests of the working-classes. They believe that a remedy may be found for the sufferings which result from the present order of things, and that it is the State's mission to discover and apply that remedy. By thus acting they simply increase the evils they would fain cure, and prepare the way for a universal bondage, which awaits us all—*the Coming Slavery*. Be the authority exercised by king, assembly, or people, I am none the less a slave if I am forced to obey in all things, and to give up to others the net produce of my labour. Contemporary progressism not only runs against the stream of history, by carrying us back to despotic organizations of the militant system, but it also violates natural laws, and thus prepares the degeneration of humanity. In family life the gratuitous parental aid must be great in proportion as the young one is of little worth either to itself or to others, and benefits received must be inversely as the power or ability of the receiver.

> "Throughout the rest of its life each adult gets benefit in proportion to merit, reward in proportion to desert, merit and desert being understood as ability to fulfil all the requirements of life. Placed in competition with members of its own species, and in antagonism with members of other species, it dwindles and gets killed off, or thrives and propagates, according as it is ill-endowed or well-endowed. If the benefits received by each individual were proportionate to its inferiority, if, as a consequence, multiplication of the inferior was furthered and multiplication of the superior hindered, progressive degradation would result, and eventually the degenerated species would fail to hold its ground in presence of antagonistic species and competing species." (Page 65.)
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> "The poverty of the incapable, the distress that comes upon the imprudent, the starvation of the idle, and the shouldering aside of the weak by the strong, which leave so many 'in shallows and in miseries,' are the decrees of a large, far-seeing benevolence." (Page 67.)

When the State, guided by a wrongly inspired philanthropy, prevents the application of this wise law, instead of diminishing suffering it increases it. "It tends to fill the world with those to whom life will bring most pain, and tends to keep out of it those to whom life will bring most pleasure. It inflicts positive misery, and prevents positive happiness." ("Social Statics," p. 381, edit. 1851.)

The law that Mr. Herbert Spencer desires society to adopt is simply Darwin's law—"the survival of the fittest." Mr. Spencer expresses his astonishment that at the present day, more than at any other period of the world's history, everything is done to favour the survival of the unfittest, when, at the same time, the truth as revealed by Darwin, is admitted and accepted by an ever-growing number of educated and influential people!

I have endeavoured to give a brief sketch of the line of argument followed by Mr. Herbert Spencer. We will now see what reply can be made to it. I think one chief point ought not to have escaped the eminent writer. It is this: If the application of the Darwinian law to the government of societies be really justifiable, is it not strange that public opinion, not only in England, but in all other countries, is so strenuously opposed to it, at an epoch which is becoming more and more enlightened, and when sociological studies are pursued with so much interest? If the intervention of public power for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes be a contradiction of history, and a return to ancient militant society, how is it that the country in which the new industrial organization is the most developed—that is to say, England—is also the country where State intervention is the most rapidly increasing, and where opinion is at the same time pressing for these powers of interference to be still further extended? There is no other land in which the effort to succour outcasts and the needy poor occupies so large a portion of the time and means of the well-to-do and of the public exchequer; there is nowhere else to be found a poor-law which grants assistance to even able-bodied men; nowhere else would it ever have been even suggested to attack free contract, and consequently the very first principles of proprietorship, as the Irish Land Bill has done; and nowhere else would a Minister have dared to draw up a programme of reforms such as those announced by Mr. Chamberlain at the Liberal Reform Club at Ipswich (Jan. 14, 1885). On the Continent all this would be looked upon as rank socialism. If, then, as a country becomes more civilised and enlightened it shows more inclination to return to what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls militant organization, and to violate the Darwinian law applied to human society, may we not be led to conclude that this so-called retrogression is really progress? This conclusion would very easily explain what Mr. Herbert Spencer designates as the "wheeling round" of the Liberal party with which he so eloquently reproaches them.

Why did the Liberals formerly do their utmost to restrict State power? Because this power was then exercised in the interests of the upper classes and to the detriment of the lower. To mention but one example: When, in former times, it was desired to fix a scale of prices and wages, it was with a view to preventing their being raised, while, to-day, there is a clamour for a lessening of hours of labour with increased remuneration. Why do Liberals now wish to add to the power and authority of the State? To be able to ameliorate the intellectual, moral, and material condition of a greater number of citizens. There is no inconsistency in their programme; the object in view, which is the great aim of all civilization, has been always the same—to assure to each individual liberty and well-being in proportion to his merit and activity!

I think that the great fundamental error of Mr. Herbert Spencer's system, which is so generally accepted at the present day, consists in the belief that if State power were but sufficiently reduced to narrow it to the circle traced by orthodox economists, the Darwinian law and the survival of the fittest would naturally follow without difficulty. Mr. Spencer has simply borrowed from old-fashioned political economy, without submitting to the fire of his inexorable criticism, the superficial and false notion that, if the *laissez-faire* and free contract *régime* were proclaimed, the so-called natural laws would govern the social order. He forgets that all individual activity is accomplished under the empire of laws, which enact as to ownership, hereditary succession, mutual obligations, trade and industry, political institutions and administrations, besides a multitude of laws referring to material interests, banking organisations, money, credit, colonies, army, navy, railways, &c.

For natural laws, and especially the law of the survival of the fittest, to become established, it would be necessary to annihilate the immense existing edifice of legislation, and to return to the wild state of society when primitive men lived, in all probability, much as do animals, with no possessions, no successions, no protection of the weak by the State.

Those who, with Mr. Spencer and Haeckel and other Conservative evolutionists, are anxious to see the law of the survival of the fittest and of natural selection adopted in human society, do not realise that the animal kingdom and social organisation are two such totally different domains that the same law, applied to each, would produce wholly opposite effects. Mr. Herbert Spencer gives an admirable description of the manner in which natural selection is accomplished among animals:—

> "Their carnivorous enemies not only remove from herbivorous herds individuals past their prime, but also weed out the sickly, the malformed, and the least fleet and powerful. By the aid of which purifying process, as well as by the fighting so universal in the pairing season, all vitiation of the race through the multiplication of its inferior samples is prevented, and the maintenance of a constitution completely adapted to surrounding conditions, and therefore most productive of happiness, is ensured."

This is the ideal order of things which, we are told, ought to prevail in human societies, but everything in our present organization (which economists, and even Mr. Spencer himself, admit, however, to be natural) is wholly opposed to any such conditions. An old and sickly lion captured a gazelle; his younger and stronger brother arrives, snatches away his prize, and lives to perpetuate the species; the old one dies in the struggle, or is starved to death. Such is the beneficent law of the "survival of the fittest." It was thus among barbarian tribes. But could such a law exist in our present social order? Certainly not! The rich man, feebly constituted and sickly, protected by the law, enjoys his wealth, marries and has offspring, and if an Apollo of herculean strength attempted to take from him his possessions, or his wife, he would be thrown into prison; and were he to attempt to practise the Darwinian law of selection, he would certainly run a fair risk of the gallows, for this law may be briefly expressed as follows: Room for the mighty, for might is right. It will be objected that in industrial societies the quality the most deserving of recompense, and which indeed receives the most frequent reward, is not the talent of killing one's fellow-man, but an aptitude for labour and producing. But at the present time is this really so? Stuart Mill says that from the top to the bottom of the social ladder remuneration lessens as the work accomplished increases. I admit that this statement may be somewhat exaggerated, but, I think, no one will deny that it contains a large amount of truth. Let us but cast our eyes around us, and we see everywhere those who do nothing living in ease and even opulence, while the workers who have the hardest labour to perform, who toil from night to morning in mines, or unhealthy workshops, or on the sea in tempests, in constant danger of death, are paid, in exchange for all these hardships, a salary hardly sufficient for their means of subsistence, and which, just now, has become smaller and smaller, in consequence of the ever-recurring strikes, and the necessary closing of so many factories, mines, &c., owing to the long-continued depression of trade. What rapid fortunes have been made by stock-broking manœuvres, by trickeries in supplying goods, by sending unseaworthy vessels to sea to become the coffins of their crews! Do not such sights as these urge the partisans of progress to demand the State's interference in favour of the classes who receive so inadequate a payment for their labours?

The economists of the old school promised that, if the *laissez-faire* and free contract *régime* were proclaimed, justice would reign universally; but when people saw that these fine promises were not realized, they had recourse to public power for the obtaining of those results which the much-boasted "liberty" had not secured.

The system of accumulating wealth and hereditary succession alone would suffice to prevent the Darwinian law ever gaining a footing in civilized communities. Among animals, the survival of the fittest takes place quite naturally, because, as generations succeed each other, each one must create his own position according to his strength and abilities; and in this way the purifying process, which Mr. Herbert Spencer so extols, is effected. A similar system was generally prevalent among barbarians; but, at the present day, traces of it may be seen only in instances of "self-made men;" it disappears in their children, who, even if they inherit their parents' talents and capacities, are brought up, as a rule, in so much ease and luxury that the germs of such talents are destroyed. Their lot in life is assured to them, so why need they exert themselves? Thus they fail to cultivate the qualities and tastes they may have inherited from their parents, and they and their descendants become in all points inferior to their ancestors who secured to them, by labour and industry, the privileged position they hold. Hence the proverb, *A père économe fils prodigue* (To a thrifty father, a spendthrift son).

It follows, therefore, that those who wish to see the law of natural selection, by the transmission of hereditary aptitudes, established amongst us should begin by demanding the abolition of hereditary succession.

Among animals, the vitiation of the race through the multiplication of its inferior samples is prevented "by the fighting so universal in the pairing season." In the social order the accumulation and hereditary transmission of wealth effectually impede the process of perfecting the race. In Greece after the athletic sports, or in those fortunate and chimerical days of which the Troubadours sang, "the most beautiful was sometimes given as a prize to the most valiant;" but, in our prosaic age, rank and fortune too often triumph over beauty, strength, and health. In the animal world, the destiny of each one is decided by its personal qualities. In society, a man attains a high position, or marries a beautiful woman, because he is of high birth, or wealthy, although he may be ugly, lazy, and extravagant. The permanent army and the navy would also have to be destroyed, before the Darwinian law could triumph. Conscription on the Continent and enlistment in England (to a less degree) condemn many of the strongest and most warlike men to enforced celibacy; and, as they are subjected to exceptional dangers in the way of hazardous expeditions and wars, the death-rate is far higher amongst them than it would be under ordinary circumstances. In pre-historic times, or in a general way, such men would certainly have begotten offspring, as being the strongest and most apt to survive; in our societies, they are decimated or condemned to celibacy.

Having borrowed from orthodox political economy the notion that it would suffice to put a check on inopportune State intervention for the reign of justice to become established, Mr. Herbert Spencer proceeds to demonstrate that the legislators who enacted the poor-law, and all recent and present law-makers "who have made regulations which have brought into being a permanent body of tramps, who ramble from union to union, and which maintain a constant supply of felons by sending back convicts into society under such conditions that they are almost compelled again to commit crimes," are alone responsible for the sufferings of the working-classes. But may we not blame law-makers, or, rather, our own social order, for measures more fatal in their results than either of these—for instance, the law which concentrates all property into the hands of a few owners? Some years ago, Mr. Herbert Spencer wrote some lines on this subject which are the most severe indictment against the present social order that has ever fallen from the pen of a really competent writer:—

> "Given a race of beings having like claims to pursue the objects of their desires—given a world adapted to the gratification of those desires—a world

> into which such beings are similarly born, and it unavoidably follows that they have equal rights to the use of this world. For if each of them 'has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other,' then each of them is free to use the earth for the satisfaction of his wants, provided he allows all others the same liberty. And, conversely, it is manifest that no one or part of them may use the earth in such a way as to prevent the rest from similarly using it, seeing that to do this is to assume greater freedom than the rest, and, consequently, to break the law. Equity, therefore, does not permit property in land. On examination, all existing titles to such property turn out to be invalid; those founded on reclamation inclusive. It appears that not even an equal apportionment of the earth amongst its inhabitants could generate a legitimate proprietorship. We find that, if pushed to its ultimate consequences, a claim to exclusive possession of the soil involves a land-owning despotism. We further find that such a claim is constantly denied by the enactments of our legislature. And we find, lastly, that the theory of the co-heirship of all men to the soil is consistent with the highest civilization; and that, however difficult it may be to embody that theory in fact, equity sternly commands it to be done." "By-and-by, men may learn that to deprive others of their rights to the use of the earth is to commit a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties." ("Social Statics," chap. ix.)

Has Mr. Herbert Spencer changed his opinions as to the proprietorship of the soil since these lines were written? Not at all, for, in the chapter entitled "The Coming Slavery," he writes that "the movement for land-nationalization is aiming at a system of land-tenure equitable in the abstract." But if society, in depriving numbers of persons of their right of co-heirship of the soil, has "committed a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties," ought it not, in common justice, to endeavour to repair the injury done? The help given by public assistance compensates very feebly for the advantages they are deprived of. In his important book, "La Propriété Sociale," M. Alfred Fouillée, examining the question from another standpoint, very accurately calls this assistance "la justice reparative." The numerous and admirable charitable organizations which exist in England, the keen emotion and deep commiseration manifested when the little pamphlet, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," was first published, the growing pre-occupation of Government with the condition of the working-classes, must be attributed, in the first instance certainly to Christian feeling, but also, in a great measure, to a clearer perception of certain ill-defined rights possessed by those who have been kept deprived of national or rather communal co-heirship. Mr. Herbert Spencer has expressed this idea so clearly and eloquently that I hope I may be allowed to quote the passage :—

> "We must not overlook the fact that, erroneous as are these poor-law and communist theories, these assertions of a man's right to maintenance and of his right to have work provided for him, they are nevertheless nearly related to a truth. They are unsuccessful efforts to express the fact that whoso is born on this planet of ours thereby obtains some interest in it—may not be

> summarily dismissed again—may not have his existence ignored by those in possession. In other words, they are attempts to embody that thought which finds its legitimate utterance in the law: All men have equal rights to the use of the earth. . . . After getting from under the grosser injustice of slavery, men could not help beginning in course of time to feel what a monstrous thing it was that nine people out of ten should live in the world on sufferance, not having even standing room save by allowance of those who claim the earth's surface." ("Social Statics," p. 345.)

When one reads through that substantial essay, "The Man *versus* The State," it appears as if the principal or, indeed, the sole aim of State socialism were the extension of public assistance and increased succour for the unworthy, whereas the reality is quite the reverse of this! Scientific socialism seeks, first of all, the means of so raising the working-classes that they may be better able to maintain themselves and, consequently, to dispense with the help of others; and, secondly, it seeks to find what laws are the most in conformity with absolute justice, and with that admirable precept, "Benefit in proportion to merit, reward in proportion to desert." In the speech delivered by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, last year (1884), as President of the Congress of Social Science, at its opening meeting at Birmingham, he traced, in most striking language, all the good that State intervention had effected in England of late years: Greater justice enforced in the relations between man and man, children better educated and better prepared to become useful and self-supporting members of the community, the farmer better guaranteed against the exaggerated or unjust demands of the proprietor, greater facilities for saving offered, health ensured to future generations by the hours of labour being limited, the lives of miners further safeguarded, so that there are less frequent appeals to public assistance, and, as a practical result of this last measure, the mortality in mines fallen in the last three years to 22·1 per thousand, as compared to 27·2 per thousand during the ten previous years—a decrease of 20 per cent.! One fact is sufficient to show the great progress due to this State legislation: in an ever-increasing population, crime is rapidly and greatly diminishing.

Suppose that, through making better laws, men arrive gradually at the condition of the Norwegian peasantry, or at an organization similar to that existing in the agricultural cantons of Switzerland; that is to say, that each family living in the country has a plot of ground to cultivate and a house to live in: in this case every one is allowed to enjoy the full fruit of his labour, and receives reward in proportion to his activity and industry, which is certainly the very ideal of justice—*cuique suum.*

The true instinct of humanity has ever so understood social organization that property is the indispensable basis of the family, and a necessary condition of freedom. To prevent any one individual from being deprived of a share in the soil, which was in primitive ages considered to be the collective property of the tribe, it was subjected to periodical divisions; these, indeed, still take place in the Swiss Allmend, in some Scottish townships, in the greater part of Java, and in the Russian Mir.

If such a *régime* as this were established, there would be no more "tramps wandering from union to union." In such a state of society as this, not in such as ours, the supreme law which ought to govern all economic relations might be realized. Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably defines this law in the following passage:—

> "I suppose a dictum on which the current creed and the creed of science are at one may be considered to have as high an authority as can be found. Well, the command, *If any would not work, neither should he eat*, is simply a Christian enunciation of that universal law of nature under which life has reached its present height, the law that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die; the sole difference being, that the law which in one case is to be artificially enforced is in the other case a natural necessity."

This passage ought to be transcribed at the commencement of every treatise on social science as the supreme aim of all sociological research; only the delusion, borrowed from the old political economy, which consists in the belief that this dictum of science and Christianity is in practice in our midst, ought to be suppressed.

Is it not a fact that, everywhere, those who can prove by authentic documents that, for centuries past, their ancestors have thriven in idleness are the richest, the most powerful, the most sought after? Only at some future date will this dictum of science and Christianity be brought to bear on our social organization, and our descendants will then establish an order of things which will create economic responsibility, and ensure to each the integral enjoyment of the produce of his labour. The difficult but necessary work of sociology is to endeavour to discover what this organization should be, and to prepare its advent. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's speech shows very clearly the road that ought to be taken.

Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks, however, that this road would lead us directly to a condition of universal slavery. The State would gradually monopolize all industrial enterprises, beginning with the railways and telegraphs as it has already done in Germany and Belgium, then some other industries as in France, then mines, and finally, after the nationalization of land, it would also take up agricultural enterprise. The freedom enjoyed by a citizen must be measured, he says, not by the nature of the government under which he lives, but by the small number of laws to which he is subject. The essential characteristic of the slave is that he is forced to work for another's benefit. The degree of his slavery varies according to the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsorily expended for the benefit of another, instead of for self-benefit; in the *régime* which is approaching, man will have to work for the State, and to give up to it the largest portion of his produce. What matters it that the master under whose command he labours is not an individual, but society? Thus argues Mr. Herbert Spencer.

In my opinion, the State will never arrive at a monopoly of all industries, for the very simple reason that such a system would never answer. It is possible that some day a social organisation such as M. Albert Schäffle, formerly Finance Minister in Austria, has explained, may grow up, in which all branches of production are placed in the hands of co-operative societies. But, be that as it may, men would be no more slaves in workshops belonging to the State than in those of merchants or manufacturers of the present day. Mr. Herbert Spencer can very easily assure himself of this fact. Let him visit the State collieries at Saarbruck, or inspect the Belgian railways, and interrogate all the officials and workmen employed; he will find that, from the highest to the lowest, they are quite as free, quite as contented with their lot, as those engaged in any private industry. There is even far more guarantee against arbitrary measures, so that their real freedom is greater than elsewhere. The proof of this is the fact that posts in any industries belonging to the State are always sought for by the best workmen. If the degree of man's slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain, then it must be admitted that the majority of workmen and small farmers are certainly slaves now, for they have very little or no property, and, as their condition almost entirely depends on the hard law of competition, they can only retain for themselves the mere necessaries of life! Are the Italian *contadini*, whose sad lot I depicted in my "Lettres d'Italie," free? They are reduced to live entirely on bad maize, which subjects them to that terrible scourge, the *pellagra*. What sad truth is contained in their reply to the Minister who advised them not to emigrate!—

> "What do you mean by the nation? Do you refer to the most miserable of the inhabitants of the land? If so, we are indeed the nation. Look at our pale and emaciated faces, our bodies worn out with over-fatigue and insufficient food. We sow and reap corn, but never taste white bread; we cultivate the vine, but a drop of wine never touches our lips. We raise cattle, but never eat meat; we are covered with rags, we live in wretched hovels; in winter we suffer from the cold, and both winter and summer from the pangs of hunger. Can a land which does not provide its inhabitants, who are willing to work, with sufficient to live upon, be considered by them as a fatherland?"

The Flemish agricultural labourer, who earns less than a shilling a-day, and the small farmer, whose rack-rent absorbs the entire net profits; the Highland crofters, who have been deprived of the communal land, the sacred inheritance of primitive times, where they could at least raise a few heed of cattle; the Egyptian fellahs, whose very life-blood is drained by European creditors—in a word, all the wretched beings all over the world where the soil is owned by non-workers, and who labour for insufficient remuneration; can they, any of them, be called free? It is just possible that, if the State were to become the universal industry director (which, in my opinion, is an impossible hypothesis), their condition would not be improved; but at all events it could not be worse than it is now.

I do not believe that "liberty must be surrendered in proportion as the material welfare is cared for." On the contrary, a certain degree of well-being is a necessary condition of liberty. It is a mockery to call a man free who, by labour, cannot secure to himself the necessaries of existence, or to whom labour is impossible because he possesses nothing of his own, and no one will employ him!

Compare the life of the soldier with that of the hired workman either in a mine or a factory. The first is the type of the serf in "The Coming Slavery," and the second the type of the independent man in an industrial organization under the free contract *régime*. Which of the two possesses the most real liberty? The soldier, when his daily duties are accomplished, may read, walk, or enjoy himself in accordance with his tastes; the workman, when he returns home worn out with fatigue after eleven or twelve hours' hard labour, too often finds no other recreation than the gin-palace. The labourer at his task must always, and all day long, obey the foreman or overseer, whether he be employed by a private individual, by the State, or by a co-operative society.

"Hitherto," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "you have been free to spend your earnings in any way which pleases you; hereafter you shall not be free to spend it, but it will be spent for the general benefit." The important point, he adds, is the amount taken from me, not the hand that takes it. But if what is taken from my revenue is employed to make a public park which I am free to enter whenever I feel inclined, to build public baths where I may bathe in summer or winter, to open libraries for my recreation and instruction, clubs where I may spend my evenings, and schools where my children may receive an education which will enable them to make their own way in the world; to build healthy houses, let at a low rent, which save me the cruel necessity of living in slums, where the soul and the body are alike degraded; if all this be done, would the result be the same as if this sum were taken by some private Crœsus to spend on his personal pleasures and caprices? In the course of last summer, while in Switzerland and Baden, I visited several villages where each family is supplied, from forests belonging to the commune, with wood for building purposes and for fuel; also with pasturage for their cattle, and with a small plot of ground on which to grow potatoes, fruit, and vegetables. In addition to this, the wages of all public servants are paid for from the communal revenue, so that there is no local taxation whatever.* Suppose that these woods and meadows, and this land, all belonged to a landed proprietor, instead of to the commune; he would go and lavish the revenue in large capitals or in travelling. What an immense difference this would make to the inhabitants! To appreciate this, it suffices merely to compare the condition of the Highland crofters, the free citizens of one of the richest countries in the world, and whose race has ever been laborious, with that of the population of these villages, hidden away in the Alpine cantons of Switzerland or in the gorges of the Black Forest. If, in the Highland villages of Scotland, rentals had been, as in these happy communes of Switzerland and Baden, partly reserved for the inhabitants, and partly employed in objects of general utility, how very different would have been the lot of these poor people! Had they but been allowed to keep for themselves the sea-weed and the kelp which the sea brings them, how far better off would they have been than they now are, as is admirably proved in Mr. Blackie's interesting book, "The Scottish Highlanders."

A similar remark may also be applied to politics. What matters it, says Mr. Herbert Spencer, that I myself contribute to make laws if these laws deprive me of my liberty? He mentions ancient Greece as an example to startle us at the notion of our coming state of slavery. He writes: "In ancient Greece the accepted principle was, that the citizen belonged neither to himself nor to his family, but to his city—the city being, with the Greek, equivalent to the community. And this doctrine, proper to a state of constant warfare, is one which socialism unawares re-introduces into a state intended to be purely industrial." It is perfectly certain that the *régime* of ancient Greek cities, which was founded on slavery, cannot be suitable to modern society, which is based on a system of labour. But we must not allow ourselves to forget what Greece was, nor all we owe to that Greek civilisation, which, Mr. Herbert Spencer says, the "coming slavery" threatens to re-introduce amongst us. Not only philosophy, literature, and arts flourished as they have never done in any other age, but the political system so stamped characters with individuality that the illustrious men of Greece are types of human greatness, whose deeds and sayings will be engraven on the memory of men so long as the world lasts. If the "coming slavery" gives us such men as Pisistratus, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Lycurgus, Sophocles, Thucydides, Epaminondas, Aristides, or Pericles, we shall, I think, have no cause to complain! But how is it that Greece produced such a bevy of great men? By her democratic institutions, combined with a marvellous system of education, which developed simultaneously the faculties of the mind and the body.

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* I may mention as an example, the township of Freudenstadt, at the foot of the Kniebis, in Baden. Not a single farthing of taxation has been paid since its foundation in 1557. The commune possesses about 5,000 acres of pine forest and meadow land, worth about £10,000 sterling. The 1,420 inhabitants have each as much wood for their building purposes and firing as they wish for, and each one can send out to pasture, during the summer, his cattle, which he feeds during the winter months. The schools, church, thoroughfares, and fountains are all well cared for, and every year considerable improvements are made. 100,000 marks were employed in 1883 for the establishment in the village, of a distribution of water, with iron pipes. A hospital has been built, and a pavilion in the market-place, where a band plays on fête-days. Each year a distribution of the surplus revenue is made amongst the families, and they each obtain from 50 to 60 marks, or shillings, and more still when an extraordinary quantity of timber has been sold. In 1882, 80,000 marks were distributed amongst the 1,420 villagers. What a favoured country, is it not?

The German army, in spite of its iron discipline, arrives at results somewhat similar, though in a less degree. A rough peasant joins a regiment; he is taught to walk properly, to swim, and to shift for himself; his education is made more complete, and he becomes a man of independent character, better fitted to survive in the struggle for life. If the authorities in towns levy heavy taxes, and employ the money in improving the condition of the inhabitants and in forming those who need forming, even more than in the German army, and after the fashion of the ancient Greeks, will not the generations yet to come be better able to earn their own livelihood, and to maintain an honourable position, than if they had been allowed to pass their childhood in the gutters? Mr. Herbert Spencer reasons falsely when he says, "What matters it that I make the laws if these laws deprive me of my liberty?" Laws which tax me to degrade and rob me are odious, but laws which deprive me of what I have for my own good and for the further development of my faculties are well-meaning, as is the constraint imposed on his children by a wise father for their instruction or correction. Besides, to contribute to make laws elevates a man's character. As Stuart Mill has proved, this is indeed one of the great advantages of an extension of the suffrage. A man called upon to vote is naturally raised from the sphere of personal to that of general interests. He will read, discuss, and endeavour to obtain information. Others will argue with him, try to change his opinions, and he will himself realize that he has a certain importance of his own, that he has a word to say in the direction of public affairs. The elevating influence of this sentiment over French, and still more over Swiss, citizens is remarkable.

It is perfectly true that, for political and social reforms to be productive of fruits, the society into which they are introduced must be in a sufficiently advanced condition to be able to understand and apply them, but it must not be forgotten that improved institutions make better men.

Go to Norway; crimes are hardly known there. In the country people never close their doors at night, locks and bolts are scarcely known, and there are no robberies; probably, first, because the people are moral and religious, but certainly, also, because property is very equally divided. None live in opulence and none in absolute beggary, and certainly misery and degradation, which often results from misery, are the causes of the great majority of crimes.

The rich financier, Helvetius, wrote, very truly, that, if every citizen were an owner of property, the general tone of the nation would be conservative, but if the majority have nothing, robbery then becomes the general aim. ("De l'Homme," sect. vi. chap. vii.)

In conclusion, let us try to go to the root of the matter. Two systems are suggested as cures for the evils under which society is suffering. On the one hand, it may be said, in accordance with the doctrines of Christianity and socialism, that these evils are the consequences of men's perversity and selfishness, and that it behoves charity and fraternity to remedy them. We must do our best to assist our unfortunate brethren. But how? By trying, Christ tells us, to imitate God's Kingdom, where "the last shall be first and the first last;"—or by "having all things in common," say the Apostles in all the ardour of primitive Christianity, and later on certain religious communities;—or by the giving of alms and other charitable acts, says the Christianity of the middle ages;—while socialism maintains that this may be effected by reforms in the laws regulating the division of property. On the other hand, political economy and evolutionary sociology teach us that these miseries are the inevitable and beneficent consequences of natural laws; that these laws, being necessary conditions of progress, any endeavour to do away with them would be to disturb the order of nature and delay the dawn of better things. By "the weeding out of the sickly and infirm," and the survival of the fittest, the process of amelioration of species in the animal kingdom is accomplished. This law of natural selection should be allowed free and ample scope in human society. "Society is not a manufacture, but a growth." Might is really right, for it is to the general interest that the mighty should triumph and perpetuate the race. Thus argues what is now called *Science.*

In a book entitled "The True History of Joshua Davidson," the author places ideal Christianity and contemporary society face to face, and shows very clearly the opposition which exists between the doctrines of would-be science and those of the Gospel:—

> "If the dogmas of political economy are really exact, if the laws of the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest must really be applied to human society, as well as to plants and animals, then let us at once admit that Christianity, which gives assistance to the poor and needy, and which stretches out a hand to the sinner, is a mere folly; and let us at once abandon a belief which influences neither our political institutions nor our social arrangements, and which *ought* not to influence them. If Christ was right, then our present Christianity is wrong, and if sociology really contains scientific truth, then Jesus of Nazareth spoke and acted in vain, or rather He rebelled against the immutable laws of nature." (Tauchnitz edition, p. 252.)

Mr. William Graham, in his "Creed of Science" (p. 278), writes as follows:—

> "This great and far-reaching controversy, the most important in the history of our species, which is probably as old as human society itself, and certainly as old as the 'Republic' of Plato, in which it is discussed, or as Christianity, which began with a communistic form of society, had yet only within the past half-century come to be felt as a controversy involving real and living issues of a momentous character, and not utopias only remotely bordering upon the possible."

I think it may be proved that this so-called "doctrine of science" is contrary to facts, and is, consequently, not scientific; whereas the creed of Christianity is in keeping with both present facts and ideal humanity.

Darwin borrowed his idea of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest from Malthus, from whom he also drew his theories of evolution and of transformism; but no naturalist ever dreamt of applying either of these laws to human society. It has been reserved to sociology to attempt this, because it has accepted, blindfolded, from the hands of economists, this most erroneous principle: that society is governed by natural laws, and that it suffices to give them free scope for the greatest possible happiness and prosperity to reign. It is manifestly true that, as human society is comprehended in what we call Nature, it must obey her laws; but the laws and institutions, in all their different forms, which decree as to the acquisition and transmission of property or possessions, and hereditary succession, in a word, all civil and penal laws, emanate from men's will, and from the decisions of legislators; and if experience, or a higher conception of justice, shows us that these laws are bad, or in any way lacking, we are free to change them. As far as the Darwinian laws are concerned, it would be perfectly impossible to apply them to existing society without more radically destroying all established institutions than the most avowed Nihilist would wish to do.

If it be really advisable that the law of the "survival of the fittest" should be established amongst us, the first step to be taken would be the abolition of all laws which punish theft and murder. Animals provide themselves with food by physical activity and the use of their muscles. Among men, in consequence of successive institutions, such as slavery, servitude, and revenue, numbers of people now live in plenty on their income, and do nothing at all. If Mr. Herbert Spencer is really desirous to see the supreme principle, "reward in proportion to desert," in force amongst us, he must obtain, first of all, the suppression of the existing regulations as to property. In the animal world, the destiny of each is decided by its aptitudes. Among ourselves, the destiny of each is determined by the advantages obtained or inherited from parents, and the heir to, or owner of, a large estate is sure to be well-received everywhere. We see then, that before Darwinian laws can become established, family succession must be abolished. Animals, like plants, obey the instincts of nature, and reproduce themselves rapidly; but incessant carnage prevents their too excessive multiplication! As men become more civilized, peace becomes more general; they talk of their fellow-men as their brothers, and some philosophers even dream—the madmen!—of arbitration supplanting war! The equilibrium between the births and the deaths is thus upset! To balance it again, let us glorify battles, and exclaim, with General Moltke, that the idea of suppressing them is a mischievous utopia; let us impose silence on those dangerous fanatics who repeat incessantly, "Peace on earth, good-will towards men."

In the very heart of nature reigns seeming injustice; or, as M. Renan puts it more strongly, nature is the embodiment of injustice. A falling stone crushes both the honest man and the scamp! A bird goes out to find food for its young, and after long search is returning to its nest with its well-earned gains, when an eagle, the despot of the air, swoops down and steals the food; we think this iniquitous and odious, and would not tolerate such an instance amongst us. Vigorous Cain kills gentle Abel. Right and justice protest. They should not do so, for it is the mere putting in practice "of the purifying process by which nature weeds out the least powerful and prevents the vitiation of the race by the multiplication of its inferior samples." Helvetius admirably defines, for its condemnation, this Darwinian law which Herbert Spencer would have society accept:—

> "The savage says to those who are weaker than himself: Look up to the skies and you see the eagle swooping down on the dove; cast your eyes on the earth and you see the lion tearing to pieces the stag or the antelope; while in the depths of the ocean small fishes are destroyed by sharks. The whole of nature announces that the weak must be the prey of the strong. Strength is a gift of the gods. Through it I become possessor of all it is in my power to capture." ("De l'Homme," iv. 8).

The constant effort of moralists and legislators has been to replace the reign of might by a reign of justice. As Bacon says, *In societate aut vis aut lex viget.* The object is to subject men's actions more and more to the empire of the law, and that the law should be more and more in conformity with equity. Society has ever been, and still is, to a great extent, too much a reflection of nature. Violations of justice are numerous, and, if these are to be put a stop to, we must oppose ourselves still more to the laws of nature, instead of contemplating their re-establishment.

This is why Christianity, which is an ardent aspiration after justice, is in real accordance with true science. In the book of Job the problem is tragically proposed. The unjust are equally happy with the just, and, as in nature, the strong live at the cost of the weak.

Right protests against this, and the voice of the poor is raised against their oppressors. Listen. What deep thought is contained in the following passage!—"Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? Their seed is established in their sight with them, and their offspring before their eyes. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them" (Job xxi. 7–9). "Some remove land-marks; they violently take away flocks and feed thereof. They cause him to go naked without clothing, and they take away the sheaf from the hungry; which make oil within their walls, and tread their wine-presses, and suffer thirst" (Job xxiv. 2, 10, 11).

The prophets of Israel raised an eloquent protest against the evils then reigning in society, and announced that a time should come when justice would be established upon the earth. These hopes of a Messiah were expressed in such precise terms that they may serve as a programme of the reforms which yet remain to be accomplished. "He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy. There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains" (Psalm lxxii. 4, 13, 16). "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever" (Isaiah xxxii. 17). "Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies, and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast laboured; but they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord; and they that have brought it together shall drink it in the courts of My holiness" (Isaiah lxii. 8, 9). In the New Jerusalem "there shall be no more sorrow nor crying." "They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of My people, and Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands" (Isaiah lxv. 21, 22).

The prophet thus raises his voice in favour of the poor, in the name of justice, not of charity and mercy. "The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of His people and the princes thereof: for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye beat My people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts" (Isaiah iii. 14, 15). "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth" (Isaiah v. 8). In the future society property will be ensured to all, and every one will "sit under his vine and under his fig-tree" (Micah iv. 4).

The ideal of the prophets comprehends, then, in the first place, the triumph of justice, which will bring liberty to the oppressed, consolation to the outcast, and the produce of their labours to the workers; and secondly, and chiefly, it will bring the glorification and domination of the elect people—Israel.

The ideal of the Gospel makes less of this second consideration of national grandeur and pre-eminence, and places in the foreground the radical transformation of the social order. The Gospel is the "good tidings of great joy," the Εὐαγγέλιον, carried to the poor, the approach of the Kingdom of God—that is to say, of the reign of justice. "The last shall be first;" therefore the pretended "natural order" will be reversed!

Who will possess the earth? Not the mightiest, as in the animal creation, and as Darwinian laws decree; not the rich, "for it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God." Lazarus is received into Abraham's bosom, while Dives is cast into the place of torment, "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth." The first of biological precepts, the one respecting the survival of the fittest, as it immolates others for personal benefit, is essentially selfish, which is a vice incessantly reprobated in the New Testament. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Philippians ii. 4). The chief of all Christian virtues is charity; it is the very essence of the Gospel. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (St. Matthew vi. 33).

How very true is the economic doctrine that, with equitable laws, each should enjoy the integral produce of his labour, and that, were this the case, personal activity would attain its highest degree. Nothing is more adverse to the prosperity of a nation than unjust laws; and this is precisely what the prophets and Christ teach us.

If Darwinian laws were applied to human society, the utility of history, considered as a moral lesson for both kings and people, would be destroyed. The history of man might then be looked upon as a mere zoological strife between nations, and a simple lengthening out of natural history. What moral instruction can possibly be drawn from the study of the animal world, where the strong devour or destroy the weak. No spectacle could be more odious or more demoralising!

The incomparable sublimity of the Gospel, which is, alas! only too often misinterpreted, consists in an ardent longing for perfection, in that aspiration for an ideal of justice which urged Jesus and His earliest disciples to condemn the world as it then was. Thence sprang the hatred of evil in its many various forms, the desire for better things, for reforms and progress! Why do Mahometans stand still in the march of civilisation, while Christian countries advance ever more and more rapidly? Because the first are resigned to evil, whereas the second combat and endeavour to extirpate it.

The stoicism—the elevated character of which can hardly be sufficiently admired—the austerity, and purity of such ancients as Marcus Aurelius, nevertheless, bowed before absolute facts, looking upon them as the inevitable results of the actual and natural order of things. Like modern evolutionists, they glorified the laws of nature, considering them perfect. Their optimism led them so far as to adore the cosmos as a divinity. "All that thou wilt, O Cosmos," says Marcus Aurelius, "is my will; nothing is too early or too late for me, if it be at the hour thou decidest upon. My fruit is such as thy seasons bring, O Nature! From thee comes all. Thou art all. All go towards thee. If the gods be essentially good and just, they must have permitted nothing, in the arrangement of the world, contrary to right and justice." What a contrast between this serene satisfaction and the complaints of Job, of the prophets, and of Christ Himself! The true Christian, in direct opposition to stoics and to Mr. Herbert Spencer, holds that the world is completely infected with evil; he avoids it carefully, and lives in the hope of a general cataclysm, which will reduce our globe to ashes, and make place for a new and purified heaven and earth! The belief of stoics and of evolutionary sociologists logically advocates inaction, for it respects the present order of things as attributable to natural laws. The Christian's belief leads him to ardently desire reform and progress, but also, when he is deceived and reduced to despair, it occasionally culminates in revolutionary violence and in Nihilism.

Not only Jesus, but all great religious reformers, such as Buddha, Mahomet, Luther, and the great philosophers, especially Socrates and Plato, and the great law-givers, from Solon and Lycurgus to the legislators of the French Revolution—all the elect of humanity, in fact—are struck with the evils under which our race is forced to suffer, and have imagined and revealed an ideal social order more in conformity with the ideal of justice; and in their writings they place this Utopia in contrast with the existing order. The more Christianity becomes despoiled of dogmas, and the more the ideas of moral and social reform, contained in Christ's teachings, are brought forward as the chief aim, the more Mr. Herbert Spencer's principles will be shunned and avoided. In the splendid development of Roman law, which lasted fifteen hundred years, a similar evolution took place. In the beginning, in the laws of the twelve tables, many traces of the hard law in favour of the mighty may be found. This is symbolized by the lance (*quir*), which gave its name to the quiritarian right. The father was allowed to sell or destroy his children, as they were his possession. He had absolute power over his slaves, who were his "things." The creditor might throw his debtor in prison, or even cause him to be cut in pieces—*in partes secanto*. The wife was entirely in her husband's power—*in manu*. Little by little, as centuries rolled on, eminent lawgivers succeeded each other, and gradual changes were made, so that, finally, just and humanitarian principles penetrated the entire Roman code, and the Darwinian law, which glorifies might, gave place to the Christian law, which extols justice.

This movement will most assuredly continue, in spite of all the abuse it may receive from Mr. Herbert Spencer, and from others who think as he does. It is a result of the advance of civilization from the commencement of Christianity, and even from the time of the prophets of Israel. It will manifest itself, not as it did in the middle ages, by works of mercy, but, under the control of economic science, by the intervention of the State in favour of the disinherited, and by measures such as Mr. Shaw Lefevre approves of, so that each and all should be placed in a position to be able to command reward in proportion to the amount of useful labour accomplished.

Darwinian laws, generally admitted in the domain of natural history and in the animal kingdom, will never be applied to human societies, until the sentiments of charity and justice, which Christianity engraves on our hearts, are completely eradicated.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

A REJOINDER TO M. DE LAVELEYE.

THE Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW having kindly allowed me to see a proof of the foregoing article by M. de Laveleye, and having assented to my request that I might be allowed to append a few explanations and comments, in place of a more formal reply in a future number of the Review, I have, in the following pages, set down as much as seems needful to prevent the grave misunderstandings likely to be produced by M. de Laveleye's criticisms, if they are permitted to pass unnoticed.

On the first page of his essay, M. de Laveleye, referring to the effort to establish "greater equality among men" by "appropriating State, or communal, revenues" for that end, writes—

> "Mr. Spencer considers that this effort for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes, which is being everywhere made with greater or less energy, is a violation of natural laws, which will not fail to bring its own punishment on nations, thus misguided by a blind philanthropy" (p. 485).

As this sentence stands, and especially as joined with all which follows, it is calculated to produce the impression that I am opposed to measures "for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes." This is quite untrue, as numerous passages from my books would show. Two questions are involved—What are the measures? and—What is the agency for carrying them out? In the first place, there are various measures conducive to "improvement of the condition of the working-classes" which I have always contended, and still contend, devolve on public agencies, general and local—above all, an efficient administration of justice, by which they benefit both directly and indirectly—an administration such as not simply represses violence and fraud, but promptly brings down a penalty on every one who trespasses against his neighbour, even by a nuisance. While contending for the diminution of State-action of the positively-regulative kind, I have contended for the increase of State-action of the negatively-regulative kind—that kind which restrains the activities of citizens within the limits imposed by the existence of other citizens who have like claims to carry on their activities. I have shown that "maladministration of justice raises, very considerably, the cost of living for all;"[*] and is, therefore, felt especially by the working-classes, whose state is most closely dependent on the cost of living. As one of the evils of over-legislation, I have, from the beginning, urged that, while multitudinous other questions absorb public attention, the justice-question gets scarcely any attention; and social life is everywhere vitiated by the consequent inequities.[†] While defending *laissez-faire* in its original and proper sense, I have pointed out that the policy of universal meddling has for its concomitant that vicious *laissez-faire* which leaves dishonesty to flourish at the expense of honesty.[‡] In the second place, there are numerous other measures conducive to "the improvement of the condition of the working-classes" which I desire quite as much as M. de Laveleye to see undertaken; and simply differ from him concerning the agency by which they shall be undertaken. Without wishing to restrain philanthropic action, but quite contrariwise, I have in various places argued that philanthropy will better achieve its ends by non-governmental means than by governmental means.[§] M. de Laveleye is much more familiar than I am with the facts showing that, in societies at large, the organized arrangements which carry on production and distribution have been evolved not only without State-help, but very generally in spite of State-hindrance; and hence I am surprised that he apparently gives no credence to the doctrine that, by private persons acting either individually or in combination, there may be better achieved multitudinous ends which it is the fashion to invoke State-agency for.

Speaking of the domain of individual liberty, M. de Laveleye says—

> "To be brief, I agree with Mr. Herbert Spencer that, contrary to Rousseau's doctrine, State power ought to be limited, and that a domain should be reserved to individual liberty which should be always respected; but the limits of this domain should be fixed, not by the people, but by reason and science, keeping in view what is best for the public welfare" (p. 488).

I am a good deal perplexed at finding the last clause of this sentence apparently addressed to me as though in opposition. "Social Statics" is a work mainly occupied with the endeavour to establish these limits by "reason and science." In the "Data of Ethics," I have sought, in a chapter entitled the "Sociological View," to show how certain limits to individual liberty are deducible from the laws of life as carried on under social conditions. And in "The Man *versus* The State," which M. de Laveleye is more particularly dealing with, one part of the last chapter is devoted to showing, deductively, the derivation of what are called "natural rights" from the vital needs, which each man has to satisfy by activities pursued in presence of other men who have to satisfy like needs; while another part of the chapter is devoted to showing, inductively, how recognition of natural rights began, in the earliest social groups, to be initiated by those retaliations which trespasses called forth—retaliations ever tending to produce respect for the proper limits of action. If M. de Laveleye does not consider this to be an establishment of limits "by reason and science," what are the kinds of "reason and science" by which he expects to establish them?

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[*] "Study of Sociology," p. 415, postscript in library edition.

[†] See "Social Statics: 'The Duty of the State.'" Also "Essays," vol. ii. pp. 94–8; vol. iii. p. 167.

[‡] "Study of Sociology," pp. 351-3, cheap edition.

[§] "Social Statics: 'Poor Laws.'"

On another page M. de Laveleye says—

> "I am of opinion that the State should make use of its legitimate powers of action for the establishment of greater equality among men, in proportion to their personal merits" (p. 489).

Merely observing that the expression "its legitimate powers of action" seems to imply a begging of the question, since the chief point in dispute is—What are "its legitimate powers of action;" I go on to express my surprise at such a sentence coming from a distinguished political economist. M. de Laveleye refers to the "old-fashioned political economy," implying that he is one of those younger economists who dissent from its doctrine; but I was quite unprepared to find that his dissent went so far as tacitly to deny that in the average of cases a proportioning of rewards to personal merits naturally takes place under the free play of supply and demand. Still less, after all the exposures made of the miseries inflicted on men throughout the past by the blundering attempts of the State to adjust prices and wages, did I expect to see in a political economist such a revived confidence in the State as would commission it to adjust men's rewards "in proportion to their personal merit." I hear that there are some who contend that payment should be proportionate to the disagreeableness of the work done: the implication, I suppose, being that the knacker and the nightman should receive two or three guineas a day, while a physician's fee should be half-a-crown. But, with such a proportioning, I suspect that, as there would be no returns adequate to repay the cost and time and labour of preparation for the practise of medicine, physicians would quickly disappear; as would, indeed, all those required for the higher social functions. I do not suppose that M. de Laveleye contemplates a proportioning just of this kind. But if in face of all experience, past and present, he trusts officialism to judge of "personal merits," he is sanguine to a degree which surprises me.

One of the questions which M. de Laveleye asks is—

> "If the intervention of public power for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes be a contradiction of history, and a return to ancient militant society, how is it that the country in which the new industrial organization is the most developed—that is to say, England—is also the country where State intervention is the most rapidly increasing, and where opinion is at the same time pressing for these powers of interference to be still further extended ?" (p. 491).

Several questions are here raised besides the chief one. I have already pointed out that my objection is not to "intervention of public power for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes," but to interventions of certain kinds. The abolition of laws forbidding trade-combinations, and of laws forbidding the travelling of artisans, were surely measures which improved "the condition of the working-classes;" and these were measures which I should have been eager to join in obtaining. Similarly, at the present time I am desirous of seeing provided the easiest and most efficient remedies for sailors fraudulently betrayed into unseaworthy ships; and I heartily sympathize with those who denounce the continual encroachments of landowners—enclosures of commons and the turf-covered borders of lanes, &c. These, and kindred injustices to the working-classes, stretching far back, I am no less desirous to see remedied than is M. de Laveleye; provided always that due care is taken that other injustices are not committed in remedying them. Evidently, then, this expression of M. de Laveleye raises a false issue. Again, he says that I call this public intervention on behalf of the working-classes "a return to ancient militant society." This is quite a mistake. In ancient militant society the condition of the working-classes was very little cared for, and, indeed, scarcely thought of. My assertion was that the *coercive system* employed was like the coercive system employed in a militant society: the *ends* to which the systems are directed being quite different. But turning to the chief point in his question, I meet it by counter-questions—Why is it that the "new industrial organisation" is best developed in England? and—Under what conditions was it developed? I need hardly point out to M. de Laveleye that the period during which industrial organization in England developed more rapidly and extensively than elsewhere, was a period during which the form of government was less coercive than elsewhere, and the individual less interfered with than elsewhere. And if now, led by the admirers of Continental bureaucracies, eager philanthropists are more rapidly extending State-administrations here than they are being extended abroad, it is obviously because there is great scope for the further extension of them here, while abroad there is little scope for the further extension of them.

In justification of coercive methods for "improving the condition of the working-classes," M. de Laveleye says—

> "One fact is sufficient to show the great progress due to this State legislation: in an ever-increasing population, crime is rapidly and greatly diminishing" (p. 496).

Now, without dwelling on the fact, shown in Mr. Pike's "History of Crime in England," that "violence and lawlessness" had increased during the war period which ended at Waterloo; and without dwelling on the fact that, after the recovery from prostration produced by war, there was a diminution of crime along with that great diminution of coercive legislation which characterized the long period of peace; I go on to remark that a primary condition to the correct drawing of inferences is—other things equal. Does M. de Laveleye really think, when comparing the state of the last generation with that of the present, that other things are so equal that to the growth of State-administrations can be ascribed the decrease of crime? He ignores those two factors, far more important than all others, which have produced a social revolution—railways and free-trade: the last resulting from the abolition of governmental restraints after a long struggle, and the first effected by private enterprise carried out in spite of strenuous opposition for some time made in the Legislature. Beyond all question, the prosperity due to these factors has greatly ameliorated the condition of the working-classes, and by so doing has diminished crime; for undoubtedly, diminishing the difficulties of getting food, diminishes one of the temptations to crime. If M. de Laveleye refers to a more recent diminution, then, unless he denies the alleged relation between drunkenness and crime, he must admit that the temperance agitation, with its pledges, its "Bands of Hope," and its "Blue Ribbon League," has had a good deal to do with it.

Before passing to the chief question let me correct M. de Laveleye on some minor points. He says—

> "I think that the great fundamental error of Mr. Herbert Spencer's system, which is so generally accepted at the present day, consists in the belief that if State power were but sufficiently reduced," &c.

Now I set against this a sentence not long since published by Mr. Frederic Harrison:

> "Mr. Spencer has himself just published . . . . 'The Man *versus* The State,' to which he hardly expects to make a convert except here and there, and about which an unfriendly critic might say that it might be entitled 'Mr. Spencer against all England.'" (*Nineteenth Century*, vol. xvi. p. 366.)

The fear lest my arguments should prevail, which I presume prompted M. de Laveleye's article, is evidently ill-founded. I wish I saw reason to believe that his estimate is nearer to the truth than the opposite one.

On p. 490, M. de Laveleye writes—

> "The law that Mr. Herbert Spencer desires society to adopt is simply Darwin's law—'the survival of the fittest.'"

Perhaps I may be excused for wishing here to prevent further confirmation of a current error. In his article, M. de Laveleye has quoted from "Social Statics" passages showing insistance on the benefits resulting from survival of the fittest among mankind, as well as among animals; though he ignores the fact that the work as a whole is an elaborate statement of the conditions under which, and limits within which, the natural process of elimination of the unfit should be allowed to operate. Here my immediate purpose is to correct the impression which his statement, as above worded, produces, by naming the dates: "Social Statics" was published in 1851; Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species" in 1859.

And now I pass to the main issue. In pursuance of his statement that I wish society to adopt the survival of the fittest as its guiding principle, M. de Laveleye goes on to describe what would be its action as applied to mankind. Here are his words.

> "This is the ideal order of things which, we are told, ought to prevail in human societies, but everything in our present organization (which economists, and even Mr. Spencer himself, admit, however, to be natural) is wholly opposed to any such conditions. An old and sickly lion captured a gazelle; his younger and stronger brother arrives, snatches away his prize, and lives to perpetuate the species; the old one dies in the struggle, or is starved to death. Such is the beneficent law of the 'survival of the fittest.' It was thus among barbarian tribes. But could such a law exist in our present social order? Certainly not! The rich man, feebly constituted and sickly, protected by the law, enjoys his wealth, marries and has offspring, and if an Apollo of herculean strength attempted to take from him his possessions, or his wife, he would be thrown into prison, and were he to attempt to practise the Darwinian law of selection, he would certainly run a fair risk of the gallows" (p. 492).

Now though, on the next page, M. de Laveleye recognizes the fact that the survival of the fittest, as I construe it in its social applications, is the survival of the industrially superior and those who are fittest for the requirements of social life, yet, in the paragraph I have quoted, he implies that the view I hold would countenance violent methods of replacing the inferior by the superior. Unless he desires to suggest that I wish to see the principle operate among men as it operates among brutes, why did he write this paragraph? In the work before him, without referring to other works, he has abundant proof that, above all things, aggression of every kind is hateful to me; and he scarcely needs telling that from my earliest book, written more than a third of a century ago, down to the present time, I have urged the change of all laws which either inflict injustice or fail to remedy injustice, whether committed by one individual against another, or by class against class, or by people against people. Why, then, did M. de Laveleye make it seem that I would, if I could, establish a reign of injustice under its most brutal form? If there needs proof that in my view the struggle for existence as carried on in society, and the greater multiplication of those best fitted for the struggle, must be subject to rigorous limitations, I may quote as sufficient proof a passage from the "Data of Ethics:" premising that the word co-operation used in it, must be understood in its widest sense, as comprehending all those combined activities by which citizens carry on social life.

> "The leading traits of a code under which complete living through voluntary co-operation [here antithetically opposed to compulsory co-operation, characterizing the militant type of society] is secured, may be simply stated. The fundamental requirement is that the life-sustaining actions of each shall severally bring him the amounts and kinds of advantage naturally achieved by them; and this implies, firstly, that he shall suffer no direct aggressions on his person or property, and, secondly, that he shall suffer no indirect aggressions by breach of contract. Observance of these negative conditions to voluntary co-operation having facilitated life to the greatest extent by exchange of services under agreement, life is to be further facilitated by exchange of services beyond agreement: the highest life being reached only when, besides helping to complete one another's lives by specified reciprocities of aid, men otherwise help to complete one another's lives" (p. 149).

This passage, indeed, raises in a convenient form the essential question. It will be observed that in it are specified two sets of conditions, by conforming to which men living together may achieve the greatest happiness. The first set of conditions is that which we comprehend under the general name *justice;* the second set of conditions is that which we comprehend under the general name *generosity.* The position of M. de Laveleye, and of the multitudes who think with him, is that the community, through its government, may rightly undertake both to administer justice and to practise generosity. On the other hand, I, and the few who think with me, contend that justice alone is to be administered by the community in its corporate capacity; and that the practice of generosity is to be left to private individuals, and voluntarily-formed combinations of individuals. Insuring each citizen's safety in person and property, as well as insuring him such returns for his services as his fellow-citizens agree to give, is a public affair; while affording him help, and giving him benefits beyond those he has earned, is a private affair. The reason for maintaining this distinction is that the last duty cannot be undertaken by the State without breach of the first. The vital requirement to social life must be broken that a non-vital requirement may be fulfilled. Under a reign of absolute justice unqualified by generosity, a social life may be carried on, though not the highest social life; but a reign of generosity without any justice—a system under which those who work are not paid, so that those who have been idle or drunken may be saved from misery—is fatal; and any approach to it is injurious. That only can be a wholesome state in which conduct brings its natural results, good or evil, as the case may be; and it is the business of Government, acting on behalf of all, to see that each citizen shall not be defrauded of the good results, and that he shall not shoulder off the evil results on to others. If others, in their private capacities, are prompted by affection or pity to mitigate the evil results, by all means let them do so: no power can equitably prevent them from making efforts, or giving money, to diminish the sufferings of the unfortunate and the inferior; at the same time that no power can equitably coerce them into doing this.

If M. de Laveleye holds, as he appears to do, that enforcing the normal relations between conduct and consequences, right as it may be in the abstract, is impracticable under existing social conditions, which are in many cases such that men get what they have neither earned nor otherwise equitably received, and in many cases such that they are prevented from earning anything; then my reply is, by all means, where this condition of things is due to unjust arrangements, let us rectify these arrangements as fast as we can. But let us not adopt the disastrous policy of establishing new injustices for the purpose of mitigating the mischiefs produced by old injustices.

HERBERT SPENCER.

SHAKSPEARE'S PORTRAITURE OF WOMEN.

FOR a critic to say anything of Shakspeare that has not been said already is as hard as it would be for a poet to sing a new song about the sun. But we vivify our old impressions by rearranging them; each reflects the light, flinging a gleam or a sparkle on its neighbour, and when we alter the position of this or that, nothing seems to remain quite the same; we have given our kaleidoscope a turn. On this account, if on no other, we may value the chronological method of studying an author's works of late pursued so industriously; it has been a new way of arranging our knowledge, and so it has reanimated our dulled impressions. Let us see whether we can feel the old immortal beauty in some degree afresh, and cheat ourselves into supposing that we are making some small discoveries about Shakspeare, and the growth of his character and genius, by glancing along his portraitures of women in the order in which they were actually conceived by him. We shall at least spend an hour in the best possible company. These ideal figures cannot fail to quicken our sensibility for what is beautiful in real life; there are hidden or marred ideals all around us in the actual men and women, in the commonplace lives of the street, the market and the fireside. If we knew every motion of an Imogen or a Cordelia, it might be possible to detect the heart of one of these beating under a modern gown.

But why not go to a woman to hear about women? Why expect to learn as much from Shakspeare as from George Eliot or Jane Austen? It is true that there were secrets known to Jane Austen and George Eliot at which even Shakspeare only guessed; secrets of womanly fortitude in petty things, which are properly known only to those who feel where the shoe pinches; secrets of feminine weakness visible to keen eyes which are tempted by no chivalric sentiment to blink the fact. The commonplaces of masculine satire on woman have something clumsy and stupid about them; it is well to have them near us as stones to fling on occasion, but they seldom hit the mark. If the barbed dart is to quiver in the flesh, it should be aimed by a sister's hand; she is aware at what precise points the armour is unjointed. But, on the other hand, there are many truths which each sex can best tell about the other. Our personality does not consist solely or chiefly in the little hard central kernel, which we call the *ego;* we effuse ourselves, and live more in this active expanded self than in the midmost cell of our being. And each sex dilates and discovers itself chiefly in presence of the opposite sex. Therefore, a man may know some things about women of which a woman is hardly aware, and (if we would only believe it) a woman may know a good deal about men which a man will stoutly deny, yet which is most certain; only, women are seldom courageous enough to tell us what they know, and we are pleased by this timidity, choosing to live on in our fool's paradise. Each sex holds the mirror up to the other, and what matter if it be a magic mirror? We may call Charlotte Brontë's admirable M. Paul Emanuel a woman's hero; and so he is, for he is a man reflected in a woman's magic mirror. But one of our sex who would understand the potency of manhood, will by no means waste his time if he studies the character M. Paul Emanuel. He will see manhood, presented indeed in magic mirror, but raying out its fierce undeniable attractions, and grappling with myriad spiritual tentacles the feminine heart. Could we have conceived it so? And in like manner we may say of Shakspeare's heroines, who are women beheld in the most wonderful of magic mirrors, that they are more perfectly feminine than any woman could have found it in her heart or brain to make them. By what art of divination could she have guessed all the potency of her sex?

There are poets and artists whose genius brings forth men-children only. The greatest of Shakspeare's fellow-dramatists, Ben Jonson, was one of these. Admirable as were his wit, his judgment, his learning, his satiric power, his knowledge of life, his reverence for art, his constructive talent, he could not fashion a noble or beautiful woman. Ben Jonson wrought superbly in bronze, and ran his metal into carefully constructed moulds; he could not work in such finer elements of air and light as those from which a Miranda is framed; and some of these subtle elements enter into each of Shakspeare's heroines. On the other hand, a far less robust genius, John Webster, one of Shakspeare's dramatic disciples, delighted in nothing so much as in full-length studies of tragic female figures. There are indeed wonderful creations in his plays beside these—

sinister and cynical faces of men apparent in the gloom. But in his greatest dramas all exists for the sake of the one woman after whom each drama is named—the Duchess of Malfi, Webster's lady of sorrow, and his White Devil, Vittoria Corombona, on whom, splendid in her crime, he turns a high light of imagination that dazzles while we gaze. This was not Shakspeare's method. In no play of his do we find a woman as centre of the piece, or conceived as a dramatic unit. And hence indeed it is almost an error to study the character of any of Shakspeare's heroines apart from the associate with whom she plays her part. Beatrice is hardly intelligible apart from Benedick; the echoing voice of love rebounds and rebounds in Romeo and Juliet, inextricably intermingling from lover to lover, until death has stilled all sound; in that circle of traitors through which Shakspeare leads us in his Inferno, Macbeth and his Queen are miserably united for ever by their crime and its retribution.

Among the *dramatis personæ* of a single play of Shakspeare's, and of this play alone, there is the conspicuous absence of any important female character. It is the tragedy of despair, "Timon of Athens." Two or three sentences are spoken by Phrynia and Timandra, and that is all. In their foul few words, and in their crying for gold, they merely represent the vice of Athens, from which Timon has fled; they possess no individuality, and therefore (like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in "Hamlet") they are coupled, and never appear singly; they show themselves only to demonstrate that the very virtue of womanhood is extinct in the luxurious city, and thus to intensify the despair of the young misanthrope. In all Shakspeare's plays there is only one absolute infidel as regards womanly truth and goodness, and he is Shakspeare's one irredeemable villain, Iago. The loss of faith in woman is treated in two or three of Shakspeare's plays, and is always recognized as a turning-point or crisis in the development of character. Hamlet might have endured his father's untimely death, and the loss of the Danish crown; he was a student and a lover, and at no time really ambitious to be a king. It was his mother's frailty which transformed his grief into a corroding decay of all joyous energy; it was this which made the world appear to him an unweeded garden, ripening to seed-time; it was this which poisoned his love for Ophelia—"Frailty, thy name is woman." Again, in "Troilus and Cressida" it is a turning-point in the life of the young champion of Troy when he sees Cressida, who has heretofore been for him all purity and passion, wantoning lip and hand with Diomed beneath the torchlight of the Grecian camp. Happily the gallant youth has by his side worldly-wisdom incarnate in the person of Ulysses; and yet the pinch of death could not well be sharper:—

"Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule; rather think this not Cressid."

Troilus comes out of the boy's fiery trial successfully. He is cured of love, as far as we can discern, for the rest of his life; but he has suddenly become a man, strung up by this bitter tonic for the work of a man, yet made a little merciless and a little reckless by the fact that life has grown a thing of less value than heretofore in his eyes. But Troilus is young. If the same anguish, or one far more cruel but of a like kind, were to come upon a man in mature years, a man of fiery nature, who had staked all his hopes and all his faith on a single cast, and who had lost, or deemed himself to have lost, could such an one, like Troilus, begin a new career, and transform his loss into a bitter gain? Shakspeare gives the answer; we hear it in the great throbs and heavings of Othello's breast:—

"O now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!"

So much Shakspeare tells us of the havoc that may be wrought in a man's life and character by loss of faith in a mother, a lover, or a wife. And, on the other hand, who has said with more energy of conviction than Shakspeare, that even for one who stands upon the heights of virtue higher heights may become visible in the light of a woman's heroism? It is no romantic boy who speaks in his first fervour of love, but the noblest Roman in presence of one who had been tested and not found wanting (and here Shakspeare follows almost the words of Plutarch):—

"O ye gods
Render me worthy of this noble wife."

"Timon," Shakspeare's tragedy of despair, is the only play in which no woman is portrayed. From the first, evidently he was attracted as an artist to the study of female character. The two poems, on which in his earlier years he hoped to rest his fame, are laboured studies of womanly character and passion; and as if resolved to spread his drag-net wide, so that nothing might escape him, he studies the remote extremes of womanhood—in the one, enamoured Venus flushed with all the sensuous ardours of the god; in the other, Lucrece, pale with despair, and heroic with the chastity of a Roman wife. Probably the first play of Shakspeare, in which he worked out ideas of his own, not following in the steps of a predecessor, is "Love's Labour's Lost." It is throughout a piece of homage, half-serious, half-playful, to the influence of women. It tells us that the best school in which to study is the school of life, and that to rouse and quicken all our faculties, so that we may learn brightly the lessons of that school, we chiefly need the inspiration of love. The play looks as if it were Shakspeare's mirthful reply to the sneers and slights of some of his fellow-dramatists, who had come up to town from the University, well-read in the classical literature supposed in those Renaissance days to be the sole source of true culture, and who were indignant that a young fellow from Stratford, who had at best picked up a little irregular schooling, "small Latin and less Greek," from a country pedagogue, should aspire to the career of dramatic poet. If Shakspeare was not a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, he was something better—he had graduated in the school of life; he had looked about him with quick, observant eyes; he had thought and felt; had struggled, sported, loved; he had laughed at Stratford Dogberries, had perhaps broken open the lodge and killed the deer of the Stratford Mr. Justice Shallow; and if he had not kissed the keeper's daughter (which is far from improbable), he had certainly kissed Anne Hathaway to his heart's content. And now in "Love's Labour's Lost," while all the affectations of mock dignity and pedantry, and spurious learning, and fantastical refinement are laughed to scorn with a young man's light and vigorous laughter, Shakspeare comes forward to maintain that our best schoolmasters are life and love, and he adds, half-playfully, half-seriously, that if we wish to say our lesson brightly and well, we must first go and learn it from a woman.

The early comedies are more interesting for what they promise than for what they actually present. One alone remains unsurpassed in its kind, the fairy comedy of fancy and frolic, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The characterisation of the lovers is somewhat faint; the play is not designed to interpret depths of passion; were we too seriously interested in real life, how could we lend belief to the story of Oberon's jealousy, and to the wonders of the moonlit wood? It is a dream, and the figures are a little shadowy, like figures in a dream. Hermia indeed is sufficiently distinguished from Helena, but neither is strongly drawn. Hippolyta, the Amazonian Queen, so nobly matched with the heroic Theseus, is a fine sketch of the great lady in her hour of ease, as Shakspeare may have observed her when playing by command in the hall of some English castle. One knavish jest of Fairyland may have a meaning which extends into the world of men and women; with juice of love-in-idleness on her lids a Titania may grow enamoured of a Bottom, wearing the ass-head on his shoulders. Such things have been seen outside the Athenian wood. Have not some of ourselves once or twice beheld a fairy creature as delicately bred, as finely nurtured as the elvish Queen hanging enraptured on the arm of some thick-headed Bottom the weaver, or Bottom the captain, or Bottom the curate, who never fails to accept his good fortune with a sublime air of superiority?

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona," in some respects a very unsatisfactory play, is a most interesting one, because it contains hints of so much that Shakspeare afterwards worked out. Julia is the first of those exquisite disguisers in male apparel, who are as graceful and as feminine in doublet and hose as in petticoat, and who were favourite children of Shakspeare's imagination; Julia first, and following her appear Portia, Jessica, Rosalind, Viola, Imogen. The investiture in strange attire, and the assumption of a different sex from their own, is too piquant a stage adventure to be forgotten, and Shakspeare returns to it with ever-renewed pleasure. It is an indication of the early date of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" that there is some lack of refinement in the treatment of this incident. In the later plays the treatment varies according as the heroine is compelled to assume her disguise by painful stress of circumstances, or accepts the transformation not without some adequate motive, yet half in a spirit of gaiety and adventure. Imogen, escaped from her father's Court, and now among the wild Welsh mountains, accompanied by a single attendant, who must presently leave her, and almost done to death by her husband's written accusations, which are crueller to her than blows, is advised by Pisanio to take means for the speedy solution of her doubts respecting Posthumus' fidelity—

"O for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure."

It is deadly earnest with Imogen, and she has not a smile to waste upon her exchange of costume—

"Nay, be brief;
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already."

It calls for courage, not gaiety, to hazard this adventure, and in Pisanio's speech, describing what her garb and bearing must be, there is a touch of remorse to think that so rare a creature as Imogen must become as common a thing as a pretty, sweet-voiced page in hat and doublet—

"You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience, fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, oh, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry."

And Imogen accepts the necessity with a serious courage; no mirth or mock or bright self-raillery, but all subdued yet hopeful earnest—

> "This attempt
> I am soldier to, and will abide it with
> A prince's courage."

Far otherwise is it with Rosalind and with Portia. There is no real suffering for Rosalind in leaving a weary Court ruled by the usurper, and flying to the forest of Arden, where her father and his companions are fleeting their time carelessly as they did in the golden world; where, moreover, many young gentlemen flock to her father; why not among them a certain gallant wrestler, son of the banished Duke's old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys? She will not wander alone, for Celia goes with her, and Touchstone is to be a comfort to her travel. Rosalind is not a wronged and solitary wife like Imogen; she is a girl of bright temper, quick inventive wit, and glad heart. Accordingly, she throws herself into the adventure with *abandon*, and will play her part with high spirit. She will be one of the young gentlemen who flock to the forest—

> "A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
> A boar-spear in my hand, and—in my heart
> Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
> We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
> As many other mannish cowards have
> That do outface it with their semblances."

This martial disguise of Rosalind, with the gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh, was all the more fortunate, because Portia had put on the doctor's gown, and a contrast was desirable. With Portia, as with Rosalind, there is no cause of real distress; she sets forth to succour Bassanio's friend; she travels to the ferry in her coach with Nerissa; and her first thought is the delighted one—

> "We'll see our husbands
> Before they think of us."

We know with what a divine dignity Portia maintains her cause of mercy before the Doge and Signory of Venice; but in the glee of anticipating the adventure, her fancy quite runs away with her, and she pictures herself in her strange apparel to Nerissa with a delighted exaggeration of the young-mannishness to which she never actually condescends—

> "I'll hold thee any wager
> When we are both accoutred like young men,
> I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
> And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
> And speak between the change of man and boy
> With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
> Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
> Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
> How honourable ladies sought my love,
> Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
> I could not do withal; . . . .
> I have within my mind
> A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks
> Which I will practise."

We know how Portia's bearing belied these sportive announcements;

how grave and graceful, how learned and persuasive, how keen-sighted and yet elevated, with a touch of spiritual exaltation, the young doctor proved in that great affair of life and death. It is precisely with these disguisers that Shakspeare is most careful to accentuate the feminine characteristics. Bassanio protests before the Court that he would sacrifice even his wife, dear to him as life itself, to deliver his friend from the Jew. There is more of Portia than of a Daniel come to judgment in the young lawyer's outbreak—

> "Your wife would give you little thanks for that
> If she were by, to hear you make the offer."

Not that Portia for a moment questions Bassanio's love; but what woman is not rejoiced to obtain a playful advantage over her husband? And Portia, who has been defrauded of the pleasure of a lover's quarrel, now must put an edge on her profound content by the brief pretence of a wife's quarrel with her husband. Viola, in her disguise, grows not mannish, but more poignantly feminine—

> "Dear lad, believe it,
> For they shall yet belie thy happy years
> That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
> Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
> Is as the maiden's organ shrill and sound,
> And all is semblative a woman's part."

In the forest of Arden and in her martial dress, Rosalind is, if possible, more exquisitely a woman than when she threw the chain around Orlando's neck: "Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?" And is Imogen, even when lying asleep—"fresh lily, and whiter than the sheets"—more purely feminine than she is in the cave of Belarius—

> "Behold divineness
> No elder than a boy;"

or when borne as dead in her brother's arms, and lily-like once more—

> O sweetest, fairest lily,
> My brother wears thee not the one-half so well
> As when thou grew'st thyself"?

We pass to an entirely different group of characters when we enter on the historical plays. The great affairs of State make havoc in the domestic affections, and women are in a peculiar degree the sufferers. They show like trees that have faced a fierce gale, and limbs are rent away from some, and some are leafless and contorted, and some are shaken to the roots, and some lie prone upon the ground. Here and there at rare intervals appears a woman in whom place and power have nurtured a vast ambition, under the influence of which she has grown strong, and opposed successfully the storm of fate; yet the day comes when even such an one is bent or broken, and her fall is terrible. The ambitious wife of the

Protector Gloster has her will, and plays her part in fortune's pageant bravely for a while—

> "She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies
> More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife."

But by-and-by the wheel of fortune is turned full circle, and the proud dame stands in London streets robed in the white penance sheet, her feet bare to the flints, a taper in her hand, ribald verses pinned upon her back, a jeering rabble at her heels.

The historical plays are filled with the outcries of women. Now it is the Duchess of York pleading passionately at King Henry's feet for the life of her first-born, while old York in a frenzy of terrified loyalty demands the young man's death. Now it is the new-made bride from whom the bridegroom is torn away to make slaughter among her own kin—it is Blanche crying to Lewis—

> "Upon thy wedding day!
> Against the blood that thou hast married!
>
> * * * *
>
> O husband hear me!"

Now it is the wife torn from her husband's side that he may go the way to the grave alone—it is Isabel parted from Richard, but first made to feel his political, and worse, his moral effacement; made to see her "fair rose wither" beyond the power of "true-love tears" to "wash him fresh again." Now it is the widow mourning for her husband—Lady Percy hanging upon old Northumberland to restrain him from the wars, because her heart is full of the thought of her gallant Hotspur slain, and memory makes it tremble. Now it is Constance weeping for her Arthur, who has been overwhelmed by the opposing forces in whose midst he stood:—

> "Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

Now it is the wretched Anne, wife of Richard of Gloster, whose stifled misery has its outbreak when she finds that she is to be dragged to the throne over the bodies of the slaughtered princes:—

> "Oh, would to God, that the inclusive verge
> Of golden metal that must round my brow
> Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
> Anointed let me be with deadly venom."

Now it is an antiphony of lamentations, rising from a royal mother, two fatherless children, and their feeble grandame.

> "*Elizabeth.*—Give me no help in lamentation,
> I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
>
> * * * *
>
> Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!
> *Children.*—Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!
> *Duchess.*—Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!"

And so the terzett of sorrow goes on, a lamentation in which, through the stronger crying of the Queen, the treble of childish voices and the quavering pipe of old age may be distinguished.

But there is something more terrible than the fall of princes or the misery of a queen. It is when thwarted passion and foiled ambition transform a woman's entire nature into a hunger for revenge. One portentous figure occupies a large place in four connected plays—that of Margaret of Anjou, the formidable wife of the royal saint and dastard, Henry the Sixth. For her invention, or for retrieving her from the chronicles, perhaps we owe more thanks to Marlowe than to Shakspeare; but doubtless the conception of Marlowe was adopted by Shakspeare, and heightened and refined. We follow her whole history from the day on which in the glory of early womanhood she meets her lover Suffolk, the Lancelot of this Guinevere, to the day when, grey-haired, loverless, husbandless, and childless, she seats herself in the dust by the side of the mother and the wife of her royal antagonist, Edward the Fourth, and teaches them, with terrible sounding of the depths of misery, how to curse their enemies:—

> "Forbear to sleep the night and fast the day;
> Compare dead happiness with living woe;
> Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
> And he that slew them fouler than he is;
> Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
> Revolving this will teach thee how to curse."*

In the historical plays there is only one really happy woman—Katherine of France, who is wooed in such soldier-like fashion by the great victor of Agincourt. Well for Kate that King Henry was first a man, and only in the second place a prince! Under the royal wooer, not regardless of State motives for the marriage, lay Prince Hal of the tavern, who had loved the frank realities of life better than the cold conventions of his father's Court. He does not give the passion of a Romeo or the reverence of a Brutus, but in all honesty he can say: "In faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear; my comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me?"

Before the English historical plays were brought to a close (and from these we set aside King Henry the Eighth as belonging to a period) Shakspeare had produced two great portraits of women, lovers who move under the sunlight and starlight of Italy, both beautiful and ardent, yet in their beauty unlike as can possibly be, one the most afflicted, the other the most joyous of wedded ladies—

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* "*Think that thy babes were fairer than they were.*" Surely this line is worthy of either Shakspeare or the highest spirit among his early fellow-dramatists.

Juliet and the Venetian Portia. Juliet, for we need hardly take account of Lavinia in "Titus Andronicus," is the first-born tragic heroine of Shakspeare's imagination. Whether she was or ever would have been a woman of intellect or a woman capable of devotion to a moral ideal, we neither know nor greatly care to know. She was assuredly endowed with genius of the heart. It is enough that Juliet's nature was one clear flame of love, and that death took her, or rather not death but love. If in a rich garden we found some red-hearted flower not yet unclosed, and if we had arrived just at the moment when sunlight fell upon it, and the petals suddenly burst open, and all the sweetness and bloom in an instant spread abroad, we should have before our eyes an image of Juliet's awakening to passion, and of her instantaneous transit from childhood to womanhood. In this tragedy there is no division of interests, no secondary plot, no double current of feeling. One and the same desire seizes at one and the same instant the hearts of Romeo and Juliet; one and the same doom awaits them. Hence, from its singleness of passion and of plot the play acquires a lyrical character. In the moonlit garden and at dawn, when

> "Envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east,"

the voices of the lovers sound amid the notes of nighingales like the nightingales' own. If we would describe the character of Juliet, we have said what is essential when we have said "she loves." She loves in the heroic fashion, for even as a great thought makes the thinker indifferent to food and sleep, nay, to life itself, and as a great ambition makes the man of action indifferent to these, so the singleness of her love makes Juliet regardless of all except love, and bears her onward to her doom. Here, for the first time, Shakspeare courageously explores the extremes of human passion—the aërial pinnacle of joy, the cavernous abyss of grief. The emotion of love which occupies the play is single, and there is little complexity in either of the two chief characters; but love is not quite the same as manifesting itself in man and in woman; it is the same, and it is not the same, as if the god of love had put twin reeds to his lips and blown, but the harmony was made up of tenor and contralto tones. So with the passion of Romeo and Juliet. And lest we should be cloyed by sweetness or by sorrow, Shakspeare has filled in a background of most varied character, showing us the cold Italian beauty, Juliet's mother, who had wedded old Capulet, not for love, and who now strives with little maxims to preach down a daughter's heart; and Mercutio, a free-lance between the rival houses, whose wit lightens and flashes as swift as his rapier blade, whose quick brain and nimble fancy are needed to set off the brooding passion and rich imaginings of Romeo. Nor in this background may we overlook the first entirely humorous study of womanhood in Shakspeare's plays—the Nurse, stoutest and most consequential of ladies, Love's breathless go-between, sage counsellor in amorous perplexities, delicate creature whose injured honour Peter the fan-bearer must defend, whose overwrought feelings require from time to time the soothing influences of the aqua-vitæ flask. Would that in addition to the Nurse of Juliet and Mrs. Quickly of the Boar's Head Tavern, Shakspeare had given us a gallery of these humorous portraits, for neither the creator of Mrs. Gamp nor the creator of Mrs. Poyser has surpassed him in these two.

Portia, the rich heiress of Belmont, charms us not by the power of one predominant attribute, but by the harmony of many qualities rarely found in union. She is not, like Juliet, a passionate child suddenly transformed to woman. She does not, like Juliet, suffer from the tyrannous environment of her elders. She is mistress of a noble house, and already she has known many wooers from the four quarters of the globe, until this business of wooing has grown a weariness: "By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world." If only she were free to choose, for to Shakspeare's heroines it is in the highest degree inconvenient to be merely chosen. From Juliet to Desdemona, from Helena to Miranda, if they do not themselves actually woo, they are at least active accomplices in their wooing: but Portia must accept her fate from a casket of lead. From the tedium of the rich heiress's life she is roused by veritable love; but how can she give that love expression? Sainte-Beuve has noticed that a subtlety and fineness of edge has been put upon satire in France by the laws regulating the press; a writer who fears the censure cannot blurt out a brutal invective; he must cast about how to say the same thing, or what comes to the same, in constitutional language. The check put by her father's will on Portia's love acts like the censure in France, and she is taught by it to say things with as full a meaning as any of Juliet's ardent outbreaks, but she says them exquisitely, and with a delicate propriety which adds to their charm. The most irresistible love-letter is that which may be read by every one; only to the eyes of the one person made wise by love the written words are replaced by invisible phrases set down in a sympathetic ink, shining forth when the poor leaf of paper is laid close to the warmth of a heart. "There's something tells me," exclaims Portia—

> "There's something tells me, but it is not love,
> I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
> Hate counsels not in such a quality."

This is the most graceful of confessions, and yet we must hesitate before declaring it more beautiful than Juliet's—

> "But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
> Than those that have more cunning to be strange;"

or the sacred boldness of Miranda's declaration—

> "Hence, bashful Cunning!
> And prompt me, plain and holy Innocence!
> I am your wife, if you will marry me.
> If not, I'll die your maid."

Portia "stands for sacrifice," while her young Alcides goes to "redeem the virgin tribute" from the sea-monster. But when the bar is broken, and the check removed which stayed the current of her love, how her whole life trembles rapturously forward to unite itself with Bassanio's! how humble and how proud she grows in her desire to set Bassanio above herself, "an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd," yet soon to instruct the doge and his magnificoes! With what an eager delicacy of love does she strive to convince him (happy adventurer) that *she* is the fortunate one who is getting the best of the bargain! And in truth, Love like Death is a mighty leveller, and in a moment has made them equal.

Portia marks an epoch in Shakspeare's creations of female character. In her he first shows how he can bring into vital union the various elements which go to make up a noble and cultivated woman. How refined an intellect, how ardent a heart! What a superb mundane life at Belmont amid its flowers, and statues, and music; what lofty spiritual views in the Court of Venice when she pleads for mercy! What beautiful earnestness, and what beautiful mirth! And Shakspeare has confronted her feminine force, benignant as it is bright, with the remorseless masculine force and dark temper of Shylock. The same self-mastery which she had shown in carrying out the conditions of her father's will stands her in stead at the trial of Antonio. She does not hurry forward to confound her adversary or to relieve the merchant; but conducts the case to the issue she desires as an artist might achieve a work of art, testing first whether there be any humanity in Shylock; then, when it must be so, drawing him on to expose the absolute vindictiveness of his nature, and at precisely the right moment giving affairs the sudden turn which brings good out of evil. We should think of the young doctor less as an interpreter of the law than as an exquisite artist in the affairs of life.

It may seem strange that in plays later in the chronological order than "The Merchant of Venice," this refinement of portraiture is not maintained, and that ruder and more boisterous types of womanhood appear. Shakspeare was led away from romantic comedy by the historical plays, and after "Henry the Fourth" and "Henry the Fifth" he transferred some of the roughness and realism of the lower scenes of the historical drama to the region of comedy. But as regards "The Taming of the Shrew" (whatever its date may be) we must bear in mind that Shakspeare worked upon the lines of an older play. And Kate the curst, presently to become the most loyal of wives, is a good broad comedy figure, far more original and laughter-moving than the affectionate scold Adriana in "The Comedy of Errors." There is a gale of high spirits and good-humour blowing through the piece. We have not a grain of pity to spare for Kate, who is far better pleased to find a conqueror than herself to conquer. Men must be such poor creatures if they cannot manage with bit and bridle a headstrong girl; on the whole it is satisfactory to her to discover that there is at least one man of force and spirit in the world, and to know that he and no other has chosen her for his wife. And so Kate transfers all her boldness into the very effrontery of obedience; if she surrender at all, she must surrender unconditionally, and retain her self-will by sheer pride of self-effacement.

We have travelled a wide space from the noble and gracious lady of Belmont. Even in that brilliant being, Beatrice, true lover, and gallant friend of her friend in distress, we miss the grace of Portia. Behind her delightful sauciness lie warmth and courage of heart; but Portia can be as mirthful without this playful effrontery, this appalling cleverness, and Portia can utter the noble periods of her plea for mercy, an achievement beyond the wit of Beatrice. "I am much sorry, sir," says Imogen when provoked by Cloten's professions of love—

> "I am much sorry, sir,
> You put me to forget a lady's manners
> By being so verbal."

Beatrice might have incurred the censure of Imogen as being "verbal," yet she is a delight to those who can see an actress of genius mediating between forwardness and good breeding, love and wit, game and earnest, and for ever saved by the gentlewoman from the hoyden. After three hundred years my dear Lady Disdain still holds the stage, and has lost none of her buoyancy or brightness. We should remember that Shakspeare's women must tread the boards and interest a crowd of spectators. It will not do to make them all like Virgilia, the "gracious silence" of her husband. Among various devices to render the women of his plays interesting, two are often resorted to by Shakspeare: either they are brilliant talkers, distinguished by their intellect and wit—such are Rosalind and Beatrice; or they are assigned parts which require from them some sustained and eloquent pleadings. So it is with Portia pleading for Antonio's life, so with Isabella pleading for the life of her brother, so with Volumnia pleading for the safety of Rome, so with Hermione and Katherine of Arragon, who are cited before judges to defend their own honour. From first to last we perceive that Shakspeare delighted in vigour of character in woman as in man. His heroines are not composed of

> "Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
> And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair."

Mere softness and yieldingness do not attract Shakspeare. He requires some strength of nature—not always intellectual strength, but if not intellectual strength or brilliancy, then vigour of the emotional or moral nature, and if not active courage, then the passive heroism of fortitude.

Almost side by side with "Much Ado about Nothing" in point of date lies "As You Like It." The secret how to be at once "verbal" and faultless in manner was assuredly discovered by Rosalind. And the secret is this—that while every word uttered shall be vivid, and a challenge to the spirit of dulness, not one word shall be merely clever and intellectual. Rosalind's brilliance is never hard or cold. A cascade of sparkling speech sallies from her lips; it is sun-illumined as it falls, and over it hangs the iris of a lover's hope. The bluster of the shrew and the delightful raillery of Beatrice are refined in Rosalind to an exquisite sprightliness, which half conceals and half reveals the eager wishes and tender alarms of her heart. What joy to such a woman as Rosalind to be, as it were, the goddess of destiny to three pairs of lovers, including amongst them Orlando and herself!

Having brought to perfection one type of womanhood, Shakspeare turns to another type, which we find represented by Helena, in "All's Well that Ends Well," and by Isabella in "Measure for Measure." "At the entrance," I have said elsewhere, "to the dark and dangerous tragic world into which Shakspeare was now about to pass stand the figures of Isabella and Helena, one the embodiment of conscience, the other the embodiment of will." In a world of over-running foulness and shame, Isabella stands the representative of heroic chastity. The change from the forest of Arden to the city of Vienna, where corruption boils and bubbles, is not greater than the change from Rosalind to Isabel. Here are other and less innocent burghers than the dappled deer; here are neither frolic nor song as in the greenwood of France; but instead of these pleadings for life, desperate inducements to sin, grave searching of hearts, wrestlings with evil, the laying bare of self-deceit. We pass from the freedom of the fields and woods to the damps of the prison cell. Through all moves Isabella, immaculate; but, like Spenser's patron knight of chastity, the virgin Britomart, she finds at the last that there is no purity so invincible as that of love. A heart may be chaste as ice or chaste as fire, and Isabella's is of the latter kind. We remember her as "a thing ensky'd and sainted," yet as the Duke's betrothed, and united with him in the task of restoring order in his evil city of Vienna. Helena, the physician's daughter, is also made to be a healer, and restorer; with her it is not a sinful city that needs healing, but one proud boy, on whom she has lavished undeserved affection, and whom she watches over with a fond protectiveness. In this play we meet with a charming example of Shakspeare's treatment of the relations of woman with woman, of which another example is found in the beautiful girl's friendship of Rosalind and Celia. The aged Countess and her adopted daughter Helena, although Helena's love of the Countess's son might easily have disturbed their harmony, perfectly understand one another, and it is the patent of Helena's nobility that her confidant and the partner in her plot is no other than Bertram's mother. "I can almost," writes Mr. Hudson, "find it in my heart to adore the beauty of youth, yet this blessed old creature is enough to persuade me that age may be more beautiful still."

Perhaps it was at this period, and in contrast with the saintly strength of Isabel, and the protective devotion of Helena, that Shakspeare created the only light woman in all his plays—Cressida. Poor bubble of vanity and sensuality (and with the gleam and grace of a floating bubble), she serves, if for nothing else, at least to prove that Cleopatra belongs to another class than hers. With one quarter of her small loveless self for Troilus, and one quarter for Diomed, and the rest for any other hopeful candidates of the Grecian or the Trojan camp, she makes us feel that Cleopatra, for whom Antony has at least been the supreme sensation of her life, possesses a certain depth of character and reality of passion. It was certainly about this date that Shakspeare drew his only portrait of a woman who, having once loved nobly, yields to a second and a base affection —Gertrude, Hamlet's mother. And Ophelia, "sweet rose of May," must not even she be placed among those women whose love, through incapacity of nature rather than through fault, brings no strength or healing with it?

"Hamlet" lies close to "Julius Cæsar" in the chronological order of the plays. It is inevitable that we should set side by side the female figures of these two tragedies, and exhibit the gentle helplessness of Ophelia in the light of the Roman Portia's heroic energy of heart. Such strange love-making as that of Hamlet and Ophelia was surely never known before or since; one silent interview, one distracted or ironical letter, one scene of invective and reproach, real or feigned, and some few ambiguous or indecent speeches—this is the account in brief of all the communications between Ophelia and Hamlet with which we are made directly acquainted. A bar is set between the lovers at the opening of the play, and not one word of trust and confidence is spoken on either side from the beginning to the end. Hamlet's love is poisoned at its source, and Ophelia has not courage to press forward and discover where and how he ails; she has nothing better to bring to Hamlet's aid than piteous little appeals to heaven. Portia, created by Shakspeare from Plutarch's record at about the same date as Ophelia, is really as feminine, as sensitive to anxiety and pain for those she loves, as the ill-starred Danish maiden; she too, and with a slighter cause than Ophelia, goes distracted and does herself to death—a death by fire, not the piteous, musical death of Ophelia. Portia is as finely strung as any of Shakspeare's heroines, but she is Cato's daughter and Brutus' wife. With an irresistible appeal to Brutus—not to heaven—she urges her wifely right to share the purposes and the cares of her husband. Let Ophelia keep for her epitaph her brother's words, "sweet rose of May"—a rose borne helplessly down the stream of fate, and muddied at the close; it is inexpressibly piteous. But if we would be proud, not pitiful, let us turn to Portia, Shakspeare's ideal of Stoic virtue enshrined within a woman's frailty, and let us inscribe to her memory the words of Brutus—

> "O ye gods
> Render me worthy of this noble wife."

Portia, the Roman wife, represents one aspect of ideal womanhood in ancient Rome; Volumnia, the Roman mother, completes the ideal. She were a fit wife for Hercules; "in anger, Juno-like." She is indeed like mother Rome herself, as grand, as imperious, as proud of her valiant son. And yet if we compare her action throughout the play with that of Coriolanus, we shall perceive how truly she, like Portia, is first a woman, and only in the second place a Roman mother. With all her haughtiness she has the woman's tact, which Coriolanus lacks, and she instructs him, but in vain, to seem gracious even to the plebeians when it is his interest to conciliate them—

> "I have a heart as little apt as yours,
> But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
> To better vantage."

The great figures of the tragedies, all so familiar to us, admit of no grouping or arrangement, for each is a separate full-length study, and each must be gazed at singly and for a sufficient time. These are saviours and martyrs, or else the destroyers of life; Cordelia, the martyr and patron saint of filial truth and devotion, Desdemona, the wife who enters Paradise with a sacred lie upon her lips; and over against these the she-wolves Goneril and Regan; and Lady Macbeth, w[illegible] delicate and desperate womanhood is so finely contrasted with the [illegible]ser strength and duller conscience of her husband. Apart from the rest, and more wonderful than any other of Shakspeare's heroines, stands Cleopatra—

> "That southern beam,
> The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands."

From an historical point of view we may say, that as Portia and Volumnia represent the virtue and the majesty of Roman womanhood, so Cleopatra represents the sensuous witchery of the East sapping in upon Roman manliness and laying it low. But it is an error to view Cleopatra as representative of an epoch, a class, or an influence; she is Cleopatra, and that is enough; an individual who herself constitutes a whole species; an Eastern star, with none other like it, and ruling the destinies of the lords of the earth.

Of these it is enough to record the mere names, and to let each name bring its own associations. But before ending I must say a word of the contrasted types of womanhood which appear in the latest plays of Shakspeare, some perhaps dreamed of as he wandered among the woods and fields around Stratford, or on the banks of the Avon after his return home from the life of distraction and toil in the great city. Shakspeare had known trial and sorrow, and had conquered them. And now out of his deep experience and his clarified vision of life he creates the figures of great sufferers—Hermione, Queen Katherine, who conquer by patience, fortitude, a spirit of justice and long-suffering; and in contrast with these he imagines exquisite figures of children transfigured, as it were, in the radiance of his own wide and calm sunset—Perdita, Miranda—children who have known no sorrow, and over whose happiness, the loveliest and the frailest of things, Shakspeare bows with pathetic sympathy, and some of that passion which Shelley describes so accurately—

> "The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow."

And with what rare felicity Shakspeare varies the common type in his two girl-lovers—Perdita, with the air of the fields around her, shepherdess queen of curds and cream, "the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward," lover of flowers and of all pastoral pleasures; Miranda, the child of wonder, breathing the sea-air of the enchanted island, not nurtured like Perdita among the lads and lasses of the country-side, but instructed by a wonder-working sage, and waited on by a spirit of the air and the hag-born monster, Caliban. Both maidens are flower-like in their delicacy and their fresh beauty—Perdita, a blossom of the inland meadow lands; Miranda, a more wonderful flower of the foam of the sea.

Of all the daughters of his imagination, which did Shakspeare love the best? Perhaps we shall not err if we say one of the latest-born of them all, our English Imogen. And what most clearly shows us how Shakspeare loved Imogen is this—he has given her faults, and has made them exquisite, so that we love her better for their sake. No one has so quick and keen a sensibility to whatever pains and to whatever gladdens as she. To her a word is a blow; and as she is quick in her sensibility, so she is quick in her perceptions, piercing at once through the Queen's false show of friendship; quick in her contempt for what is unworthy, as for all professions of love from the clown-prince, Cloten; quick in her resentment, as when she discovers the unjust suspicions of Posthumus. Wronged she is indeed by her husband, but in her haste she too grows unjust; yet she is dearer to us for the sake of this injustice, proceeding as it does from the sensitiveness of her love. It is she to whom a word is a blow, who actually receives a buffet from her husband's hand; but for Imogen it is a blessed stroke, since it is the evidence of his loyalty and zeal on her behalf. In a moment he is forgiven, and her arms are round his neck.

Shakspeare made so many perfect women unhappy that he owed us some *amende*. And he has made that *amende* by letting us see one perfect woman supremely happy. Shall our last glance at Shakspeare's plays show us Florizel at the rustic merry-making receiving blossoms from the hands of Perdita? or Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess in Prospero's cave, and winning one a king and one a queen, while the happy fathers gaze in from the entrance of the cave? We can see a more delightful sight than these—Imogen with her arms around the neck of Posthumus, while she puts an edge upon her joy by the playful challenge and mock reproach—

> "Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
> Think that you are upon a rock, and now
> Throw me again;"

and he responds—

> "Hang there like fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die."

We shall find in all Shakspeare no more blissful creatures than these two.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

PRESENT LOW PRICES AND THEIR CAUSES.

THE question of price is, of course, a complicated one, because many things may operate to affect the price of any given article, or of articles generally. You may have fluctuations of supply and variations of demand affecting the articles themselves, and arising merely out of commercial causes.

But you may have changes arising from political events, which may affect supply and demand, not only of articles bought and sold, but also of the money in which price is calculated. Thus, for instance, it can hardly be doubted that the last Franco-German War caused an extraordinary demand for gold, and forced on the market an unusual supply of silver, which had a marked effect on its value in Europe. Other causes inherent in the business of mining affect the supply and demand of gold and silver, as the discovery of new mines or the working-out of old ones, or the increased cost of working mines, and thus prices must be affected by the supply and demand of the precious metals.

But the state of credit also affects prices seriously. A rapid creation of paper money without a due security in bullion may have a powerful influence, and so may credit in other forms. A state of speculation may cause great demand for various articles, and a state of panic and alarm may force excessive supplies on the markets. Thus it is clear that any analysis of a rise or fall in prices is far from easy, and can probably at the best be only approximate and tentative, however careful may be the endeavour to give due relative weight to the various agencies which affect the transactions of mankind.

In January 1879, Mr. Giffen read before the Statistical Society a remarkable paper as to the then condition of prices. He pointed out how general and how important had been the fall which had then taken place, and he ventured on a prophecy of a continued and increased depression, giving also a statement of causes, including amongst them a comparative scarcity of gold, which he considered was an ascertained fact. Six years have passed, and recent phenomena as to prices are so curious and important that I have ventured to think that many readers, even of this Review, may be interested by a consideration of these events and their probable causes.

A comparison in figures of the prices as given in his tables and of the prices of the same articles six years later will bring before the reader the present situation more impressively than any other mode of statement. It will suffice to give the most important articles of commerce.

Table of prices in January 1879, *and in January* 1885, *of several principal articles.*

	1879.	Jan. 1884.	Jan. 1885.
Coffee, per cwt. (Ceylon)	65*s.*	70*s.*	57*s.* 6*d.*
Cotton, per lb.	5⅜*d.*	5⅓*d.*	6⅛*d.*
Coals, per ton	19*s.*	17*s.*	17*s.* 6*d.*
Copper (Chili), per ton	57*l.*	58*l.*	48*l.*
Iron (Scotch pig), per ton	48*s.*	48*s.*	42*s.* 3*d.*
Lead	14*l.* 10*s.*	14*l.*	11*l.*
Tin	65*l.*	90*l.*	75*l.*
Butter, per cwt.	116*s.* to 120*s.*	130*s.* to 138*s.*	124*s.* to 128*s.*
Beef (prime), per 8 lb.	4*s.* 9*d.*	5*s.* 2*d.*	5*s.*
Cheese	60*s.* to 62*s.*	62*s.* to 64*s.*	58*s.* to 60*s.*
Wheat, per qr.	39*s.* 7*d.*	39*s.*	32*s.* 6*d.*
Silk, per lb.	15*s.*	15*s.*	18*s.*
Sugar, per cwt. (W. India)	17*s.* to 20*s.*	16*s.* to 19*s.*	9*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.*
Wool	Sydney fleece, 1*s.* 7*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 5*d.*	1*s.* 4*d.*
Tallow (Australian)	38*s.* per ton.	41*s.*	32*s.*

There is not here a general fall, and the serious fall did not arise until the year 1884.

It seems to be impossible to understand the causes of the present fall without a consideration of other similar changes which have occurred in years long past. The fluctuations during the past century have been very remarkable, and we had several serious falls of price, which lasted through considerable periods, even before any great changes in the supply of the precious metals had occurred.

Some of us can recollect the depression of 1849, and the dread which soon after that arose lest the discoveries of gold should so alter the value of the standard that all holders of fixed incomes would be ruined. We have lived certainly to see an advance of prices and a great extension of trade consequent on the discoveries of gold; but we have also lived to see the advance followed by an equally important depression, so that we now stand very much where we were before California and Australia had opened up their treasures.

Gold has appreciated, inasmuch as £1 sterling will buy more of other things than it would have done in 1873, but the question is, how has this come about?

The problem before us seems to be, how far the present situation is due to an increased demand for gold, causing a scarcity of the standard metal; and how far to an excessive, or, rather, unusual, supply of the articles we buy and sell, causing sellers to accept prices which would a few years since have been regarded as absurd. Possibly both causes may be at work at the same moment. The supply of gold from the mines has certainly fallen off, and the demand for it has, in some ways, materially increased. On the other hand, the "visible supplies" of the principal articles of consumption may be so enormous that we need seek for no other causes of depression in prices. Producers must sell or cease to produce, and cessation of production often costs far more than a temporary reduction of price; because, if production ceases, the capital used must find new employment—a change which involves heavy losses and great inconvenience, if not ruin. So we often see a continued production on most unprofitable terms.*

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of recent changes has been the rapidity of the fall of prices in many cases. For instance, the price of wheat was about 40*s*. a quarter in October 1883, but it fell to 30*s*. in November 1884.

This result is due to actual and expected supplies, as no one doubts. It is not suggested that there is any other cause.†

The price of West India refining sugar fell from 18*s*. to 10*s*. between 1883 and 1884, of Java sugar from 23*s*. to 13*s*. 9*d*., and of beetroot from 18*s.* to 10*s.* in the same period. The stock at the end of the year had increased 39,022 tons between 1882 and 1884, and last year we received from Germany 7¾ million cwts. of unrefined sugar, against 4½ million cwts. in 1882.*

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* In some books on political economy the removal of capital from one employment to another is spoken of lightly, as if it were an easy process. No delusion can be greater. Such changes can, of course, be made in some kinds of business without very serious loss. A banker, whose fixed plant consists of a few chairs and tables, may, if he has been prudent, wind up his affairs and invest his capital elsewhere; but a manufacturer or farmer, with money sunk in all sorts of ways, cannot sell his plant without heavy loss, except in very peculiar times and under extraordinary circumstances. The times when he could so sell are prosperous times, when he would not desire to abandon his occupation and find another. The times when he wishes to retire would be the very times when others besides himself are suffering from reduced profits, and when few would be disposed to enter on such a business. So, if he sells, he must sell at a great sacrifice in order to tempt a purchaser. Rather than do this, he will continue his business, even at the risk of working at no profit, or at a loss.

† It is stated in the *Times* of January 19, 1885, that wheat has not been so low for upwards of a century. In 1780, the annual average price was the same as in 1884—viz., 35*s*. 8*d*. But the population was probably about one-third of its present number.

In this state of things a great fall of price is to be expected.

Take another case, that of tin. It has fallen, since May 1883, from £96 to £75 per ton. Lead has had a somewhat similar history. Copper has fallen to a point lower than ever before known, in the face of a demand which is said to have just about doubled in twenty years, but supplies from the Cape, from Spain, and from America have exceeded all expectations.

The fall in iron and coal from the enormous prices of 1872–73 is only to be accounted for by an extraordinary production, so that even a large demand could not dispose of it effectually. The production of pig-iron in the world is said by Messrs. Fallows to have been

In 1868	...	9,392,000 tons
„ 1872	...	13,906,000 „
„ 1879	...	13,768,000 „
„ 1883	...	20,410,000 „

Our stock has increased more than 4½ times since 1874. No one can be surprised at a fall in such a condition of the market.†

It is worth noticing that the same thing has happened in the small articles of bark and shellac, which have fallen 50 per cent. in a very short space of time.

Such changes cannot be attributed to any movements in the supply of gold or silver. The results are too rapid, and perhaps too large, for the suggested cause. Nor is this rapidity of change a fact of only recent occurrence. We have seen it on several previous occasions. Take the following cases, which I extract from the very interesting posthumous work of Professor Jevons, all of them occurring before the great discoveries of gold of the present century.

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* The following figures are interesting (see *British Trade Journal*, Jan. 1885):—

World's Production of Sugar.

		Cane Sugar. Tons.		Beetroot. Tons.		Total Tons.
1852	..	1,044,542	...	153,000	...	1,197,542
1879	...	3,487,045	..	1,393,939	...	4,880,984
1880	...	3,554,000	..	1,742,992	...	5,296,992
1882	...	3,605,301	...	2,059,419	...	5,664,720
1883	..	3,759,000	...	2,225,000	...	5,984,000

† It is a curious and interesting fact, as showing how great recent changes have been, that Mr. Jevons, writing in 1863, says that metals are subject only "to very slow and occasional variations of supply" ("Investigations," &c., p. 47). No one would say that now. Who would now speak of the supply of the metals as "a supply incapable of great increase"? It has been proved to be just the contrary in the cases of iron, copper, tin, and lead, at any rate.

From 1789 to 1849 we find the following results at intervals of ten years:—

Year.	Average ratio of prices to prices of the year 1849.	Year.	Average ratio of prices to prices of the year 1849.
1789	138	1829	124
1799	202	1839	144
1809	245	1849	100
1819	175		

Here we see an enormous rise between 1789 and 1809, and an even greater fall from 1809 to 1849.*

Subsequent to 1849 the effect of the gold discoveries began to be felt, so that the average ratio of 1859 was 120, and of 1869, 119.

But the interesting point for our present inquiry is the consideration of the changes which preceded these discoveries. In his tract, "The Variation of Prices," published in the *Statistical Journal* for June 1865, Mr. Jevons expresses great doubt as to the cause of the very high prices of the early part of the century, and of the fall which followed so rapidly after 1809. He seems to think that gold and silver, from whatever causes, were very redundant early in the century, and that thence arose a rise of prices here which caused a large drain of gold and silver to the East, and thus the previous advance of prices was turned into a decided fall; but he admits that the drain of gold and silver was greatest from 1814 till 1820—that is to say, after the fall in prices had already begun. It is not easy to trace any very clear relation in this matter, and after balancing various considerations—as discovery and increased yield of mines in Russia and Spanish America, the long-continued wars, the displacements of metallic by paper currency, the restriction of trade, the hoarding of currency and dispersion of it by armies in the field—he winds up by saying, "I assert the redundancy of gold in the early part of the century as a simple *fact of observation*."

In note C to his paper on the value of gold ("Investigations," &c., p. 110), Mr. Jevons attributes the fall in prices after 1820 to the want of increased supplies of the precious metals at a time when "modes of procuring, raising, and making other articles more easily and cheaply were constantly being discovered." And he argues that this fall must have continued but for the discoveries of gold. So the discoveries both checked a fall and caused a rise.

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* As an instance of a rapid fluctuation occurring under very different circumstances to those of the present time, I extract the following from Tooke's "History of Prices," vol. i. p. 235:—

	1798–99.	1800–1.
Coffee, per cwt.	185*s*. to 196*s*.	116*s*. to 130*s*.
Sugar, East India	96*s*. to 115*s*.	50*s*. to 70*s*.
Cotton, per lb.	3*s*. 6*d*. to 4*s*. 6*d*.	1*s*. 5*d*. to 2*s*. 8*d*.
Cinnamon	8*s*. to 10*s*.	4*s*. to 5*s*.
Tobacco	11½*d*. to 16*d*.	4*d*. to 5*d*.

Whatever the changes may now be, the course of commerce has certainly given us much more steady prices.

It is remarkable that the period from 1820 to 1850 is acknowledged to have been, with an exception of short duration, a period of great depression in England, and it is curious that the fall in prices should have begun almost as soon as the great war ceased, and its full effects were felt by England as well as by other nations. A fall may arise from a want of demand or from an extraordinary supply, and I should be disposed rather to attribute this condition of affairs from 1820 to 1850 to bad trade and slack demand than to an extension of production and business. However this may be, we note here a fall of 100 per cent. in twenty years, from 1809 to 1829, without any apparent influence from altered supplies of gold and silver; and curiously enough we have a rise before 1839, which Mr. Jevons himself attributes to revival of speculation and credit, soon followed by a tremendous collapse and another fall of prices, culminating in 1849. "On the average, prices rose by 22½ per cent. between 1833 and 1839, and fell 25 per cent. between this last year and 1844." And Mr. Jevons adds his opinion that "this great oscillation was entirely due to the general expansion of trade and credit, and to its subsequent collapse." Here, again, we see how much prices may change without a suggestion of any influence arising from supplies of the precious metals.*

The question of the actual existing stock of gold available as coin, or as bullion held against notes issued on the security of the bullion, is one of much difficulty. The late Mr. Bagehot regarded all such estimates with extreme suspicion. It is, however, interesting to note that Mr. Alexander del Mar, in his "History of the Precious Metals," and the Director of the United States Mint appear to differ less than 100 millions. The former makes it 740 millions, and the latter about 680 millions. Both estimates are, no doubt, little better than guesses more or less well-founded.

It seems pretty clear that the present supply of gold does not suffice to cover the amount used in the arts and in new coinage. Mr. Inglis Palgrave gives me the following estimate for the year 1880:—

Estimated production	£21,000,000
Consumption otherwise than in coinage . . .	15,000,000
Available for coinage	£6,000,000
Amount coined	22,800,000
Abstracted from stock for coinage	£16,800,000

That is to say, the world then reduced the stock of bullion largely in order to keep up the coinage.

I have recently had an estimate of the present supply of gold, putting it as low as £17,000,000; and therefore, if the coinage of the world is now as large as in 1880, the amount of old stock used up in coin must be nearly £21,000,000. Allowing for errors in these estimates, it seems to be clear that, if we increase our stock of gold in the form of coin, we must do so at the expense of the stock held as bullion, whether as security for notes or otherwise. To supply the needs of new coinage, we must therefore draw on our accumulated resources, and we may sometimes in this process produce considerable fluctuations in the rate of discount at the great monetary centres.*

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* I think it may be fairly suggested that the great rise may have been partly caused by the suspension of cash payments in 1797, but the curious fact remains that the greatest fall occurred before the resumption could have had any important effect.

But it is a remarkable fact that, during the decade just ended, while it is said that the supply of gold in the world has been falling, and the demands for coinage have certainly increased, our own supplies for currency purposes have been so considerable that the discount rate of the Bank has been on the average £3 3*s.* 7*d.* per cent. against more than £4 per cent. during the previous twenty years, and the average market rate has probably been as low as £2 15*s.* per cent. Other countries have used gold lavishly, but we have had sufficient. The demand has been great as a whole, but we have not had to pay dearly for our requirements.

The abundance of gold consequent on the recent discoveries tempted countries which had formerly used only silver to use gold as money, and thus in Europe the demand for gold increased and that for silver decreased. But the supply of gold has sufficed for the needs of these countries as well as for our own.†

Mr. Giffen lays great stress on the fact that, while the supplies of gold have diminished, the ordinary demands increase by reason of increase of population and the great extension of production of many important articles, not only in our own country, but in the countries which have recently taken gold into general use for purposes of currency.

"It is a moderate calculation that, if only the countries which

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* It is perhaps worth noting that Mr. Jevons expected a decided falling off in the supply of gold from Australia. "The supposition," he says, "that the gold produce will decrease in the same proportion as the value of gold is probably less than the truth. The failing richness of the gold deposits will occasion, in my opinion, a still greater decrease" ("Investigations"). This expectation has been thoroughly fulfilled.

† Mr. Goschen estimates the annual supply at £20,000,000, the amount used in the arts, &c., £10,000,000, and the extraordinary demands of Germany, Italy, and America at £200,000,000, so that thus the "available yield" of twenty years has been absorbed by recent coinage (*Journal* of Bankers' Institute, May, 1883, p. 276). It may be interesting to add the following figures from New York *Financial Chronicle* of January 24, 1885:—

Gold.		Production of World. £		Yearly Average. £
1857–61	...	139,684,000	...	27,937,000
1862–66	...	136,843,000	...	27,270,000
1867–71	...	128,268,000	...	25,654,000
1872–76	...	118,039,000	...	23,608,000
1877–81	...	107,455,000	...	21,500,000
1882	...	19,345,066	...	—
1883	...	18,392,000	...	—
1884	...	17,932,000	...	—

Estimated use in arts, &c., in U.S.A., in 1884, £3,000,000.

used gold in 1841, including their colonies, were now using it, the requirements to correspond with the increased population and wealth would be at least three times what they were, assuming prices to remain in equilibrium" (Statistical Society's *Journal*, vol. xlii. p. 52).

But France, Germany, and the United States (and now Italy) have added to the "usual demands" "at least by several millions." And he concludes that the adjustment has been made "by a contraction of trade and fall in values."

Mr. Giffen hopes little from economies in currency, and certainly the reception of any proposal as to the use of one-pound notes justifies his doubts on this point. But some high authorities hold that here, at any rate, economy of money is continually developing by the increasing use of cheques, postal notes, and the like.

The difficulty as to his calculations seems to be that, if he is right, the six years since he wrote ought to have produced far more extraordinary results as to trade and prices than would seem to have been established. Up to the end of 1883, the fall in most articles had not been serious, and it is impossible to attribute the fall of 1884 to any change in the supplies of gold in that year.

The contraction of trade began in 1877 or 1878, and does not seem to have greatly increased in the subsequent years until 1884, when it was certainly remarkable. The quantities of articles moved remain much what they were. They have not increased in proportion to population, but it cannot be said that they have greatly decreased.*

Nor, as I have pointed out, has there been any real scarcity of gold for the purposes of currency.

Since Mr. Giffen wrote, Italy has obtained considerably over £20,000,000 of gold, and this has been accomplished without any extraordinary strain on our supplies. If Mr. Giffen is right, it would seem that gold ought to have been long since very scarce, but it has not been so. If my argument is just, we can account for an extreme fall of prices without supposing that gold is really scarce and dear; and, as we have no real evidence of that scarcity, except from the fact we are seeking to explain—viz., the fall of prices—it seems hardly safe to attribute the fall to the alleged scarcity of the metal.

It would certainly not have been surprising had gold become really

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* Take the following figures from the Return of Exports:—

	1879.	1883.
Coals	15,740,000 tons	21,670,000 tons
Iron and steel	2,883,000 "	4,043,000 "
Cotton goods	3,724,649,000 yds.	4,538,888,000 yds.
Cotton yarns	235,625,000 lbs.	264,772,000 lbs.

And the figures for 1884 show a slight increase on 1883 in the total quantity exported. There was an actual decrease of imports in value in 1884 to the extent of £36,000,000, of which only £11,000,000, or say 2¼ per cent., arises from a diminution of quantity, and the balance from a reduction in values.

scarce, having regard to the extraordinary demands and the increase of ordinary demands to which Mr. Giffen and Mr. Goschen refer, and it may possibly be the fact that the great fall in prices may have tended to disguise and conceal a falling-off in our supplies of gold, which would become inconveniently evident should an altered condition of things cause an advance in prices and an enhanced demand for the metal.

In the meantime, it seems pretty clear that the recent changes in prices must be attributed rather to supplies of the articles than to a scarcity of the standard of value.

It has been argued, however, that a general rise or fall in prices must be due to a general cause, and that it is not sufficient to point to remarkable or sudden falls in price in special cases, as if such events would explain a change of so large a character. This observation is quite just, and, had there been no other influences at work which could affect prices but an increased demand and diminished supply of gold during the past dozen years, it might fairly be said that we must give that demand the chief weight in the comparison of causes. But it is not the fact that this influence stands alone. There can be no doubt that during recent years the vast extension of railways, steam navigation, and telegraphs has had a most important effect in increasing the supplies of almost every important article. Rates of carriage, for instance, in America have fallen almost beyond belief, without reference to the "war of rates" now going on.

I take the following comparison from the Report of Mr. Joseph Nimmo,[*] chief of the Bureau of Statistics in Washington (January 1885):—

"*Average Freight of Wheat from Chicago to New York.*

Year.	By lake and canal. Cents.	By lake and rail. Cents.	By all rail. Cents.
1868 ...	24·54 ...	29· ...	42·6
1873 ...	19·19 ...	26·9 ...	33·2
1879 ...	11·60 ...	13·3 ...	17·3
1880 ...	12·27 ...	15·7 ...	19·7
1881 ...	8·19 ...	10·4 ...	14·4
1882 ...	7·89 ...	10·9 ...	14·6
1883 ...	8·40 ...	11·5 ...	16·5
1884 Jan. to Sept.	6·60 ...	9·75 ...	13·

"The tonnage transported on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad increased from 1,846,599 tons in 1868 to 10,892,440 tons in 1883; the tonnage transported on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad increased from 3,908,243 tons in 1868 to 13,610,623 tons in 1883; and the tonnage transported on the Pennsylvania Railroad increased from 4,722,015 tons in 1868 to 21,674,160 tons in 1883.

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[*] "Railroad Federations and the Relations of Railroads to Commerce."

"The total transported on these three roads increased from 10,476,857 tons in 1868 to 46,177,223 tons in 1883."

Our railroad competition has not equalled that of America, and rates are at this moment much discussed by suffering traders and agriculturists, but the increase of the amounts moved has been very great.

The changes as to shipping are equally remarkable. Freights for wheat sent from New York and San Francisco to England fell 50 per cent. between October 1883 and October 1884. They have also fallen heavily between India and the United Kingdom. Since 1880, it would be safe to say that freights have fallen generally from 30 to 40 per cent. The following figures were given me last year by an underwriter of high standing:—

Comparison of Rates of Freight, October.

Calcutta to United Kingdom.	Article.	1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.
Via Cape	Jute	65*s.*	45*s.*	37*s.* 6*d.*	30*s.*
Canal	"	85*s.*	37*s.* 6*d.*	35*s.*	31*s.* 3*d.*
Cape	Wheat	62*s.* 6*d.*	30*s.*	25*s.*	20*s.*
Canal	"	71*s.* 3*d.*	35*s.*	26*s.* 3*d.*	17*s.* 6*d.*
Cape	Linseed	67*s.* 6*d.*	45*s.*	37*s.* 6*d.*	30*s.*
Canal	"	—	37*s.* 6*d.*	35*s.*	30*s.*
Cape	Rapeseed	70*s.*	47*s.* 6*d.*	37*s.* 6*d.*	30*s.*
Canal	"	85*s.*	40*s.*	37*s.* 6*d.*	32*s.* 6*d.*

These figures are easily explained by the facts set forth by Mr. S. Williamson, M.P., in the *Fortnightly Review* for January 1885. He says that the combined capacity of our sailing and steam ships was in 1875, 9,975,000 tons, and in 1883, 14,646,000 tons—"an increase altogether wild and unjustifiable," adds this excellent witness.

The effect of telegraphs on prices may not be so obvious, but it is very important. Formerly it was part of the business of a foreign merchant to hold large stocks of goods, and thus great amounts of capital were locked up in foreign ports. Very small stocks, if any, are now needed. English prices are as well known in Calcutta as in Cornhill, and the merchant can give his orders by wire without the delay of correspondence, and without any risk as to an alteration of price between the time of writing and the despatch of the goods. A merchant can afford to work at a less remuneration if his capital, formerly locked up, remains free for use in other ways, and if his risk as to price is reduced; and thus the operation of transmission of goods involves much less influence on prices than was formerly the case. The chances of profit are lessened by this process of telegraphing, and men of small capital can compete when formerly they would have been powerless, but such competition tends to lower rather than enhance prices.

Thus, directly and indirectly, invention annihilates space and time, and brings vast supplies at the lowest possible cost to our open market, and that without any reference to the character of existing demands, so that we see the general phenomenon of supplies out of all proportion even to demands which have enormously increased with increasing populations and greater desire for the luxuries and conveniences of life. An even greater fall in prices would not have surprised me.

If it be true, as is thought by many observers, that we are not only in the presence of a low range of prices, but that business must be conducted on the basis of such a condition because we are not likely at present to see any change, it does not follow that from a national point of view we need feel any discouragement. Individuals may suffer, and even classes may suffer, but our trade will still develop.

There may not be the same prizes to be acquired as in former years, but there will be a reward sufficient to arouse exertion and to secure the use of our power as a people. Professor Cairnes, writing during a period of high prices and large profits, says:

> "Nothing can betray a more profound misconception of the true nature of trade, and the purpose for which it exists, than to represent the advantages derived from it as measured by the profits of the agents who carry it on. It would be just as reasonable to represent the advantages of learning as measured by the salaries of teachers. What, then, is the true criterion of the gain on foreign trade? I reply, the degree in which it cheapens commodities and renders them more abundant. Foreign trade not merely supplies us with commodities more cheaply than we could produce them from our own resources, but supplies us with many commodities which, without it, we could not obtain at all." ("Political Economy," p. 417.)

Again, he says in the same work (p. 414):

> "High prices in England are a consequence of cheap gold, and our cheap gold enables us to command, on terms proportionately favourable, the products of other countries. But we should equally enjoy this advantage, while we should enjoy others in addition, if, having our gold as cheap as now, our scale of prices were at the same time as low as in other countries, for this would imply that our industry was as productive in all its departments as in those through which we obtain our gold."

In other words, low prices are better than high, as implying a more efficient condition of industry as a whole, production being so large that high prices cannot be maintained. This argument seems to accord with the general idea I have here maintained—viz., that price depends far more on supply of the article than on the condition of the market for the precious metals; or, as is very clearly put by the same author:

> "Cheap gold will be the concomitant of high prices only in so far as the cheapness incident to the gold is not shared by the other products of industry.
>
> "The cheapness of gold, for example, in Australia does not occasion a high price of meat, of flour, of wool, of tallow, of hides, or of many other articles

in that country, because the cost of producing them there is very low." (Page 411.)

If the cost of bringing the articles to this country be greatly reduced, we might have the same result, even though gold be abundant; but, should the supply of gold decrease as it has done in recent years, while the supplies of other articles have been rapidly increasing, we ought to see, as we do see, a fall of prices, which being unaffected, if not increased, by the supply of money in circulation, is decided and continuous.*

I am well aware that it may be objected to the argument here used, that I have not succeeded in accurately weighing the relative influence of the various causes which have led to recent changes. I am perfectly conscious that this is so, and I believe that it is impossible to deal with the matter otherwise than in most general terms. But, at the same time, the considerations here mentioned are, I think, interesting and important as tending to show the expediency of much caution in estimating the relative power of the sources of change in price, lest we rush hastily to alterations of the standard of value as a remedy, forgetting that the supplies of gold and silver do not appear to form the most serious consideration in this matter.

I have not referred to the battle of the standards, as in connection with it so many other points would have to be discussed which would demand great space, but it may not be irrelevant to say that the fact that other European nations have recently adopted gold as their standard, in consequence of its convenience and comparative abundance after the discoveries in America and Australia, does not seem an argument in favour of our adopting the metal which they have abandoned, as being a standard more suitable for poor and backward nations than for populations which are continually advancing in wealth and power.

Nor have I considered possible economies in the use of gold, which seem to some to be less distant than they were. As a rule, people do not change these things until they are compelled to do so, and the day may soon come when the demands for gold may be such that even the most timid may be willing to seek for a remedy, not in having a double standard, with all its possible and probable confusions, but in avoiding that waste of gold to which, hitherto, many economists have been wonderfully indifferent.

WILLIAM FOWLER, M.P.

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* *Cf.* Mr. Goschen (*Journal* of Bankers' Institute, May 1883, p. 284): "It does not follow, because prices are generally low, that therefore there must be an absence of prosperity in a country. If you can buy your material cheaper, you can sell the manufactured article all the cheaper; and therefore, in deploring the difficulties incidental to a transitional state from high prices to low prices, don't let us, for one moment, lend ourselves to the dangerous theory that, because there will be less gold in any country, therefore such a country will be less well off or less able to thrive."

ON STYLE IN LITERATURE: ITS TECHNICAL ELEMENTS.

THERE is nothing more disenchanting to man than to be shown the springs and mechanism of any art. All our arts and occupations lie wholly on the surface; it is on the surface that we perceive their beauty, fitness, and significance; and to pry below is to be appalled by their emptiness and shocked by the coarseness of the strings and pulleys. In a similar way, psychology itself, when pushed to any nicety, discovers an abhorrent baldness, but rather from the fault of our analysis than from any poverty native to the mind. And perhaps in æsthetics the reason is the same: those disclosures which seem fatal to the dignity of art, seem so perhaps only in the proportion of our ignorance; and those conscious and unconscious artifices which it seems unworthy of the serious artist to employ, were yet, if we had the power to trace them to their springs, indications of a delicacy of the sense finer than we conceive, and hints of ancient harmonies in nature. This ignorance at least is largely irremediable. We shall never learn the affinities of beauty, for they lie too deep in nature and too far back in the mysterious history of man. The amateur, in consequence, will always grudgingly receive details of method, which can be stated but can never wholly be explained; nay, on the principle laid down in Hudibras, that

> "still the less they understand,
> The more they admire the sleight-of-hand,"

many are conscious at each new disclosure of a diminution in the ardour of their pleasure. I must therefore warn that well-known character, the general reader, that I am here embarked upon a most distasteful business: taking down the picture from the wall and looking on the back; and like the inquiring child, pulling the musical cart to pieces.

1. *Choice of Words.*—The art of literature stands apart from among its sisters, because the material in which the literary artist works is the dialect of life; hence, on the one hand, a strange freshness and immediacy of address to the public mind, which is ready prepared to understand it; but hence, on the other, a singular limitation. The sister arts enjoy the use of a plastic and ductile material, like the modeller's clay; literature alone is condemned to work in mosaic with finite and quite rigid words. You have seen these blocks, dear to the nursery: this one a pillar, that a pediment, a third a window or a vase. It is with blocks of just such arbitrary size and figure that the literary architect is condemned to design the palace of his art. Nor is this all; for since these blocks, or words, are the acknowledged currency of our daily affairs, there are here possible none of those suppressions by which other arts obtain relief, continuity and vigour: no hieroglyphic touch, no smoothed impasto, no inscrutable shadow, as in painting; no blank wall, as in architecture; but every word, phrase, sentence, and paragraph must move in a logical progression, and convey a definite conventional import.

Now the first merit which attracts in the pages of a good writer, or the talk of a brilliant conversationalist, is the apt choice and contrast of the words employed. It is, indeed, a strange art to take these blocks, rudely conceived for the purpose of the market or the bar, and by tact of application touch them to the finest meanings and distinctions, restore to them their primal energy, wittily shift them to another issue, or make of them a drum to rouse the passions. But though this form of merit is without doubt the most sensible and seizing, it is far from being equally present in all writers. The effect of words in Shakespeare, their singular justice, significance, and poetic charm, is different, indeed, from the effect of words in Addison or Fielding. Or, to take an example nearer home, the words in Carlyle seem electrified into an energy of lineament, like the faces of men furiously moved; whilst the words in Macaulay, apt enough to convey his meaning, harmonious enough in sound, yet glide from the memory like undistinguished elements in a general effect. But the first class of writers have no monopoly of literary merit. There is a sense in which Addison is superior to Carlyle; a sense in which Cicero is better than Tacitus, in which Voltaire excels Montaigne: it certainly lies not in the choice of words; it lies not in the interest or value of the matter; it lies not in force of intellect, of poetry, or of humour. The three first are but infants to the three second; and yet each, in a particular point of literary art, excels his superior in the whole. What is that point?

2. *The Web.*—Literature, although it stands apart by reason of the great destiny and general use of its medium in the affairs of men,

is yet an art like other arts. Of these we may distinguish two great classes: those arts, like sculpture, painting, acting, which are representative, or, as used to be said very clumsily, imitative; and those, like architecture, music, and the dance, which are self-sufficient, and merely presentative.* Each class, in right of this distinction, obeys principles apart; yet both may claim a common ground of existence, and it may be said with sufficient justice that the motive and end of any art whatever is to make a pattern; a pattern, it may be, of colours, of sounds, of changing attitudes, geometrical figures, or imitative lines; but still a pattern. That is the plane on which these sisters meet; it is by this that they are arts; and if it be well they should at times forget their childish origin, addressing their intelligence to virile tasks, and performing unconsciously that necessary function of their life, to make a pattern; it is still imperative that the pattern shall be made.

Music and literature, the two temporal arts, contrive their pattern of sounds in time; or, in other words, of sounds and pauses. Communication may be made in broken words, the business of life be carried on with substantives alone; but that is not what we call literature; and the true business of the literary artist is to plait or weave his meaning, involving it around itself; so that each sentence, by successive phrases, shall first come into a kind of knot, and then, after a moment of suspended meaning, solve and clear itself. In every properly constructed sentence there should be observed this knot or hitch; so that (however delicately) we are led to foresee, to expect, and then to welcome the successive phrases. The pleasure may be heightened by an element of surprise, as, very grossly, in the common figure of the antithesis, or, with much greater subtlety, where an antithesis is first suggested and then deftly evaded. Each phrase, besides, is to be comely in itself; and between the implication and the evolution of the sentence there should be a satisfying equipoise of sound; for nothing more often disappoints the ear than a sentence solemnly and sonorously prepared, and hastily and weakly finished. Nor should the balance be too striking and exact, for the one rule is to be infinitely various; to interest, to disappoint, to surprise, and yet still to gratify; to be ever changing, as it were, the stitch, and yet still to give the effect of an ingenious neatness.

The conjuror juggles with two oranges, and our pleasure in beholding him springs from this, that neither is for an instant overlooked or sacrificed. So with the writer. His pattern, which is to please the supersensual ear, is yet addressed, throughout and first of

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* The division of the arts may best be shown in a tabular form, thus:—

	In time.	In space.	In time and space.
Presentative . .	Music	Painting, Sculpture, &c.	Dance
Representative . .	Literature	Architecture	Acting

all, to the demands of logic. Whatever be the obscurities, whatever the intricacies of the argument, the neatness of the fabric must not suffer, or the artist has been proved unequal to his design. And, on the other hand, no form of words must be selected, no knot must be tied among the phrases, unless knot and word be precisely what is wanted to forward and illuminate the argument; for to fail in this is to swindle in the game. The genius of prose rejects the *cheville* no less emphatically than the laws of verse; and the *cheville*, I should perhaps explain to some of my readers, is any meaningless or very watered phrase employed to strike a balance in the sound. Pattern and argument live in each other; and it is by the brevity, clearness, charm, or emphasis of the second, that we judge the strength and fitness of the first.

Style is synthetic; and the artist, seeking, so to speak, a peg to plait about, takes up at once two or more elements or two or more views of the subject in hand; combines, implicates, and contrasts them; and while, in one sense, he was merely seeking an occasion for the necessary knot, he will be found, in the other, to have greatly enriched the meaning, or to have transacted the work of two sentences in the space of one. In the change from the successive shallow statements of the old chronicler to the dense and luminous flow of highly synthetic narrative, there is implied a vast amount of both philosophy and wit. The philosophy we clearly see, recognizing in the synthetic writer a far more deep and stimulating view of life, and a far keener sense of the generation and affinity of events. The wit we might imagine to be lost; but it is not so, for it is just that wit, these perpetual nice contrivances, these difficulties overcome, this double purpose attained, these two oranges kept simultaneously dancing in the air, that, consciously or not, afford the reader his delight. Nay, and this wit, so little recognized, is the necessary organ of that philosophy which we so much admire. That style is therefore the most perfect, not, as fools say, which is the most natural, for the most natural is the disjointed babble of the chronicler; but which attains the highest degree of elegant and pregnant implication unobtrusively; or if obtrusively, then with the greatest gain to sense and vigour. Even the derangement of the phrases from their (so-called) natural order is luminous for the mind; and it is by the means of such designed reversal that the elements of a judgment may be most pertinently marshalled, or the stages of a complicated action most perspicuously bound into one.

The web, then, or the pattern: a web at once sensuous and logical, an elegant and pregnant texture: that is style, that is the foundation of the art of literature. Books indeed continue to be read, for the interest of the fact or fable, in which this quality is poorly represented, but still it will be there. And, on the other hand, how many do we continue to peruse and reperuse with pleasure whose only merit is the elegance of texture? I am tempted to mention Cicero; and since Mr. Anthony Trollope is dead, I will. It is a poor diet for the mind, a very colourless and toothless "criticism of life;" but we enjoy the pleasure of a most intricate and dexterous pattern, every stitch a model at once of elegance and of good sense; and the two oranges, even if one of them be rotten, kept dancing with inimitable grace.

Up to this moment I have had my eye mainly upon prose; for though in verse also the implication of the logical texture is a crowning beauty, yet in verse it may be dispensed with. You would think that here was a death-blow to all I have been saying; and far from that, it is but a new illustration of the principle involved. For if the versifier is not bound to weave a pattern of his own, it is because another pattern has been formally imposed upon him by the laws of verse. For that is the essence of a prosody. Verse may be rhythmical; it may be merely alliterative; it may, like the French, depend wholly on the (quasi) regular recurrence of the rhyme; or, like the Hebrew, it may consist in the strangely fanciful device of repeating the same idea. It does not matter on what principle the law is based, so it be a law. It may be pure convention; it may have no inherent beauty; all that we have a right to ask of any prosody is, that it shall lay down a pattern for the writer, and that what it lays down shall be neither too easy nor too hard. Hence it comes that it is much easier for men of equal facility to write fairly pleasing verse than reasonably interesting prose; for in prose the pattern itself has to be invented, and the difficulties first created before they can be solved. Hence, again, there follows the peculiar greatness of the true versifier: such as Shakespeare, Milton, and Victor Hugo, whom I place beside them as versifier merely, not as poet. These not only knit and knot the logical texture of the style with all the dexterity and strength of prose; they not only fill up the pattern of the verse with infinite variety and sober wit; but they give us, besides, a rare and special pleasure, by the art, comparable to that of counterpoint, with which they follow at the same time, and now contrast, and now combine, the double pattern of the texture and the verse. Here the sounding line concludes; a little further on, the well-knit sentence; and yet a little further, and both will reach their solution on the same ringing syllable. The best that can be offered by the best writer of prose is to show us the development of the idea and the stylistic pattern proceed hand in hand, sometimes by an obvious and triumphant effort, sometimes with a great air of ease and nature. The writer of verse, by virtue of conquering another difficulty, delights us with a new series of triumphs. He follows three purposes where his rival followed only two; and the change is of precisely the same nature as that from melody to harmony. Or if you prefer to return to the juggler, behold him now, to the vastly increased enthusiasm of the spectators, juggling with three oranges instead of two. Thus it is: added difficulty, added beauty; and the pattern, with every fresh element, becoming more interesting in itself.

Yet it must not be thought that verse is simply an addition; something is lost as well as something gained; and there remains plainly traceable, in comparing the best prose with the best verse, a certain broad distinction of method in the web. Tight as the versifier may draw the knot of logic, yet for the ear he still leaves the tissue of the sentence floating somewhat loose. In prose, the sentence turns upon a pivot, nicely balanced, and fits into itself with an obtrusive neatness like a puzzle. The ear remarks and is singly gratified by this return and balance; while in verse it is all diverted to the measure. To find comparable passages is hard; for either the versifier is hugely the superior of the rival, or, if he be not, and still persist in his more delicate enterprise, he falls to be as widely his inferior. But let us select them from the pages of the same writer, one who was ambidexter; let us take, for instance, Rumour's Prologue to the Second Part of Henry IV., a fine flourish of eloquence in Shakespeare's second manner, and set it side by side with Falstaff's praise of sherris, act iv. scene 1; or let us compare the beautiful prose spoken throughout by Rosalind and Orlando, compare, for example, the first speech of all, Orlando's speech to Adam, with what passage it shall please you to select—the Seven Ages from the same play, or even such a stave of nobility as Othello's farewell to war; and still you will be able to perceive, if you have an ear for that class of music, a certain superior degree of organization in the prose; a compacter fitting of the parts; a balance in the swing and the return as of a throbbing pendulum. We must not, in things temporal, take from those who have little, the little that they have; the merits of prose are inferior, but they are not the same; it is a little kingdom, but an independent.

3. *Rhythm of the Phrase.*—Some way back, I used a word which still awaits an application. Each phrase, I said, was to be comely; but what is a comely phrase? In all ideal and material points, literature, being a representative art, must look for analogies to painting and the like; but in what is technical and executive, being a temporal art, it must seek for them in music. Each phrase of each sentence, like an air or a recitative in music, should be so artfully compounded out of long and short, out of accented and unaccented, as to gratify the sensual ear. And of this the ear is the sole judge. It is impossible to lay down laws. Even in our accentual and rhythmic

language no analysis can find the secret of the beauty of a verse; how much less, then, of those phrases, such as prose is built of, which obey no law but to be lawless and yet to please? The little that we know of verse (and for my part I owe it all to my friend Professor Fleeming Jenkin) is, however, particularly interesting in the present connection. We have been accustomed to describe the heroic line as five iambic feet, and to be filled with pain and confusion whenever, as by the conscientious schoolboy, we have heard our own description put in practice.

All night | the dreàd | less àn | gel ùn | pursùed.[*]

goes the schoolboy; but though we close our ears, we cling to our definition, in spite of its proved and naked insufficiency. Mr. Jenkin was not so easily pleased, and readily discovered that the heroic line consists of four groups, or, if you prefer the phrase, contains four pauses:

All night | the dreadless | angel | unpursued.

Four groups, each practically uttered as one word: the first, in this case, an iamb; the second, an amphibrachys; the third, a trochee; and the fourth an amphimacer; and yet our schoolboy, with no other liberty but that of inflicting pain, had triumphantly scanned it as five iambs. Perceive, now, this fresh richness of intricacy in the web; this fourth orange, hitherto unremarked, but still kept flying with the others. What had seemed to be one thing it now appears is two; and, like some puzzle in arithmetic, the verse is made at the same time to read in fives and to read in fours.

But again, four is not necessary. We do not, indeed, find verses in six groups, because there is not room for six in the ten syllables; and we do not find verses of two, because one of the main distinctions of verse from prose resides in the comparative shortness of the group; but it is even common to find verses of three. Five is the one forbidden number; because five is the number of the feet; and if five were chosen, the two patterns would coincide, and that opposition which is the life of verse would instantly be lost. We have here a clue to the effect of polysyllables, above all in Latin, where they are so common and make so brave an architecture in the verse; for the polysyllable is a group of Nature's making. If but some Roman would return from Hades (Martial, for choice), and tell me by what conduct of the voice these thundering verses should be uttered—"*Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum,*" for a case in point—I feel as if I should enter at last into the full enjoyment of the best of human verses.

But, again, the five feet are all iambic, or supposed to be; by the mere count of syllables the four groups cannot be all iambic; as a question of elegance, I doubt if any one of them requires to be so; and I am certain that for choice no two of them should scan the same. The singular beauty of the verse analysed above is due, so far as analysis can carry us, part, indeed, to the clever repetition of L, D and N, but part to this variety of scansion in the groups. The groups which, like the bar in music, break up the verse for utterance, fall uniambically; and in declaiming a so-called iambic verse, it may so happen that we never utter one iambic foot. And yet to this neglect of the original beat there is a limit.

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[*] Milton.

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts,"*

is, with all its eccentricities, a good heroic line; for though it scarcely can be said to indicate the beat of the iamb, it certainly suggests no other measure to the ear. But begin

"Mother Athens, eye of Greece,"

or merely "Mother Athens," and the game is up, for the trochaic beat has been suggested. The eccentric scansion of the groups is an adornment; but as soon as the original beat has been forgotten, they cease implicitly to be eccentric. Variety is what is sought; but if we destroy the original mould, one of the terms of this variety is lost, and we fall back on sameness. Thus, both as to the arithmetical measure of the verse, and the degree of regularity in scansion, we see the laws of prosody to have one common purpose: to keep alive the opposition of two schemes simultaneously followed; to keep them notably apart, though still coincident; and to balance them with such judicial nicety before the reader, that neither shall be unperceived and neither signally prevail.

The rule of rhythm in prose is not so intricate. Here, too, we write in groups, or phrases, as I prefer to call them, for the prose phrase is greatly longer and is much more nonchalantly uttered than the group in verse; so that not only is there a greater interval of continuous sound between the pauses, but, for that very reason, word is linked more readily to word by a more summary enunciation. Still, the phrase is the strict analogue of the group, and successive phrases, like successive groups, must differ openly in length and rhythm. The rule of scansion in verse is to suggest no measure but the one in hand; in prose, to suggest no measure at all. Prose must be rhythmical, and it may be as much so as you will; but it must not be metrical. It may be anything, but it must not be verse. A single heroic line may very well pass and not disturb the somewhat larger stride of the prose style; but one following another will produce an instant impression of poverty, flatness, and disenchantment. The same lines delivered with the measured utterance of verse, would perhaps seem rich in variety. By the more summary enunciation proper to prose, as to a more distant vision, these niceties of difference are lost. A whole verse is uttered as one phrase; and the ear is soon wearied by a succession of groups identical in length. The prose writer, in fact, since he is allowed to be so much less harmonious, is condemned to a perpetually fresh variety of movement on a larger scale, and must never disappoint the ear by the trot of an accepted metre. And this obligation is the third orange with which he has to juggle, the third quality which the prose writer must work into his pattern of words. It may be thought perhaps that this is a quality of ease rather than a fresh difficulty; but such is the inherently rhythmical strain of the English language, that the bad writer—and must I take for example that admired friend of my boyhood, Captain Reid?—the inexperienced writer, as Dickens in his earlier attempts to be impressive, and the jaded writer, as any one may see for himself, all tend to fall at once into the production of bad blank verse. And here it may be pertinently asked, Why bad? And I suppose it might be enough to answer that no man ever made good verse by accident, and that no verse can ever sound otherwise than trivial, when uttered with the delivery of prose. But we can go beyond such answers. The weak side of verse is the regularity of the beat, which in itself is decidedly less impressive than the movement of the nobler prose; and it is just into this weak side, and this alone, that our careless writer falls. A peculiar density and mass, consequent on the nearness of the pauses, is one of the chief good qualities of verse; but this our accidental versifier, still following after the swift gait and large gestures of prose, does not so much as aspire to imitate. Lastly, since he remains unconscious that he is making verse at all, it can never occur to him to extract those effects of counterpoint and opposition which I have referred to as the final grace and justification of verse, and, I may add, of blank verse in particular.

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* MILTON.

4. *Contents of the Phrase.*—Here is a great deal of talk about rhythm—and naturally; for in our canorous language rhythm is always at the door. But it must not be forgotten that in some languages this element is almost, if not quite, extinct, and that in our own it is probably decaying. The even speech of many educated Americans sounds the note of danger. I should see it go with something as bitter as despair, but I should not be desperate. As in verse, no element, not even rhythm, is necessary; so, in prose also, other sorts of beauty will arise and take the place and play the part of those that we outlive. The beauty of the expected beat in verse, the beauty in prose of its larger and more lawless melody, patent as they are to English hearing, are already silent in the ears of our next neighbours; for in France the oratorical accent and the pattern of the web have almost or altogether succeeded to their places; and the French prose writer would be astounded at the labours of his

brother across the Channel, and how a good quarter of his toil, above all *invita Minerva,* is to avoid writing verse. So wonderfully far apart have races wandered in spirit, and so hard it is to understand the literature next door!

Yet French prose is distinctly better than English; and French verse, above all while Hugo lives, it will not do to place upon one side. What is more to our purpose, a phrase or a verse in French is easily distinguishable as comely or uncomely. There is then another element of comeliness hitherto overlooked in this analysis: the contents of the phrase. Each phrase in literature is built of sounds, as each phrase in music consists of notes. One sound suggests, echoes, demands, and harmonizes with another; and the art of rightly using these concordances is the final art in literature. It used to be a piece of good advice to all young writers to avoid alliteration; and the advice was sound, in so far as it prevented daubing. None the less for that, was it abominable nonsense, and the mere raving of those blindest of the blind who will not see. The beauty of the contents of a phrase, or of a sentence, depends implicitly upon alliteration and upon assonance. The vowel demands to be repeated; the consonant demands to be repeated; and both cry aloud to be perpetually varied. You may follow the adventures of a letter through any passage that has particularly pleased you; find it, perhaps, denied awhile, to tantalise the ear; find it fired again at you in a whole broadside; or find it pass into congenerous sounds, one liquid or labial melting away into another. And you will find another and much stranger circumstance. Literature is written by and for two senses: a sort of internal ear, quick to perceive "unheard melodies;" and the eye, which directs the pen and deciphers the printed phrase. Well, even as there are rhymes for the eye, so you will find that there are assonances and alliterations; that where an author is running the open A, deceived by the eye and our strange English spelling, he will often show a tenderness for the flat A; and that where he is running a particular consonant, he will not improbably rejoice to write it down even when it is mute or bears a different value.

Here, then, we have a fresh pattern—a pattern, to speak grossly, of letters—which makes the fourth preoccupation of the prose writer, and the fifth of the versifier. At times it is very delicate and hard to perceive, and then perhaps most excellent and winning (I say perhaps); but at times again the elements of this literal melody stand more boldly forward and usurp the ear. It becomes, therefore, somewhat a matter of conscience to select examples; and as I cannot very well ask the reader to help me, I shall do the next best by giving him the reason or the history of each selection. The two first, one in prose, one in verse, I chose without previous analysis, simply as engaging passages that had long re-echoed in my ear.

"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."* Down to "virtue," the current S and R are both announced and repeated unobtrusively, and by way of a grace-note that almost inseparable group PVF is given entire.† The next phrase is a period of repose, almost ugly in itself, both S and R still audible, and B given as the last fulfilment of PVF. In the next four phases, from "that never" down to "run for," the mask is thrown off, and but for a slight repetition of the F and V, the whole matter turns, almost too obtrusively, on S and R; first S coming to the front, and then R. In the concluding phrase all these favourite letters, and even the flat A, a timid preference for which is just perceptible, are discarded at a blow and in a bundle; and to make the break more obvious, every word ends with a dental, and all but one with T, for which we have been cautiously prepared since the beginning. The singular dignity of the first clause, and this hammer-stroke of the last, go far to make the charm of this exquisite sentence. But it is fair to own that S and R are used a little coarsely.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan (KANDL)
A stately pleasure dome decree, (KDLSR)
Where Alph the sacred river ran, (KANDLSR)
Through caverns measureless to man, (KANLSR)
Down to a sunless sea."‡ (NDLS)

Here I have put the analysis of the main group alongside the lines; and the more it is looked at, the more interesting it will seem. But there are further niceties. In lines two and four, the current S is most delicately varied with Z. In line three, the current flat A is twice varied with the open A, already suggested in line two, and both times ("where" and "sacred") in conjunction with the current R. In the same line F and V (a harmony in themselves, even when shorn of their comrade P) are admirably contrasted. And in line four there is a marked subsidiary M, which again was announced in line two. I stop from weariness, for more might yet be said.

My next example was recently quoted from Shakespeare as an example of the poet's colour sense. Now, I do not think literature has anything to do with colour, or poets anyway the better of such a sense; and I instantly attacked this passage, since "purple" was the word that had so pleased the writer of the article, to see if there might not be some literary reason for its use. It will be seen that I succeeded amply; and I am bound to say I think the passage exceptional in Shakespeare—exceptional, indeed, in literature; but it was not I who chose it.

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* MILTON.

† As PVF will continue to haunt us through our English examples, take, by way of comparison, this Latin verse, of which it forms a chief adornment, and do not hold me answerable for the all too Roman freedom of the sense: "Hanc volo, quæ facilis, quæ palliolata vagatur."

‡ COLERIDGE.

> The BARge she sat IN, like a BURNished throNe
> BURNt oN the water: the POOP was BeateN gold,
> PURPle the sails and so PUR*Fumèd that *per
> The wiNds were lovesick with them.*

It may be asked why I have put the F of perfumèd in capitals; and I reply, because this change from P to F is the completion of that from B to P, already so adroitly carried out. Indeed, the whole passage is a monument of curious ingenuity; and it seems scarce worth while to indicate the subsidiary S, L and W. In the same article, a second passage from Shakespeare was quoted, once again as an example of his colour sense:

> "A mole cinque-spotted like the crimson drops
> I' the bottom of a cowslip."†

It is very curious, very artificial, and not worth while to analyse at length: I leave it to the reader. But before I turn my back on Shakespeare, I should like to quote a passage, for my own pleasure, and for a very model of every technical art:—

> But in the wind and tempest of her frown, W. P. V. F. (st) (ow)‡
> Distinction with a loud and powerful fan, W. P. F. (st) (ow) L
> Puffing at all, winnowes the light away; W. P. F. L
> And what hath mass and matter by itself W. F. L. M. A.
> Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.§ V. L. M.

From these delicate and choice writers I turned with some curiosity to a player of the big drum—Macaulay. I had in hand the two-volume edition, and I opened at the beginning of the second volume. Here was what I read: "The violence of revolutions is generally proportioned to the degree of the maladministration which has produced them. It is therefore not strange that the government of Scotland, having been during many years greatly more corrupt than the government of England, should have fallen with a far heavier ruin. The movement against the last king of the house of Stuart was in England conservative, in Scotland destructive. The English complained not of the law, but of the violation of the law." This was plain-sailing enough; it was our old friend PVF, floated by the liquids in a body; but as I read on, and turned the page, and still found PVF with his attendant liquids, I confess my mind misgave me utterly. This could be no trick of Macaulay's; it must be the nature of the English tongue. In a kind of despair, I turned half-way through the volume; and coming upon his lordship dealing with General Cannon, and fresh from Claverhouse and Killiecrankie, here, with elucidative spelling, was my reward:

"Meanwhile the disorders of Kannon's Kamp went on inKreasing. He Kalled a Kouncil of war to Konsider what Kourse it would be advisable to

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* "Antony and Cleopatra."

† "Cymbeline."

‡ The v is in "of."

§ "Troilus and Cressida."

> taKe. But as soon as the Kouncil had met, a preliminary Kuestion was raised. The army was almost eKsKlusively a Highland army. The recent viKtory had been won eKsKlusively by Highland warriors. Great chie*f*s who had brought siKs or se*v*en hundred *f*ighting men into the *f*ield, did not think it *f*air that they should be out*v*oted by gentlemen *f*rom Ireland and *f*rom the Low Kountries, who bore indeed King James's Kommission, and were Kalled Kolonels and Kaptains, but who were Kolonels without regiments and Kaptains without Kompanies."

A moment of FV in all this world of K's! It was not the English language, then, that was an instrument of one string, but Macaulay that was an incomparable dauber.

It was probably from this barbaric love of repeating the same sound, rather than from any design of clearness, that he acquired his irritating habit of repeating words; I say the one rather than the other, because such a trick of the ear is deeper-seated and more original in man than any logical consideration. Few writers, indeed, are probably conscious of the length to which they push this melody of letters. One, writing very diligently, and only concerned about the meaning of his words and the rhythm of his phrases, was struck into amazement by the eager triumph with which he cancelled one expression to substitute another. Neither changed the sense; both being monosyllables, neither could affect the scansion; and it was only by looking back on what he had already written that the mystery was solved: the second word contained an open A, and for nearly half a page he had been riding that vowel to the death.

In practice, I should add, the ear is not always so exacting; and ordinary writers, in ordinary moments, content themselves with avoiding what is harsh, and here and there, upon a rare occasion, buttressing a phrase, or linking two together, with a patch of assonance or a momentary jingle of alliteration. To understand how constant is this pre-occupation of good writers, even where its results are least obtrusive, it is only necessary to turn to the bad. There, indeed, you will find cacophony supreme, the rattle of incongruous consonants only relieved by the jaw-breaking hiatus, and whole phrases not to be articulated by the powers of man.

Conclusion.—We may now briefly enumerate the elements of style. We have, peculiar to the prose writer, the task of keeping his phrases large, rhythmical and pleasing to the ear, without ever allowing them to fall into the strictly metrical: peculiar to the versifier, the task of combining and contrasting his double, treble, and quadruple pattern, feet and groups, logic and metre—harmonious in diversity: common to both, the task of artfully combining the prime elements of language into phrases that shall be musical in the mouth; the task of weaving their argument into a texture of committed phrases and of rounded periods—but this particularly binding in the case of prose: and again common to both, the task of choosing apt, explicit, and communicative words. We begin to see now what an intricate affair is any perfect passage; how many faculties, whether of taste or pure reason, must be held upon the stretch to make it; and why, when it is made, it should afford us so complete a pleasure. From the arrangement of according letters, which is altogether arabesque and sensual, up to the architecture of the elegant and pregnant sentence, which is a vigorous act of the pure intellect, there is scarce a faculty in man but has been exercised. We need not wonder, then, if perfect sentences are rare, and perfect pages rarer.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ENGLAND AND THE SOUDAN.

THE expedition to the Soudan started last autumn with the general acquiescence of all Englishmen. Whatever differences of opinion there were as to the mission of General Gordon to Khartoum, it was felt that the rescue of our gallant countryman was a national duty. The nation watched Lord Wolseley's advance with painful suspense. As our troops approached nearer and nearer to Khartoum the hopes of the nation rose; at last it seemed as if success had crowned our efforts, and we confidently hoped that in a few more hours our anxiety would be at an end and Gordon would be saved. But, alas! on February 4 the fatal news arrived. We were forty-eight hours too late! Sir Charles Wilson reached Khartoum on January 28, only to find that the city was in the hands of the Mahdi, having been taken by treachery on January 26.

This terrible catastrophe entirely altered the whole aspect of affairs. The main object of the expedition was frustrated. The whole conditions were changed. Gordon was no more. The garrison of Khartoum had either been massacred or had joined the Mahdi. The fortifications and arsenal were in the hands of the enemy.

Lord Wolseley at once telegraphed home for instructions. He inquired, as Mr. Gladstone told us on the first night of the Session, "whether he was to shape the measures that he might have immediately to take upon the supposition that he was either now, or eventually, to proceed to overthrow the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum; or whether he was to proceed upon the opposite supposition; because the framework of those measures and their character would essentially depend upon our adoption of the affirmative or the negative upon that important point."

The question to be determined was, it will be observed, not in the first instance military, but political. Lord Wolseley did not state that an advance was strategically desirable or requisite. The military resolves were to be governed by political considerations, not the reverse. If the Government determined to overthrow the Mahdi, he should take certain measures; if not, his course would be different. Hence it is clear that his present action is *not* that which he would have taken if his instructions had been to provide for the safety of Egypt and of our troops.

On the contrary, the Government, in reply to Lord Wolseley, instructed him "to frame his military measures upon the policy of proceeding to overthrow the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum." This momentous resolve is clearly therefore political, and not military.

The question is one of the utmost importance; the course on which we are entering seems to me to involve ruinous expenditure, and the sacrifice of thousands of lives without any corresponding advantage; while it would carry "war, ravage and misery" into the Soudan, for no permanent object; it would, less directly perhaps, but not less surely, lead to almost equal suffering and distress in our own country.

I recognise the difficulty of the problem, and no one feel more fully than I do that the Government are most anxious to take the wise and right course under all the circumstances. At the same time I am most anxious, if possible, to induce them and the country not to embark on an enterprise which I feel sure that ere long we shall bitterly repent. If indeed it were considered desirable to extend the frontiers of Egypt so as to include Khartoum, the case would of course be different. Khartoum stands in a very different position from the rest of the Soudan. It is a new city, the creation of commerce. It has not been under native Sultans, and from its position on the Nile it occupies a position of great importance with reference to the irrigation of Egypt. It is true that the Romans preferred the limit of Wady Halfa, but since their time the conditions of the problem have greatly altered. If they had had railways and telegraphs, it is very probable that they would have extended their dominions further south. Thothmes III., whose proud boast it was that during his reign Egypt placed her frontiers where she pleased, certainly did so.

If, then, the Government determine to hold Khartoum and the country round, that would be a policy for which much might be said. It would indeed involve great sacrifices on our part: we should spend some millions and lose hundreds of valuable lives; but at least we should open out the interior of Africa, and civilize a vast country. The distress involved would no doubt for a while be great, but we might hope that the permanent advantages would outweigh present sufferings, and that material benefits would eventually reconcile the natives of the Soudan to our rule.

On the other hand, to overthrow the Soudanese without any such intention is to incur great sacrifices, and to involve the Soudanese in terrible sufferings, without any national object or prospect of ultimate advantage either to ourselves or to them.

Moreover, to advance on Khartoum, announcing at the same time that we do not intend to occupy it permanently, increases immensely the difficulty of taking it at all. Such a statement naturally unites all the tribes against us, for no one will side with us, knowing full well that he would be put to death the moment our backs were turned. On the contrary, if we were advancing with the opposite determination, we might reasonably hope that from motives of self-interest, if for no other reason, some at least of the natives would aid us, while many no doubt under such circumstances would prudently remain neutral. The course we are taking, therefore, seems to unite the minimum of good with the maximum of difficulty.

But whatever may be the case with reference to Khartoum, the Southern and Western Soudan occupy a very different position. To hold them would be a task beyond the strength or power of Egypt. The attempt would be ruinous to Egypt, and unjust to the people of the Soudan. For my own part, I acquit the authorities at Cairo of any intention to plunder and oppress the Soudanese. We may admit that they honestly desired to confer on them a just and good government. But they could not control their own officials; no one can read the late lamented Colonel Stewart's able and interesting report on the Soudan without being convinced that the attempt had hopelessly broken down. One Governor to whom he expressed his dissatisfaction naïvely excused himself by saying that he only robbed the poor, and never interfered with the rich.

Colonel Stewart did not appear to accept the limitation, and observed generally that: "He thought there could be no doubt that the whole local government was in league to rob and plunder. Nor were the Egyptian officials even loyal to their own employers. General Hicks stated that, in his opinion, more than half of the Government *employés* were partisans of the Mahdi, and that in the event of any reverse, the dangers would begin with the Government officials."

"I am firmly convinced," he adds, "that the Egyptians are quite unfit in every way to undertake such a task as the government of so vast a country, with a view to its welfare, and that, both for their own sake and that of the people they tried to rule, it would be advisable to abandon large portions of it. The fact of their general incompetence to rule is so generally acknowledged, that it is unnecessary to discuss the question."

It would, I think, be difficult for any one who has looked into the evidence to come to any other conclusion. Moreover, it is unnecessary to dwell on this part of the question, because on this point the declarations of Ministers are quite clear. "I need only remind the House," said Mr. Gladstone on the first night of the Session, "that the policy declared by Her Majesty's Government with respect to the Soudan, has always been the evacuation of the Soudan by Egypt and its restoration. That policy has undergone no change. I am not about to argue it or to defend it, but merely to state the fact, which is the point on which I set out, that it has undergone no change."

Nay, the Egyptian Government themselves came, though reluctantly, to that conclusion. Sir Evelyn Baring, writing on January 8 in last year, said: "The Khedive now accepts cordially the policy of the abandonment of the whole of the Soudan, which he believes, on mature reflection, to be the best in the interests of the country." Nubar Pasha, the present Prime Minister, entirely concurred in the wisdom of that course. Nay, Cherif himself had greatly modified his views; he said that his Government found itself compelled to apply either to us or to the Porte for a contingent of 10,000 men to be sent to Suakin. And if that was not done at once, he and his colleagues had determined to retire from the shores of the Red Sea and the Eastern Soudan..

In fact, the Government has stated over and over again that the re-establishment of Egyptian authority over the Soudan is no part of their intentions. What then is their policy? I have already quoted Mr. Gladstone's declaration, that there had been no change in consequence of recent events. Now the policy of the Government certainly was non-interference in the affairs of the Soudan. I have just quoted Mr. Gladstone's statement to that effect. Lord Hartington, speaking last February, said: "I am prepared to maintain that the policy of Her Majesty's Government with regard to the Soudan is a right policy. I hold that our policy of non-interference in the affairs of the Soudan is a right policy."

And why did he consider that this was the right policy for us to adopt? Because, he went on to say, "we have no British interests in the Soudan; there are no European interests in the Soudan, at least no adequate British or European interests which would justify the employment of British forces or the expenditure of British resources."

But are we not interfering in the affairs of the Soudan? Are we not employing British forces and British resources in a country where there are no British interests, to overthrow a leader whom the Soudanese have chosen for themselves, in order to replace him by some one whom we shall set up to rule over them?

Mr. Gladstone himself told us in the same debate that—

> "The Soudan is a vast country, equal in size to France, Germany, and Spain—a desert country—with a deadly climate, inhabited thinly by sparse and warlike tribes; but still it is the country of those tribes. They love it as their country. . . . .
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> "We have refused—and I believe the House will approve our refusing—to have anything to do with the reconquest of the Soudan. . . . .
>
> "I look upon the possession of the Soudan—I will not say as a crime, because that would be going a great deal too far; but I look upon it as the calamity of Egypt. It has been a drain on her treasury; it has been a drain on her men. I believe it is estimated that 100,000 Egyptians have laid down their lives in endeavouring to maintain that barren conquest."*

If the conquest—the barren—Mr. Gladstone might have said, worse than barren—conquest of the Soudan cost the lives of 100,000 Egyptians, of men themselves natives of a hot country, accustomed to the dry and torrid climate of Africa; what number of Englishmen may we not sacrifice, of men accustomed to the cool, moist, and comparatively equable climate of these islands?

Perhaps it may be objected that this statement was made last year. But in resisting Sir Stafford Northcote's vote of censure a few days ago, Mr. Gladstone stated that he did so "because it means committing your gallant army to a struggle from year to year in a tropical country with a people who are courageous by birth and reckless by fanaticism. It means a despotic Government to be established and upheld by British hands against those who hate it." But does not that description apply also to our present policy? Are we not committing our gallant army to a prolonged struggle in a tropical country with a people courageous by birth and reckless by fanaticism? Are we not going to establish a Government to be upheld by British hands against a people who will hate it? The French Consul at Khartoum, writing on July 29 last,† says that though the force in arms round Khartoum was not large, the whole people were with the Mahdi, and the "very stones" were against us. But if Gordon, who had done so much for them and loved them so warmly, had failed utterly to conciliate the natives, how can we hope that any one else would succeed? We must be prepared therefore to meet the bitter, gallant, and determined opposition of the Soudanese. If indeed we were going to hold Khartoum and the country round, the case might be different; we should at least give the people peace and security: moreover, in that case some no doubt would bow to necessity, and join us, if not from love, at least from self-interest. But the Prime Minister has declared against this. He has expressed his conviction "that it was impossible to hold the Soudan in any manner tolerably satisfactory, and that consequently it was our duty to speak frankly and boldly upon the matter, because the Soudan had become a question not of £100,000 a year, as was the old story, but it had assumed a character such as to make it evident that if the struggle were to be continued, it would suck the life-blood from the heart of Egypt." *

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* Mr. Gladstone: Hansard, cclxxxiv. p. 715.

† Blue Book: Egypt, No. 1, 1885, p. 22.

Yes, and it has assumed such a character now that if we engage in this reckless enterprise it will, I fear, "suck the life-blood from the heart" of England.

What did General Gordon himself think on this subject? Just before he started for Khartoum he placed his opinions solemnly on record. Speaking of good government in the Soudan, he said,

> "it is evident that this we cannot secure them without an inordinate expenditure of men and money. . . . . The Soudan is a useless possession. It ever was so and ever will be so. . . . . It is larger than Germany, France and Spain together. It cannot be governed except by a dictator, who may be good or bad, and if bad he will cause constant revolt. No one who has ever lived in the Soudan can escape the reflection what a useless possession is this land. Few men, also, can stand its fearful monotony and its deadly climate. Therefore I think that the Government are fully justified in recommending its evacuation. The sacrifices necessary towards securing good government are far too onerous to admit of such an attempt being made. Indeed, one may say it is impracticable at any cost." †

On this attempt, however, which General Gordon said could not be made "without an inordinate expenditure of men and money," which "might indeed be said to be impracticable at any cost," we are now, it seems, about to embark.

Mr. Stanley indeed, in an able letter to the *Times*, maintains that the construction of a railway from Suakin to Berber would have entirely changed General Gordon's opinion. But General Gordon had contemplated such an event. In 1882 he advocated the formation of a railway as a great advantage to the Soudan, which no doubt it would be; but it was a year subsequent to this that he used the language I have quoted, without any qualification, not moreover in a letter which might have been hastily written, but in a weighty memorandum submitted to Government, and intended for presentation to Parliament.

Perhaps, however, I shall be told that since these opinions were expressed, circumstances have altered. Yes, that is true; they have altered indeed. But how? At that time Gordon was still alive; at that time the tribes of the Soudan were disorganized; at that time they had no single leader; at that time they were but ill supplied with arms; at that time the fortifications and arsenals of Khartoum were at our disposal. That is all changed now; Gordon is no more; the tribes are united; they have an able leader; they occupy the fortifications of Khartoum; and have secured the immense stores of arms and ammunition which it contained.

Is this enterprise then any easier now? will it be any less costly? is it likely to involve any smaller sacrifice of life?

* Mr. Gladstone · Hansard, cclxxxiv. p. 718.

† Egypt, No. 4, 1884, p. 7.

I do not doubt that we can take and hold Khartoum, but would that overthrow the Mahdi? He will probably retire south. Are we going to follow him further still into the heart of Africa?

Can the Government give us any idea what this new policy is to cost us?

Mr. Cross, the Under-Secretary of State for India, has told us that while the ordinary expense of an Indian soldier is about £4 per man per month, the extraordinary expenses of the Indian contingent in the Egyptian expedition of 1882 were £66 per man per month, while in the Abyssinian expedition they were over £70 per man per month. In the present case our troops will be still further from their basis of operations, and it is probable that the expense will be still greater. Even, however, if they only cost us as much as in the Abyssinian expedition, it comes to this, that every man we send to the Soudan will be costing us at the rate of £800 a year!

Again, we read every day of hundreds of camels here and hundreds there; and every one who has been in the East can imagine what a frightful expenditure this must involve. Mr. Brand, speaking on behalf of the War Office, told us officially on March 9, that "it would be impossible for General Graham to advance in the absence of railway transport without a huge army of camels. He had had a camel estimate made, and he found that from 50,000 to 70,000 camels would be required to maintain such an army for a year, and it would cost £3,350,000." Three million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds for camels! and that only for one section of our expedition, and for one year!

To avoid a recurrence of this expenditure it is proposed to construct the railway from Suakin to Berber, a distance of 280 miles, through a hostile country, and with gradients, as pointed out by Sir J. Pease, rising to 3,000 feet, or 1,000 feet higher than any railway in the United Kingdom. No estimate has been obtained. No one, however, would put the cost at much less than £10,000 a mile, and probably £20,000 would be nearer the mark. Moreover, it would require to be constantly guarded. Mr. Slagg has well observed that "the tribes who inhabited the country were very largely interested in the carrying trade between Khartoum and the sea-coast, and for that reason alone would be sure to present the most strenuous opposition to a project which would absolutely doom to destruction their greatest industry. He believed there were insuperable difficulties in the way, and he hoped the Government would abandon the project."

Altogether we cannot possibly hope that the Soudan expedition will cost us less than £10,000,000; a sum more than twice as large as the nation spends on the education of our children; more than half as much, indeed, as the whole of the Civil Service estimates.* To spend money in making enemies is surely little short of madness. Let any one think how much good £10,000,000 might do if judiciously spent at home, instead of being squandered abroad.

And what are the circumstances under which we are going to engage the nation in this ruinous enterprise? Our national expenditure already amounts to nearly £100,000,000 a year; we are told that we must spend several millions on our navy if we are to maintain our supremacy at sea; and our army having already as much as it can accomplish, must be increased.

Meanwhile, France is jealous and irritated, Germany is angry, and although we may feel that this arises from a misunderstanding, and hope that mutual explanations may restore that cordial feeling which ought to exist between two nations who have so much in common, still no one can have read the Blue Books and not seen how serious the present state of things is; with Russia our relations are most critical, and it is perhaps not uncharitable to suspect that the complications in the Soudan will not tend to promote the success of our negotiations with reference to Central Asia.

Surely, then, this is not a moment when we should send our troops away to the far south, and squander our resources in a fruitless war.

But then it is sometimes said that our troops are in such a position that it is easier to advance than to retreat. Of that, however, we have no evidence whatever. Lord Wolseley has never expressed any such opinion. I have already (*ante*, p. 562) quoted Mr. Gladstone's statement on this point. Lord Wolseley, he told us, telegraphed home to inquire the intentions of Her Majesty's Government—whether they determined to go to Khartoum and overthrow the Mahdi or not—so that he might act accordingly. That conclusively proves that if we do go to Khartoum it is not from military considerations, but in order to overthrow the Mahdi. Nor can it be maintained that we must attack the Mahdi to prevent the Mahdi from attacking us.

What did the Prime Minister himself tell us, when that very argument was used last May by Sir M. Hicks Beach? He said that the right hon. baronet used the argument, that unless the army of the Mahdi is "put down in the Soudan it will advance on Egypt. To keep it out of Egypt it is necessary to put it down in the Soudan, and that is the task that the right hon. gentleman desires to saddle upon England. Now I tell hon. gentlemen this, that that task means the reconquest of the Soudan. I put aside for the moment all questions of climate, of distance, of difficulties, of the enormous charges, and all the frightful loss of life. There is something worse than that involved in the plan of the right hon. gentleman. It would be a war of conquest against a people struggling to be free, and rightly struggling to be free." *

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* They amount this year, including the charges on the Consolidated Fund, to something less than £19,000,000.

In a later portion of the same speech, Mr. Gladstone still further emphasized this argument. Speaking still of Sir M. Hicks Beach, he said: "The right hon. gentleman declared that the movement of the Mahdi must be put down by England sooner or later; and, as I understand him—and I do not think he will deny it—he has said that the sooner it was put down the easier would it be to do so. In other words, the right. hon. gentleman advises us to carry the line of conquest by British or Christian arms among the Mahometan people struggling for their liberty in the Soudan." This argument seemed to me conclusive at the time, and seems so still.

It has been argued by one high Indian authority, that we ought at any cost to overthrow the Mahdi, in order to maintain our prestige in India; but against that view we may quote another high Indian authority, who has taken exactly the opposite line, and considers, as it seems to me with great probability, that in this attempt to crush a Mahometan people we shall run a great risk of alienating our Mahometan fellow-countrymen in India. "In regard to the first objection," Sir W. Gregory says, "I am of opinion that a prolonge war with a Mahometan spiritual conqueror is calculated to produce in India the very effect so properly deprecated. At this moment, wherever the muezzin calls to prayer, the career of the Mahdi is the talk of men, and Allah is invoked to strengthen his arm against the Christians. The longer this state of things continues the more dangerous it becomes, and eight months at the least must elapse before the siege of Khartoum can be commenced."

We have, then, on this point a conflict of opinion. But even suppose the first view is correct, will our prestige suffer less if we evacuate Khartoum next year or the year after? Moreover, can any one calmly and on reflection justify such a policy? To carry fire and bloodshed through the Soudan, to burn the villages, to ravage the crops, to fill up the wells, to destroy the humble homes, to reduce women and children to beggary and starvation, to slaughter thousands of miserable natives in the heart of Africa in order to produce an impression in India, is a policy too heartless, too cynical—I might say too wicked—to contemplate. That this should be done in the name of England is almost incredible, and I feel satisfied it is a policy which the heart and conscience of England will indignantly repudiate.

For my own part, I believe that unless we are prepared to stay in the country permanently, it is hopeless for us to attempt to give the Soudanese a better Government than they can give themselves. Nor do I see that we have under such circumstances any right, still less that it is any part of our duty, to impose on them any Government, whether it be good or bad, against their will.

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* Hansard, May 12, 1884, p. 54.

One object which we have had greatly at heart, has been the suppression of the slave trade. For this, no doubt, the country would be willing to make great sacrifices. To effect this permanently would justify the infliction of much immediate suffering. But a mere temporary occupation of Khartoum would not be sufficient. To attain this object we must not only reconquer the Soudan, but stay there permanently.

Why have these unfortunate people risen to arms? Had they no cause—have they had nothing to complain of? I admit that our earnest wishes have been for their welfare; our desire has been to assist them in securing a good Government. But as things are now, the best way to do that is to let them alone. Why should we overthrow the ruler they have chosen, and put up some one else in his place? I should have thought we had by now felt the folly—I might say the impossibility—of imposing puppet rulers on unwilling subjects.

General Gordon we know had a warm attachment to the Soudanese, and was sincerely anxious to promote their welfare. But war involves stern necessities. For instance, a merchant of Khartoum writes:—

> "I left Khartoum forty-eight days ago, and Omdurman three days later. Gordon had established a post with about 500 Shaggiyeh troops at Halfiyeh. I saw Hasm-el-Moas, one of Gordon's generals, with four armed steamers full of troops. He was steaming up and down the river between Shendy and Omdurman, shelling the villages and natives on the islands, and on both banks of the river. The rebels he shelled were composed chiefly of Jaalin Arabs, with a few Shaggiyehs and others. Gordon's troops used to destroy the sakiyehs, and use the wood for the steamers."*

This is surely sad reading, and one cannot but sympathize with these poor villagers.

Throughout the Egyptian papers the Soudanese are spoken of as rebels. Yet Lord Hartington himself last year expressed the opinion, which he said was that "of almost every one who had written on the Soudan," that "the revolt of the Mahdi and the tribes who have adhered to him was justified by the oppression which they had suffered from Egytian officials—was justified by the corruption and misgovernment of Egyptian officials and by the oppression of Egyptian troops. I do not say," he adds, with his usual fairness, "that the misgovernment of the Soudan by the Egyptian Government was wilful or intended."

Mr. Gladstone again, in a passage to which I have already referred said that, to send a British army into the Soudan "would be a war of conquest against a people struggling to be free." Yes, he said, "these are people struggling to be free, and struggling rightly to be free."†

Surely the Government are not really going to involve us in this terrible and ruinous undertaking, to squander millions of English money, and sacrifice hundreds, if not thousands, of English lives with no adequate object or definite policy?

We are now increasing our army; are we going to "commit it to a struggle in a tropical country with a people courageous by birth, and reckless by fanaticism," * for an object which cannot be secured "without an inordinate expenditure of men and money," and which, indeed, may be said to be impracticable at any cost: † "are we about to carry the line of conquest by British and Italian arms among the Mahometan people, struggling for their liberty in the Soudan;" ‡ in a country where "there are no British interests, at least no adequate interests which would justify the employment of British forces, or the expenditure of British resources;" § the natives of which owe us no allegiance, whose revolt was "justified by the oppression which they had suffered;" ‖ are we really going to use the strength of England at a terrible sacrifice of men and money, to overthrow a people "struggling, and rightly struggling, to be free?" ¶

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* Egypt, No. 1, 1885, p. 127.

† Hansard, 1884, p. 1438.

It seems to me almost incredible that we should be entering on such a course, and that too under a Liberal Government.

So far, indeed, the national conscience is clear. To have sent General Gordon to Khartoum may have been a mistake, but if so it was a generous error; it was a policy which has entailed on us heavy sacrifices, but of which as a nation we have at least no cause to be ashamed. But what is our policy now? According to the instructions communicated to Lord Wolseley, "the primary object of the expedition up the Valley of the Nile is to bring away General Gordon and Colonel Stewart from Khartoum. When that object has been secured no further offensive operations of any kind are to be undertaken." Now, why should we not adhere to the policy thus laid down? If we now undertake offensive operations, will it not be said, and said naturally, that the safety of General Gordon and Colonel Stewart cannot really have been our primary object?

Would not the most consistent and dignified course be that, the main object of the expedition having been to save General Gordon and Colonel Stewart, and that being now unfortunately impossible, we should confine ourselves to the protection of the peaceful inhabitants of the Nile Valley against any attack from the south; to decide at once on the limits which are to constitute the permanent frontiers of Egypt; to announce this by proclamation, stating at the same time that while we had no desire to attack the tribes beyond that limit, or to interfere with their right of self-government, any attack by them would be resisted by the whole powers of England?

If, however, we are going to interfere with the Soudanese at all, let us at least be sure that the sacrifices we make, are likely to benefit them; whereas, I fear, that the course on which we seem to be now entering is one which will entail severe suffering on both countries—alike on England and on the Soudan.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

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* Mr. Gladstone: in reply to Sir S. Northcote, February, 1885.

† *General Gordon. Blue Book, Egypt, No. 7, 1884.* ‡ Mr. Gladstone, May, 1884.

§ Lord Hartington, February, 1884. ‖ *Ibid.*, February, 1884.

¶ Mr. Gladstone, February, 1884.

OUR DUTY IN THE SOUDAN.

IN a time of national anxiety, suspense, and partial failure, it is indeed difficult to write upon such a question as "Our Duty in the Soudan" with the freedom from prejudice and calmness of judgment that it demands; but I will, as far as possible, hold the scales fairly, and endeavour to divest myself of all personal bias in favour of any particular line of policy.

That our Nile expedition up to the present moment has been a failure none can deny. For such desperate risks as have been undertaken the only justification can be complete success; and how far we are from having attained that, the history of the last few weeks records with unmistakable emphasis.

Gordon, after the massacre of the force under Hicks Pasha, was asked to perform what to any ordinary man would have appeared impossibilities, but his vigorous personality and perfect self-abnegation *almost* enabled him to accomplish his task. After the bombardment of Alexandria and battle of Tel-el-Kebir we could have dictated our own terms in Egypt, and if the position had been fairly grasped and understood there can be little doubt matters would have presented a very different aspect from that which they now wear. With our policy in lower Egypt, and the financial conditions obtaining there, the scope of this article has nothing whatever to do, but only with the really serious question of our present condition in the Soudan, the responsibilities we have acquired there, and how we are to acquit ourselves towards the whole civilized world in the crisis which now exists.

It is our duty to be the defence of Christian and Western civilization against the spread of a movement which has faint resemblance to anything that has occurred since the early days of Mahommedanism. The Mahdi, who, if he had not attained his present measure of success, would, like many previous impostors, probably have ere this faded away into nothingness, can now point to a long series of actual successes which will go far to render faith in his divine mission universal from the Nile to the Niger, and may probably place at his disposal hosts of semi-civilised warlike and ignorant fanatics, who by their teachers and chiefs will be led to believe him actually to be the Mahdi foretold in Arab prophecies. His destiny in the eyes of these people will be to reform the whole Mahommedan world and render Islam the dominant faith. That Christianity and all other religions will soon be swept away, and all the wealth and pleasures of this world, as well as of the next, will become the right and the property of those who become his followers; we may be sure is being inculcated in Darfur, Kordofan, Wadai, Baghirmi, Bornu, amongst the Tonaregs, and in fact wherever an emissary of the Mahdi can penetrate in the great belt of Northern Africa peopled by Semitic Negroids. It is hard indeed to calculate to what regions the news of the fall of Khartoum and the retreat of the Nile column may not spread, or what may not be the disastrous effects of the intelligence. Men who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, and also visited Constantinople, Jerusalem, Damascus, and Cairo, have within the last few years made their appearance on the West Coast at places where until lately Moslems were unknown, and their proselytising efforts have been attended with a very great measure of success, more especially at Lagos, which, by the opening up of the Niger, has been brought into constant communication with the Mahommedans of the interior. By these travellers, who are everywhere regarded as men of supernatural attainments, the advance of the Mahdi's forces will be related with many extraordinary and fantastic additions, and the movement which has apparently hitherto been confined to the Eastern Soudan may spread across the whole continent.

It must be remembered that this movement of the Mahdi does not only threaten Christian civilisation, but also the power of the Sultan of Turkey, of the Shah of Persia, of the Emperor of Morocco, of the Shereef of Mecca, and of all Mahommedan authorities, temporal and spiritual, who do not acknowledge his divine mission, and become not only his passive adherents, but his active supporters. In every possible way the Mahdi has, according to his knowledge, lived up to the prophecies of the early days of Islam; and when we consider the life of Mahommed himself, and see what difficulty he and his successors had to establish themselves in power, and how many serious checks they received in their conquests of Syria, Persia, Northern Africa, and Southern Europe, we may feel assured that the Mahdi will be able to give satisfactory reasons to his followers for reverses at El Teb, Tamasi, Abu Klea, Gubat, Kerbekan, and elsewhere. One thing is positively certain—viz., that it is absolutely necessary that a permanent barrier should now be established against any further advance of either the Mahdi or his lieutenants, and that they must be hurled back from the neighbourhood of Khartoum, Kassala, and Senaar. This undertaking will be a serious and a costly one, but it is the proud destiny of this country that it has become her duty to accomplish this, and we must do it alone and unaided, and not hamper ourselves with unnecessary alliances.

It was most unfortunate that our Government disclaimed the responsibility of the expedition of Hicks Pasha, and that, when with their tacit consent it had been despatched, they did not limit its objects to the security of the country to the east of the Nile and of that river itself. The great powers of organization and generalship manifested by that unfortunate and gallant officer in his trying and astonishing advance would, with the forces at his command, have secured the most important positions; and instead of his force being weakened by a march through arid deserts, entirely cut off from any base, they could have calmly awaited the advent of the forces of the Mahdi in carefully selected positions, and allowed his brave but at that time undisciplined followers to dash themselves to pieces against them. Unable to use the Nile, with the watering-places to the west watched and as opportunity offered destroyed, it would have been impossible for the levies from Darfur and Kordofan to continue on the offensive for any lengthened period, and the prestige of the Mahdi would soon have begun to wane, especially when it was found that every time he attempted to attack fortified positions or carry the war into fresh countries, he met with a constant succession of disasters. By the defeat of Hicks the Mahdi not only became possessed of a large supply of arms of all kinds, and ammunition, but, owing to the defection of a large number of the best of the Egyptian troops drilled on European systems, who have added largely to his military knowledge; he has been enabled to teach his followers something of tactics and strategy, and the effect of this teaching has been fully shown in the manner in which the enemy manœuvred against our square at the battle of Abu Klea.

We now have the hot season coming on, and our men around Korti worn out by the fatigues of one of the most arduous campaigns that has ever been made by British forces. For the next few months we must content ourselves with waiting in silent expectancy at the most advanced point that we can hold on the Nile, for we may be perfectly certain that, when the time again comes for active operations, we shall find that tribes and people who have hitherto been apparently friendly, or at all events have abstained from active opposition, will have become bitter foes, owing to the temporary success of the Mahdi and their consequent abandonment by us, and this change will take place up to our very lines of pickets. No reinforcements can now be despatched in time to enable Lord Wolseley to assume once more the offensive until after the heats of summer are past, and all he can do is to hang on to Korti, Merawi, or Dongola, or whatever position he may select, in spite of all attempts of his opponents to dislodge him. Our future policy must be marked by no hesitation; the spasmodic efforts that we have hitherto made must give way to a well-considered and determined line of action. Souakin, as the natural port of the Eastern Soudan and upper Nile valley, must be connected by rail with the Nile at Berber, and the connection be maintained. Once the railway is finished, this will not be difficult, and the fatuity which caused its construction to be abandoned in the days of Ismail Pasha, when peace and security along its course would have rendered physical and climatic difficulties the only ones to be encountered, is much to be deplored.

In order to construct this line, the forces of Osman Digna have now to be taken into account, and it is to be hoped that every inch of ground that may be won by Sir Gerald Graham and the forces under his command will be held permanently and securely. Every well and watering-place that we can take possession of is a source of strength to us and weakness to our enemies. If we can only establish advanced posts sufficiently strong to be secure against a *coup de main* at each point on our route where the hostile natives are now in the habit of obtaining water, we soon shall force them to abandon all harassing attacks upon our camps and baggage trains. To accomplish this our troops may have to fight many bloody battles and undergo much suffering from climate, disease, and fatigue; but the recent achievements of our men in the Bayuda Desert, though unhappily not crowned with success, prove that the English soldier of to-day can surmount any difficulties which are not superhuman. The tribes being driven away from the neighbourhood of our route, the construction of the railway will be much facilitated, and we shall probably find that the difficulties have been much overrated. Even if we are unable to continue the construction of the railway during the very hottest months, the portions which we may hope to see completed by May will enable us to form an advanced depôt, whence at the earliest possible date its construction and the march of our army on Berber may be continued. As for ourselves, owing to the establishment of the pumping service, which should be in duplicate, we shall be independent of water; and if our men are carefully shielded from the sun by day (living in cellars or mud huts), and only allowed to work by night, use being made of the electric light when necessary, there is no reason to apprehend that the difficulties to be overcome will prove insuperable, and by the end of September our advance should be within seventy miles of Berber, with stores and *matériel* massed for a rapid advance on that place. The Nile column by that time should again be in a condition to take the field; with the aid of the Yarrow stern-wheelers, barges, and Thorneycroft launches, which have been ordered, there should not at high Nile be any difficulty in advancing to any point considered desirable; and early in October the Nile and Souakin columns might join hands at Metemneh in readiness for the final advance on Khartoum. The forces which will then be at the disposal of our Commander-in-Chief ought to render the capture of this, the most important position on the Nile, a matter of certainty and comparative ease, and November should see us safely established there, and steamers going southwards to clear the navigable Nile of the Mahdi's adherents and establish communication with the gallant Lupton Bey, if (ah, me! these ifs) he still survive.

Once at Khartoum, our duty will be comparatively simple: the Souakin and Berber, and Nile routes being open and under our command, trade will soon again commence, and promptings of self-interest and necessity will after a time bring the calico-wearing natives of Darfur and Kordofan to terms. Doubtless for some time the Mahdi and his lieutenants will endeavour to repossess themselves of the positions from which we shall have ousted them, but we must stand stern and stedfast as a rock against the fiery wave of fanaticism, and their own efforts will weary and defeat our assailants. To judge of the permanence of such a movement as that instituted by the Mahdi is one of the most difficult of problems; but though we have unfortunately allowed it now to attain a magnitude and a power which were never anticipated, it may only mean a fierce blaze that will soon be burnt out, and merely leave a scar behind. Every means to discredit the divine mission of the Mahdi should be essayed, and from Mecca, Teheran, Constantinople, and Morocco, we should endeavour to obtain the opinions of Moslem doctors, stigmatising him as an impostor; and these should be sent broadcast up the Niger, to Senegal and the Gambia, to Lagos and across the Sahara, to nullify the effect of the garbled reports which have been circulating amongst the Mahommedan tribes of Northern Africa.

Annexation of the portion of the Soudan which it will be our duty to hold for some time, both for the security of Lower Egypt and in the interests of civilisation, is a question which this is not the time to discuss; but the security of Khartoum and the White Nile mean a development of trade in Africa, compared with which the expected trade on the Congo will for many years be insignificant.

Precious lives have already been sacrificed in the Soudan, and hitherto the question has been, for what object and to what purpose? If the idea shadowed forth above be acted upon, I am afraid there will be mourning in many a British home; but we may hope that the future victims to war and disease in that distant clime will not die in vain, but that their courage and self-sacrifice will result in the averting of a disaster of no mean magnitude from the whole civilized world, and in extending the influences of true civilisation into a portion of the globe now given up to slavery, murder, and desolation.

If we shirk our duty and decide on a policy of withdrawal, we shall allow the Mahdi to gather further strength, and no limit can be foreseen to the extension of his power. Lower Egypt, Arabia, and the Turkish Empire will be set ablaze, and the conflagration may spread far and wide, and cause an immensity of danger and disaster. We must also remember that if the teachings of the Mahdi are widely disseminated and believed, we shall not have merely to deal with the present Mahommedan populations, but, as in all times of religious excitement, a militant faith will be sure to attract many converts, and these converts, however valueless they may now be in a fighting sense, would, when maddened by fanaticism, be as desperate and reckless as any of the opponents we have hitherto met in the Soudan.

V. Lovett Cameron.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT:—

THE POLITICS AND FINANCE OF GREECE.

GREECE has been described as the spoilt child of Europe. The comparison is a very just one, for spoilt children notoriously develop into extravagant youths, and show a strong disinclination to settle down into sober and self-reliant manhood. And this is precisely the case with Greece. Made an independent kingdom in 1830, it began life under all the conditions of enthusiasm created by Byron's poetic fervour and by the universal admiration of the patriotism displayed during the War of Independence. The ideal so created lasted many years, and the pet child was said to be growing up in a manner worthy of the ancient traditions of its race.

Edmond About in 1854 was the first to prick the bubble. In his famous volume, "La Grèce Contemporaine," he wrote about Greece and the Greeks in a fashion that caused no small stir throughout Europe, and brought down on its author the vengeance of the people so libelled in the manner amusingly related by the *Times* in its recent obituary notice of the author. The admired child had, in About's opinion, grown into the *enfant terrible,* thinking all the world made for itself alone. About said: "The Greeks deceive themselves strangely as to the importance of Greece. According to them, all the proceedings of Europe have Greece for their object. If England opens an exhibition, it is to show to the world the products of Greece; if France has a revolution, it is in order to furnish interesting paragraphs to the Athenian newspapers; if the Czar covets Constantinople, it is only that he may make a present of it to King Otho. The Hellenic nationality is the first in the world; Greece a country without rival; the Seine and the Thames subterranean affluents of the Cephissus and the Ilissus."

But the interest felt in Greece, especially in England, survived even this biting ridicule. Its classic associations were an irresistible appeal to many. In others, its devotion to us, as shown by the election in 1862 of Prince Alfred to the vacant throne, and the enthusiasm always aroused by the mention of Mr. Gladstone's name, provoked reciprocity of feeling; while, finally, there was the interest felt in the fortunes of a country having England for one of its fathers by adoption. Not that it has always been a dutiful child by any means. In the Don Pacifico affair stern punishment had to be meted out, and during the Crimean War it sided boldly against our ally. But Philhellenism overlooked these trifling ebullitions of temper, and belief in the Hellenic ideal continued unimpaired.

Of late years, however, this enthusiasm has been slowly but surely disappearing. Philhellenism has given place to Panslavism, until now a London evening journal does not scruple to write of the Greeks as "an exploded nationality." No wonder, then, that they now say in Athens, with a sense of pained surprise and annoyance, that England seems to have too much on her hands to pay any attention to Greece. Egypt, they declare, wholly absorbs us, so that if Greece is to grow—as grow, they assert, it must—it has either to seek new allies, or else learn to stand by itself and work out its own aggrandisement by the help of the jealousies of its powerful neighbours.

There is evidently much truth in the Greek complaint. In these days of rapid political change whatever does not force itself upon public attention becomes rapidly forgotten, and perhaps it is the general impression that Greece is advancing quietly along the path of progress and prosperity, happy in having no history wherewith to disturb the outside world. This impression is correct to some extent, and so there is a bright side even to the forgetfulness involved. At the same time there are many points in the present policy of Greece to which passing attention may be invited, possibly with interest, and certainly with very great advantage to the country. For now that we have cast off the leading-strings, the first spoilt, then abused, and lastly forgotten child is inclined to become an extravagant youth, running recklessly into debt and mortgaging his property. So that unless wisdom comes from within, or wise counsels are enforced from without, the oft-told tale of ambition to cut a fine figure, involving chronic deficits in accounts, is sure to lead to the inevitable precincts of the Court of Bankruptcy.

It was said during King Otho's time that the King reigned, while the Queen governed. It might now be said that the King and Queen both reign, but that neither governs. The Court is perhaps more Russian than anything else by sympathy and in surroundings, but is permitted little or no influence in the management of affairs. The Greeks are a thoroughly democratic people. They are glad to have a palace where Court balls can be given to break the dull monotony of life in Athens, but otherwise they are content to let the King do pretty much as he pleases, so long as he permits them to govern themselves according to their fancy. And they are a very fanciful people in the matter of government. The political life of Greece is concentrated in Athens, where every one is more or less of a politician by necessity, even if not by choice. For there are none of the ordinary amusements furnished in other capitals, such as theatres, concerts, &c. Every one's leisure, which appears to be ample, is therefore employed in political gossip, and in the perusal, while sipping a frugal cup of coffee and glass of water in one of the innumerable *cafés*, of a mass of short-lived political journals.

I have said there are no theatres in Athens. But the Chamber, while it is sitting, takes the place of one, for its ample galleries are always crowded with spectators, who cheer, yell, whistle, and testify their approval or disapproval of the speakers in various ways, with a lively enthusiasm that would delight the heart of Mr. Biggar or Mr. Healy.

The Chamber is elected by universal suffrage every four years, the number of members varying according to the population. At present there are 244 members, of whom about 130 may be considered as supporters of the Government and 114 in Opposition. The ways of the Opposition are most factious, and they make use of all possible rules of the Chamber to delay business. Their principal weapon is an article in the Constitution declaring no sitting to be valid unless an actual majority of the whole number of members is present. With a nearly equal division of parties it is evident that unless the Government musters almost all its supporters, which is rarely possible, the Opposition can, by leaving the Chamber *en masse,* put a stop at any time to a debate in progress. And they do not fail to avail themselves frequently of this method. The voting is usually performed by the simple process of publicly calling out each member's name, and he answers "Yes" or "No" from his place.

Up to within the last few years changes of Government were very frequent, Ministers seldom remaining in office for more than a few months, and occasionally for not more than twenty-four hours at a time. But since the last advent to power in 1882 of the present Prime Minister, M. Tricoupi, a different state of things has prevailed. He has remained in office ever since *—that is, throughout the whole life of one Chamber: an event without precedent in the annals of modern Greece. This circumstance alone would show him to be a remarkable man, and he is, in fact, a statesman of exceptional power from every point of view. To Englishmen his career is especially full of interest, for he is almost as much English as Greek by training and sympathy. His father was for many years Greek Minister in London, and his mother, a lady of remarkable beauty and accomplishments, was a great favourite of the Queen. M. Tricoupi was educated in Athens and Paris, and afterwards passed several years in London as Secretary of Legation while his father was Minister.

No sketch of M. Tricoupi would however be complete without mention of his sister, Miss Tricoupi, who seconds with the most indefatigable energy and the most charming good-will all her brother's political schemes. Her *salon,* which is known to every visitor to Athens, and where all, and especially all Englishmen, receive a most cordial welcome, is open morning, noon, and night, and a constant succession of all sorts and conditions of visitors pass through it.

As an orator M. Tricoupi is far superior to any one else in the Chamber. He speaks vigorously and to the point, carrying his hearers irresistibly with him in a torrent of passionate eloquence. He has so far imported the personal element into Greek politics that the parties are now divided, not into Liberals and Conservatives, or Republicans and Democrats, or Progressionists and Reactionaries, but into Tricoupists and Anti-Tricoupists. But he is more remarkable as an administrator even than as an orator. Besides being President of the Council

* But see Postscript.

of Ministers, he holds the portfolios of War and Finance, and really directs the whole Government. His power for work is prodigious, his day beginning at seven in the morning and seldom terminating before midnight.

Such is the man to whom the destinies of Greece are at present committed, and so far ahead does he stand of any of his rivals that even if driven from office by some temporary cabal or wave of unpopularity, he would inevitably be brought back within a very short period with increased prestige and power. In making a study of current politics in Greece, it is essential, then, to discover what are the aims of this vigorous statesman, and how far the country is able to adapt itself to his methods.

As regards the first point, nothing is more easy. M. Tricoupi is as open and above-board as can possibly be desired, telling one with equal candour what are his aims and what his difficulties in carrying them out. In the first place, then, he is a thorough patriot, believing heart and soul in the future of Greece and the absolute necessity for making everything in the present wholly subservient to that future. And what is that? Briefly, the extension of the frontier. The Berlin Conference is still spoken of with bitterness in Athens, and Lord Beaconsfield's memory is detested—perhaps somewhat unfairly, for had the San Stefano Treaty not been torn up, the Greeks would certainly never have got northwards at all. But it is related that during the sittings of the Conference a long-winded appeal was one day read by the Greek delegates. Lord Beaconsfield, as was his habit when anything bored him, fell fast asleep. At the termination of the reading he woke up and, imagining himself in the House of Commons, called out loudly, "Order, order, order!" to show how wide awake he was. His colleagues were amused, but the Greek delegates were rendered furious—a state of mind not improved when, on being further pressed, he remarked that "Greece could afford to wait."

Even the subsequent cession of Thessaly and part of Epirus has not satisfied Greek ambitions. It is asserted, though it is an obvious delusion, that Mr. Gladstone said he would not claim more for the Greeks *because* they did not cross the border during the Russo-Turkish War. And now it is the first article in M. Tricoupi's political creed that the possession of Salonica is essential to Greece. Austria and Russia are notoriously its rivals for the possession of this bit of territory. The former is rapidly edging down in its direction, while the latter is well known to be carrying out a Panslavist propaganda throughout Macedonia. The position is, therefore, one of considerable delicacy; and Greek politicians feeling that if hemmed in by Russia or Austria on the north, they would be virtually crushed, and would as a kingdom fall back and possibly disintegrate, are bent on securing an ally of some kind. And so, for want of a better friend, they make advances to Turkey! Truly a curious friendship! The spoiler and the spoiled shaking hands! Unfortunately for Greece, the despoiled does not quite seem to see the advantages to be derived. Austria and Russia may both have designs on Macedonia, but would Greece prove such a valuable ally against either, when her own motives are obviously of the most mercenary and interested nature?

Meanwhile, the Greeks are eagerly watching events, and the moment the opportunity occurs, taking a lesson as they suppose from experience, they will dash across the frontier to seize and endeavour to hold Salonica. With this object in view, everything is being sacrificed to the maintenance and development of the army and navy. Indeed, a casual visitor to Athens would think that the campaign had already commenced. The streets are full of soldiers. Every vacant space round the town is occupied all day and every day with troops in different stages of drill, while bugles practise incessantly in every quarter. A French general, Vosseur, with a staff of officers, has just been imported to re-organise the army, and a French admiral, Lejeune, has also arrived to perform the same functions for the navy.

To an independent observer it may be permitted to express very grave doubt whether, in adopting this line of policy, M. Tricoupi is not sacrificing the substance of prosperity to the shadow of ambition. It would be premature to attempt to prophesy what is likely to be the next development of the Eastern drama; but the assertion may safely be hazarded that the forces ranged on either side will be enormous, and that the little Greek army of 30,000 men would not, even if perfectly equipped, be counted an ally of sufficient value to pay a large price for. And under the present financial conditions of the country, to which allusion will presently be made, the money necessary to put the army on a proper footing cannot be forthcoming, and its co-operation in that case will scarcely be welcomed, and still less valued.

The large majority of Greeks do not admit this, of course. They consider that their army is good, and will be better, and that their few thousands may form an important factor, somewhere and somehow, in the next Eastern war. It is a curious delusion, greater even than that which prevents their recognising that as the solution of the problem is certain to be again referred to a conference of the great Powers, their claims would be more favourably considered if they now devoted themselves wholly to the good government of the territory they possess, and remained quiet during the crisis, than if they complicate the issue by useless preparation and precipitate action. Furthermore, the possession of all the islands of the Archipelago would be an ambition much more reasonable and likely to be satisfied than an extension of the northern frontier. Greece has a very good chance of becoming a small Power, but no chance whatever of becoming a great one.

But now let us see what are the area, population, and resources of this country which is so ambitious to grow.

Greece, including the area ceded in 1881, comprises about 25,000 square miles of territory, inhabited by about two million people. The population is thus only about eighty to the square mile. Of the total area one-half may be treated as uncultivated (though much of it is capable of cultivation), consisting of pasture lands and mountains, one-seventh consists of forests, while the balance, five-fourteenths of the whole, is cultivated. Tobacco, cotton, vines, cereals, and olives form the principal crops. There are no manufactures of any importance, and the prosperity of the country may therefore be said to be wholly dependent on agriculture—that is, on the fineness of the season and the maintenance of the price of produce. Last year, for instance, the currant crop, which is exported to an average value of nearly two millions sterling, was ruined by excessive rain, and the actual export is said to have been less than the average by nearly one-half. Olive oil is exported to the average value of £250,000, and the only other exports of importance are wine, zinc, and lead. The average gross values of imports and exports amount, roughly speaking, to four and two millions sterling respectively.* Sixty-two per cent. of the whole population are engaged either in agriculture or in the care of flocks and herds; but the inhabitants are too few to extend the area of cultivation and too poor to make the most even of the land occupied. The soil, which is rich in many parts, would easily support double or treble the present number if the methods of agriculture were improved and more capital put into the land.

Between 1870 and 1879, the population increased at the rate of 1·69 per cent. per annum; but the increase took place principally in the towns, and I understand that the increase in the interior has been insignificant. Nor is it likely to be otherwise until the means of internal communication have been considerably augmented. It has been conclusively proved, if proof of such a self-evident truth were needed, that, given a population mainly dependent on agriculture, nothing is so certain to improve its condition as the development of roads and railways. But until the last few years this axiom was unrecognised in Greece. There was only one line of railway,—from the Piræus to Athens,—and roads were practically non-existent. The tracks that did duty for roads were in so execrable a condition that Edmond About declared, in his "Roi des Montagnes," that the brigands had to spend a portion of their plunder to maintain them, so as to render it at all possible for people to travel and be victimised!

All praise, then, to M. Tricoupi for the energy he has shown in the development of roads and railways. The services of a large staff of French engineers have been engaged to survey and lay out roads in the Morea; while Major-General Chesney, R.E., with another staff of *employés*, mostly Greek, is engaged in similar work in the northern provinces. A total length of 2,300 miles of road is contemplated, of which 900 are said to exist, 200 are under construction, and 1,200 under survey.

As regards railways, a line from Volo to Larissa was opened last spring. Part of a line, which is to go from Volo through Velestino, Phersala, and Trikala to Kalabaki on the Turkish frontier, has been already opened for traffic between Velestino and Phersala. The line from Athens through Megara and Corinth to Patras has been opened for traffic as far as Megara, and in a few months the extension to Corinth will be completed. It will take some time longer to finish the portion between Corinth and Patras. From Patras a line will eventually run to Pyrgos, which is already connected by rail with its port, Katakolon. Works are in active progress on a line from Corinth through Argos to Nauplia, with a small branch line to Mylion on the Gulf of Argos. A line from Athens to Laurium will be available for

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* For 1882, however, the last year for which full returns are available, the figures are:—

Imports . . .	£6,253,043
Exports . . .	3,000,000

traffic shortly. All these lines are being constructed on the metre gauge, at an average cost, it is said, of £6,400 a mile, Government giving either a subvention of £500 a mile or a guarantee. The selection of lines has been most carefully made, and they will open communication with the richest districts of the country. That they will eventually prove remunerative cannot be doubted, but too much reliance is perhaps placed on a sudden and large access of prosperity in these districts following the completion of the railways. Railways do not of themselves create industries, and, though they do largely stimulate agriculture, it is proved by the analogous case of India, where the experiment has been made on a large scale, and which is, therefore, an excellent guide in such matters, that from ten to fifteen or even twenty years must elapse, before the full benefits of the introduction of railways into a purely agricultural country can be felt.

Above all, Greece requires to be joined to the great European systems. To effect this, negotiations are now in progress with a French syndicate for the construction of a line from Athens to Larissa, to join the line which Austria and Turkey are running down to Salonica through Nisch. This line will of course be on the standard Continental gauge. Its completion will form a great event in Greek annals. It will open direct communication with all the trade of Northern Europe, and travellers whom the sea voyage now deters may then be expected to pour in numbers into Athens, to view its unrivalled remains, or, perhaps, to winter in some of the many lovely sheltered spots along the Greek coasts.

Meanwhile, the country has to pay a heavy price for the money required to carry out these necessary developments. So little confidence is inspired by the proportion its liabilities bear to its resources, and by the obvious tendency of the present policy to increase the former without much regard to the latter, that Greece has had to give from 7½ to 8 per cent. for its last loans, and apparently cannot now obtain further credit from the public even at that price.

Nor is this at all surprising. The estimated revenue of Greece for 1884 and 1885 is about 60 per cent. higher than the actual revenue for 1883—about £3,400,000, as against £2,100,000. It is clearly excessive, and in all probability will not be realized to anything like the full extent. It is sustained by oppressive taxes on cattle pastures, by enormous imposts upon luxuries, which must lead to extensive smuggling, by paying the tax-gatherers in part by results, and by Government trading and monopolies. The Budget is so framed as, on paper, to meet the expenditure, amounting also to over £3,400,000; of which more than £1,100,000 stands for interest on debt, and about £100,000 for the Foreign Office; nearly £750,000 is appropriated to the army and £150,000 to the navy, £150,000 to public worship and education; £20,000 only is put down to public works, and about the same sum to elementary education. Far too much public money in proportion is spent on the higher education, and especially on philosophy and law, while the country needs training in science and industry. The Greeks, it can scarcely be denied, are somewhat wanting in application. As a critic once observed, a Greek will learn anything with wonderful rapidity, will exhibit great interest, and will explain to all his friends what he has learnt, but it will never enter into his head to attempt to apply the knowledge. But this is a defect that education and motives of self-interest may be expected to cure. If capital and intelligent direction were forthcoming, the manufacture of wine and oil might be enormously improved, and Greece, with equally good, or even superior climatic conditions, might rival France and Italy in the export of these products.

Next to the interest on her heavy national debt, the most serious part of the expenditure of Greece is upon her army. The army consists of 30,000 men; with, in addition, a reserve consisting nominally of 100,000 men, of whom, however, 38,000 have never been under arms. It is worthy of remark that, in comparison with the population, the army of Greece on a peace footing is about double the strength of that of Germany. In view, too, of the urgent need of the country for every available hand to assist in its agricultural operations, the absorption of so large a proportion of its picked youth into a non-productive career is a most serious drain on its resources. Both in town and country scarcity of labour is a general complaint, and wages are very high. Nor is it as if the army so formed was of very superior efficiency. Bearing the Hellenic aspirations in mind, it is just conceivable that, if this were so, some sort of excuse for the large increase made to it during the last two years, involving additional expenditure, might be possible. But the period of service with the colours is too short to render the men thoroughly efficient soldiers; the troops are never exercised in large bodies, and the reserves are never called out to keep up their slight military knowledge. In addition, the army is lacking in artillery and the *matériel* of war, and is quite unfit to undertake a campaign in the condition of perfect equipment that alone would render it a formidable foe or a valuable auxiliary.

It is true, as has been mentioned, that a French Military Commission is now engaged in the task of re-organization, but this will involve heavy additional expenditure, and it is impossible to perceive from what source funds can be forthcoming. The taxation is already onerous, and this has to be borne, and the country deprived of the arms needed for the cultivation of the soil, for the prosecution of a pure chimera. No other words can describe the foreign policy of Greece. The army is organized on an essentially offensive basis; indeed, a defensive army is not required, seeing that no other Power is likely to contemplate attack. But no offensive movement the Greeks may make can, on any reasonable supposition, bring them the slightest advantage; on the contrary, it will certainly earn them the punishment that generally follows close on the heels of turbulence. What the country would really seem to need is a small but effective *gendarmerie*, or, if an army, then one framed on the Swiss model. And yet, though many Athenians recognize all this, few have the courage to denounce the extravagant military expenditure. The Opposition criticise and grumble, but it is admitted that even if they came into power, they would not dare to propose the reduction of the army by a single man. Why is this? Let us give the Greeks their due. Their patriotism is probably more intense than that of any other people in the world, and so far they are worthy descendants of the heroes who fought at Marathon. But if the patriotism of those days was inspired by the spirit of self-sacrifice, that of the present day is inspired by vanity. Vanity, it must be feared, is the sole cause of all this military rhodomontade.

The same criticism may be passed on the naval expenditure. The fleet comprises two small ironclads, each carrying two 12-ton guns in turrets; two gunboats, each carrying one 26-ton Krupp gun and two Hotchkiss guns; six smaller gunboats; two gun-vessels; one transport; four new fast cruisers of 450 tons each, now under construction in England; two brigs; two training ships; eleven revenue vessels; the Royal yacht; and forty-five torpedo steamers. The latter form a most excellent fleet for defensive purposes, on paper. But the navy is short of officers, so the majority of these torpedo boats have not seen the water for some years, and are now of a somewhat obsolete pattern. A defensive fleet is all that Greece wants, and even that might be of very moderate dimensions. But an offensive fleet seems to be contemplated, and it is with this view that credit has been taken for the purchase, when funds become available, of four new ironclads of 5,000 tons, to cost, with their armaments, £350,000 a-piece. A floating and a dry dock are also proposed. As has already been mentioned, a French admiral is now engaged in drawing up a scheme for the reorganisation of the navy.

The remedy for this military and naval extravagance lies in the financial situation. It would seem as if equilibrium in the Budgets could only be attained in the future, as in the past, by means of borrowing; but, in consequence of the rapid increase in debt charges, it is doubtful whether any further loan could now be floated.

The present liabilities of Greece amount to £20,020,000, and the charges therefor to £1,135,190. In addition, there is the share of the Turkish debt for the surrendered territory and the compensation for the State domains and Church property therein, which still remain unsettled and unpaid.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that Greek credit is on the decline. Of the last loan of 170 million francs (estimated to produce 132 millions), sanctioned in 1883–4, it is believed that only 55 millions were actually taken by the public, though the 500-franc 5 per cent. bonds were issued at 342 francs. The loan was to be applied as follows:—72 millions to the redemption of the forced paper currency, 40 millions to the purchase of ironclads, and 20 millions for roads and railways. But, of the actual receipts, 20 millions were absorbed in wiping out prior deficit. This amount had to be replaced in order that the arrangements for the redemption might be completed, as had been promised, by the end of last year, and, as the public would not come forward, advances from various banks against bonds of the new loan had to be procured. The redemption of the forced paper currency is now an accomplished fact, but it would appear to have been carried out at a very heavy sacrifice. About 56 million francs have to be obtained by the close of the current year to repay the various advances, and, if more bonds can be placed on the market and the previous price of issue maintained, this will absorb 164,000 bonds, which, in addition to 110,000 already placed, makes 274,000, leaving only 66,000 still available, of an estimated value of somewhat less than 23 million francs.

It must be admitted that the financial outlook is sufficiently serious. If further borrowing is found to be impossible, and if the revenue estimates have, as appears to be almost certain, been framed on too sanguine a basis, one of three things must happen. Either the cost of the internal administration must be reduced, or the expenditure on the army and navy must be diminished, or some of the interest on the debt must remain unpaid. Dispassionate observers put the probable revenue down at 70 million francs. Suppose it to amount to 75 millions. The debt charges and those for the army and navy will absorb 61 millions, leaving only 14 millions for every other purpose, instead of nearly 25 millions as estimated in the Budget. But an examination of the items making up the 25 millions at once shows that many of them are of a fixed nature, and that by no means could their total be cut down to 14 millions and the administration still be carried on. So that a deficit of between 5 and 10 millions appears inevitable. How is this to be met? A cutting of the Greek coupon is a measure that would, it may be supposed, scarcely be tolerated, and any proposal to that effect would excite a degree of attention towards the finances of the country on the part of the Powers that Greek politicians would be wise to avoid. Few people in England are perhaps aware that Greece is our immediate debtor to the extent of 1 million sterling, for which we only receive £12,000 a year by way of interest, or a trifle over 1 per cent. And even of this £12,000 we return £4,000 to be added to the civil list of the King, so that in reality we only receive four-fifths per cent. on our loan. France and Russia are similarly circumstanced, and it is highly probable that, if much discussion took place on the subject of Greek finance, a repayment of this loan would be insisted upon before extravagance in other directions would be allowed, and that no question of the cutting of the coupon would be entertained for a moment.

With the first and third alternatives thus eliminated, the eventual reduction of the army and navy expenditure can only be a question of time. But it is possible that erroneous ideas on the subject of what the position and aims of Greece require may lead to this reduction being delayed until, by desperate financial expedients, the last available franc has been borrowed, the credit of the country hopelessly destroyed, and its internal development arrested. Many Athenians see clearly the disasters that will inevitably follow if the present policy is pursued; and while some hope for an early financial crash before everything becomes inextricably involved, others rely rather on foreign pressure. "*Il faut nous faire pleurer,*" one of the latter remarked recently with sad bitterness.

Diplomatic pressure might certainly do some good, and, coming from England, might, if judiciously bestowed, be welcomed. The Greeks would not be at all averse to put themselves under English mentorship, and would gladly, to cement the friendship, relieve us of Cyprus and its charges, if we so wished it. But we are probably too fully occupied for the time being to take Greece in hand, even were we so inclined, and, apart from this, it would be infinitely more satisfactory in every way if the strength to adopt the wise and right course came wholly from within. The reforms that are essential have already been indicated, and it has also been said that the carrying of them out is certain to be left in the hands of one particular statesman.

A conclusion may, therefore, be made with an earnest appeal to M. Tricoupi. He has the fortunes of Greece in his hands—the fortunes of a country, that is, whose history we all honour, and the patriotism of whose inhabitants we admire even while we criticise. His long residence with us is perhaps rather a snare to him. He may imagine that he has in Greece, as we have in England, the resources of a rich and powerful country on which to draw, a country which can answer with alacrity any calls made upon it. But in Greece it is not so. The population is scanty, the soil, even where rich, is undeveloped, and its crops are precarious. The right course is, therefore, absolutely clear. Let internal development precede ambitious schemes for aggrandisement. Self-interest, if no worthier feeling, counsels this course, for the Powers will assuredly extend a measure of sympathy and protection towards progressive Greece that they will wholly deny to aggressive Greece.

A final word of warning. The longer the army reduction is delayed the more difficult will it be to carry out. A powerful military clique is being rapidly formed, which asks for nothing better than to be allowed to continue to pose in showy uniforms and to eat the bread of comparative idleness. If, then, the resolve to carry out the reduction is too long postponed, Greece will stand an excellent chance of having to submit for a time to an experience of that most intolerable of all forms of government, a military despotism.

Claude Vincent.

PS.—Since the above remarks were written a Ministerial crisis has occurred in Athens. M. Tricoupi was defeated in the Chamber during the debate on the Budget by 4 votes (108 to 104), owing to the chance of some of his usual supporters being absent. He at once resigned, and the leader of the Opposition, M. Deliyannis, was commissioned by the King to form a Government. He failed in the attempt, and M. Tricoupi was therefore recalled. On his advice the King has dissolved the Chamber. M. Tricoupi remains in office during the elections, which take place on April 19, and it may therefore be confidently expected that he will obtain a substantial majority in the new Chamber. No more favourable opportunity could therefore be possible for the adoption of a fresh political departure, which will be heartily welcomed by all well-wishers to Greece. The simultaneous arrival at Athens of a new British Minister, Sir Horace Rumbold, would also seem to point to an excellent occasion for the offer of a little friendly advice and support.

C. V.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—APOLOGETIC THEOLOGY.

BISHOP TEMPLE'S Bampton Lectures * have a striking peculiarity which distinguishes them from an overwhelming majority of their predecessors. They have not a single note, supplement, or appendix; and are of a length which renders it possible that every word of the printed volume may have been delivered from the University pulpit. They are consequently brief; yet notwithstanding this brevity, we are bound to say that the lecturer has treated the subject with singular ability. We think that there are portions in these lectures which require a more expansive treatment, and others which require to be set forth with greater distinctness; yet notwithstanding these, which we cannot but consider drawbacks, we are of opinion that the work itself constitutes one of the most important contributions to the literature of the subject.

The first lecture treats of the origin and nature of scientific belief. In it both Hume's and Kant's theories are examined, and their inadequacy pointed out. Then the author subjects our idea of causality to a rigid analysis; and proves that it is not satisfied by being resolved into the antecedents and consequents of physical science; but that its conception is derived from our consciousness of ourselves as causes—*i.e.*, of our consciousness of possessing a power to act or to forbear acting, and of a power to originate motion, of which power we are especially conscious when we encounter obstacles in the way of effecting our pleasure. This, which constitutes our primary idea of causation, we transfer by metaphor to agents in the physical universe which are destitute of will. On the other hand, the postulate without which science is impossible is the uniformity of nature. The ground of this belief is none other than that we find it to be so in our daily experience. Being thus derived from experience alone, it follows that we can only affirm it positively within the range of experience; but as every addition to that experience affords fresh instances of this uniformity, we are justified in assuming, with a very high degree of probability, that the uniformity of nature is universal. Still, the foundations of physical science are not absolute like those of mathematics, which possess a universal validity; but are only absolutely valid as far as our experience extends. Science, then, having to do with the facts of experience alone, questions of causation lie beyond its cognizance; and the phenomena with which the student of science deals present themselves to him simply as antecedents, followed by unvariable consequents. Consequently the utmost that science can say of an event which believers in Revelation designate a miracle, is that it is an event which transcends its experience; and supposing it to be an actual occurrence, that it expects that increasing knowledge may bring it within the uniformities of nature; but inasmuch as all its knowledge of that uniformity is limited to an experience, respecting its possibility or impossibility it can affirm nothing.

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* "The Relations between Science and Religion. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1884." By Frederick Lord Bishop of Exeter. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Lectures II. and III. treat of the origin and nature of religious belief, and of the apparent conflict between religion and science on the subject of free-will. It will be impossible for us even to summarize the contents of these two lectures. We can only say that the treatment of both these subjects is admirable.

Lecture IV. is on the apparent conflict between religion and the doctrine of evolution. Its object is to prove that, instead of this doctrine destroying the evidence of design in the structure of the universe, it not only removes the objections which are urged against it, but that it greatly strengthens the evidence on which it rests. The argument, as stated by Paley, assumed a number of special creations. The principle of evolution, on the other hand, presupposes that things have become what they are through a succession of gradual developments. The difference between them is therefore simply a question of the *modus operandi* in the formation of things.

Lecture V. is on "Revelation, the means of developing and completing spiritual knowledge." In this lecture the lecturer proves that from the earliest dawn of science to the science of the present day, our present scientific attainments are the result of a gradual evolution of scientific knowledge. In a similar manner, the history of revelation, as contained in the Bible, presents us with a number of evolutions of religious truth, each gradually rising higher and higher, until they culminate in the work and teaching of Jesus Christ. The evolution of religious knowledge in the Old Testament is a patent fact. Still more so is the advance made in the New Testament when compared with the Old, the former being professedly the realization of the imperfect truths which are contained in the latter. In a word, revelation has not been communicated once for all in a complete form, but has been a slow and gradual growth. So far, the doctrine of evolution has nothing to urge against it, but everything in its favour. Progress in religious knowledge, however, has not been due to thinkers intellectually gifted, like the progress of science, but to prophets and apostles claiming to have received from God revelations suited to the mental condition of those to whom they were addressed.

Lecture VI. treats of the apparent collision between religion and the doctrine of evolution. Here the lecturer enters on an examination of the current doctrines of evolution as they have been propounded by scientific men, and points out the places in the long chain of development where there is a gulf which all the efforts of science have as yet failed to bridge over. Among these stand conspicuous the introduction of life; the cause of those variations, without the existence of which evolution cannot advance a single step in the production of the various forms of animal and vegetable life; and, above all, the moral law and the moral nature of man. Having discussed these questions, the lecturer proceeds to show that the account given in Genesis of the origin of things is not inconsistent with a doctrine of evolution.

Lecture VII. is on the apparent collision of science with the claim to supernatural power. One of the important points in this lecture is an attempt to prove that, even if the doctrine of evolution, as held by advanced scientific men, should eventually be proved to be true, the miracles which are recorded in the New Testament, even the resurrection of our Lord, may not be miraculous in a *scientific sense*, but that they may have been the results of unknown forces acting in conformity with the uniformities of nature. It is true that the lecturer does not propound this theory as one held by himself, but as one which is conceivably possible. We cannot, however, help thinking that he has here laboured in vain; for as long as there is a single miracle which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be brought within these uniformities, the entire argument is valueless. Such a miracle beyond all question is the person and work of Jesus Christ, as it is depicted in the Evangelists; for even if we reject the authenticity of the fourth Gospel, and confine ourselves to the synoptics, it is evident that the character therein portrayed, if historical, is a superhuman one, and cannot have been the result of any conceivable process of evolution. Consequently, if we could explain every other miracle recorded in the New Testament in conformity with the uniformities of nature, as long as this miracle remains thus inexplicable, we have done nothing to propitiate those who hold the extreme scientific theories in question; for if we are compelled to admit one miracle, there is no real difficulty in the admission of a hundred.

Lecture VIII. draws the conclusions which result from the arguments in the preceding seven, and points out their application to the questions at issue between religion and science at the present day.

In conclusion, we strongly recommend these lectures to the careful consideration of our readers.

The title of Mr. Jameson's book* is an accurate description of its contents. The questions discussed in it are so profound, that great numbers of them are unfathomable by the human understanding. We cannot help thinking that some portions of this apparent profundity are due to the author's not unfrequently mistaking muddy waters for deep ones. For ourselves, we can only say that if the questions that are discussed in this work are the true philosophy of the creed of any Christian Church, or the genuine exponents of it, then the creed of that Church must differ *toto cœlo* from that Gospel which our Lord declared in the synagogue of Nazareth that it was the end and purpose of his mission to proclaim. We can, however, promise those of our readers who delight in hard reading and abstract reasoning, that their taste will be fully gratified by a perusal of the work before us.

The subject which is discussed in the work of Ewald referred to below,* is one the importance of which, in the present aspects of thought, can hardly be over-estimated, and its author, now deceased, was beyond all doubt a man of the most unbounded erudition in all questions relating to theology. Those, however, who are acquainted with his writings are painfully aware that he possessed one great mental defect—viz., a want of power to express himself with clearness and perspicuity. This is conspicuous even in historical writings; but we think that the present volume is a more striking example of this defect than any of his works which we have perused. It consists of three parts—viz. : Part I. "The Nature of the Revelation of the Word of God;" Part II. "Revelation in Heathenism and on Israel;" Part III. "Revelation in the Bible." These are subjects which require to be treated with the greatest perspicuity; but we regret to say that, in perusing this work, we found ourselves involved in a London fog. Even the translator writes as follows:—"If in his spirit and temper Ewald had more of the fervour of the prophet than of the calmness of the philosopher, and in his style less of lucid brevity than of diffuse though magnificent eloquence, his fault is more than condoned by the lofty moral earnestness of his faith, and by the poetic glow of his massive periods." We think, however, that a work on "Revelation, its Nature and Record," if it is to be of any utility, ought to be treated with "the calmness of the philosopher," and not with "the fervour of the prophet," and above all, with "lucid brevity" and perspicuity, instead of "with diffuse and magnificent eloquence." If we had written the passage above quoted, we should have designated what the translator calls "magnificent eloquence" and "massive periods" by the words obscurity and verbosity. The translator himself observes: "It is perhaps needless to add that, while commending this volume to the notice of all students in theology and Holy Scripture, neither the publishers nor the translator wish to be identified with the peculiar doctrinal views of its author." For ourselves, we deeply lament the defects to which we have referred, because we are of opinion that the mode of investigation which is pursued by the author, in dealing with this most difficult subject—viz., the historical in contrast to the *à priori* method—is the only one which can lead to the solution of the problem in question. In conclusion, we feel bound to say that we have hardly ever read a work which has left a less definite impression on our memory, and we deeply pity the student who may have to stand an examination on its contents.

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* "The Profound Problems in Philosophy and Theology." By the Rev. G. Jameson, B.D., Minister of the First Charge, Old Machar. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1884.

The work whose title is quoted below † is another work in style and character essentially German, and is suited only for the learned student, though it considerably exceeds the work we have just noticed in lucidity of style. The author himself gives the term "Theologec" as an alternative to "Encyclopædia of Theology," and we cannot do better than allow the translator to give his own definition of these terms. He observes: "It is the special function of theological encyclopædia to afford to the beginner an outline and a bird's-eye view of the whole course of theological study, and at the same time to indicate to the professional theologian the scope and limits of the different departments of theology, the questions to be solved, and the points of view to be occupied in accordance with the demands of science." He further informs us that, owing to his desire to render his work more directly serviceable to the English reader than a mere rendering of the original treatise would have been, "considerable additions have been made to the history of encyclopædia as given in the introduction. In common with most German theologians, Räbiger confined his view for the most part to the works of his fellow-countrymen. These additions have been carefully marked 'Editor' or enclosed in square brackets." We think, however, that in more than one place we have detected errors in these brackets, and are therefore far from being always sure whether we are reading the work of Räbiger or the additions of the translator, for the additions are not confined to the notes, but several of them are incorporated into the text.

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* "Revelation: its Nature and Record." By Heinrich Ewald. Translated from the German by the Rev. T. Goodley, B.A., President of the Baptist Missionary College, Nottingham. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1884.

† "Encyclopædia of Theology." By Dr. J. F. Rabiger. Translated, with additions to the History and Literature, by the Rev. J. Macpherson, M.A., Findhorn. Vol. I. Edinburgh. T. & T Clark. 1884.

The book consists of two sections, respectively designated "First, Introduction," and "Second, First or General Division of Theologec." To these the translator has added three appendices, consisting of more than 100 pages. That portion of the book which belongs to Räbiger gives a brief epitome of the positions which have been taken by a large number of Continental theologians, chiefly Germans. We are doubtful whether he has made a single reference to an English one. This deficiency the translator has endeavoured to supply in his additions, but we are much struck by the paucity of his references to divines of the Church of England. We have sought in vain (we hope that it is our oversight) for a reference to such writers as Hooker and Butler, who have done more than any twenty writers that could be named to influence English theological thought; nor can we remember seeing the name of Pearson or Paley. How far the translator is accurate in his notes and additions we shall not attempt to determine, but we could not help being struck by a singular blunder in a note (p. 208). Its object is to place the Westminster Confession at an advantage compared with the sixth article of the Church of England. He informs us that this article enumerates all the books in the Bible, and affirms that of these the authority was never doubted in the Church. The fact is, that while the article enumerates all the books of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha, it does not mention by name one single book of the New Testament. Its words are: "All the books of the New Testament, as they are commonly received, we do receive them, and account them canonical." These words must be read in the light of a preceding paragraph. "In the name of Holy Scripture," says the article, "we do understand those canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, *of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church.*" We all know—and we cannot believe that the compilers of the articles were ignorant of the fact—that grave doubts existed early in the Church respecting the authenticity and canonical authority of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of James, the second and third of John, the second of Peter, and the Revelation—doubts which were shared in by Luther and other Continental Reformers. There is doubtless a little ambiguity in the concluding words of the article above quoted—perhaps it was intentional; but it is obvious that it nowhere enumerates the books of the New Testament, or affirms that the authority of all of them has never been doubted in the Church.

Our readers will find the Clerical Symposium on Inspiration* an interesting little volume. It consists of a series of essays, one by a Roman Catholic Bishop, and the remainder by Churchmen and by various Nonconformists, and a Jewish Rabbi, setting forth their views as to the nature and limits of inspiration. One fact is striking: no two of the essayists agree in holding the same views on this important subject. This seems to us a strong reason why this question should be subjected to a thorough investigation on the principles of the inductive philosophy, as affording the only means of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion on this subject, and that all *à priori* methods of dealing with it should be abandoned. We think the Rev. E. White's essay the best, and Canon Farrar's the second, inpoint of importance in their mode of dealing with this question.

The new volume of Sermons by the late Dr. Service,† exclusive of the prefatory notice, consists of twelve sermons. The editor tells us that they have been selected by friends of the author from a considerable number of manuscripts; and that the selection has been made with a view, as far as possible, to represent the general character of the author's teaching. Whether the selection is a wise one we cannot say; but the sermons are essays on as many distinct subjects, between which the connection is not always apparent. Strict old Scotch orthodoxy will probably find in them matter which it will deem heterodox, but common-sense a good deal of interesting matter, especially if it will put in practice what the author preaches. For ourselves, we cannot say we think that this volume will add greatly to Dr. Service's posthumous fame.

"First Principles of Faith,"‡ by M. Randles, is a valuable work having a great deal of very important matter connected with modern theistic controversies compressed into a brief space. It consists of five parts. Part I. discusses the various kinds of Theistic Evidence; Part II., the Doctrine of Causality; Part III., Theistic Evidence; Part IV., how the Theistic Argument is affected by the Advances of Science and Philosophy; and Part V., the Relation of Natural to Revealed Religion. In Part II. those philosophies which attempt to explain our idea of causation as being nothing else than an antecedent followed by an invariable consequent are proved to be utterly inadequate as explanations of what the human mind recognizes as its idea of causation. In Part III. the Universe is proved to be the effect of a First Cause; and that that First Cause is Eternal, Self-existent, intelligent, and a moral and a personal Being. Part IV. discusses the principles of the Agnostic Philosophy, including under that head the positions of Hamilton, Mansel, and Spencer; and points out the sophisms which underlie them. Part V. deals with the relation of Christianity to natural theology, and proves that natural theology is a postulate of revealed theology, and also a confirmation of it. Although this work deals with many points of profound philosophy, it is written in a style which brings them down to the level of the comprehension of the ordinary reader. We strongly commend it to those of our readers who have no time for the study of larger works, and who are, notwithstanding, desirous of being able to form a judgment between the positions occupied by modern Atheism, Pantheism, and Agnosticism on the one hand, and Christian Theism on the other.

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* "Inspiration: A Clerical Symposium. In what Sense and within what Limits is the Bible the Word of God?" London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1884.

† "Sermons by the late John Service, D.D., Minister of the Hyndland Established Church, Glasgow. With Prefatory Notice and Portrait. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

‡ London: Hodder & Stoughton.

C. A. Row.

II.—MODERN HISTORY.

If we were to judge by the number of historical handbooks which are at present produced, we should say that the study of history was exciting great attention. But sometimes a doubt suggests itself that the use of handbooks is taking the place of more serious reading, and that there is a large class of readers who rather wish to know where universal knowledge is to be found than to hold any part of it in possession. Whatever the reader's motive may be, he will find great use in the American translation of Dr. Carl Ploetz's "Epitome of Universal History,"[*] which is a happy combination of a general sketch and a chronological table. It begins with the ancient Egyptians and reaches to the year 1882. It is not confined to the history of Europe, but takes in the chief features of Oriental history also. Its only fault is a desire to say too much, which leads to interjectional remarks that are unintelligible without the key of previous knowledge, and are of no importance to one who already possesses that knowledge. The translator has made large additions to the original work, so as to adapt it to the needs of English-speaking peoples. The ethnological sections are especially well done.

The definite and business-like method of Dr. Ploetz contrasts with the vagueness and confusion of Mr. Boyce's "Introduction to the Study of History."[†] Mr. Boyce's book is three times as large as that of Dr. Ploetz; but its increased size is mostly made up of quotations from well-known authors. Mr. Boyce has no clear conception of method, and wanders aimlessly through a mass of facts. In points of detail he is often inaccurate. He keeps no definite perspective of events, and tells us at once too much and too little.

In a more restricted field Messrs. Cassell's "Dictionary of English History"[‡] is likely to supply a general want. The scale of the book is too small for it to make any pretension to thoroughness, but within its limits it is well planned and executed. The articles on points of constitutional history are especially valuable. The general tone of the book is sensible and scholarly.

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[*] "Epitome of History: Ancient, Modern, and Mediæval." By Carl Ploetz. Translated by W. H. Tillinghast. London: Blackie.

[†] Published for the author by T. Woolmer. London. 1884.

[‡] Edited by S. J. Low and F. S. Pulling. 1884.

Turning from handbooks to more serious Histories, we find the interest in archæological research unabated, especially in Scotland. Dr. Wise[*] follows close on Mr. Anderson in his attempt to set forth the history of primitive times. But Dr. Wise is in possession of the famous "key to all the mythologies," and applies it boldly in a limited field. He has no doubt about the sufficiency of the solar theory to explain not only myths, but also sepulchral monuments and even ethnological problems. His theory, briefly, is that all Aryans worshipped the sun; most of their monuments bear the traces of their worship; a comparison of the sculptured stones found in Scotland and in India shows many similarities between them; burial customs and art-workmanship were much the same in the two countries. From this he infers that the primitive sun-worship of the Aryans developed in India into Buddhism, and amongst the Celts into Druidism. But Druidism and Buddhism were much the same, and it is probable that Buddhist missionaries visited even Scotland, and brought thither patterns for stone pillars and the like. While we may commend the industry which led Dr. Wise to collect so much information about Scotland and India, we can hardly agree with the conclusions which he draws from his comparison. He has used the comparative method on too small a scale. If he were to light upon similarities between the monuments of Scotland and those of America, he would have to extend the scope of missionary enterprise to an embarrassing extent.

Every succeeding volume of Herr von Ranke's "Universal History" is welcomed with increasing interest, in the hope that the veteran historian may be able to finish the great work in which he is putting forward the ripeness of judgment which comes from a life devoted to historical study. The fifth volume,[†] which has just appeared, deals with the period of the Arabian conquests and the rise of the empire of Charles the Great. For the first time we have clearly traced the movement in the East which followed on the transference of the Imperial power to Constantinople. The old contest between Greece and Persia was renewed, and a religious revival in Persia gave an impulse to Arabia. There a religious reformation bound together a warlike people who advanced to universal conquest. The need of self-defence drew Western Europe together, and showed its differences from Europe of the East. The result was the formation of the Frankish kingdom, and the transference to it of the Imperial title in the West. This is the subject of Herr von Ranke's volume, and the steps of this great political development are clearly shown. We admire the firmness of hand and the clearness of execution. Scarcely a sentence is unnecessary, yet the style is easy and flowing, and there is no sense of painful condensation.

It is, perhaps, some consolation to find that sometimes German literature produces foolish books. Controversy always leads to a forgetfulness of real learning, and the "Kulturkampf" has produced a number of books which are not strong in historical criticism. Herr Dammann[*] has turned to English history for lessons against papal aggression, and has revived a narrow and unhistorical view of English history. He has raked up the ancient British Church, which was founded by St. Paul, and was earlier than the Roman Church, which was certainly not founded by St. Peter. All papal dealings with England were aggressions on the freedom of this ancient British Church, and the English Reformation was merely an assertion of its long dormant rights. This is a comforting view of the facts to many minds, but it is not of much historical value. We wonder to find it set forward by a foreign writer; we wonder still more to find in his pages a reference to such an authority as Pinnock's "Analysis of the New Testament." After that we are not surprised to find that Herr Dammann's zeal to cut off from the Papacy every good thing leads him to attribute the foundation of the University of Oxford to "Arviragus, an ancient British king, about the year 70, and therefore very soon after the introduction of Christianity into Britain."

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[*] "History of Paganism in Caledonia." By Thomas A. Wise, M.D. London: Trubner. 1884.

[†] "Weltgeschichte." Von Leopold von Ranke. V. Theil—Die arabische Weltherrschaft und das Reich Karls des Grossen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 1884.

In contrast with this airy treatment of English history stands another foreign book, M. Bémont's "Simon de Montfort,"[†] a work of scholarly thoroughness. Simon de Montfort has long been a puzzling character. His importance as regards the growth of the English Constitution was clearly traced by Bishop Stubbs in his "Constitutional History," and was fully shown in Mr. Prothero's able biography. But the real objects of the man were still difficult to understand. It was hard to see how a foreigner and an adventurer became an English patriot. M. Bémont produces much new material which enables us to form a truer opinion of Earl Simon's character. From 1248 to 1254 Simon de Montfort was governor of Gascony, and the archives of Paris furnish much information of the nature of his government. They show us a stern and vigorous ruler, who paid little respect to men's rights or to the rules of justice. Simon de Montfort went to do a hard work in Gascony, and he did it with a high hand. Henry III. was alarmed by the complaints against him, and Simon, increasingly irritated against the King on personal grounds, gradually joined the aristocratic party in England. He carried with him into English affairs the same resolute spirit that he had shown in Gascony. He was harsh, stubborn, and intractable. He was a leader of the barons, who knew the need of the help of the people. But he was an aristocrat, and nothing more. His policy was personal, but as a party leader he used all the means he could to secure it. His death raised him to the position of a popular hero; and he merited it by setting a precedent which Edward I. followed. Such are M. Bémont's conclusions, supported by a mass of evidence which gives them great weight. We cannot refuse to read the character of Simon by the light thrown on it by his policy in Gascony, concerning which we have a detailed account.

Another puzzling character in English history, King Henry VIII., is presented in a new aspect by Mr. Friedmann in his biography of Anne

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[*] "Kulturkämpfe in Alt England." Von A. Dammann. II. Theil. Leipzig: Baensch. 1883.

[†] "Simon de Montfort, Comte de Leicester." Par Charles Bémont. Paris: Picard. 1884.

Boleyn.* Many views have been held about Henry VIII., but Mr. Friedmann differs from them all. In his eyes Henry VIII. was a vain, foolish, irresolute, but obstinate man, who meddled in foreign politics without understanding them. He was always under the influence of some one superior to himself, and he exercised his own power only by occasionally overthrowing his governor. First Queen Catharine, next Wolsey, and then Anne Boleyn guided the King. Mr. Friedmann accordingly looks on Anne Boleyn as the central figure of English history from 1527 to 1536, and traces the results of her activity. He has done his work with praiseworthy thoroughness, and has especially made use of the letters of Chappuis, the Imperial envoy in London. He has brought forward a great deal of new matter of the highest importance. But two considerations strike us after reading Mr. Friedmann's clear and dignified narrative. First of all, though he knows a great deal about the Court and the ambassadors, he knows nothing about England. It is true that he begins by dismissing England in the beginning of the fifteenth century as a third-rate Power, with a scanty population; a small revenue, and no army. As regards its internal politics, Parliament was so absolutely under the power of the King that it need not be considered as having any influence, and popular opinion scarcely existed. Consequently, Mr. Friedmann has no scruple in treating English history under Henry VIII. as the French delight to treat the age of Louis XIV. It was a series of backstairs intrigues, and mainly depended on the King's mistresses. This is a new point of view, interesting as far as it goes, but not very fruitful of results. To an Englishman it reads like a chapter of English history with England left out. Mr. Friedmann no doubt would say that he has simply followed Chappuis; but Chappuis was scarcely an impartial observer. He told his master such things only as concerned personal or political relations between the two kings. He was by his position the centre of all the opponents of Henry VIII., and no doubt every one told him all stories, true or otherwise, which tended to the King's disadvantage. His evidence is useful on many points of detail; but Mr. Friedmann has absolutely accepted his way of looking at things. Would he be prepared to write a Life of Lord Palmerston, following as his chief guide the despatches of the French ambassador to Napoleon I.? They would be very interesting, no doubt; but we would be sorry to accept them as unerring guides to the meaning of the history of England during the period which they covered.

A book which, for its learning, deserves equal respect with those already mentioned is Mr. Wylie's "History of England under Henry IV."† Mr. Wylie is right in thinking that the reign of Henry IV. has not been sufficiently investigated, and he has worked diligently to fill a gap. He seems to have neglected no available source of information, and has composed a chronicle which is the result of much detailed labour. The defect of his book is a want of historical insight. He does not seem to know clearly what are the questions which it is worth while to answer. His narrative flows on pleasantly enough: but we continue to wonder why things happen as they do, and what comes of them all. Many little mistakes show that Mr. Wylie is not sufficiently equipped with general historical knowledge, and that he looks at things from too modern a point of view. He is strongest in social history; in constitutional history he is decidedly weak.

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* "Anne Boleyn: a Chapter of English History, 1527–1536." By Paul Friedmann. Two vols. London: Macmillan. 1884.

† Vol. I. 1399–1404. London. Longmans. 1884.

Few books which have recently appeared show more careful and conscientious work than Mr. Mullinger's "History of the University of Cambridge."* It does not deal merely with the details of its immediate subject, but is almost a history of European learning. We feel as we read that there is a large store of knowledge in reserve, and that Mr. Mullinger has chosen deliberately what he should say and what he should leave unsaid. He writes with quiet dignity befitting his subject, and shows both a keen perception of the historical aspect of the time and a genuine sympathy with scholarship of every kind. The period with which this volume deals was one of momentous importance for the university. Its very existence was at stake; for the courtiers of Henry VIII. were desirous of adding the spoils of the university to the spoils of the monasteries. It needed all the patriotic persistency of Sir John Cheke and Sir Thomas Smith to avert the doom which seemed impending. The universities were saved, and Cambridge entered upon the most glorious period of her history, when she was the bulwark of the Reformation theology, and sent forth Parker and Whitgift to rule the Church in times that needed a clear head and strong intelligence. The period which Mr. Mullinger treats saw the foundation of Magdalen, Trinity, Caius, Emmanuel, and Sidney Colleges, and the circumstances of these new foundations illustrate different forms of endeavour to meet the needs of the time. Mr. Mullinger's narrative omits nothing which is required by the fullest interpretation of his subject. He shows us the statutes of the colleges, the internal organization of the university, its connection with national problems, its studies, its social life, and the activity of its leading members. All this Mr. Mullinger manages to combine in a form which is eminently readable.

From America we have a book which is a most delightful example of spirited narrative. Mr. Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe" † tells the story of the conquest of Canada in a way which makes his work as attractive as a novel. It has certainly much more plot and interest than the American novel of the present day. This does not mean that Mr. Parkman has merely indulged in picturesque writing. His book is the result of laborious research, and its freshness and life come from his own genuine interest in his subject and power of presenting his knowledge in a straightforward and vivid manner. Montcalm is the hero of his book, and he has been at the pains to read Montcalm's letters and to search the French archives for illustrative documents. Our sympathy is enlisted on the side of the quick, restless, impetuous general, who was hampered by the incapable governor in Canada, Vaudreuil, and who was not supported from home in his hour of need. Montcalm disliked his unpleasant work, and shrank from the horrors of a war carried on with savage allies. He pined for his quiet country life at home, and rejoiced more to hear of the success of agricultural improvements on his estate than to receive decorations from the French king. Yet he did his duty cheerfully, and died like a hero. We feel in Mr. Parkman's pages that the victory of Wolfe was the result of a remorseless destiny which declared for the side that had the greatest political strength. France lost Canada because she did not appreciate its importance. Her views were confined within the sphere of European politics, and her claims on the New World slipped from her through want of foresight. Mr. Parkman makes us feel at every page the character of the conflict in Canada, the ideas of the two nations, the nature of their rule and their administration. His narrative never flags, and it leaves a clear and definite picture in the mind of the reader.

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* "The University of Cambridge, from the Royal Injunctions of 1535 to the Accession of Charles I." By J. Bass Mullinger. Cambridge: University Press. 1884.

† Two vols. London: Macmillan. 1884.

The history of the eighteenth century is a popular subject at present. It affords plenty of material for personal gossip, which to many is the attractive part of history, and it has an apparent connection with present politics, which leads others to regard it as specially fruitful in useful experience. Mr. M'Carthy, in his "History of the Four Georges,"* seems to appeal to the first of these classes of readers. He has nothing to add to the work already done by Lord Stanhope and Mr. Lecky, but he tries to serve his material in a piquant form. In fact, his object seems to be the expansion of Thackeray's four lectures into four volumes. The first volume reaches from 1714 to 1733. It is pleasantly written by a writer who is well practised in knowing what will interest the languid reader, and who avoids the snares of overmuch learning. Mr. M'Carthy seems well fitted to succeed to the place left vacant by Mr. Hepworth Dixon as purveyor of history suited to circulating libraries.

A less pretentious, but more workmanlike, book is a handbook dealing with the same period by Mr. Skottowe.† Its author does not claim any originality, and his book is designed for those preparing for examinations. It is clear and sensible, but has many faults of style, and indulges in the use of italics and small capitals in a way which is not easily accounted for, and which is not explained.

In foreign history we may notice a little book on the "Struggle between Kingship and Papacy, from Gregory VII. to Calixtus II."‡ which is one of the numerous publications which the Kulturkampf in Germany has called forth. It is the work of an Ultramontane clergyman formerly a member of the Prussian Landtag. It makes no claim to research or criticism, but tells the story from the side of the Church, whereas it has generally been told from the side of the State. The reader will find many hints which make the question of lay investitures more real, and bring out its far-reaching importance, especially in Germany. But the thoroughness of papal partisanship is remarkable. The great blot upon the character of Gregory VII. is the ruthless destruction which he allowed his Norman allies to work in Rome. The Romans had stood by the Pope in great difficulties; at last they were driven to open their gates to Henry IV. It is hard to palliate the revengeful spirit which forgot their previous services and punished them remorselessly for a submission which they could scarcely escape. Yet Herr Ibach remarks: "For this complete destruction of Rome, in which untold treasures of ancient art were destroyed, no one is to be blamed save Henry IV. It was he who brought down punishment and revenge on Rome, which he allured to breach of faith." Thus a man who awakens in a Pope revengeful feelings is to bear the guilt of the revenge exercised on helpless people. We have here a principle of moral judgment which would not be extended to any one save a Pope.

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* By Justin M'Carthy, M.P. In four vols. Vol. I. Chatto & Windus. 1884.

† "Our Hanoverian Kings, a Short History of the Four Georges, 1714–1830." By B. C. Skottowe. London: Sampson Low. 1884.

‡ "Der Kampf zwischen Papstthum und Konigthum von Gregor VII. bis Calixt II." Von I. Ibach. Frankfurt. 1884.

A work which promises to be of great importance for German history is Herr Ulmann's "Kaiser Maximilian I,"* of which the first volume only has appeared. It is founded on a diligent search into the archives of Germany, and is concerned chiefly with German affairs. The reign of Maximilian I. was a decisive period for the German people. The spread of national feeling throughout Europe made Germany feel the need of a national organisation. The reforms projected under Maximilian never grew to any strength, and Maximilian's adventurous policy abroad weakened Germany without securing any advantages. The working of the political life of Germany is traced by Herr Ulmann with care and diligence. The next volume of his work will enable us to understand better the importance of his conclusions.

The work of M. Müntz on the "Renaissance in Italy and France"† is one of those beautiful books which only Paris can produce. It is enriched with illustrations chosen with excellent taste, and executed so as to show the points which they are meant to explain. M. Müntz is already well known for his careful researches on the early stages of the Renaissance in art and architecture. The important work, in which he has now brought together the results of his various studies, is due to the liberality of the Duc de Chaulnes, who was himself a great collector and student. He wished to see some abiding record of his activity, and placed at the disposal of M. Müntz all his own treasures, and furnished the means for the production of this truly magnificent work. M. Müntz's book is divided into three parts. The first part deals generally with the Italian Renaissance; the second part deals with the artistic record of the various Italian cities; the third part shows the influence of the Italian Renaissance on the development of art in France. The great value of M. Müntz's labours is that he treats the Renaissance as a whole, and displays equal knowledge of its productions in every department of art. This is very important for a real understanding of artistic life. For the first time, in his pages we are shown the simultaneous development of painting, sculpture, embroidery, missal painting, intarsia work, architecture, and the art of the medallist. The copious illustrations make the whole process intelligible. Moreover, the study of each Italian capital by itself in reference to its historical conditions gives clearness to the view. The artistic history of Italy is often confused because it is dealt with too generally and on too exclusive lines. In some places artistic work was largely disseminated;

* "Kaiser Maximilian I, auf urkundlichen Grundlage dargestellt." Von Dr. Heinrich Ulmann. I. Band. Stuttgart. 1884.

† "La Renaissance en Italie et en France à l'époque de Charles VIII." Par Eugène Müntz. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 1885.

in others, it was concentrated on a few great works. M. Müntz gives us a picture of its splendid activity over the whole field. Moreover, by connecting Italy with France he indicates the nature of the impulse which the Italian Renaissance gave to European culture. In a time when so much has been written about the Renaissance M. Müntz must have the credit of being the first to give a large and comprehensive sketch of its importance as a whole.

The third volume of M. Taine's "History of the French Revolution"* is likely to awaken great attention. It is written with consummate skill, and is full of interesting details which give a striking picture of the facts of contemporary life. It is a merciless attack upon the government of the Jacobins, enforced with stern logic at every point. It reads like the slashing attack of a contemporary writer smarting under a sense of wrong, rather than the cool judgment of a historian who looks back upon events after an interval of nearly a hundred years. Other writers have shown that the Jacobins were mistaken; M. Taine shows that they were mean, base, and villanous. In his eyes a knot of ruffians seized on the government of France, and, from selfish motives, carried out a system which rested only on brutal violence. Apparently M. Taine's object is to make it impossible that the Jacobins should ever again be spoken of except in terms of abhorrence. This may be a useful object in view of the present state of political feeling in France. But it lacks that large grasp of the principles of human society on which history ought always to be founded. There is a want of background to M. Taine's picture. Things were bad enough, but we need to be reminded how they came to be so bad. As we read M. Taine's pages, we ask ourselves how the French people submitted to these horrors. Our pity for their sufferings is checked by the sense that, if they had known it, they had the power to resist. The monarchy had destroyed all political capacity in France. Attempts at government failed one after another, till a dim feeling grew up that a strong and thoroughgoing assertion of first principles could alone restore order. The results of the experiment were pitiable enough. We are thankful to M. Taine for showing us to the full how pitiable they were. But his exposure would have been all the more forcible if it had been less severe, and more sympathetic with the difficulties of the time.

M. Creighton.

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* "La Révolution." Tome III.—"Le Gouvernement révolutionnaire." Paris: Hachette. 1885.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—Mr. Mark Pattison judges aright when he says in the beginning of his "Memoirs," just published by Macmillan, that the main interest of his story is "as a story of mental development." His development was unusual, and in some respects puzzling. He gives a curious picture of his intellectual feebleness at starting, his helpless shyness, his bondage to inherited prejudices; as a student he was, he thinks, ten years in the rear of his contemporaries. Then he came under the influence of Newman and the Tractarian movement, and got some mental motion from it, but only within narrow lines. Some of the best parts of his book, however, are about that movement, of which he writes from the fresh standpoint of one who has believed and outgrown it; and he says that Dean Stanley once put the whole matter in a nutshell to him by the remark, "How different the fortunes of the Church of England might have been if Newman had been able to read German." After Newman's apostasy, Pattison ran much risk of sinking into an ordinary don, and, in fact, the curious thing in his career is that he never shows the least sign of healthy intellectual growth till after the great disappointment of the defeat of his candidature for the headship of his college in 1851, which he makes so much work about in this volume, but which was really the making of him. He shook clear of Oxford for some years, went to Germany, Scotland, France, widened his ideas, his reading, his interests, and stood for the first time on his own legs. His book is from first to last a condemnation of Oxford life in all the successive phases of it through which he lived. Even yet, after all the reforms that have taken place, he declares that real study is not "creditable" there, and the time is mostly taken up with committeeing and dining and small activities "like those of a municipal borough." The Memoir is full of interest, though the impression the writer leaves of himself is not altogether a pleasant one.—Mr. Barnes's reminiscences of General Gordon* will find many readers. They bear mainly on the religious side of Gordon's character, which the General opened freely to Mr. Barnes both in conversation and correspondence. Among other things described is a visit paid by Gordon to Sir Samuel Baker before leaving England for Khartoum, when Sir Samuel pressed on him the expediency of going again to the Soudan as Governor-General if the Government should require it. "Gordon was silent," says Mr. Barnes, "but his eyes flashed, and an eager expression passed over his face as he looked at his host. Late at night, when we had retired, he came to my room, and said in a soft voice, 'You saw me to-day?' 'You mean in the carriage?' 'Yes; you saw *me*—that was *myself*—the self I want to get rid of.'"—Many Lives of President Lincoln have been written, but most of them were hurriedly put together—first, for electioneering purposes before his death, and then to catch the popular demand after it. The first work of a more thorough and permanent kind is the new "Life of Abraham Lincoln," by the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, which has just been published in Chicago.* Mr. Arnold was for a quarter of a century an intimate friend, as well as political ally, of Lincoln; he had practised with him in the same courts of Illinois and supported him in the Congress at Washington, and had thus enjoyed the best opportunities of understanding the character and purposes of the man, and the moving wheels of his policy from hour to hour. His book is decidedly the best and most complete Life of Lincoln that has yet appeared. It contains a good deal of new information about the less public sides of Lincoln's life, though much less than we seem entitled to have expected; and the history of the great struggle with which Lincoln's name will ever be associated is unfolded with fulness and lucidity, and yet with such succinctness that the whole work is only a fair-sized octavo volume.—In this last respect, Mr. Arnold's example may be commended to the serious attention of Dr. Thomas Smith, who has just published the first volume of a Life of Dr. Begg † which is manifestly going to be excessively long. That volume only brings the story down to the year 1842, and, as there are forty years of the very multifarious activity of that bustling divine yet to be described, who can tell how many more volumes are to follow? Surely the part taken by a minor figure in the Non-intrusion controversy, instead of needing a volume to itself, might have been compressed into a chapter. The book would then be more readable, but, as it now is, Dr. Smith is simply burying his Cæsar under his own speeches. The most interesting section of the book is Dr. Begg's autobiography of his early life, which contains some good stories of the older ministers. Incidentally, too, we come upon reminiscences that will interest a wider circle. Dr. Begg, for example, knew Jean Armour, Burns's widow, personally in her old age, and says that her conversation was "extremely interesting," and that when young she must have been "very engaging to an intellectual man."

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* "Charles George Gordon: a Sketch." By Reginald H. Barnes, Vicar of Heavitree, and Charles E. Brown, Major R.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

TRAVEL.—Mr. A. B. Colquhoun's "Amongst the Shans" ‡ is at once an entertaining record of travels and an important contribution to our authentic knowledge of a country and people of which we have hitherto had but very imperfect information, but which, in the opinion of the author, may play an important part even in European politics if French annexation continues to progress. The territory described is occupied by tribes of different calibre and culture, the feeblest of whom are the Siamese, who are described as being in a corrupt and declining condition, ready to fall an easy prey to France if France cares to take them. The slave trade is rampant in all the territory—and Madras girls and daughters of the poorer Burmese are sold, it seems, even in British Burmah—but the slavery is of so mitigated a type that, though the Shan slaves who come to Burmah with ponies and cattle might escape from their servitude by breaking their trust, Mr. Colquhoun has never heard of a case of one doing so. The value of the book is greatly increased by an introductory chapter on the cradle of the Shan race from the pen of M. de Lacouperie, by a historical sketch of the Shans by Mr. Holt Hallett, and by many excellent illustrations.—Major Ellis,* in a very attractive volume, gives his experience of wanderings among the islands of St. Helena, Fernando Po, and the Cape Verde and Canary groups. Whether neglected by civilisation and allowed to remain in naked nobility, like the dwellers on the Isles de Los, or taught by the pioneers of culture to become self-conscious and absurd, like the demoiselles of Goree, the natives of these parts would appear to have some very entertaining habits. The author is equally conversant with the social position of the Grand Canary *pulex*, the geological formations of Ascension, and the ethnological proclivities of the Niam-Niams. Appreciative of all that is worth appreciating, he is yet honest enough to admit that facts have to yield now and again to the superior merits of fiction; that the luscious tropical fruit is in point of fact insipid and odious, and that the arts of the Spanish *improvisatore* live only in the pages of garbled romance. Major Ellis's views on the trader and missionary considered as pioneers of civilisation are very far from orthodox; spiritual reform, indeed, does not appear to have had a satisfactory advocate at St. Vincent. The illustrations of naval precedent and precision on Ascension (technically known in the Admiralty as "the tender of H.M.S. *Flora*"), the hotel difficulties on St. Vincent, and the exposure of the hypocritical missionary at San Antonio are exceptionally well told; the author, however, becomes serious on the subject of the gradual encroachment of the French on Sierra Leone and the Gambia, about which he entertains grave suspicions.—"A Fly on the Wheel" † is the title that Colonel Lewin (late of the Bengal Staff Corps) gives to his narrative of Indian frontier life. Going out as a cadet to India, he came in for the finish of the Mutiny fighting, after which he joined the 31st Bengal Native Infantry and subsequently exchanged for her Majesty's 104th. Tiring of the monotony of military routine, he obtained an appointment in the Police force, and was soon raised to the District Superintendency of Hazaribagh, and afterwards to that of Noacolly, in Bengal, a position entailing patrol work on the River Mengha for the suppression of smuggling; thence to Chittagong, and, finally, to the Hill tracts of the district in the capacity of criminal magistrate. As the history of years of solitude spent in the conscientious execution of duty not too well appreciated or rewarded, the book has a peculiar interest of its own, but it is also a narrative of stirring incidents and unique experiences, told withal in a free manly style that wins the sympathy of the reader. The writer is neither too egotistic, as his Introduction seems to forebode, nor too self-depreciatory, but tells his story with graphic directness and sharp insight into nature which finds its illustration in a quiet undertone of local philosophy. The terrors of the Indian Mutiny, the attempted exploration of the Shendu territory, and the punitive expedition against the

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* Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

† "Memoirs of James Begg, D.D." By Thomas Smith, D.D. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

‡ London: Field & Tuer.

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* "West African Islands." By A. B. Ellis, Major 1st West India Regiment. London: Chapman & Hall.

† "A Fly on the Wheel; or, How I helped to Govern India." By Lieut.-Col. Lewin. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

Lushais, to which he was attached as Political Officer, winning the highest commendation of General Brownlow, his ideal hero, furnish scenes of fine adventure. In reviewing his share in the government of India, the writer is generously content to go without reward, and owns that Talleyrand's "surtout point de zèle" comes near to being the best answer to the private enthusiasm of a public servant.—Mr Augustus Hare has turned his steps from Southern to Northern Europe, and issues a little volume of descriptive sketches of Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.* These sketches are slighter and less laden with matter than Mr. Hare's works usually are. They are the result of ordinary tours, and not of prolonged residence, and consist merely of a single article on each of the countries described. They will be read, however, with interest, and are illustrated with some very good woodcuts.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. J. Allanson Picton, M.P., gives us a series of short lectures on "The Conflict of Oligarchy and Democracy,"† marked as much by their high tone as by their practical understanding of the time and their clear and vigorous exposition. His aim is to give "some help towards a better and more definite direction of the vague socialistic aspirations" that are now current, and which need nothing so much as to be guided into sound lines. It is not necessary to agree with all Mr. Picton's views in detail to recognize that his lectures are calculated to render that service effectively, and to prove very stimulating in the formation of political opinions. The concluding chapter is especially striking, in which the author urges that popular character is the basis of popular happiness, and expresses profound confidence not only in the material improvement but the moral elevation of the future democracy. The anonymous author of a timely and instructive little work on "The Armies of the Native States of India"‡ strongly advocates the intervention of our Government for the purpose of reducing the armaments maintained by the Native States in the heart of India, which, he argues, only impoverish the people of those States themselves, and compel us to keep larger forces on their frontiers than would be otherwise necessary. The recent offer by the native rulers of troops for service in the Soudan and Afghanistan may perhaps create some hesitation in regard to some of this writer's proposals, but at any rate he has brought before us an important question, and given us much material for understanding and solving it aright. The armies of the Native States, it seems, amount altogether to some 350,000 men, of whom none are either necessary for the defence of their own country or formidable in battle against another, except the 100,000 Ghoorkas of Nepaul.—Mr. Henry Stevens, of Vermont, feeling that we have lost that art of printing and binding which once made "a handsome book and a new English book synonymous terms," seeks, in his little work "Who Spoils our New English Books?" § to distribute the blame among author, publisher, printer, paper-maker, ink-maker, bookbinder, and consumer. He does so pretty evenly all round, but thinks the publisher in particular must lay his shoulder to the wheel if an era of Pickering and Whittingham is to return. His remarks are always well weighed, and deserve careful consideration.—Mr. Bright's "History of Dorking and the Neighbouring Parishes,"* though not free from inaccuracies, and showing some indications of carelessness, is yet a useful topographical work, which gives much interesting information about that charming district.—Mr. F. G. Heath's "Tree Gossip"† is a series of short notes and papers descriptive of some of what the author well calls "the byeways of tree life," facts about trees that are not usually found treated in books on the subject. The book is well written, and is full of various interest.—Under the title of "Rome, its Princes, Priests, and People," Miss Maclaughlin publishes a translation of Silvaqui's "Court and Society of Rome in the Eighth and Ninth Centuries."‡ The work abounds with information, and the translation seems on the whole well executed.

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* "Sketches in Holland and Scandinavia." By Augustus J. C. Hare. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

† London: Alexander & Shepheard. ‡ London: Chapman & Hall.

§ London: H. N. Stevens.

* Dorking: R. J. Clark. † London: Field & Tuer. ‡ London: Elliot Stock.

OUR RELATIONS WITH TURKEY.

NOTES OF A CONVERSATION WITH SIR H. LAYARD.

THE ancient policy of England in maintaining the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire was founded upon the conviction that it was of importance to this country to have in the east of Europe and in Asia a Power friendly to her, upon whose aid and sympathy she could rely in governing her Mahommedan populations, and at the same time a sufficiently strong State to maintain its rule in the East, and to prevent that empire from falling to pieces. It was felt that if that great empire did fall to pieces, Powers that might be hostile to England would profit by its dissolution, and obtain an accession of strength which would be dangerous to the interests of England. This was the policy which was pursued by the greatest of English statesmen from the time of Chatham downwards. This was the policy of Lord Palmerston and of those who succeeded him, until Mr. Gladstone became the head of the Government. Mr. Gladstone and those who thought with him appeared to be determined to reverse that policy. Before he came into office it is well known he did his utmost by his speeches and writings to excite a strong feeling in England against the Sultan and the Turkish people, and against Lord Beaconsfield, who considered it in the interests of England to follow the policy of those who had gone before him. This policy cannot be called, as it sometimes is, Lord Beaconsfield's policy, as in pursuing it he only followed the example and traditions of all English statesmen up to that time. The anticipations of most statesmen as to the consequences of the breaking up of the Ottoman Empire have been fulfilled. We now see that the dismemberment has commenced, that already a large part of what formerly constituted the Turkish Empire has fallen into the hands of Russia, or at least virtually passed under her sway and influence. Other Powers have been encouraged to follow her example. France has taken possession of Tunis; England has occupied Egypt; Austria threatens to extend her rule to Macedonia and to the Egean Sea; Italy has seized Turkish territory in the Red Sea; and Russia is only anticipating the time when she will probably take possession of a still larger portion of Turkish territory in Asia Minor.

Of late years those who have supported this policy of maintaining the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire have been accused of abetting the Turks in their bad government, and of being what is commonly called philo-Turks; but sentiment has really had nothing to do with this policy, and the accusation is as groundless as it is absurd. It is from no sympathy for the Turks in their evil deeds that those who advocated this policy desire to support the Ottoman Empire. England has endeavoured at all times to improve the Turkish administration; all her representatives in the East have pursued the same conduct. Whilst upholding Turkey and resisting any attempt at undue interference in its affairs, they have done their best to persuade the Turkish Government that it was to their interest to govern their country justly and well, and to treat with perfect equality all classes of the Sultan's subjects, whether Christians or Mahommedans. That has been the cardinal point of the policy of all the representatives of England in Turkey during this century. The Turks were so persuaded that England was their friend that they willingly listened to the advice given to them by her representatives, who were consequently able to hold much firmer language, and to effect a great deal more than those of most other European countries. It may be said with some confidence, that almost all the reforms that have taken place in Turkey, and all advancement and progress made by her in civilization, have been mainly due to the advice—if you like it, the pressure—of the English representatives at Constantinople.

It was this policy that I was sent to Constantinople to continue and maintain. My knowledge of Turkey convinced me that the best course to be pursued to carry out the views of the late Government—views which were in accordance with my own opinions—was to obtain a personal influence over the Sultan. It must be remembered that the Sultan is all-powerful in his dominions; that the Porte is merely a collection of departments of the State, which has no actual influence whatever; that he may dismiss at any moment any Minister at his good pleasure; that every question is finally decided by him. No previous Sultan of Turkey has had more influence, or has taken a more direct share in public affairs than the present one. Formerly the Sultan, although perfectly free to act as he thought fit, being entirely despotic, generally accepted the advice of his Ministers or of the Porte; that is to say, that upon almost every question, except one of very great magnitude in which the interests of the Empire were gravely concerned, he allowed his Ministers to pursue the course they thought fit, merely requiring them to submit to him their opinions and decisions, which he almost always, as a matter of course, confirmed. But the present Sultan has taken the direction of affairs completely into his own hands; not only the greatest but the smallest questions are referred to him and decided by him. He is a man of considerable ability, of very liberal and enlightened views considering his education, and animated, I believe, with a conscientious desire to promote the welfare of his subjects of all classes. He has, no doubt, very great difficulties to contend with, and in many cases is unable to carry out his good intentions. His position is an extremely difficult one; he has to struggle against ancient traditions and religious prejudices, against a strong party in the State opposed to all reforms, and especially to all reforms emanating from the Christian Powers. But during the time I was at Constantinople I may say conscientiously that Turkey was indebted for nearly every improvement and every reform to the Sultan personally. I believe I succeeded in obtaining more personal influence over him than any English ambassador ever obtained over a Turkish sovereign. I was in the habit of constantly seeing him; a week rarely passed that I did not do so two or three times in the course of it. I always found him ready to listen to advice and to act upon it if in his power. Owing to the influence which England then possessed we were able to accomplish many important things. Through it we obtained the cession of Cyprus by diplomatic negotiation, and not (as it has been stated by those who were opposed to the late Government) by undue pressure and threats, but, no doubt, by offering the Sultan in return our assistance in defending his Asiatic territories from future invasion. We obtained from him the deposition of Ismail Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, who at once abdicated upon the summons of his Suzerain. We obtained the convention by which Turkey pledges herself to put an end to the slave trade in the Red Sea, and accords us facilities for doing so. Through the personal influence I possessed over him I was able constantly to obtain the dismissal of provincial governors who had exceeded their authority and ill-treated the populations committed to their charge. And although it was not possible to obtain for the Armenians all that Lord Beaconsfield's Government desired to obtain for them, and which I was most anxious to secure, yet some progress was made towards granting to Armenia a better administration, in which the Armenians themselves might share. We must remember that there are certain things which it is unreasonable to ask, and which the Sultán could not consistently with his position grant. We are too apt to forget, in dealing with Turkey, that after all there are concessions which no Sultan can make with due regard to his own safety and that of his empire. But all reforms relating to the better administration of the country, to the treatment with equal justice of Christians and Mahommedans, and to the security of life and property we can fairly and justly ask for; and these I never hesitated to impress upon the Sultan the necessity of conceding. I mention these things in order to show how exceedingly important it is for the English representative at Constantinople to maintain a personal influence over the Sultan.

But Mr. Gladstone's Government has pursued a directly opposite policy to that of his predecessor. I have already mentioned in a letter to the *Times* the causes to which I attribute the ill-feeling and resentment of the Sultan towards the present Ministry. My recall was effected in a manner to render it as offensive to the Sultan as possible. A despatch, in which I considered it my duty to point out the defects in his administration and the instances of bad government which had been brought to my notice—a despatch which was intended for the information of Her Majesty's Government alone—was published to the world. A special ambassador was sent to lecture the Sultan and to reprimand him in terms which cannot with propriety be addressed to an independent sovereign. He was threatened with a warlike demonstration by our fleet. The English and French Governments addressed a joint note to the Khedive of Egypt, thus passing over his suzerain, to whom the matters it concerned ought to have been submitted. This caused the Sultan very deep offence. Lord Dufferin, accredited to the Sultan as Her Majesty's ambassador, was sent to Egypt to carry out a policy diametrically opposed to his interests and his rights. He was so much irritated by these proceedings that it is well known that, on Lord Dufferin's return to Constantinople from his special mission, the Sultan even refused to see him, and that he was obliged to leave Constantinople without presenting his letters of recall.

Whilst the Sultan has sent a special embassy to this country in order to endeavour to re-establish friendly relations with England, we have left him without an ambassador; and it is not known when the representative of the Queen recently named will proceed to his post. And this at a most critical moment, when it is of the utmost importance to have some one at Constantinople who enjoys the confidence of Her Majesty's Government, to communicate directly with the Sultan. In addition to all these things, it is understood that the Government called upon the Porte to accept the convention recently concluded with the other Powers, of which Her Majesty's Government itself in the first instance disapproved, threatening to send their passports to Musurus Pacha and the special ambassador unless they signed it within forty-eight hours.

The consequences of this policy have been of the utmost gravity. Had we maintained our former relations with the Sultan, it is most probable that the Egyptian question, which has cost England the sacrifice of so much blood and treasure, would never have arisen. As I have said, I had no difficulty whatever, acting with my French colleague, in obtaining from the Sultan the deposition of Ismail Pacha and his expulsion from Egypt. I do not stop to inquire whether the policy then pursued was a right or a wrong one; I merely wish to point out that such was the power of the Sultan, and the influence he exercised in Egypt, that he could, without any difficulty whatever, dismiss its ruler and appoint his successor. Can any one suppose that, if our influence had been maintained, there would have been any difficulty whatever in dealing with Arabi Pacha, and in preventing the series of events which led to the bombardment of Alexandria, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the ultimate occupation of Egypt by English troops. Arabi Pacha was a man infinitely less powerful than Ismail, and there can be no doubt that he would have obeyed a summons of the Sultan to present himself at Constantinople, and that the war which subsequently ensued would have been avoided.

To the unfortunate change of policy to which I have referred, and to the manner in which we have treated the Sultan, I attribute the very grave difficulties in which we are now involved. Russia has always been ready to avail herself of the opportunity, when England was involved in difficulties, to make a further stride in the East, and to carry out her secular policy—a policy which she has been steadily following for the last 150 years.

We know how, when the hands of England were tied in consequence of the Franco-German war, she was able to pursue that policy with impunity, and, without the fear of interference on the part of any European Power, to tear up that part of the treaty of Paris which prevented her from fortifying Sebastopol and reconstructing her fleet in the Black Sea. She now sees us engaged in war in Egypt; she finds that, owing to the foreign policy of the present Government, England is left without one ally in Europe; that we have affronted both Germany and Austria, and cannot rely upon them; that we are upon far from friendly terms with France. She believes, therefore, that in the event of a war with her we could count upon no support from any European State. She takes advantage of this state of things to make further progress in the far East and to advance another step towards our Indian frontiers. She has placed us in the unfortunate alternative of having to choose between war and humiliation: for to accept what she has done would be to admit that we are powerless to oppose her and can be insulted and offended with impunity. We may endeavour to justify to ourselves an acceptance of the events which have occurred, and the country may be led to believe that Russia has given us sufficient satisfaction, but we shall never be able to persuade Eastern peoples that we have not recoiled before her menaces. They cannot understand how such questions can be settled without an appeal to arms, and when they see that Russia has openly menaced us, that she has attacked our ally and slaughtered that ally's subjects, that our Commission which was to have acted with the Russian Commission has been insulted and compelled to withdraw, and that England has patiently submitted to these acts of aggression directed against herself, they cannot but believe that we are powerless to oppose Russia; and such being their conviction, they will naturally turn to her rather than to England. But unfortunately, as we can no longer count upon the Sultan, as we have alienated him from England, and have deeply offended him, we are deprived of that assistance which would enable us to carry on a war with Russia with effect. Had Turkey been our ally, the Dardanelles would have been open to us, and it is in the Black Sea that in the case of war with Russia she is most vulnerable. It is now said, and apparently with truth, that Germany, Austria, and France have called upon the Sultan to maintain his neutrality, and to close the Dardanelles against us, and have even threatened to make him responsible for the consequences either if the Dardanelles are open to us, or if we force them. If we forced them, it could only be at a great risk and great loss, and the consequence would further be, that instead of having Turkey as our friend and ally, we should compel her to join our enemies.

In the event of a war with Russia, one of our main objects should be to eject the Russians from Batoun, and to restore that port to Turkey. If we could renew our ancient relations and alliance with the Turks, and induce the Sultan to join with us in a war with Russia, we ought in return to obtain the restitution to him of Batoun. It was a grave error on the part of the Congress of Berlin to have compelled the Turks to cede Batoun to Russia. There are strong grounds for believing that if England had declared her determination not to permit its cession, Russia, rather than incur the danger of a rupture of the Congress, would not have pressed her demand for it. With the Black Sea closed against us, Russia can make use of Batoun as a base of operations. That port is within a few hours' sail of Odessa, whence the Russian Government can send troops, ammunition, and all the necessaries of war to her armies in Turkestan, which otherwise she would have very great difficulty in supplying. The danger of allowing Russia to occupy Batoun had been long foreseen, and one of the most fatal results of the late Russo-Turkish war was the cession of that port to her.

I am convinced that if this country is determined to arrest the progress of Russia in the East, and to prevent her obtaining an all-powerful influence in the whole of Asia dangerous to our Indian Empire, we must return to our ancient policy as regards Turkey, which has been so strongly denounced by Mr. Gladstone and the Radical party. It is indeed somewhat late to do so, as in consequence of the results of the late war further elements of dissolution have been introduced into the empire.

But much can yet be done. Turkey is still a considerable empire, and the Sultan a very powerful sovereign, not only as the ruler of warlike races, but as the head of the Mahommedan religion. In the latter capacity he still exercises an immense influence over the Mussulman populations in all parts of the world, and his assistance is of the utmost importance to us in dealing with those Mahommedans who are under our rule. The people of this country must be shown that they have been misled in being induced to believe that in guaranteeing the independence of the Ottoman Empire, and in forming an alliance with Turkey, we in any way countenance or encourage bad government. On the contrary, if that alliance existed, and if we could restore our ancient friendship, England would be able to promote the cause of civilization, and to obtain the introduction of such improvements and reforms in the administration of the Ottoman empire as would promote the welfare of the Christian and other populations. At the same time we should have a powerful ally in the event of a war with Russia, which must inevitably take place sooner or later. It is useless to conceal from ourselves the fact that the object of Russia is, if not for the present the actual invasion of India, to occupy such a position as will enable her at any time to threaten the tranquillity of that country, and to prevent England from opposing her views and policy, not only in Asia but in Europe—in fact, to paralyze the action of this country.

Not only have we neglected Turkey, but we have neglected Persia as a further barrier to the advance of Russia in the East. We formerly sent able statesmen to that country to represent us. We did our utmost to conciliate the Persians and their Government, and Persia, like Turkey, looked to England as her friend and ally.

But that policy too has of late years been reversed. We have allowed Persia to fall into the hands of Russia. We have consequently at this moment both Turkey and Persia against us, and can count upon neither in the event of a war with Russia. It is the knowledge of these circumstances which renders Russia indifferent to our protests and remonstrances, and encourages her to make further advances towards our Indian frontier.

I have omitted to mention that an alliance with Turkey would insure us at all times the services of some of the finest troops in the world, if placed under English officers—troops which the late war has proved are more than a match for any possessed by Russia.

THE NATIVE ARMIES OF INDIA.

AT a time when—in reference to certain contingencies—we are reckoning up the military resources of India, it is important to consider in general terms what really are the Native forces of that empire.

As is well known, the Native troops belonging to the British Indian Government, and bound to serve the British Sovereign, number about 180,000 men of all arms. They are distributed among the three Presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, and consist of three armies—that is, one army in each of the three Presidencies. This total strength is certainly moderate for so extensive and populous an Empire as India. From motives of policy as well as of finance, it has been kept comparatively low ever since the Mutiny of 1857, and is now hardly half as large as it was before that grave epoch. It is really on a peace footing—that is to say, in time of profound tranquillity the Government could not do with fewer Native soldiers. In time of war or trouble it would have to be increased considerably. And to a certain extent such increase would be practicable—that is to say, the men necessary for the augmentation could be procured. In former days such augmentation would have been easily feasible; it is hardly an exaggeration to say that a recruiting authority had only to hold up his hand and a hundred men would spring forward, while the head of a district could embody a thousand soldiers almost with a stroke of the pen. It was thus currently believed that the Indian Government, with 200 millions of Asiatic subjects under its sway, besides more than 50 millions in the Native States, had a virtually unlimited supply of soldiers available. There might be difficulty in arming, equipping, maintaining, and transporting very large forces. But in procuring the men there would be, it was believed, no difficulty whatever, and in actual experience there was much ground for this belief. For some time past, however, this condition of things has been changing. The progress of the change was duly known to the authorities, and within the last few years its effects have become plainly apparent. Indeed, during the last Afghan war in 1878–80, it forced itself on the consideration of the authorities, inasmuch as then, almost for the first, perhaps for the very first, time in the military history of India, there was, if not exactly a difficulty, at any rate, a want of facility, in obtaining a sufficiency of good recruits. The phenomenon was more perceptible in the Bombay Presidency than anywhere else, but it was seen also in several of the districts whence the best troops of the Bengal army are drawn.

The causes of the change are not very far to seek. In some respects they may produce disappointment; but if unsatisfactory to the military commander, or to the political administrator, they are satisfactory to the economist and the philanthropist. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that there is no such thing as conscription in India. Not only are the forces raised by voluntary enlistment, but this enlistment has been either for all the working days of a lifetime, or else for a long term.. The military service has been regarded as a life-long provision, affording subsistence during the active years and a pension in old age. Dismissal from the service has been dreaded as a heavy punishment, turning a man loose on the world, and upsetting all his plans. The long continuance of war, rapine, and revolution formerly restricted all ordinary and civil occupations. The profession of arms, in its various branches, regular and irregular, dominated over all other professions, and often almost absorbed them. Employment was generally scanty, work slack, and wages low. Agriculture was depressed by spoliation or devastation, and enterprise retarded. On the other hand, the military wage was higher than the wages ordinarily earned in civil employments. Again, by the breaking up of defeated armies belonging to conquered nationalities, and the disbandment of levies, large numbers of men were thrown out of that employ to which they had become accustomed. Consequently the comparatively high military pay offered by the British Government, and the prospective permanency of its service, proved very attractive to many people. Hence, the ranks of its army were brimming full, and there were numbers always waiting at the gates of military authority hoping for admission. This tendency doubtless grew less and less as British rule became established, and as the country settled down. But the tradition long survived, and indeed lasted with but little diminution up to the epoch of 1857. When, during the disturbances which followed that wonderful outbreak, local levies were wanted in many districts, the ease with which the district officers obtained men caused an impression that the supply of soldiers was still unimpaired. But after the restoration of peace an improved era set in, being produced by causes affecting many other countries besides India. Public works, notably railways and canals, were constructed on a scale and at a speed previously unknown. New industries sprang up, and there was a general movement in society. Employment became brisk, and wages rose. Thus in every direction the population, which always had a tendency to increase, multiplied faster than ever. All this made cultivation expand, and this again enlarged the sphere of occupation. Further, many local establishments, notably the police, became more highly organized, and were better paid than formerly, and thus again many were drawn into civil employ. The police, particularly, engaged many who would in former days have enlisted in the army or joined local levies.

Thus able-bodied men, affording good fighting material, became less inclined than formerly to enlist in the army, unless the military pay should be appreciably raised. The Government, however, did not raise it appreciably, owing to financial considerations. Endeavours were made by judicious concessions here and there, by cautious augmentation of allowances now and then, to raise the value of the military service in the eyes of the labouring classes, but that was all. Consequently the army was no longer the prize profession which it once had been. Moreover, with the Indian races, the martial spirit decays from desuetude. Tribes which, fifty years ago, were notoriously attached to arms are now comparatively unwarlike. With training and discipline the Native troops will still behave very well; but with the masses of them there is hardly now the predilection for the fight, the instinct of physical contention, that there used to be. Then, as their homes become happier, their acres broader, their harvest richer, and their habits domestic, they care not, as erst they cared, to turn out and arm, to march towards distant frontiers, and to live far away from their families. Thus, although a decided augmentation of military pay—supposing that Government could afford this, which, however, it could not—might offer a temptation to some and might attract additional men to the standards, yet it probably would not make a very marked difference. For the fact has come to pass that masses of men refrain from enlisting because they can do better at home; and no pay which the State reasonably could offer would induce them to quit the places they love, and the work to which they are habituated.

Thus, although the British Indian Government can well maintain a native army of 130,000 men on a peace footing, which might be raised on emergency to a war footing—although it could put, say, two army corps into the field, and could muster a great force for internal defence—still, it has not for general purposes, or in the ordinary sense of the term, an indefinitely large supply of available soldiers. It may once have had such a supply, but it has not now. Probably, the thought of the mighty numbers of the Indian people may give foreign nations the idea that the supply is still inexhaustible; perhaps the prevalence of such an idea may be salutary. But Englishmen will doubtless desire to measure the national strength in this particular, so that they may be under no delusion in quiet times, and may suffer no disappointment in the day of need.

If, from one point of view, the actual truth may give rise to some anxiety, may render our military confidence one degree or so lower, still it is consoling from other points of view. For it goes to show that, whatever may be thought by some to the contrary, India is prospering, that there is no lack of subsistence, no shrinkage of occupation, no discontent with the wages at home, and, in consequence, no searching for wages abroad; that the people are not pressed for food, and are not getting poorer and poorer. Indeed, a more significant, even a more signal, proof of India's domestic prosperity could hardly be adduced than this growing trouble in respect to recruiting, if trouble it ought to be called.

But apart from political economy and social progress, and apart from the comparative paucity in numbers of the Native army belonging to the British Government, we may well be led, for military reasons, to consider whether this Native army represents the only Native force at the ultimate disposal of the Indian Government, and whether there are not other military resources that can be called out in case of necessity? To this question it may be answered that happily there are such additional resources.

To any one who takes a comprehensive survey of the military situation in India, it will be obvious that there are large forces in the Native States, a part of which forces would, if required, be loyally placed at the disposal of the British Government. It may be well here to recollect that these States are of many sorts and sizes. Statistically, their total number is 450, but not more than one-tenth of this number represents States capable of putting troops into the field. In round figures they have, in the aggregate, an area of 500,000 square miles, and a population of more than 50 millions of souls. The sum total of their revenues cannot be precisely stated, but may probably exceed 15 millions sterling annually. Though sovereigns in their own dominions, the Native Princes are all more or less under the control of the British Government, as suzerain and paramount power. The aggregate of their forces cannot be stated with the precision which would arise from regular returns. But it has often been collated in general terms and may be set forth approximately as follows:—

		Men.
Cavalry,	regular	15,000
,,	irregular	53,000
Artillery	,,	5,000*
Infantry,	regular	90,000
,,	irregular	182,000
	Total	345,000

This total will at once appear to be very large; but as a statistical fact, it can hardly be far from the reality. An inquirer will at once say:—If, with 200 millions of population, the British Government maintains a native army of only 130,000 men, how can the natives, with a population of 50 millions, maintain forces amounting to 345,000 men? Indeed, the comparison is at first sight wonderful, but may be partly at least accounted for in various ways. First, in most (though not in all) of these States, the armed forces include what, in British territory, would be reckoned as regular police. Now the regular police of British India has a strength of 147,000 men, more or less armed and drilled. If these were added to the British Native army the total would be 277,000, a figure still below the nominal strength of the forces in the Native States. But when due allowance has been made for this, and also for the consideration that there is a European army in India besides the Native, there remain the two facts—first, that the Native States have a far larger proportion of troops than the British territory; second, that they have a greater facility in procuring men than the British Government. What, it will be asked, can be the causes of this greater facility? Well, one cause can be nothing less than this, that in the Native States, employment and wages are not so good, prosperity not so expansive, as in the British territories; consequently, the military wage in the Native States is relatively higher and men are more ready to accept it. By the endowments of Nature, the Native States are physically less rich, more rugged, hilly, or mountainous than the British territories; consequently, the population is less settled or fixed in its habits, and more willing to adopt the migratory life of the camp and the cantonment. Again, in the Native States the peaceful elements are less dominant than in the British territories; consequently, the people are more retentive of their martial traditions and less disposed to turn the sword into the ploughshare; whereas we have just seen how under British rule the warlike spirit among the natives—in the absence of that patriotism which always animates the European races—rapidly wanes. The above comparison is made in general terms only, and there are large exceptions on both sides; for instance, there are some native territories as rich, peaceful and prosperous as they well could be; on the other hand, there are some British districts wild, poor and warlike.

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* 1,000 guns of all sorts.

Of course, there is a great difference in quality, and it is impossible to hazard any statement of the number of men really effective out of the 345,000. Nor could any such precision be attained without an inspection of these forces by British officers, a measure out of the question for many reasons. In general terms it may be stated that a small part only is really efficient; but out of so large a whole as this, a small part would represent a considerable force, which might be wielded as a potent auxiliary by an organizing Power like the British. And if we made up our minds to draw largely upon this resource, it would be very possible to improve the quality of a great part of these forces.

An inquirer will next ask about the loyalty and trustworthiness of these forces? Well, they are as loyal and trustworthy as the Native army of the British Government, and as the natives of India generally. Native loyalty depends largely, no doubt, on that good and just administration which will, as we may hope, always be maintained. But it also, in part, depends on the opinion which the people have regarding British pride, power and resolution, also regarding British resources. If that opinion be high, as it has hitherto been, if England proves herself equal to emergencies, as she has heretofore proved, then the forces of the Native States will be as well disposed as the rest of their countrymen. If England were to fall back, or vacillate, or deteriorate generally, then all India would begin to shake, and, of course, these Native forces would feel the concussion, and would succumb to temptation. But it happens that there are particular causes which tend to keep these forces loyal, and might induce them, for a while at least, to withstand temptation. For their immediate masters, their Native Sovereigns, are bound in many ways to the British Government. The fact is, that if the British power were to collapse, most of the Native States would be smothered in the ruins, and that they know full well. If a revolution in India were to succeed, there would be a cataclysm in which the Native States would be overwhelmed, and their sovereigns victimized. We may trust that such a thing can never happen, and certainly it will not happen while the British power holds together. Still the Native Sovereigns, knowing themselves to be safe as feudatories of the British Empire, dread any chance of change in the Imperial status, and look to the British Government as their protector and as the Atlas sustaining the burden of the general defence. It was this feeling which helped to keep the Native States conspicuously loyal during the crisis of 1857. And this loyalty of theirs was one of the factors that enabled the British to weather that perilous storm. No doubt some of their troops did mutiny at that time, but this was only after our own Native troops had mutinied extensively, and when many natives might be excused for imagining that the knell of England in the East had sounded. On the other hand some of their troops were eminently loyal, and rendered service which, if not very effective in the field, was yet potent in the moral effect produced on native opinion throughout the country. Like the rest of their countrymen, they feel always a veneration, and often an affection, for their indigenous sovereigns. Thus a strong influence is brought to bear upon them, tending to keep them in the path of rectitude and to withdraw them from revolutionary temptations.

Ever since that time, on various occasions, some of these forces have volunteered, or their services have been proffered by the Native States to the British Government, for duty in the field. Several contingents were thus employed on the Trans-Indus frontier during the last Afghan War. Had it been desired, some of them would have been found ready to form part of the expedition which was despatched to Malta in 1878. The other day some of them volunteered to serve in Egypt. They are sure to volunteer if any operations are undertaken on the Afghan frontier. In no case has the Government asked for any of them, or even given the least hint to that effect. The truth is that the Native States like the distinction of serving the Empire; they justly consider that such service consolidates their position politically. Many of their men enjoy the prospect of seeing new things and fresh faces, and a cheery sentiment is diffused among them. The spirit thus arising spreads to British districts, and tends to raise the spirits of the people in the whole Indian Empire.

It will be said, no doubt, by those who contemplate the high figures shown above for the strength of these forces in the Native States, that this strength is much too high, that it even constitutes a danger to the Empire. Indeed this apprehension has long been entertained by several Anglo-Indian statesmen. Manifestly the subject is a delicate one. On the one hand the British Government keeps a watchful eye on the strength of these troops of its allies and feudatories, and steadily strives to prevent their augmentation. Although here and there some increase may have occurred, there may have been counterbalancing decreases. On the whole, it may be said that while the present strength is too high, still it is not higher now than it has been even since the establishment of the Indian Empire, say since 1825. What, then, could the British Government do judiciously in this matter? It could hardly approach the Native States with proposals for a reduction of their forces; such a measure would provoke very inconvenient misapprehensions, and no Anglo-Indian statesman or diplomatist would be found to recommend it. The Government can and does instruct its representatives at the Native Courts to press upon their respective

States the expediency of moderation in warlike armament and in military expenditure. In some cases also there are conventions limiting and specifying the armaments to be maintained by the Native States; and care is taken that these engagements are carried into effect. Possibly, as the Native States improve their administration, they may gradually and quietly dispense with the least organized of their forces, or rather convert these nominal soldiers into police or other civil establishments. Or perhaps they may limit recruiting; or, again, as they grow in prosperity, they may find the same difficulty which the British Government has found in obtaining men at the wage they can afford to give. But even if they wished to effect any reduction by discharging soldiers, they would hardly dare to attempt it. However familiar the term "discharge" may be to us British people, it is not only unfamiliar with natives but very unpopular. It is opposed to their ideas and traditions. The British Government has indeed discharged native soldiers and disbanded regiments repeatedly; but it never lulled itself into the belief that this occasionally necessary measure was popular; besides the British Government is systematic and resolute, which Native States are not. Indeed these States will never willingly essay anything like discharge or disbandment, and it might be dangerous for them to do so; for this might bring about some internal trouble with which they are not quite competent to cope. All this, though unavoidable, is to be regretted politically and economically; for the Native States do not actually need anything like all the forces they maintain, and the cost is a needless drain upon their finances. Though they have elements of internal trouble, still they are protected against all external danger by the ægis of the British Government.

On the whole, then, it would not be within the scope of practical politics to expect that any considerable diminution can at present take place in the military forces of the Native States. Having got them, we should, instead of vainly lamenting, endeavour to make the best of them. A little consideration will show that something advantageous may be made of them, and that they may in some degree be rendered valuable.

There can be no doubt that in the event of any serious complication in Central Asia, or Egypt, or the Levant, or elsewhere, we should be very short of Native Indian troops, if we wished to despatch any considerable number of them beyond the limits of British India. It has been seen above that any rapid augmentation of the regular Native army might be troublesome or inconvenient. But among the forces of the Native States, as just described, we have good and abundant material ready to hand. If it were desired to take over enough of them to make up a full army corps,—from

35,000 to 40,000 men, why that could be managed at once; and, according to the Asiatic type of troops, they would be capital men too. They would serve us with alacrity, while fully preserving their dutiful allegiance to their respective States. The measure would be popular in the Native States also. Such troops might either take part of the duty of the Native army in India—relieving that army so far, and releasing it for foreign service—or else might be sent abroad together with the British army; it would be best that they should see a little of both kinds of service. To employ 35,000 to 40,000 of these men would be a moderate step, and would amount to a real accession of strength. Doubtless, if another 35,000 men or more were needed, making up the total to 70,000 or 80,000 men, such a contingent could be obtained from the Native States. But then other considerations would at once enter into our calculations. The necessary proportion of European troops must be remembered. For to go on augmenting the native armaments without preserving the due proportion of European troops would be dangerous. Of all precautions needed for Imperial safety, none is so important as the preservation of this proportion.

If these auxiliary forces were engaged temporarily in the British service, there are several ways in which they might be employed. They might take the garrison duty at some of the stations in British India, especially at those stations where a part of the garrison is European. They might perform part of the watch and ward work on the Trans-Indus frontier and other frontiers. Particularly they might guard the long lines of our communications in the field or on a campaign, and this guardianship is a laborious but most essential operation, the value of which will be appreciated by all who have had to do with military transport. It would not be well, however, that they should be employed entirely in work which, though essential, is in some sense subsidiary. A part of them should proceed in company with the European troops to the very front of warfare. Let any one contemplate the contingency of our having to place a considerable European army in the field anywhere amidst Asiatic or North African regions, and say how convenient it would be to have an additional force of 35,000 or 70,000 Native troops, beside our own Native army, immediately available.

Here, then, is one military resource in India on which we have indeed a right to reckon, but on which we have not perhaps reckoned sufficiently. It remains to advert more particularly to the forces of some of the Native States. The troops of Sindhia are limited in number, but very well drilled and of fairly good material. Their discipline and organization would entitle them to be among the first selected for British employ. The troops of the Protected Sikh States are well drilled also and are of capital material; besides, they have glorious memories of fighting side by side with the British in 1857. The troops of Jammu-Cashmir are not quite equal to those last mentioned, either in discipline or material, but they are passably good, and have also honourable traditions of co-operating with us in the war of the mutiny. From the Rajputana States some troops might be drawn, which though neither well drilled nor highly organized, are full of mettle and spirit. From the Nizam's Deccan, too, some troops of the best Indian Muhammadan stamp could be obtained. In the Deccan, again, there are Arab troops, as fighting men first-rate; whether under all the circumstances they could be advantageously employed may be a question; but if they were thus employed, and if they made up their minds to serve us, then all the world knows how admirably they would acquit themselves. It should be added that in point of national spirit and "high stomach" the Nepalese troops are remarkable, and in effective power the army of Nepal is superior to the forces of any Native State. That little army is composed partly of Gorkhas, and without disparagement of any other element among the Indian armies, it may fairly be said that, all things taken together, the Gorkhas are the best Native troops that have yet been seen in India. The employment of Nepalese troops in our service would depend on political considerations which cannot conveniently be discussed.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

ON LEAVES.

MR. RUSKIN, in one of his most exquisite passages, has told us that "Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity: children love them; tender, contented, ordinary people love them. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace." I should be ungrateful indeed did I not fully feel the force of this truth; but yet it must be confessed that the beauty of our woods and fields is due at least as much to foliage as to flowers.

In the words of the same author, "The leaves of the herbage at our feet take all kinds of strange shapes, as if to invite us to examine them. Star-shaped, heart-shaped, spear-shaped, arrow-shaped, fretted, fringed, cleft, furrowed, serrated, sinuated, in whorls, in tufts, in spires, in wreaths, endlessly expressive, deceptive, fantastic, never the same from footstalk to blossom, they seem perpetually to tempt our watchfulness and take delight in outstripping our wonder."

Now, why is this marvellous variety, this inexhaustible treasury of beautiful forms? Does it result from some innate tendency of each species? Is it intentionally designed to delight the eye of man? or has the form, and size, and texture some reference to the structure and organization, the habits and requirements, of the whole plant?

I do not propose now to discuss any of the more unusual and abnormal forms of leaves: the pitchers of Nepenthes or Cephalotus, the pitfalls of Sarracenia or Darlingtonia, the spring-trap leaves of Dionæa, the scarcely less effective though less striking contrivances in our own Drosera or Pinguicula, nor the remarkable power of movement which many leaves present, whether in response to an external stimulus, as in certain Mimosas, Oxalises, &c., or as a spontaneous periodic movement, such as the "sleep" of many leaves, or the nearly continuous rotation of the lateral leaflets of Desmodium. I propose, rather, to ask you to consider with me the structure, and especially the forms, of the common every-day leaves of our woods and fields.

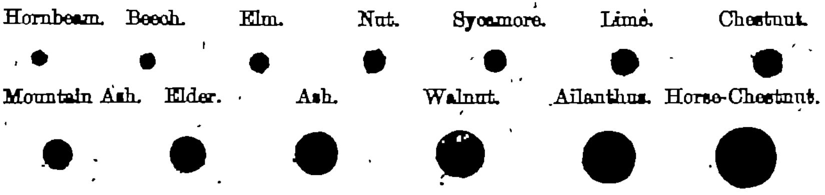
In talking the subject over with friends, I have found a widely prevalent idea that the beauty and variety of leaves are a beneficent arrangement made specially with reference to the enjoyment and delight of man. I have, again, frequently been met by the opinion that there is some special form, size, and texture of leaf inherently characteristic of each species; that the cellular tissue tends to "crystallise," as it were, into some particular form, quite irrespective of any advantage to the plant itself.

Neither of these views will, I think, stand the test of careful examination.

In the first place, let us consider the size of the leaf. On what does this depend? In herbs we very often see that the leaves decrease towards the end of the shoot, while in trees the leaves, though not identical, are much more uniform, in size.

Again, if we take a twig of hornbeam, we shall find that the six terminal leaves have together an area of about 14 square inches, and the section of the twig has a diameter of ·06 of an inch. In the beech the leaves are rather larger, six of them having an area of perhaps 18 inches, and, corresponding with this greater leaf-surface, we find that the twig is somewhat stouter, say ·09 of an inch. Following this up we shall find that, *cæteris paribus*, the size of the leaf has relation to the thickness of the stem. This is clearly shown in the following table:—

Impression of Stalk below the Sixth Leaf.



	Diameter of Stem in inches.		Approximate Area of Six Upper Leaves in inches.
Hornbeam	·06	..	14
Beech	·09	...	18
Elm	·11	...	34
Nut	·13	..	55
Sycamore	·13	...	60
Lime	·14	...	60
Chestnut	·15	..	72
Mountain Ash	·16	...	60
Elder	·18	...	93
Ash	·18	...	100
Walnut	·25	...	220
Ailanthus	·3	..	240
Horse-Chestnut	·3	...	300

In the elm the numbers are ·11 and 34, in the chestnut ·15 and 72, and in the horse-chestnut the stem has a thickness of ·32, and the six leaves have an area often of 300 square inches. Of course, however, these numbers are only approximate. Many things have to be taken into consideration. Strength, for instance, is an important element. Thus the ailanthus, with a stem equal in thickness to that of the horse-chestnut, carries a smaller area of leaves, perhaps because it is less compact. Again, the weight of the leaves is doubtless a factor in the case. Thus in some sprays of ash and elder which I examined of equal diameter, the former bore the larger expanse of leaves; but not only is the stem of the elder less compact, but the elder leaves, though not so large, were quite as heavy, if not indeed a little heavier. I was for some time puzzled by the fact that, while the terminal shoot of the spruce is somewhat thicker than that of the Scotch fir, the leaves are not much more than $\frac{1}{3}$ as long. May this not perhaps be due to the fact that they remain on more than twice as long, so that the total leaf area borne by the branch is greater, though the individual leaves are shorter? Again, it will be observed that the leaf area of the mountain ash is small compared to the stem, and it may, perhaps, not be unreasonable to suggest that this may be connected with the habit of the tree to grow in bleak and exposed situations. The position of the leaves, the direction of the bough, and many other elements would have also to be taken into consideration, but still it seems clear that there is a correspondence between thickness of stem and size of leaf. This ratio, moreover, when taken in relation with the other conditions of the problem, has, as we shall see, a considerable bearing not only on the size, but on the form of the leaf also.

The mountain ash has been a great puzzle to me; it is, of course, a true Pyrus, and is merely called ash from the resemblance of its leaves to those of the common ash. But the ordinary leaves of a pear are, as we all know, simple and ovate, or obovate. Why, then, should those of the mountain ash be so entirely different? May, perhaps, some light be thrown on this by the arrangement of the leaves? They are situated some distance apart, and though, as shown in the table, they are small in comparison to the diameter of the stem, still they attain a size of 15 square inches, or even more. Now, if they were of the same form as the ordinary pear leaf, they would be about 7 inches long by 2–3 in breadth. The mountain ash, as we know, lives in mountainous and exposed localities, and such a leaf would be unsuitable to withstand the force of the wind in such situations. From this point of view, the division into leaflets seems a manifest advantage.

Perhaps it will be said that in some trees the leaves are much more uniform in size than in others. This is true. The sycamore, for instance, varies greatly; in the specimen tabulated, the stem was ·18 in diameter, and the area of the six upper leaves was 60 square inches. In another, the six upper leaves had an area of rather over 100 inches, but in this case the diameter of the stem was ·18.

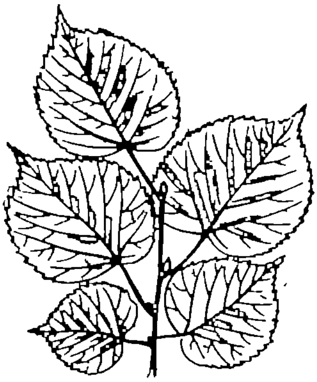


FIG. 1.

Another point is the length of the internode. In such trees as the beech, elm, hornbeam, &c., the distance from bud to bud varies comparatively little, and bears a tolerably close relation to the size of the leaf. In the sycamore, maple, &c., on the contrary, the length varies greatly.

Now, if, instead of looking merely at a single leaf, we consider the whole bough of any tree, we shall, I think, see the reason of their differences of form.

Let us begin, for instance, with the common lime (fig. 1). The leaf-stalks are arranged at an angle of about 40° with the branch, and the upper surfaces of the leaves are in the same plane with it. The result is, that they are admirably adapted to secure the maximum of light and air. Let us take, for instance, the second or third leaf in fig. 1. They are 4½ inches long and very nearly as broad. The distance between the two leaves on each side is also just 4½ inches, so that they exactly fill up the interval. In Tilia parvifolia the arrangement is similar, but leaves and internodes are both less, the leaves, say, 1½ inch, and the internodes ·6.

In the beech, the general plane of the leaves is again that of the branch (fig. 2), but the leaves themselves are ovate in form, and smaller, being only from 2 to 8 inches in length. On the other hand, the distance between the internodes is also smaller, being, say, 1¼ inch against something less than 2 inches. The diminution in length of the internode is not, indeed, exactly in proportion to that of the leaf, but, on the other hand, the leaf does not make so wide an angle with the stem. To this position is probably due the difference of form. The outline of the basal half of the leaf fits neatly to the branch, that of the upper half follows the edge of the leaf beyond, and the form of the inner edge being thus determined decides the outer one also.

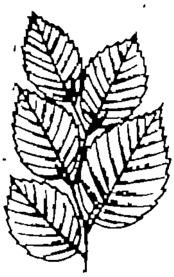


FIG. 2.

In the nut (Corylus), the internodes are longer and the leaves correspondingly broader. In the elm (Ulmus, fig. 3), the ordinary branches have leaves resembling, though rather larger than, those of the beech; but in vigorous shoots the internodes become longer and the leaves correspondingly broader and larger, so that they come nearly to resemble those of the nut.

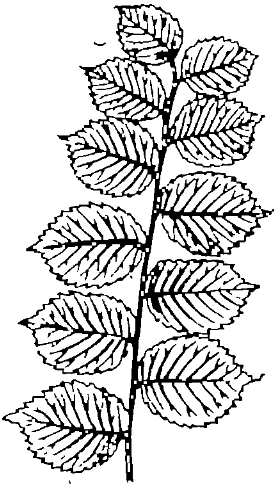


FIG. 3.

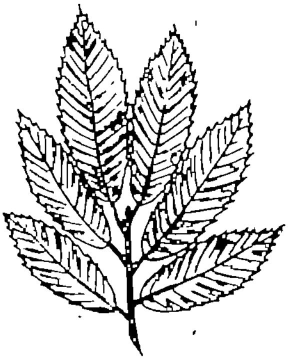


FIG. 4.

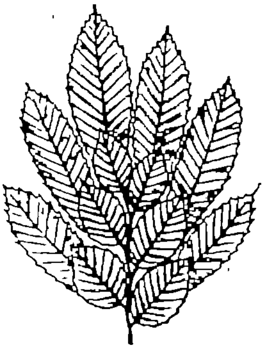


FIG. 5.

But it may be said the Spanish chestnut (Castanea vulgaris, fig. 4) also has alternate leaves in a plane parallel to that of the branch, and with internodes of very nearly the same length as the beech. That is true; but, on the other hand, the terminal branches of the Spanish chestnut are stouter in proportion. Thus, immediately below the sixth leaf, the chestnut stalk may be ·15 of an inch in thickness, that of the beech not much more than half as much. Consequently, the chestnut could, of course supposing the strength of the wood to be equal, bear a greater weight of leaf; but, the width of the leaf being determined by the distance between the internodes, the leaf is, so to say, compelled to draw itself out. In fig. 5 I have endeavoured to illustrate this by placing a spray of beech over one of Spanish chestnut. Moreover, not only do the leaves on a single twig thus admirably fit in with one another, but they are also adapted to the ramification of the twigs themselves. Fig. 6 shows a bough of beech seen from above, and it will be observed that the form of the leaves is such that, while but little space is

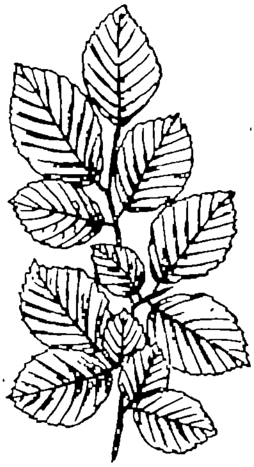


FIG. 6.

lost, there is scarcely any over-lapping. Each fits in perfectly with the rest.

The leaves of the yew (fig. 7) belong to a type very different from those which we have hitherto been considering. They are long, narrow, and arranged all round the stem, but spread right and left, so that they lie in one plane, parallel to the direction of the branchlet, and their width bears just such a relation to their distance apart that when so spread out their edges almost touch. Fig. 8 represents a sprig of box. It will be observed that the increase of width in the leaves corresponds closely with the greater distance between the points of attachment.

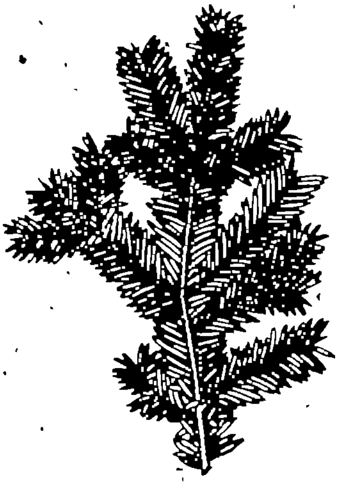


FIG 7.

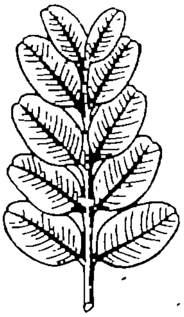


FIG. 8.

The leaves of the Scotch pine (Pinus sylvestris) are needle-like, 1¼ inch in length and $\frac{1}{10}$ in diameter. They are arranged in pairs, each pair enclosed at the base in a sheath. One inch of stem bears about fifteen pairs of leaves. Given this number of leaves in such a space, they must evidently be long and narrow. If I am asked why they are longer than those of the yew, I would suggest that the stem, being thicker, is able to support more weight. In confirmation of this, we may take for comparison the Weymouth pine, in which the leaves are much longer and the stalk thicker.

When we pass from the species hitherto considered to the maples (fig. 11), sycamores, and horse-chestnuts (figs. 9 and 10), we come to a totally different type of arrangement. The leaves are placed at right angles to the axis of the branch instead of being parallel to it, have long petioles, and palmate instead of pinnate veins. In this group the mode of growth is somewhat stiff; the main shoots are perpendicular, and the lateral ones nearly at right angles to them. The buds, also, are comparatively few, and the internodes, consequently, at greater distances apart, sometimes as much as a foot, though the two or three at the end of a branch are often quite short. The general habit is shown in figs. 9 and 10. Now, if we were to imagine six beech or elm leaves on these three internodes, it is obvious that the leaf surface would be far smaller than it is at present. Again, if we compare the thickness of an average sycamore stem below the sixth leaf with that of a beech stem, it is obvious that there would be a considerable waste of power. Once more, if the leaves were parallel to the branch, they would, as the branches are arranged, be less well disposed with reference to light and air. A glance at figs. 9, 10, and 11, however, will show how beautifully the leaves are adapted to their changed conditions. The blades of the leaves of the upper pair form an angle with the leaf-stalks, so as to assume a horizontal position, or nearly so; the leaf-stalks of the second pair decussate with those of the first, and are just so much longer as to bring up that pair nearly, or quite, to a level with the first; the third pair decussate with the second, and are again brought up nearly to the same level, and immediately to the outside of the first pair. In well-grown shoots there is often a fourth pair on the outside of the second. If we look at such a cluster of leaves directly from in front, we shall see that they generally appear somewhat to overlap; but it must be remembered that in temperate regions the sun is never vertical.

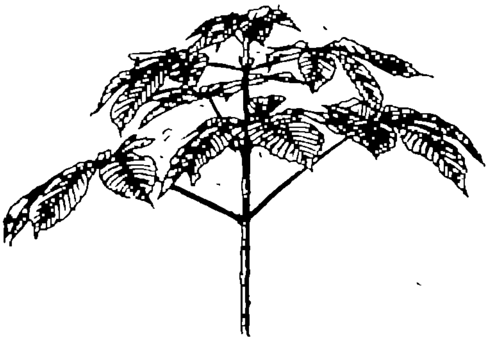


FIG. 9.

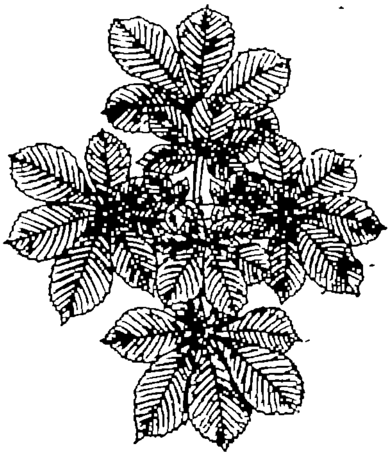


FIG. 10.

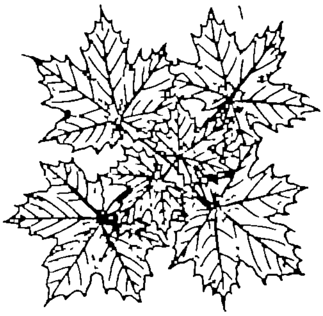


FIG. 11.

Moreover, while alternate leaves are more convenient in such an arrangement as that of the beech, where there would be no room for a second leaf, it is more suitable in such cases as the sycamores and maples that the leaves should be opposite, because, if, other things remaining the same, the leaves of the sycamore were alternate, the sixth leaf would require an inconvenient length of petiole.

Perhaps it will be said that the plane-tree, which has leaves so like a maple that one species of the latter genus is named after it (Acer platanoides), has, nevertheless, alternate leaves. In reality, however, I think this rather supports my argument, because the leaves of the plane, instead of being at right angles to the stem, lie more nearly parallel with it. Moreover, as any one can see, the leaves are not arranged so successfully with reference to exposure as those of the species we have hitherto been considering, perhaps because, living as it does in more southern localities, the economy of sunshine is less important than in more northern regions.

The shoot of the horse-chestnut is even stouter than that of the sycamore, and has a diameter below the sixth leaf of no less than $\frac{8}{10}$ of an inch. With this increase of strength is, I think, connected the greater size of the leaves, which attain to as much as 18 inches in diameter, and this greater size, again, has perhaps led to the dissection of the leaves into five or seven distinct segments, each of which has a form somewhat peculiar in itself, but which fits in admirably with the other leaflets. However this may be, we have in the horse-chestnut, as in the sycamore and maples, a beautiful dome of leaves, each standing free from the rest, and expanding to the fresh air and sunlight a surface of foliage in proportion to the stout, bold stem on which they are born.

Now, if we place the leaves of one tree on the branches of another, we shall at once see how unsuitable they would be. I do not speak of putting a small leaf such as that of a beech on a large leaved tree such as the horse-chestnut; but if we place, for instance, beech on lime, or *vice versâ*, the contrast is sufficiently striking.

The lime leaves would overlap one another, while, on the other hand, the beech leaves would leave considerable interspaces. Or let us in the same way transpose those of the Spanish chestnut (Castanea) and those of Acer platanoides, a species of maple. I have taken specimens in which the six terminal leaves of a shoot of the two species occupy approximately the same area. Figs. 4 and 11 show the leaves in their natural position, those of Castanea lying along the stalk, while those of Acer are ranged round it. In both cases it will be seen that there is practically no overlapping, and very little waste of space. In Castanea the stalks are just long enough to give a certain play to the leaves. In Acer they are much longer, bringing the leaves approximately to the same level, and carrying the lower and outer ones free from the upper and younger ones.

Now, if we arrange the Spanish chestnut leaves round a centre, as in fig. 12, it is at once obvious how much space is wasted. On the other hand, if we attach the leaves of the Acer to the stalk of Castanea at the points from which the leaves of Castanea came off, as in fig. 13, we shall see that the stalks are useless, and even mischievous, as a cause of weakness and of waste of space; while, on the other hand, if we omit the stalks, or shorten them to the same length as those of Castanea, as in fig. 14, the leaves would greatly overlap one another.

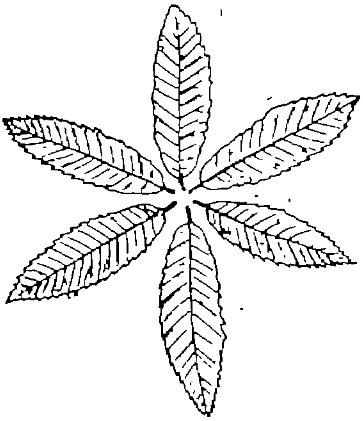


FIG. 12.

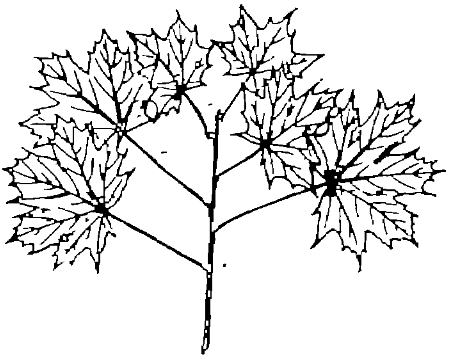


FIG. 13.

Once more, for leaves arranged as in the beech the gentle swell at the base is admirably suited; but in a crown of leaves such as those of the sycamore, space would be wasted, and it is better that they should expand at once as soon as their stalks have borne them free from those within. Moreover, the spreading lobes leave a triangular space (fig. 11) with the insertion of the stalk at the apex, which seems as if expressly designed to leave room for the pointed end of the leaf within.

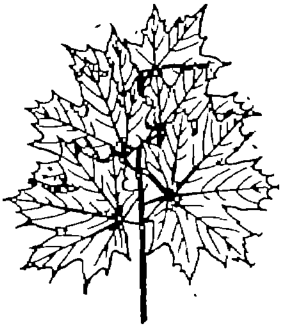


FIG. 14.

Hence we see how beautifully the whole form of these leaves is adapted to the mode of growth of the trees themselves and the arrangement of their buds.

Before we proceed to consider the next series of species to which I wish to direct attention, it will be necessary for me to say a few words on the microscopical structure of the leaf. Although so thin, the leaf consists of several layers of cells. Speaking roughly, and as a general rule, we may say that on each side is a thin membrane, or epidermis, underneath which on the upper side are one or more layers of elongated cells known from their form as "pallisade cells," beneath which is a parenchymatous tissue of more or less loose texture. The leaf is strengthened by ribs of woody tissue. From this general type there are, of course, numerous variations. For instance, some water plants have no epidermis.

If the surface of the leaf be examined with a tolerably high power, small opaque spots will be observed, resembling a sort of button-hole, with a thick rim or border composed of two more or less curved cells, the concavities being turned inwards. When dry, they are nearly straight, and lie side by side; but when moistened they swell, become somewhat curved, and gape open.

It is difficult to realize the immense number of these orifices or "stomata" which a single bush or tree must possess when we remember that there are sometimes many thousand stomata to a square inch of surface. In a large proportion of herbs the two sides of the leaf are under conditions so nearly similar that the stomata are almost equally numerous on the upper and on the lower side. In trees, however, as a general rule, they are found exclusively on the under side of the leaf, which is the most protected; they are thus less exposed to the direct rays of the sun, or to be thoroughly wetted by rain, so that their action is less liable to sudden and violent changes.

There are, however, some exceptions; for instance, in the black poplar the stomata are nearly as numerous on one side of the leaf as on the other. Now, why is this? If we compare the leaves of the black and white poplar, we shall be at once struck by the fact that, though these species are so nearly allied, the leaves are very different. In the white poplar (Populus alba), the upper and under sides are very unlike both in colour and texture, the under side being thickly clothed with cottony hairs. In the black poplar (P. nigra, fig. 15), the upper and under surfaces are, which is not frequent, very similar in colour and texture. The petioles or leaf-stalks, again, are unlike; those of P. nigra presenting the peculiarity of being much flattened at the end towards the leaf. The effect of the unusual structure of the petiole is that the leaf, instead of being horizontal as in the P. alba and most trees, hangs vertically, and this again explains the similarity of the two surfaces, because the result is that both surfaces are placed under nearly similar conditions as

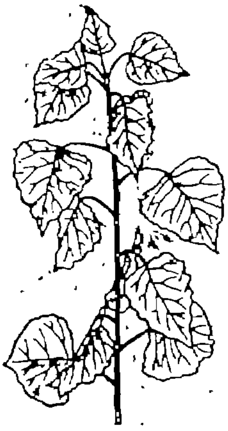


Fig. 15.

regards light and air. Again, it will be observed that, if we attempt to arrange the leaves of the black poplar on one plane, they generally overlap one another; the extent is larger than can be displayed without their interfering with one another. In foliage arranged like that, for instance, of the beech, elm, sycamore, or, in fact, of most of our trees, this would involve a certain amount of waste; but in the black poplar, as fig. 15 shows, the leaves when hung in their natural position are quite detached from one another.

Another interesting case of a species with vertical leaves is the prickly lettuce (Lactuca scariola), while those of L. muralis and L. virosa are horizontal. With this position of the leaves is connected another peculiarity, especially well marked in the so-called "compass" plant of the American prairies (Silphium laciniatum), a yellow composite not unlike a small sunflower, which is thus named because the leaves turn their edges north and south. This has long been familiar to the hunters of the prairies, but was first mentioned by General Alvord, who called Longfellow's attention to it, and thus inspired the lines in "Evangeline:"

> "Look at this delicate plant, that lifts its head from the meadow,
> See how its leaves are turned north, as true as the magnet;
> This is the compass flower, that the finger of God has planted
> Here in the houseless wild to direct the traveller's journey
> Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert."

The advantage of this position, and consequently the probable reason for its adoption, is that in consequence of it the two faces of the leaf are about equally illuminated by the sun; and in connection with this we find that the structure of the leaf is unusual in two respects. The stomata are about equally abundant on both surfaces, while pallisade cells, which are generally characteristic of the upper surface, are in this species found on the lower one also.

The leaves of the Lactuca scariola have also, when growing in sunny situations, a tendency to point north and south. Under such circumstances also they have a layer of pallisade cells on each side.

Hitherto I have dealt with plants in which one main consideration appears to be the securing as much light and air as possible. Our English trees may be said as a general rule to be glad of as much sun as they can get. But a glance at any shrubbery is sufficient to show that we cannot explain all leaves in this manner, and in tropical countries some plants at any rate find the sun too much for them. I will presently return to the consideration of the general characteristics of tropical vegetation. In illustration, however, of the present point, perhaps the clearest evidence is afforded by some Australian species, especially the eucalypti and acacias. Here the adaptations which we meet with are directed, not to the courting, but to the avoidance, of light.

The typical leaves of acacias are pinnate, with a number of leaflets. On the other hand, many of the Australian acacias have leaves (or, to speak more correctly, phyllodes) more or less elongated or willow-like. But if we raise them from seed we find, for instance, in Acacia salicina, so called from its resemblance to a willow, that the first leaves are pinnate (fig. 16), and differ in nothing from those characteristics of the genus. In the later ones, however, the leaflets are reduced in number, and the leaf-stalk is slightly compressed laterally. The fifth or sixth leaf, perhaps, will have the leaflets reduced to a single pair, and the leaf-stalk still more flattened, while, when the plant is a little older, nothing remains except the flattened petiole. This in shape, as already observed, much resembles a narrow willow leaf, but flattened laterally, so that it carries its edge upwards, and consequently exposes as little surface as possible to the overpowering sun. In some species the long and narrow phyllodes carry this still further by hanging downwards, and in such cases they often assume a scimitar-like form. This I would venture to suggest may be in consequence of one side being turned outwards, and therefore under more favourable conditions.

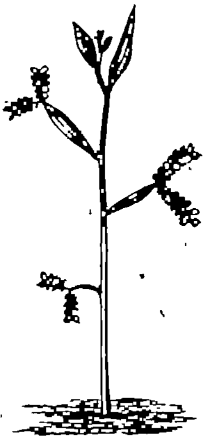


FIG. 16.

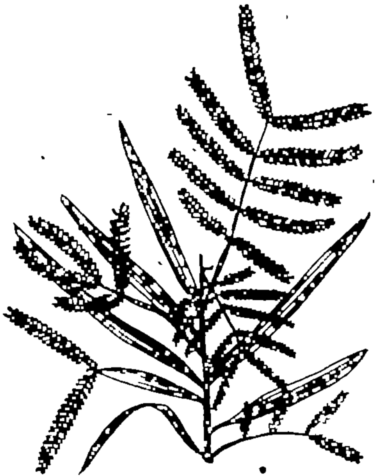


FIG. 17.

In one very interesting species (Acacia melanoxylon, fig. 17), the plant throughout life produces both forms, and on the same bough may be seen phyllodes interspersed among ordinary pinnate leaves, the respective advantages being, it would appear, so equally balanced that sometimes the one, sometimes the other, secures the predominance.

In the case of the eucalyptus, every one who has been in the South of Europe must have noticed that the young trees have a totally different aspect from that which they acquire when older. The leaves of the young trees (fig. 18) are tongue-shaped, and horizontal. In older ones, on the contrary (fig. 19), they hang more or less vertically, with one edge towards the tree, and are scimitar-shaped, with the convex edge outwards, perhaps for the same reason as that suggested in the case of acacia. There are several other cases in which the same plant bears two kinds of leaves. Thus, in some species of juniper the leaves are long and pointed, in others rounded and scale-like. Juniperus chinensis has both.

In the common ivy the leaves on the creeping or climbing stems are more or less triangular, while those of the flowering stems are ovate lanceolate, a difference the cause of which has not, I think, yet been satisfactorily explained, but into which I will not now enter.

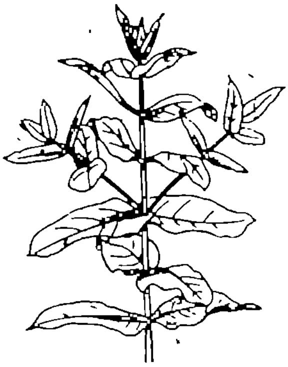


FIG. 18.

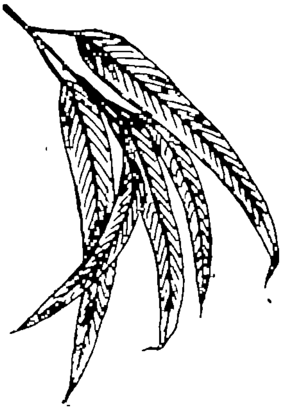


FIG. 19.

We have hitherto been considering, for the most part, deciduous trees. It is generally supposed that in autumn the leaves drop off because they die. My impression is that most persons would be very much surprised to hear that this is not altogether the case. In fact, however, the separation is a vital process, and, if a bough is killed, the leaves are not thrown off, but remain attached to it. Indeed, the dead leaves not only remain *in situ*, but they are still firmly attached. Being dead and withered, they give the impression that the least shock would detach them; on the contrary, however, they will often bear a weight of as much as two pounds without coming off.

In evergreen species the conditions are in many respects different. When we have an early fall of snow in autumn, the trees which still retain their leaves are often very much broken down. Hence, perhaps, the comparative paucity of evergreens in temperate regions, and the tendency of evergreens to have smooth and glossy leaves, such as those of the holly, box, and evergreen oak. Hairy leaves especially retain the snow, on which more and more accumulates.

Again, evergreen leaves sometimes remain on the tree for several years; for instance, in the Scotch pine three or four years, the spruce and silver fir six or even seven, the yew eight, A. pinsapo sixteen or seventeen, araucaria and others even longer. It is true that during the later years they gradually dry and wither; still, under these circumstances they naturally require special protection. They are, as a general rule, tough, and even leathery. In many species, again, as is the case with our holly, they are spinose. This serves as a protection from browsing animals; and in this way we can, I think, explain the curious fact that, while young hollies have spiny leaves, those of older trees, which are out of the reach of browsing animals, tend to become quite unarmed.

In confirmation of this I may also adduce the fact that while in the evergreen oak the leaves on well-grown trees are entire and smooth-edged like those of the laurel; specimens which are cropped and kept low form scrubby bushes with hard prickly leaves.*

Mr. Grindon, in his "Echoes on Plant and Flower Life" (p. 30), says that "the occurrence of prickles only here and there among plants shows them to be unconnected with any general and ruling requirement of vegetation. We can only fall back upon the principle laid down at the outset, that they are illustrations of the unity of design in Nature, leading us away from the earth to Him who is 'the end of problems and the font of certainties.'" Surely, however, it is obvious that the existence of spines and prickles serves as a protection.

Another point of much importance in the economy of leaves is the presence or absence of hairs. I have already observed that most evergreens are glossy and smooth, and have suggested that this may be an advantage, as tending to prevent the adherence of snow, which might otherwise accumulate and break them down.

The hairs which occur on so many leaves are of several different types. Thus, leaves are called silky when clothed with long, even, shining hairs (silver weed); pubescent or downy, when they are clothed with soft, short hairs (strawberry); pilose, when the hairs are long and scattered (herb-robert); villous, when the hairs are rather long, soft, white, and close (forget-me-not); hirsute, when the hairs are long and numerous (rose-campion); hispid, when they are erect and stiff (borage); setose, when they are long, spreading, and bristly (poppy); tomentose, when they are rather short, soft, and matted; woolly, when long, appressed, curly, but not matted (corn-centaury); velvety, when the pubescence is short and soft to the touch (foxglove); cobwebby, when the hairs are long, very fine, and interlaced like a cobweb (thistle, cobwebby house-leek). The arrangement of the hairs is also interesting. In some plants there is a double row of hairs along the stem. In the chickweed only one. This, perhaps, serves to collect rain and dew, and it is significant that the row of hairs is always opposite to the flower-stalk, which also has a single row. Now; the flower-stalk is for a considerable part of its life turned downwards, with the row of hair outwards. This, perhaps, may account for the absence of hairs on that side of the stem.

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* Bunbury, "Botanical Fragments," p. 320.

Many leaves are clothed with woolly hairs while in the bud, which afterwards disappear. Thus, in the rhododendron, horse-chestnut, and other species the young leaves are protected by a thick felt, which, when they expand, becomes detached and drops off. Many leaves are smooth on the upper side, while underneath they are clothed with a cottony, often whitish, felt. This probably serves as a protection for the stomata. In some cases the hairs probably tend to preserve the leaves from being eaten. In others, as Kerner has suggested, they serve to keep off insects—apparently with the special object of preventing the flowers from being robbed of their honey by insects which are not adapted to fertilize them. Fritz Müller, to whom we are indebted for so many ingenious observations, gives an interesting case. The caterpillar of Eunomia eagrus, when about to turn into the chrysalis (fig. 20), breaks off its hairs and fastens them to the twig which it has selected, so as to form on each side of itself about half a dozen stiff fences, to protect it during its helpless period of quiescence.

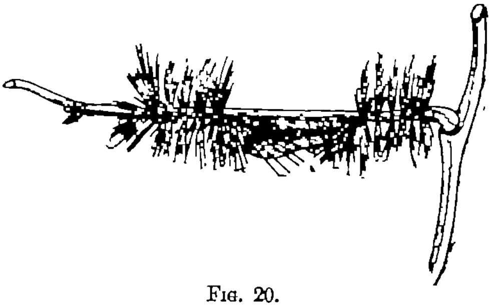

FIG. 20.

Vaucher long ago observed, though he gave no reason for the fact, that among the Malvaceæ (mallows) the species which produce honey are hairy, and those which do not are glabrous.

If we make a list of our English plants, marking out which species have honey and which have hairs, we shall find that we may lay it down as a general rule that honey and hairs go together. The exceptions, indeed, are very numerous, but when we come to examine them we shall find that they can generally be accounted for. I have made a rough list of the species in the English flora which have honey and yet are glabrous. It does not profess to be exactly correct, because there are some species with reference to which I was unable to ascertain by personal examination, or by reference to books, whether they produced honey or not. My list, however, comprised 110 species.

Now, in the first place, of these 110 species, in sixty the entrance to the honey is so narrow that even an ant could not force its way in; twenty are aquatic, and hence more or less protected from the visits of ants and other creeping insects; thus we shall frequently find that if, in a generally hairy genus, one or more species are aquatic, they are also glabrous—as, for instance, Viola palustris, Veronica anagallis, V. beccabunga, and Ranunculus aquatilis. Polygonum amphibium is peculiarly interesting, because, as Kerner has pointed out, aquatic specimens are glabrous; while in those living on land the base of the leaf produces hairs. Half a dozen are early spring plants which flower before the ants are roused from their winter sleep; about the same number are minute ground plants to which hairs could be no protection; three or four are night flowers; there still remain a few to be accounted for, which would have to be considered individually, but probably the evidence is sufficiently complete to justify the general inference.

Lastly, I must not omit to mention the hairs which have a glandular character.

The next point to which I would call attention is the remarkable manner in which certain forms repeat themselves. In some cases, there seems much reason to suppose that one plant derives a substantial advantage from resembling another. For instance, Chrysanthemum inodorum, the scentless mayweed, very closely resembles the chamomile in leaves, flowers, and general habit. The latter species, however, has a strong, bitter taste, which probably serves as a protection to it, and of which also, perhaps, the scentless mayweed may share the advantage. These two species, however, are nearly allied to one another, and I prefer, therefore, to take as an example of mimicry the stinging-nettle (Urtica) and the common dead-nettle (Lamium album). These two species belong to totally different families; the flowers are altogether unlike, but the general habit and the form of the leaves are extremely similar.

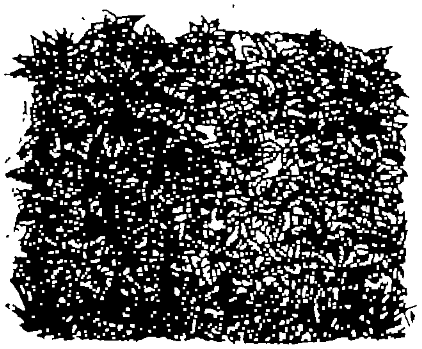

FIG. 21.

How close the similarity is may be seen by the above illustration (fig. 21), taken from an excellent photograph made for me by Mr. Harman, of Bromley. The plants on the right are true stinging-nettles; those on the left are the white deadnettle, one of which is in flower. So close was the resemblance that, after getting the photograph, I went back to the spot on which they were growing to assure myself that there was no mistake. It cannot be doubted that the true nettle is protected by its power of stinging; and, that being so, it is scarcely less clear that the deadnettle must be protected by its likeness to the other. Moreover, though I was fortunate in lighting on so good an illustration as that shown in the figure just when I had the opportunity of photographing it, still every one must have observed that the two species are very commonly found growing together. Assuming that the ancestor of the deadnettle had leaves possessing a faint resemblance to those of the true nettle, those in which the likeness was greatest would have the best chance of survival, and consequently of ripening seeds. There would be a tendency, therefore, according to the well-known principles of Mr. Darwin, to a closer and closer resemblance. I am disposed to suggest whether these resemblances may not serve as a protection, not only from browsing quadrupeds, but also from leaf-eating insects. On this part of the subject we have as yet, however, I think, no sufficient observations on record.

Ajuga chamæpitys, the yellow bugle, has leaves crowded and divided into three linear lobes, the lateral ones sometimes again divided. They differ, therefore, greatly from those of its allies, and this puzzled me much until one day I found it growing abundantly on the Riviera among Euphorbia cyparissias, and I was much struck by the curious likeness. The Euphorbia has the usual acrid juice of the genus, and it struck me that the yellow ajuga was perhaps protected by its resemblance.

Leaves which float on the surface of still water tend to be orbicular. The water-lilies are a well-known illustration. I may also mention Limnanthenum nymphæoides, which, indeed, is often taken for a water-lily, though it really belongs to the family of Gentians, and Alisma natans, a species allied to the Plantains. In running water, on the contrary, leaves tend to become more or less elongated.

Subaqueous leaves of fresh-water plants have a great tendency either to become long and grass-like or to be divided into more or less hair-like filaments. I might mention, for instance, Myriophyllum; Hippuris, or mares-tail, a genus which among English plants comes next to Circæa, the enchanter's nightshade; Ranunculus aquatilis, a close ally of the buttercup; and many others.

Some, again, which, when mature, have rounded, floating leaves, have long, narrow ones when young. Thus in Victoria regia the first leaves are filiform, then come one or more which are sagittate, and then follow the great orbicular leaves.

Another interesting case is that in which the same species has two forms of leaf (fig. 22)—namely, more or less rounded ones on the surface, and a second series which are subaqueous and composed of more or less linear or finely divided segments.

Mr. Grant Allen has suggested that this tendency to subdivision in subaqueous leaves is due to the absence or paucity of carbonic acid. I have ventured to suggest a different explanation. Of course it is important to expose as large a surface as may be to the action of the water. We know that the gills of fish consist of a number of thin plates, which while in water float apart, but have not sufficient consistence to support even their own weight, much less any external force, and consequently collapse in air. The same thing happens with thin, finely cut leaves. In still water they afford the greatest possible extent of surface with the least expenditure of effort in the formation of skeleton. This is, I believe, the explanation of the prevalence of this form in subaqueous leaves.

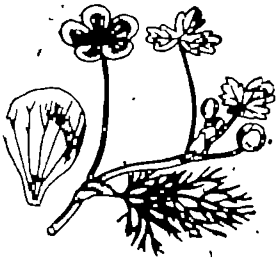

FIG. 22.

Again, in still air the conditions, except so far as they are modified by the weight, would approximate to those of water; but the more the plant is exposed to wind the more would it require strengthening. Hence, perhaps, the fact that herbs so much oftener have finely cut leaves than is the case with trees. In the Umbellifers, for instance, almost all the species have the leaves much divided—more, I need hardly say, than is the case with trees. Shrubs and trees are characterized by more or less entire leaves, such as those of the laurel, beech, hornbeam, lime, or by similarly shaped leaflets as in the ash, horse-chestnut, walnut.

There are, however, many groups of plants which, while habitually herbaceous, contain some shrubby species, or *vice versâ*. Let us take some groups of this description in which the herbaceous species have their leaves much cut up, and see what is the character of the foliage in the shrubby species.

The vast majority of Umbellifers, as I have just observed, are herbaceous, and with leaves much divided, the common carrot being a typical example. One European species, however, Bupleurum fructicosum, is a shrub attaining a height of more than six feet, and has the leaves (fig. 23) coriaceous, and oblong lanceolate.

The common groundsel (fig. 24), again, is a low herb with much cut leaves. Some species of Senecio, however, are shrubby, and their leaves assume a totally different character, Senecio laurifolius and S. populifolius having, as their specific names denote, leaves respectively resembling the laurel and poplar. In the genus Oxalis, again, to which the shamrock belongs, there is a shrubby species, O. laureola, with leaves like those of a laurel.

I would venture, then, to suggest these considerations as throwing light on the reason why herbaceous plants so often have their leaves much cut up.*

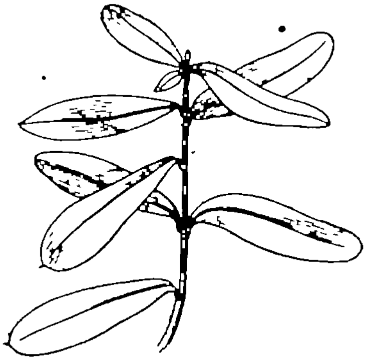

FIG. 23.

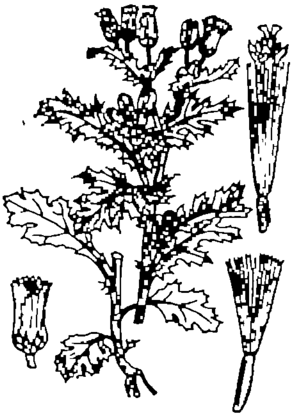

FIG. 24.

Next let me say a few words on the reasons why some plants have broad and some narrow leaves. Both are often found within the limits of a single genus. I have ventured to indicate the distance between the buds as a possible reason in certain cases. It would not, however, apply to herbaceous genera such as Plantago or Drosera. Now, Drosera rotundifolia (fig. 25) has the leaves nearly orbicular,

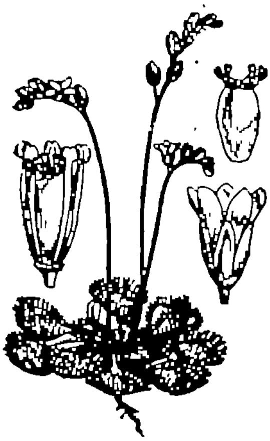

FIG. 25.

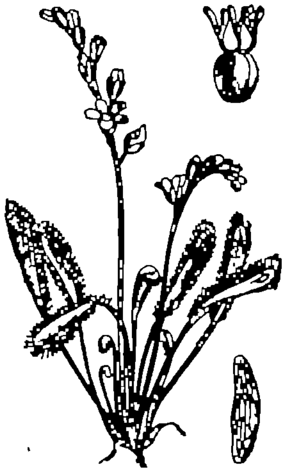

FIG. 26.

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* Mr. Grant Allen, who had been also struck by the fact that herbaceous plants so often have their leaves much cut up, has suggested a different explanation, and thinks it is due to "the fierce competition that goes on for the carbon of the air between the small matted undergrowth of every thicket and hedgerow."

while in D. anglica (fig. 26), they are long and narrow. Plantago media (fig. 27) has ovate leaves, while in P. lanceolata (fig. 28) they are lanceolate, and in P. maritima nearly linear. More or less similar cases occur in Ranunculus.

These differences depend, I believe, on the attitude of the leaf, for it will be found that the broad-leaved ones are horizontal, forming a rosette more or less like that of a daisy, while the species with narrower leaves carry them more or less erect. In the Daisy the rosette lies on the ground, but in other cases, as in Daphne (fig. 29), it is at the end of a branch.

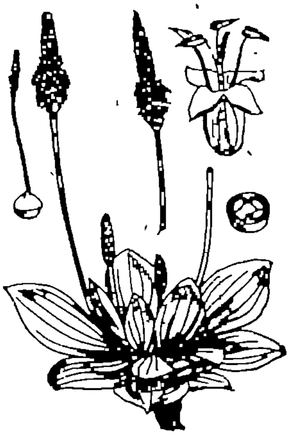

FIG. 27.

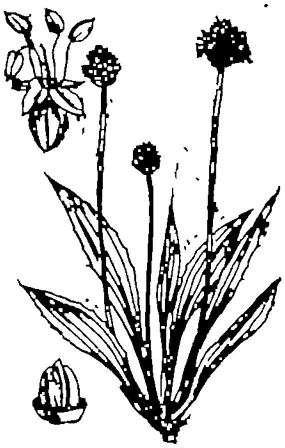

FIG. 28.

Any one who has looked with an observant eye at the vegetation of hot, dry countries must have noticed how much the general character of the vegetation differs from that which prevails in a climate like ours. There is a marked increase of prickly, leathery, and aromatic species. The first two characteristics evidently tend to protect the leaves. As regards the third, Mr. Taylor,[*] in his charming book on Flowers, has pointed to the power which, as Tyndall has shown, the spray of perfume possesses to bar out the passage of heat rays, and has suggested that the emission of essential oils from the leaves of many plants which live in hot climates may serve to protect themselves against the intensely dry heat of the desert sun.

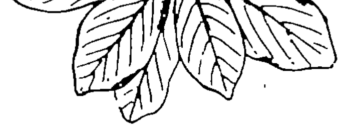

FIG. 29.

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[*] Page 311.

I am rather disposed to think that the aromatic character of the leaves protects them by rendering it less easy for animals to eat them.

In still dryer regions, such as the Cape of Good Hope, an unusually large proportion of species are bulbous. These, moreover, do not belong to any single group, but are scattered among a large number of very different families: the bulbous condition cannot, therefore, be explained by inheritance, but must have reference to the surrounding circumstances. Moreover, in a large number of species the leaves tend to become succulent and fleshy. Now in organisms of any given form the surface increases as the square, the mass as the cube, of the dimensions. Hence, a spherical form, which is so common in small animals and plants, and which in them offers a sufficient area of surface in proportion to the mass, becomes quite unsuitable in larger creatures, and we find that both animals and plants have orifices leading from the outside to the interior, and thus giving an additional amount of surface. But in plants which inhabit very dry countries it is necessary that they should be able to absorb moisture when opportunity offers, and store it up for future use. Hence, under such circumstances fleshy stems and leaves are an advantage, because the surface exposed to evaporation is smaller in proportion than it would be in leaves of the ordinary form. This is, I believe, the reason why succulent leaves and stems are an advantage in very dry climates, such as the Canaries, Cape of Good Hope, &c.

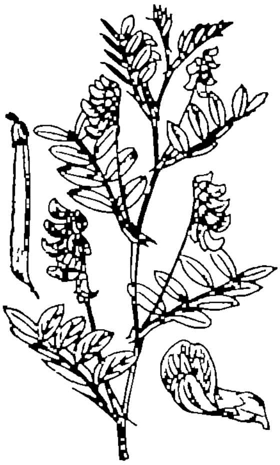

FIG. 80.

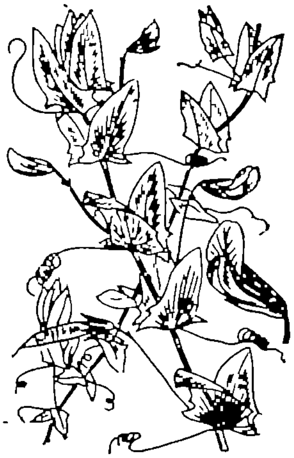

FIG. 81.

The genus Lathyrus, the wild pea, contains two abnormal and interesting species in which the foliaceous organs give the plant an appearance very unlike its congeners. Fig. 80 represents L. niger, with leaves of the ordinary type. In the yellow pea (L. aphaca, fig. 81), the general aspect is very different, but it will be seen on a closer inspection that the leaves are really absent, or, to speak more correctly, are reduced to tendrils, while the stipules, on the contrary, are, in compensation, considerably enlarged. They must not, therefore, be compared with the leaves, but with the stipules of other species, and from this point of view they are of a more normal character, the principal difference, indeed, being in size.

The grass pea (L. nissolia, fig. 32) is also a small species. It lives in meadows and the grassy borders of fields, and has lost altogether, not only the leaves, but also the tendrils. Instead, however, of enlarged stipules, the functions of the leaves are assumed by the leaf-stalks, which are elongated, flattened, linear, ending in a fine point, and, in fact, so like the leaves of the grasses among which the plant lives that it is almost impossible to distinguish it except when in flower. For a weak plant growing among close grass, a long linear leaf is, perhaps, physically an advantage; but one may venture to suggest that the leaves would be more likely to be picked out and eaten if they were more easily distinguishable, and that from this point of view also the similarity of the plant to the grass among which it grows may also be an advantage.

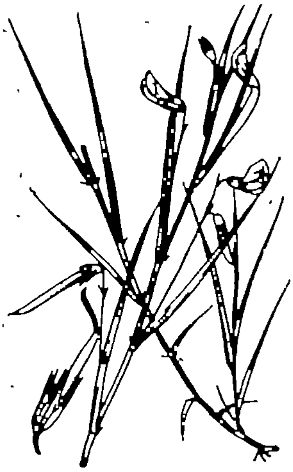

FIG. 32.

In looking at foliage I have often been much puzzled as to why the leaves of some species are tongue-shaped, while others are lobed. Take, for instance, the black bryony (Tamus communis) and the common bryony (Bryonia dioica). Again, why are the veins in some leaves pinnate, like those of the beech and elm, and others palmate, as in the maple and sycamore?

My first idea was that this might have reference to the arrangement of the woody fibres in the leaf-stalk. If we make a section of the stalk of a leaf, we shall find that in some cases the woody fibres are collected in the middle, while in others there are several distinct bundles, separated by cellular parenchyma. My first idea was that each of the primary ribs of a leaf might represent a separate woody fibre in the leaf-stalk, so that leaves with a single bundle of woody fibres would be pinnate; those with several distinct bundles, palmate.

The first species which I examined favoured this view. The melon, geranium, mallow, cyclamen, and other species with palmate leaves had, sure enough, several woody fibres; while, on the contrary, the laurel, rhododendron, privet, beech, box, castanea, arbutus, phillyrea, and other leaves with pinnate veins, had one central bundle. But I soon came across numerous exceptions, and had to give up the idea.

I then considered whether the difference could be accounted for by the mode of growth of the leaf, and I am still disposed to think that it has some bearing on the subject, though this requires further study.

The next suggestion which occurred to me was that it might be connected with the "prefoliation" or arrangement of the leaves in the bud. The first palmate leaves which I examined were what is called "plicate," or folded up more or less like a fan; while the leaves with pinnate veins were generally "conduplicate," or had the one half applied to the other. But, though this was true in many cases, it was not a general rule, and I was obliged to give up this idea also.

It then occurred to me to take climbing plants, and see whether I could find any relation between palmate and tongue-shaped leaves on the one hand, and the mode of growth on the other—whether, for instance, the one turned generally up, the other down; whether the one were generally twining and the other clasping, or *vice versâ*. All these suggestions one by one broke down.

Among monocotyledons, however, the tongue-shaped preponderates greatly over the palmate form of leaf. With very few exceptions, the forms of the leaves of climbing monocotyledons are in fact just such as would be obtained by widening more or less the linear, grass-like leaf which is so prevalent in the class.

This, then, raises the question whether the heart-shaped leaf is the older form from which the palmate type has been gradually evolved. Let us see whether we can find any evidence bearing on this question in what may be called the embryology of plants. The furze, with its spiny prickles, belongs to a group of plants which, as a general rule, have trifoliate or pinnate leaves. Now, if we examine a seedling furze (fig. 88), we shall find that the cotyledons are succeeded by several trifoliate leaves, with ovate leaflets. These gradually become narrower, more pointed, and stiffer, thus passing into spines. Hence we can hardly doubt that the present furze is descended from ancestors with trifoliate leaves. I have already referred to other cases in which the young plants throw light on the previous condition of the species (*ante*, p. 12).

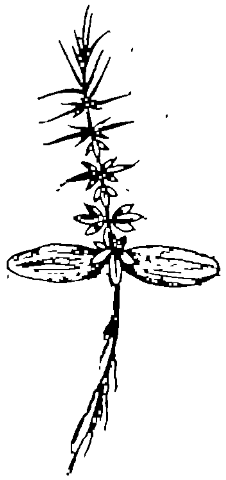
FIG. 88.

Now we shall have no difficulty in finding cases where, while in mature plants the leaves are more or less lobed and palmate, the first leaves succeeding the cotyledons are heart-shaped. This would seem to point to the fact that when in any genus we find heart-shaped and lobed leaves, the former may represent the earlier or ancestral condition.

The advantage of the palmate form may perhaps consist in its bringing the centre of gravity nearer to the point of support. Broad leaves, however, are of two types: cordate, with veins following the curvature of the edge; and palmate, or lobed leaves with veins running straight to the edge. The veins contain vascular bundles which conduct the nourishment sucked up by the roots, and it is clearly better that they should hold a straight course, rather than wind round in a curve. As the nourishing fluids pass more rapidly along these vascular bundles, the leaf naturally grows there more rapidly, and thus assumes the lobed form, with a vein running to the point of each lobe.

On the whole, we see, I think, that many at any rate of the forms presented by leaves have reference to the conditions and requirements of the plant. If there was some definite form told off for each species, then, surely, a similar rule ought to hold good for each genus. The species of a genus might well differ more from one another than the varieties of any particular species; the generic type might be, so to say, less closely limited; but still there ought to be some type characteristic of the genus. Let us see whether this is so. No doubt there are many genera in which the leaves are more or less uniform, but in them the general habit is also, as a rule, more or less similar. Is this the case in genera where the various species differ greatly in habit? I have already incidentally given cases which show that this is not so, but let us take some group—for instance, the genus Senecio, to which the common groundsel (fig. 24) belongs, as a type well known to all of us—and look at it a little more closely.

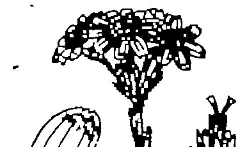

FIG. 34.

The leaves of the common groundsel I need not describe, because they are familiar to us all. This type occurs in various other species of more or less similar habit. On the other hand, the fen Senecio (S. paludosus) and the marsh Senecio (S. palustris), which live in marshy and wet places, have long, narrow, sword-shaped leaves, like those of so many other plants which are found in such localities. The field Senecio (S. campestris, fig. 34), which lives in meadows and pastures, has a small terminal head of flowers springing from a rosette of leaves much like those of a common daisy (Bellis perennis); a Madagascar species, as yet I believe unnamed, is even more like a daisy. Senecio junceus looks much like a rush; S. hypochærideus of

South Africa strikingly resembles a hypochæris, as its name denotes. A considerable number of species attain to a larger size and become woody so as to form regular bushes. S. buxifolius has very much the general look of a box, S. vagans of a privet, S. laurifolius of a laurel, ericæfolius of a heath, pinifolius of a fir, or, rather, a yew.

Again, some species are climbers; S. scandens and S. macroglossus have leaves like a bryony; S. araneosus and S. tamoides like a smilax or (Yam) tamus; S. tropæolifolius like a tropæolum.

Among the species inhabiting hot, dry regions are some with swollen fleshy leaves, such as S. haworthii, from the Cape of Good Hope, and S. pteroneura, from Magador. Senecio rosmarinifolius, of the Cape, is curiously like a rosemary or lavender.

Lastly, some species may almost be called small trees, such as S. populifolius, with leaves like a poplar; and S. amygdaloides, like an almond.

I might mention, if space permitted, many other species which, as their names denote, closely resemble forms belonging to other groups —such, for instance, as Senecio lobelioides, erysimoides, bupleurioides, verbascifolius, juniperinus, ilicifolius, acanthifolius, linifolius, platanifolius, graminifolius, verbenefolius, rosmarinifolius, coronopifolius, chenopodifolius, lavanderiæfolius, salicifolius, mesembryanthemoides, digitalifolius, abietinus, arbutifolius, malvæfolius, erodiifolius, halimifolius, hakeæfolius, resedæfolius, hederæfolius, acerifolius, plantigineus, castaniæfolius, spiræifolius, bryoniæfolius, primulifolius, and many more. These names, however, indicate similarities to over thirty other perfectly distinct families.

It seems clear, then, that these differences have reference not to any inherent tendency, but to the structure and organization, the habits and requirements, of the plant. Of course it may be that the present form has reference not to existing, but to ancient, conditions, which renders the problem all the more difficult. Nor do I at all intend to maintain that every form of leaf is, or ever has been, necessarily that best adapted to the circumstances, but only that they are constantly tending to become so, just as water always tends to find its own level.

But, however this may be, if my main argument is correct, it opens out a very wide and interesting field of study, for every one of the almost infinite forms of leaves must have some cause and explanation.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

NOTE.—For permission to use Figures 22, 24–28, 30–32, an 34, I am indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Lovell Reeve & Co.

CATHOLICISM AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

THE purpose of these papers is to attempt a critical analysis and appraisement of those principles of the English Catholic movement that may be held to have significance for constructive religious thought. The point from which the second or material part of the discussion can best start is the relation of the English to the earlier Continental Catholic revival. The former had a distinctive character of its own; but it would be a grave mistake to regard it either as single and isolated, or as simply the creation of a few able and resolute men. That was what it seemed to many contemporary critics, but it was nothing so accidental and arbitrary. It stood connected with and represented a tendency that had been active in European thought and life, the reaction against the Illumination and the Revolution. The reaction was not simple but complex, at once religious, intellectual and political; a recoil of the conservative spirit from the new ideals that had been so suddenly translated into portentous realities. It was marked everywhere by the same hatred of the eighteenth century and all its works, embodied everywhere the same hopes and fears, expressed the same motives and ends. On the one side stood the revolutionary theses, the rights of reason and of man, the watchwords liberty, equality, fraternity. These the reaction construed not in their high ideal sense, but through the accidents and atrocities, the terror and ruin that had attended the attempt at realization; and over against them emphasized its own antitheses—the rights of the community before those of the individual, the rights of God and the sovereigns, spiritual and civil, He appointed above those of the reason and the peoples, authority as the only sufficient basis of order, and order as the condition necessary to the highest common good. But not satisfied with opposing antitheses to theses, it confronted recent with mediæval history, idealized it, attempted to resuscitate and realize its ideals, and invested the Church—which was, its most splendid and persistent creation—with the authority that alone could revive religion and create order, curb and turn back the loosened and lawless forces of revolution. This radical contradiction, ideal and historical, seemed the surest as the most direct way to victory; but to build a dam across a river is not to arrest the gathering and course of its waters, as the men who securely pitch their tents in the shelter of the dam will be the first to experience.

I.

The Catholic revival was the principal phase or feature of the reaction, and the literature that was its most operative factor may be described as the literature of the new Catholic Apologetic.* Our reference to its distinctive principles and work must be brief.

1. The reaction was a complex movement, at once literary, political, religious. In literature it appeared as Romanticism, in politics as legitimate and theocratic theory, in religion as Ultramontanism. These three were but different phases or expressions of the one spirit, representing, as it were, the organization of the more conservative instincts against the new agencies of progress and change. The oneness of the spirit is evident from the ease with which its phases melted or passed into each other. Romanticism appeared, indeed, outside Catholicism, was German, the creation of men like the Schlegels, Tieck, Novalis, who loved the realm of the imagination, and hated the rationalism that had expelled miracle from Nature, and mystery from man, making the universe the home of prosaic commonplace. They disliked the cold classicism of Goethe and the warmer humanism of Schiller, and said: "Poetry and religion are one; man needs an imagination to interpret the universe, and a universe peopled by it and for it; when he has most religion he has most imagination, and the times when he had both in the highest degree were the mediæval." And so they glorified these times, edited their ballads and romances, praised their ideal of life and duty, their bravery, courtesy, devotion; their indifference to the market and the exchange, their loyalty to beauty and honour and religion, their glorious Gothic architecture, with the faith it at once

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* What is here described as the literature of the new Catholic Apologetic, may be held as represented by the following:—M. De Maistre: "L'Eglise Gallicane" (Ed. 1882), "Les Soirées de Saint Petersbourg" (Ed. 1874), "Du Pape" (Ed. 1819). M. De Bonald "Théorie du Pouvoir Politique et Religieux dans la Société Civile," "La Legislation Primitive" (Ed. 1819). M. Chateaubriand: "Genie du Christianisme" (Ed. 1802). M. de Lamennais: "Essai sur l'Indifference en Matiére de Religion" (Ed. 1859). This literature may be said to be devoted to the exposition of the function of Catholicism in an age of revolution, and so represents what we have termed the new Apologetic. Good examples of the older are:—Houteville: "La Religion Chret. prouvée par les faits" (1740). 3 vols. Bergier: "Traité Historique et Dogmatique de la Vraie Religion" (1780). 12 vols.

embodied, illustrated and made illustrious. Admiration for the past, though it was a past that was a pure creature of the imagination, easily became belief in the Church that claimed it, and so Romanticism in men like Stolberg, Friedrich Schlegel, and Werner, passed by a natural gradation into Catholicism.

The reaction in politics was conducted in a still more courageous and thorough spirit, for it was directly polemical, a *guerre à outrance.* Authority must be made divine if the rights of man were to be denied and his reason subdued and governed; but the dynastic idea had been too rudely broken to be capable of again standing up, and in its own name claiming divine authority. Its hour of weakness was the Church's opportunity; it alone had braved the storm, it had been shaken but it had stood, manifestly, not in its own strength, but in God's. In the lurid light of the anarchy Rome was seen to have a mission; as the seat and home of supreme authority, universal, immutable, infallible, she could stand forward as the saviour of society, now gone or going to destruction for want of its most Christian kings. She was the Church God had founded, had supernaturally endowed and guided, had made the sole bearer and teacher of His truth, and had graced and crowned with an Infallible Head. Here was an authority so awful, so august, and so inviolable as to be alone able to end the conflict of rival rights, and restore order by enforcing the one universal duty—obedience. If divine authority was to rule in the State, it must be got through the Church. And so Joseph de Maistre formulated his hierocratic doctrine, making the Papal at once guarantee and condition the royal power. De Bonald wove the political into the religious revelation, ascribing sole sovereignty to God, but building upon it the Pope's, and upon his the king's. Chateaubriand described Christian Rome as being for the modern what Pagan Rome had been for the ancient world—the universal bond of nations, instructing in duty, defending from oppression. Lamennais argued that without authority there could be no religion, that it was the foundation of all society and morality, and that it alone enfranchized man by making him obedient, so harmonizing all intelligences and wills. And thus the Church, as the supreme authority, became the principle of order, the centre of political as well as religious stability; the only divine rights were those she sanctioned, in her strength kings reigned, and through obedience to her man was happy and God honoured.

2. The Revolution thus gave Catholicism a splendid opportunity for a new Apologetic; summoned it to occupy a more important and commanding position than it had held since the fall of Rome. The Apologetic may be described as the theory of the position, or the principle of authority done into the philosophy, of the counter-revolution. It may be said to have consisted of two parts, a theo-

retical and an historical—the first being a vindication of authority as the only sure basis of religion, and, consequently, the only solid ground and guarantee of order; the second being a justification of the Roman Church as it had lived and acted in history. On the positive side it was a philosophy of religion, society, and history; on the negative, an absolute contradiction of the modern philosophies, the governing principles or ideas of the modern mind. The Apologists saw that the Revolution had not been an accident, but a logical issue from the premisses of the sixteenth century; an attempt to realize a political ideal correlative and correspondent to the ideal of religious freedom. The anarchy, the bloodshed, the social misery and ruin, were held to be the direct result of the movement then instituted; to this, along many lines, it had been inevitably tending; in this, its true character stood revealed. What appeared before the Revolution as innocent abstractions, or speculations that flattered human pride in the degree that they exercised human reason, appeared after it as disintegrative forces capable of doing the most disastrous work. It was not a question of Catholicism against Protestantism, but of Catholicism against the modern movement as a whole. Humanity must be turned back in its course three centuries that society might be saved. The literary revolt of the fifteenth century, the religious revolt of the sixteenth, the philosophical systems of the seventeenth, the political revolution of the eighteenth, were all parts of a whole, successive steps in the dread argument that had been fulfilling itself in history. To deal with this in the most radical way, modern philosophy, as supplying the principles and premisses, was fiercely attacked. De Maistre held Bacon to be a presumptuous and profane scientific charlatan, whose bad philosophy was the fit expression of his bad morality. And in censure he was quite impartial: "Contempt of Locke was the beginning of knowledge."[*] Hume "was perhaps the most dangerous and the guiltiest of all those baleful writers who will for ever accuse the last century before posterity."[†] Voltaire "was a man Paris crowned, but Sodom would have banished."[‡] Lamennais argued that the philosophies and the heresies had one principle, "la souveraineté de la raison humaine," the end whereof was universal disbelief.[§] Admit it, and from the end there was no escape; the inevitable way was from heresy to deism, from deism to atheism, from atheism to universal scepticism. Hence, by an exhaustive process, the necessary conclusion was reached: we must have authority if we are to have faith; the true religion is that which rests on the greatest visible authority, which from sheer lack of actual or possible claimants can be no other than Rome. The variations of philosophers as of Protestants proved their want of truth; the consistencies and harmonies of Catholics proved their possession of it. Authority being the creative and fundamental principle in religion, to despise or deny it was sin—order was Heaven's first law; contempt of authority man's first disobedience. The systems that denied it were not simply false, they were evil; at once causes and fruits of sin. Of sin and its inexorable penalties, the new Apologetic had much to say; sin explained the revolt, the revolution illustrated the penalty. To end the revolt the Church must triumph; and its victory would be the creation, not of religion only, but of order, of a stable, contented, happy society. But, as Lamennais was destined later fatefully to discover, if authority was to rule at all, it must rule everywhere, in both Church and State; if freedom reigned in either, it would reign in both. So De Maistre saw and victoriously argued: both authorities are of God, but the spiritual is the higher; the king's does not qualify the Pope's, but the Pope's limits the king's. Power may be limited from above, but not from below; the subjects may not judge the sovereign, or impose conditions on him, but the Pope may, and his judge is God. Authority, thus absolute, political, personified in the king, confronted revolution; spiritual, personified in the Pope, confronted reason; and by its strength religion was to be saved, society re-constituted, order created, and humanity made obedient to God.

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[*] "Soirées," vol. i. p. 442. [†] *Ibid.* p. 403. [‡] *Ibid.* p. 243.

[§] "Essai l'Indifference," vol. iv. pp. 242–3.

But it was not enough to be critical and theoretical; it was no less necessary to show the fine correspondence of the theory with history, the speculation with fact. And so the discussion became historical; the Church was exhibited as the maker of civilization, the mother of the arts and sciences, the creator of the humanities, the enemy of vice, the nurse of virtue, the home of all the graces. When the Roman empire fell she mitigated the miseries, lessened the evils, conserved the good that but for her had perished in the ruins. When the young peoples came pouring into the older States, she received them into her bosom, tamed them, organized their energies, built them into a new order and new civilization. She protected its tender years; hers was the arm which turned back the Moor, the Saracen, and the Turk. In her the conquered peoples had their true and strongest friend; the conquerors, a common sovereign who ruled their fierce wills into obedience and humanity. The Church united the divided nations, created out of a multitude of turbulent tribes a brotherhood of peoples, made the hostile kingdoms become a single Christendom. Modern Europe without the Church were inconceivable; whatever most distinguishes her, whatever she most admires, she owes to the Church. Her stamp is on the literature of every modern people; the drama rose out of her miracle plays; it was her faith that bade the first and greatest of modern epics live, and that will not let it die. Art was her peculiar creation; she inspired the genius of the builder, and he built the large faith he lived by into cathedral and monastery; her vivid and fruitful imagination formed the painter, and the wondrous beauty of his work but witnesses to the sublimity of her spirit and the truth of her beliefs. Her mysteries, the sacraments, and miracles that offend the prosaic rationalism of a godless age, disclose their true significance, their power at once to awe, to humble, and to uplift, when seen reflected in the mirror of mediæval art. Science, too, the Church had made; her sons loved, and cultivated, and enlarged it when the world was dark, and kings and nobles lived but for war and plunder. All beneficent and ameliorative agencies were of her making: hospitals, charities, schools, colleges, the laws that shielded the serf from the savagery of his master. For all this, and kindred work, her very constitution qualified her. The clergy had no land, no home, no worldly affections, no secular care, were separated to her service, consecrated wholly to her ends, which were those of man's highest good. Her very organization showed her to be the bearer and organ of divine truth, throughout adapted to secure its recognition and realization among men. For above all stood the supreme Pontiff, the spiritual Sovereign, source of unity, law, order, directing the energies, formulating the judgments, determining the faith of the Church; so much the Vicar of God as to be His voice become audible; gifted with speech that he might control kings and command peoples, maintain religion, and compel obedience. What the Church had been the Church would continue to be; she had saved Europe when Rome perished, and would save it again even though it were out of the very jaws of the destroyer.

3. Such, in hurried outline, was the historical Apologetic, at once confirmatory and illustrative of the theoretical. So far as it is historical its truth is frankly admitted. It is significant that the purely historical mode of viewing and representing the matter rose outside Catholicism; was due to liberal and scientific thought, not to ecclesiastical and polemical. To it, looking only from the historical point of view, it seemed hardly possible to exaggerate the obligations of Europe to Catholicism. The Catholic Church in the Middle Ages did noble work for humanity; moderated for the old world the miseries of dissolution, moderated for the new the perhaps still greater miseries of organization and evolution. But justice to mediæval must not make us unjust to modern history. The question was not what the Catholic Church had done in the early or middle centuries, but what it had done in the modern? An organization that had served and saved a society penetrated with pagan ideas, may be little qualified to serve a society possessed and moved by Christian ideals. Laws good for childhood may be bad for manhood; what makes a man of a child is

excellent, but what makes a child of a man is evil. The Apologists were as weak in the modern as they were strong in the mediæval question. In the one case they were eloquent and philosophic about the Church and its work; in the other, they were reproachful and severe concerning the pride and wickedness of man. They did not see that there was an absolute change in the conditions; in the earlier period it was the secular empire that had broken down, but in the later it was the spiritual. In the days of Roman decadence and mediæval upbuilding the Church had indeed been an ameliorative agency and an architectonic power; but in the days of the Reformation and Revolution it was the Church that had fallen into feebleness. The Europe she claimed to be alone able to reorganize and restore, was the very Europe that had become disorganized in her own hands. She was in the place of the Roman Empire, while the modern spirit was claiming to occupy hers. The Pope was the new Julian; De Maistre the new Libanius. As a simple matter of fact, the very revolt of the intellect was the gravest possible reflection on the capacity of the Church. The intellect had been in subjection for centuries; to allow it to escape implied infirmity in the ruler, deficiency in wisdom, inefficiency of energy and will. The claim of infallibility is a tremendous claim, not because of what it requires from man, but because of what it demands in and from the Church. Infallibility in truth is significant when conjoined with infallibility in wisdom, but the one without the other is insignificant enough. To be under it is like being under a creator, almighty but not all-wise; to possess it is, as it were, to have the mechanical gift, the skill to make instruments, but not the political, the power to handle and govern men. For if the revolt of the sixteenth century were a sin, the men who achieved it were not the only sinners—still guiltier was the Church that made it possible, that allowed it to become actual. During centuries she had been supreme; hers had been the hands that made the men, hers the mind that made Europe; and if the issue of all her doings and endeavours were the revolt, could she be guiltless, or as wise as she must be to make her infallibility of any avail, make it anything more than an ability to do great things if she only knew how? But more: why had the revolution happened? and why amid so much hideous terror and blood? Modern philosophy was not altogether or alone to blame; neither was suppressed and expatriated Protestantism. The men were sons of France, France was the eldest son of the Church, and the son ruled as the Church had taught him, with results dreadful to both. The responsibility for the horrors of the Revolution does not lie with its principles, but with its causes; and who will now say that to these causes the Church did not powerfully contribute? But if she were a contributary cause, what becomes of her claim to the sole ability to organize and order the modern because she had ordered and organized the mediæval world? To be a cause of the evil is hardly equivalent to the power to cure it. The philosophy of history is guided in its judgments by rigorous and impartial principles. It cannot, merely in the interest of dogma or sect, accord or deny honour to a Church; but the honour it accords at one period may be changed into deepest blame at another. The very reasons that lead it to praise the work and services of early and mediæval Catholicism, compel it to hold the later Catholicism mainly responsible for evils the Revolution was needed to cure.

If the historical doctrine was no good philosophy of history, still less was the theoretical a good philosophy of religion. To base religion on authority is the most fatal of all scepticisms. The arguments that prove it, prove man possessed of an inherent and ineradicable atheism of nature. But what is to be said on this point can better be said later on. Enough to remark here, the new Apologetic was an apologetic for Catholicism, not for Christianity. Its interest was the Church, not the religion, at least the religion only so far as identical or co-extensive with the Church. This gave to it its two most distinctive characteristics—it was political or sociological and historical. It was a theory of society and the State applied to and illustrated by specific periods and events in history. It was a speculation as to the best methods for the creation and maintenance of order. De Maistre, as has been well said, was a publicist, and looked at the whole matter from the publicist's point of view. He was a sort of ecclesiasticised Hobbes, with the strength, courage, keenness, directness, and, we may add, coarseness of the original, only with the Pope substituted for the king. But even so the system had its place, and did a not unneeded or ignoble work. It did for the Papacy what Hobbes had done for the Monarchy, formulated a theory of government where order was created by absolute authority being given to the one, and absolute subjection to the many. Both marked the reaction that succeeded revolution, though in the one case the revolution was religious, an attempted reign of the saints; in the other secular, an attempted reign of reason. It was no less characteristic that the theory opposed to the religious revolution based authority on might, but the theory opposed to the secular, based might on authority. Hobbes' king created the church, but De Maistre's church created the king. Yet each is explained by its occasion. The Restoration would have been incomplete without the Leviathan; the Catholic revival and the counter-revolution had been unjustified without Ultramontanism.

II.

1. We must now pass from the Continental to the English Catholic movement. The conditions in the two cases were altogether different. In France the Revolution had been swift, imperious, destructive; but here the genius of the people, their prosaic sagacity, and insular pride, sobered and disciplined by the long struggle towards completer freedom, first held it at bay, then graduated its approach, and, at last, peacefully and legally accomplished it. Hence the Catholic revival could not appear here as the counter-revolution, as source and ground of order to a disordered State; for order reigned, and our very revolutions had increased rather than disturbed it. Indeed, our combined freedom and order had so perplexed and bewildered the hierocratic theorists, that De Bonald calmly dismissed from consideration the English people, because they were, "mainly on account of their defects, by far the most backward of civilized peoples;" and De Maistre described our constitution as "an insular peculiarity utterly unworthy of imitation." But even here the forces of change were active, and their movement was the more resistless that it was so regulated and, as it were, so constitutional. They were immanent forces, not in the air simply, but embedded in the customs and habits, laws and institutions, mind and method of the English people. They were universal, supreme; governing the men who governed. While they appeared political, they were really religious; threatened the Church even more than the State; questioned the accepted principles, doctrines, facts, and authorities in religion much more severely than the ancient and established in politics. These forces in their collective and, as it were, corporate character, constituted what was termed "Liberalism," which was the milder but more fatal English for the fiercer but less insidious Gallican "Revolution." If, then, they were held to be forces mischievous in character, evil in tendency, and ruinous in result, to resist them was a most manifest and absolute duty. But how? The Sovereign could not, for the Sovereign was simply the greatest subject in the realm, the creation of its laws; nor could the Parliament, for it was but the nation in Council; nor could the Church, for the Church was the people's, rather than the people the Church's. There was nothing then to hinder the people, were they so minded, from doing wrong even to the abolition of the law and worship of God. It was necessary, therefore, to discover an authority able to bridle and govern the forces of change. God was the supreme authority; the Church in which He lived and through which He worked was His visible presence; in it, therefore, the Divine authority must dwell. This the English people had hitherto been negligent or unconscious of; only here and there a Catholic divine had understood and believed;

but once make it thoroughly evident, and men, no longer ignorantly free to believe and worship as they pleased, will feel bound to hold the faith and obey the law of God.

This was, in brief, the genesis of the Anglican movement. While formally and incidentally affected by many collateral influences—the romances of Scott, which supplied it with an idealized past, and inspired the passion still further to idealize it; the speculation of Coleridge, which touched it with mysticism, and imparted, in some degree, the gift of spiritual insight; the poetry of Wordsworth, which revealed the symbolical and sacramental significance of common things—yet it was essentially religious, an attempt, in a period of sifting and change, to find a stable ground on which to build the faith, an absolute authority by which to govern the life, first of the individual, next of the nation. It assumed that the truth of God did not live in the common reason, or His authority reign in the collective conscience; and that, without a special organ or vehicle for their transmission and embodiment, they could not continue to live and reign at all. What was needed was an authority—valid, visible, supreme. To be supreme, it must be religious; to be visible, it must be a realized polity or constituted society; to be valid, it must have independent legislative and efficient executive powers. With these attributes the Anglican Church was invested, but they were too immense for her; she bent and failed beneath the burden. Her weakness but set off the strength of Catholicism. What the one Church could not bear was the very vital principle of the other; she had for centuries been testifying her possession of it to the perverse and incredulous English people. The ancient cause of offence became the new feature of commendation, and those who felt that they could not believe and be Christian without authority found in her bosom the authority they needed.

2. The English Catholic movement, then, was distinguished from the Continental by its personal and religious, rather than national and political, character. The publicist view did not exist here; the conditions did not call for it. But what national events occasioned in France, personal experiences accomplished in England. The arena of action and change was subjective, minds that had felt the unsettling influence of the critical and progressive tendencies then active, and feared for religion in the degree that they loved it. The revolution that was dreaded was internal, in the region of thought and belief. Superficial readers of the "Apologia" have wondered at the determinative influence attributed to such incidents as the Jerusalem Bishopric; but, in truth, nothing could be more just than the place assigned to it, or more impressive and significant. It was not only a fact fatal to a theory; but Newman's mind had become hyper-sensitive, it had lost the sense of propor-

tion; little things troubled even more than large; and his doctrine of the Church had become so nearly equivalent to the truth of religion that what touched the one seemed to threaten the other with ruin and disaster. It had become a matter of personal necessity that he find an immutable and infallible Church in order to have a stable and true religion. This need was altogether distinctive of him and the men he moved, and belongs, as it were, to their natural history, not to the nation's. It did not rise out of the native conservatism of the English people, seeking to find the religious principle or constitutional doctrine that could best resist the tides of revolutionary thought and action; but it rose in the spirits and out of the experiences of men who believed that religion could not be saved, either for themselves or the people, unless in the strength of a greater and more efficient authority than any their Church knew or could allow. Hence the English Catholic movement proceeded from and expressed the religious necessities of persons, not the needs of the State or the aspirations of the people. And what it was, it is—a thoroughly individual movement, with less national promise than even at first, and, what we may term its fundamental principle—authority as the basis of Religion, and this authority as embodied in the infallible Church of Rome—was formulated to satisfy these individual needs. What we have now to consider is the validity and constructive value of this principle, as represented and interpreted by modern English, as distinguished from Continental Catholicism.

III.

Cardinal Newman* is here, beyond question, the representative man, and so it is through him that we must construe and criticise the principle. Its acceptance was a necessity to his own faith; he has done more than any living man to make it a necessity to the faith of others. He is here regarded under only one aspect, as the disciple and defender of Roman Catholic authority, that he may be the better and more victorious a Christian Apologist. We have the right so to regard him. Disciples have represented him as the foremost apologist of the day; his "Apologia" was the recognition of his own significance, the history was the justification of "his religious opinions." There is no man living whose works are so thoroughly autobiographical; they are but various illustrations of his own principle—in religious inquiry egotism may be true modesty.* There is as much autobiography in, to mention no others, the Sermons, the "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," the "Development of Christian Doctrine," the "Letters to Dr. Pusey and the Duke of Norfolk," and the "Grammar of Assent," as in the "Apologia." Indeed, the "Apologia" loses half its significance when read alone; it needs to be studied in the light of the works, tracts, essays, lectures, histories and treatises chronologically arranged. Conscious revelation of self, even when most careful and scrupulous, hides even more than it reveals; it is the unconscious and undesigned that testify more truly of a man. Dr. Newman has always been supremely conscious of two beings—God and himself—and his works are a history of his successive attempts to determine and adjust the relations between these two. This is significant; in the heart of this chief of the English Catholics there is an intense individualism—indeed, it was the strength of his individualism that made a Catholic of him. The "Apologia" is the history of an individual mind; the "Grammar of Assent" is its dialectic—*i.e.*, the translation of the causes and course of the changes which the history records into logical forms and reasoned processes. But this exactly defines the worth and describes the range of Newman's apologetic work—it is distinctively individual—first explicative of himself, and then cogent for men who start with his ecclesiastical assumptions and are troubled with his spiritual experiences and perplexities, not for those outside the churches, seeking for a reasoned and a reasonable belief.

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* If the subject had been Apologetics by English Catholics, instead of, as it really is, English Catholicism as an Apologetic, there are many men I should have liked gratefully to review, such as the late Dr. Ward and Mr. Lilly, who have each had in the first paper a most brief notice, but to them would have been added the late Father Dalgairns, a thinker of exquisite subtlety and refinement, Mr. St. George Mivart, Father Harper, and others hardly less worthy of regard. The extensive work of the latter, "The Metaphysics of the School" (Macmillan & Co. 3 vols. 1879–84), deserves a more careful criticism than it has yet received. Its worth for the historical student is considerable, but its polemical, critical, and constructive parts, though most painstaking and laborious, are of another order and quality than the expository. Thomas Aquinas is indeed more real and intelligible in his own Latin than in any English exposition. He is in the one case a living teacher, handling relevant problems, holding his own place in history, determining much both of the form and matter of later thought; but in the other case he is only an adapted teacher, not very capable of the sort of adaptation he has received, rather lustily resisting it, justly refusing to be forced to shed light on

In order to a radical and just discussion, it will be necessary to discover, if possible, Dr. Newman's ultimate ideas or the regulative principles of his thought, for they determine not only his ratiocination, but his mode of viewing things, and the kind and quality of the arguments that weigh with him. He is by nature a poet, by neces-

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problems that had not emerged in his own day. Descartes, Hume, and Kant are not to be so answered and superseded; their questions underlie the "Metaphysics of the School," determining alike their possibility and worth, and Father Harper's criticisms are incidental and verbal rather than material and real. He must go to work in a more radical fashion, both in the criticism of modern philosophy and the adaptation of the schoolman, before he can effect either the displacement of the one or the substitution of the other. Yet we gladly acknowledge that the increased attention, so largely due to the present Pope, now being paid in Catholic schools to Thomas Aquinas, is a most hopeful sign for Catholicism. Cardinal Zigliara's beautiful edition of the "Opera Omnia," now being published at Rome, promises, in spite of the truly Roman bigotry which the dedication shows to have had to do with the inspiration of the enterprise, to be a great help to the student of philosophy and theology, and the number of treatises which have within the last few years appeared on Aquinas shows that the *Æterni Patris* is bearing abundant fruit.

* "Grammar of Assent," p. 384 (fifth ed.). *Cf.* Mr. Lilly's "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought," p. 48.

sity rather than choice a metaphysician and historian. Truth finds him through the imagination, is real only as it comes to him in image and breathing form, a being instinct with life. And so he hates the abstract and loves the concrete; a truth grows real to him only when it is so embodied as to speak to the imagination and fill it. He is ill at ease when the discussion carries him into the region of abstract principles, happy only when he can handle what his intellect conceives to be the actual. For the same reason he is averse to historical criticism. No man had ever less of the analytical and judicial spirit that must search and sift and separate till the original and unadorned fact be found. He can well understand the love that idealizes the past; he cannot so well understand the love that is so bent on the truth as to be able to analyze and sacrifice the dearest traditions and beliefs to reach it. He loves the past which fills and satisfies the imagination, not the one dissected and disclosed by the critical reason. Now, these characteristics make it a difficult, almost a cruel, thing to attempt to reach the ultimate principles that govern his thought. His is a mind to be handled as he loves to handle things, imaginatively and in the concrete, not coldly analyzed; but unless his governing ideas are reached, neither his mind nor his method can be understood.

2. The true starting-point for the critical analysis and appraisement of Newman's apologetic work is the famous passage—

> "I came to the conclusion that there was no medium, in true philosophy, between Atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below, must embrace either the one or the other. And I hold this still: I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in a God; and if I am asked why I believe in a God, I answer that it is because I believe in myself, for I feel it impossible to believe in my own existence (and of that fact I am quite sure) without believing also in the existence of Him, who lives as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging Being in my conscience."*

The points here noteworthy are—(1) Atheism and Catholicism are to his own mind the only logical alternatives; (2) he is a Catholic because a Theist; and (3) a Theist, because he believes in his own existence, and hears God speak in his conscience. Now, in a case like this, it is a matter of moment to see how the principle and the ultimate deduction are related—the process by which he passes from conscience to God, and from God to Catholicism. It may be true that "he has not confined the defence of his own creed to the proposition that it is the only possible alternative to Atheism";† but it is certainly true that he believes it to be the only real alternative, and his belief looks ever and again through the joints and fissures of his cumulative argument, especially as pursued and presented in his great dialectic work. The position, a Catholic because a Theist, really means, when translated out of its purely individualistic form, a Catholic in order that he may continue a Theist; for, as Dr. Newman conceives the matter, Catholicism, though it did not create Theism, is yet necessary to its continuance as a belief. "Outside the Catholic Church, things are tending to Atheism in one shape or another."* The Catholic Church is the one "face to face antagonist," able "to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of passion and the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries."† As Dr. Newman conceives the matter, Catholicism is for the race as for the individual, the only alternative to Atheism, the necessities that govern the individual governing also the collective experience. Without Catholicism, faith in God could not continue to live. There is, therefore, in spite of the conscience, so much latent Atheism in the nature and, especially, the reason of man, that without an organisation, miraculously created and governed, God would be driven out of human belief and reverence. A theory of this sort may in a high degree honour the Church, but in the same degree it dishonours God. If "the Church's infallibility" be "a provision adapted by the mercy of the Creator to preserve Religion in the world,"‡ then the provision has been not only, as the history of European thought testifies, singularly ill-adapted to its end, but implies a strange defect in the original constitution of the world, and a still stranger limitation, alike in the intensive and extensive sense, of the divine relation to it.

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* "Apologia," p. 198 (ed. 1883).

† Mr. Lilly's letter, "Grammar of Assent," p. 500.

The relation between Theism and Catholicism being so conceived the one must be made to involve the other, the Theism becomes the implicit Catholicism, the Catholicism the explicit Theism. The question here is, not why the Theism needs the Catholicism, but how Catholicism is involved in and evolved from the Theism? The questions are related, for if the how can be found, the why will at once become apparent. Yet it is necessary to hold them distinct, for only so can we get at those ultimate principles or ideas we are here in search of. It seems, at first, curious that the Theism, which does not need Catholicism for its creation, should need it for its continuance. One would have thought that what existed before it, and independently of it, could exist without it; but this is the very thing the position will not allow. Theism must grow into Catholicism or die, become Pantheism, or Atheism, or something equally bad, and unlike the original. If we ask, why? the answer is more or less rhetorical, a survey of modern schools and tendencies of thought, and a comparison of their conflict and varieties of opinion, with the certainty, harmony, and tenacity of Catholic belief. But if we ask, how the one involves and leads up to the other? we shall find the concatenation of ideas in Dr. Newman's own mind; what made him because a Theist a Catholic? Now the answer to this depends on the answer to a still prior question, Why is he a Theist? What is the basis and reason of his Theism? He tells us that he came to rest in the thought of two and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and God.[*] But why was the being of God as certain and luminous to him as his own? Through conscience, which he holds to be the theistic and religious faculty or organ in man.[†] "Were it not for the voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an Atheist, or a Pantheist, or a Polytheist when I looked into the world."[‡] "As we have our initial knowledge of the universe through sense, so do we in the first instance begin to learn about its Lord and God from conscience."[§] In each case the knowledge is instinctive; "the office which the senses directly fulfil as regards creation" is indirectly fulfilled by the sense of moral obligation as regards the Creator.[‖] It is therefore conscience not as "moral sense," but as "sense of duty," as "magisterial dictate," which "impresses the imagination with the picture of a supreme Governor, a judge, holy, just, powerful, all-seeing, retributive."[¶] As a consequence "conscience teaches us, not only that God is, but what He is"; "we learn from its informations to conceive of the Almighty, primarily, not as a God of wisdom, of knowledge, of power, of benevolence, but as a God of justice and judgment." "The special attribute under which it brings Him before us, to which it subordinates all other attributes, is that of justice—retributive justice."[**] The "creative principle" and the contents of religion necessarily correspond; the correlative of the "magisterial dictate" within is the dictating magistrate without.

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* "Apologia," p. 244. † *Ibid.*, p. 243. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 245.

Conscience, then, is the theistic and religious faculty; but what of the intellect, the reason? While "the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution," "the faculty of reason," considered "actually and historically," tends "towards a simple unbelief in matters of religion." The intellect is "aggressive, capricious, untrustworthy," its "immense energy" must be smitten hard and thrown back by an infallible authority, if Religion is to be saved. Its action in religious matters is corrosive, dissolving, sceptical.[††] Hence while the conscience creates religion, the reason tends to create unbelief; the one is on the side of God, the other against Him. Of course he speaks of "reason as it acts in fact and concretely in fallen man"; but the conscience he speaks of is also the active and actual "in fallen man." If sin puts either, it must put both, out of court; what does not disqualify the one as a witness, ought not to be used to stop the mouth of the other.

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[*] "Apologia," p. 4.

[†] "Grammar of Assent," pp. 105–110, 389; fifth edition.

[‡] "Apologia," p. 241.

[§] "Grammar of Assent," p. 63.

[‖] *Ibid.*, p. 104.

[¶] *Ibid.*, pp. 105–110.

[**] "Grammar of Assent," pp. 390–391.

[††] "Apologia," pp. 243–246. *Cf.* Discourses to Mixed Congregations, p. 283.

3. But why is so different a measure meted out to the two faculties? The reason must be sought in Dr. Newman's underlying philosophy. That philosophy may be described as one empirical and sceptical, qualified by a peculiar religious experience. He has a deep distrust of the intellect; he dare not trust his own, for he does not know where it might lead him, and he will not trust any other man's. The mind "must be broken in to the belief of a power above it;" to recognize the Creator is to have its "stiff neck" bent.[*] The real problem of the "Grammar of Assent" is, How, without the consent and warrant of the reason, to justify the being of religion, and faith in that infallible Church which alone realizes it.[†] The whole book is pervaded by the intensest philosophical scepticism; this supplies its *motif*, determines its problem, necessitates its distinctions, rules over the succession and gradation of its arguments. His doctrine of assents, his distinction into notional and real, which itself involves a philosophy of the most empirical individualism, his criticism of Locke, his theories of inference, certitude, and the illative sense, all mean the same thing.[‡] His aim is to withdraw religion and the proofs concerning it from the region of reason and reasoning into the realm of conscience and imagination, where the reasons that reign may satisfy personal experience without having objective validity, or being able to bear the criticism that tests it. And so he feels "it is a great question whether Atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world, taken by themselves, as the doctrine of a creative and sovereign Power." This is the expression of real and deep philosophic doubt, which is not in any way mitigated by the plea that he does not "deny the validity of the argument from design in its place."[§] Neither did John Stuart Mill.

We are now in a position to see why to Dr. Newman Theism involves Catholicity. It does so for two reasons, springing respectively out of his doctrines of the conscience and of reason. He interprets conscience as the consciousness of a "magisterial dictate," the echo within the breast of an authoritative voice speaking without it; and to him the legitimate deduction is the organization of the authority in an infallible Church and the articulation of the voice through its infallible head. But the other is the more imperative reason: the intellect is not to be trusted; left to themselves the conscience may succeed at first, but the intellect prevails at last. There is no possible escape. "Unlearn Catholicism" and the "infallible succession" is "Protestant, Unitarian, Deist, Pantheist, Sceptic." [*] The "formal proofs" for the being of God may amount to "an irrefragable demonstration against the Freethinker and the Sceptic;" but they are able so "to invalidate that proof" as to "afford a plausible, though not a real, excuse for doubting about it." And without Catholicism the doubt is invincible. "When a man does not believe in the Church, there is nothing in reason to keep him from doubting the being of a God." "There is nothing between it (the Church) and Scepticism when men exert their reason freely." [†]

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[*] "Discourses to mixed Congregations," pp. 275–276.

[†] Mr. Froude, in a for him rather innocent way, describes the "Grammar" as "an attempt to prove that there is no reasonable standing-ground between Atheism and submission to the Holy See."—"Short Studies," second series, p. 83. If he had said—"a book intended to show how a sceptic in philosophy could, in the matter of Religion, find no standing-ground," &c., &c., he would have been nearer the truth

[‡] The philosophical scepticism is, of course, implicit not explicit. From the latter he has tried carefully to guard himself; *Cf.* Gram., 64. In this connection ought to be studied the paragraphs pp. 60–61 which the late Dr. Ward thought a veiled attack on himself.—"Philosophical Theism," vol. i. pp. 30–31. The two men were alike in their religious profession, but not in their philosophical principles. The sort of analysis in which Dr. Ward delighted was not agreeable to Dr. Newman; it savoured too much of the abstract and *a priori* to please so great a lover of the concrete and experimental. And Dr. Ward's trust in his faculties and their avouchments came nearer a belief in the sufficiency of reason than Dr. Newman liked to go.

[§] "University Sermons," p. 194. *Cf.* Mr. Lilly, p. 99.

4. Atheism and Catholicity are then to Dr. Newman the only possible logical alternatives, because, if we are not driven by the inner to rest in an infallible outer authority, we must follow whither the intellect leads, and make the *facilis descensus Averno.* But what sort of basis have we here for Theism? and what sort of Catholicism have we built on it? The nature of man is divided, and its two parts set in contradiction and antagonism to each other. The conscience is "the aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas;" [‡] but the reason is critical, sceptical, infidel, even atheistic. This division of nature is the death of natural proof; it is a confession that proof is impossible. He may recognize "the formal proofs on which the being of a God rests"; but his recognition must be criticized in the light of his fundamental principle. It is to him entirely illegitimate. Conscience he holds to be authoritative, but not reason. He deduces Religion from conscience, but leaves reason to be crushed and subdued by authority. Now to build Religion on a doctrine that implies the radical antagonism of these two, is to make their reconciliation impossible to Religion; the one must be sacrificed to the other if man is ever to have peace. The Catholicism that achieves this may be extensive, but is not intensive; may be

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[*] "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," p. 283. Cardinal Newman here but repeats Lamennais, see *supra* p. 4. It is interesting to compare the agreements of the "Essai l'Indifference" with those of the "Grammar" and the "Apologia." They differ in some important respects, but in one fundamental point they agree—their philosophical basis for the dogma of authority is the most absolute of all scepticism—doubt of the sanity and divine contents of human reason. They believe in its native and ineradicable Atheism.

[†] *Ibid.*, pp. 262, 263, 283.

[‡] "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk."—"Anglican Difficulties," vol. ii. p. 248.

political and local, but is not ideal and human; may be externalized authority, but is not externalized reason. It may include all men, but it does not include the whole man. But more: the reason within man implies the reason without him; he develops into a rational being because he lives in a rational world. To leave the theistic contents of the reason unexplicated, is to leave the theistic reason of the world unexplored and unrecognized; only as they are conceived in their correspondent and reciprocal relations can we have a Theism satisfactory to the whole nature of man and explicative of the system to which he belongs. It is only through reason we find an argument of universal validity; but Cardinal Newman's doctrine is the purest individualism. The deliverance of his conscience avails for himself—can avail for no other; it has interest as a fact of personal testimony, but has no value as a ground of general belief. It is significant, too, as to the temper of his own mind; in his intellect as he knows it, in his reason as he interprets it, he finds no Religion, no evidence for the being of God; he dare not trust or follow it, for its bent is sceptical, and so he has to invoke the voice of authority to silence and to command. The need he discovered in history for an infallible Church he had first found in his own breast.

IV.

Detailed criticism of Dr. Newman's position, with its various assumptions and complex confusion of thought, is, of course, here impossible, but it is hardly possible to conceive a worse basis for a constructive Theism, especially in a critical and sceptical age. It turns Catholicism into a new and feebler Protestantism, one directed against the modern movement of mind. The Freethinker sacrifices religion to reason in one way, by declaring that his individual mind is the measure of religious truth; the Catholic does it in another way, by declaring that unless religion come under the ægis of his Church, it will assuredly perish before the corrosive action of the intellect. Each position is an awful degradation of religion, but the latter is the greater; for the intellect will not, indeed cannot, cease to be active and critical, and what is declared incapable of resisting its criticism is handed over to death. There is surely a nobler Catholicism than this, one not of Rome, but of man, based, not on the excommunication of the reason, but on the reconciliation of the whole nature, intellect, conscience, heart, will, to God, and His truth.

1. In Cardinal Newman's position, those elements that belong to his Apology for Theism must be distinguished from those that belong to his Apology for Catholicism. They are not only distinct, but incompatible. Theism is so rooted in his being, that he must believe in God because he believes in his own existence; but, on the other

hand, his reason is so inimical to Theism that if he had not become a Catholic, he must have become an Atheist. Now, this is an important psychological fact, a valuable testimony concerning personal experience; but when it is erected into a dialectic position and elaborated into an Apology for Catholicism, as the only possible permanent form of the Christian Religion, the matter is altogether changed. It is then necessary to say, the position is at once philosophically false and historically inaccurate. To exercise the intellect is to serve God; Religion has been most vital and most vigorous when the intellect was most critically concerned with it. This is a simple historical fact. In the "Apologia"* it is said: "No truth, however sacred, can stand against it, (the faculty of reason), in the long run," and the illustration is, the pagan world when our Lord came. But the intellect in the ancient world ennobled and spiritualized Religion; the period of its greatest activity in Greece was also the period when the religious faith became purest and strongest. The poets made its gods more august, moral, judicial; Plato made its ideas sublimer, purged its mythology, transfigured the theistic conception, made the world articulate the perfect reason, and time sleep in the bosom of eternity; the Stoics, by finding a moral order in the universe and a moral nature in man, breathed a new ethical spirit into both their Religion and their race. In the ancient world the activity of the intellect in the field of religious knowledge was the life of Religion, and when it ceased to be active Religion ceased to live. In the days of our Lord, the places where the intellect was most active were also the places where Religion was most real. And what was true of the ancient is true of the modern world. The activity of the intellect has been altogether beneficent in Religion; its criticism has been but the prelude to construction; what has died under its analysis has but made room for higher forms of thought and larger modes of life. Did space allow, illustration were easy and abundant, especially from the highest of all regions—the action of speculation on the idea of God. To take the strongest illustration, it is no paradox to say, the system of Spinoza was, from the standpoint of the Christian Religion, a greater benefit to Europe than any—I had almost said than all the conversions to Catholicism in the seventeenth century, whether of kings like James II., or men of letters like John Dryden. For it raised the problem of Theism to a higher platform, directly tended to enlarge and ennoble the conception of God, to enrich the idea of Religion, to promote the study and criticism and appreciation of its work in history, placing it in a higher relation to the nature and action of God on the one hand, and the spirit and life of man on the other. When Dr. Newman says that, without Catholicism, we must proceed "in a dreadful, but infallible succession," from Protestantism through Deism or Pantheism to Scepticism, or that "outside the Catholic Church things are tending to Atheism in one shape or other," he writes mere rhetoric. The statement might be reversed; the "infallible succession" might be charged upon Catholicism with quite as much truth and charity, or rather with more historical warrant and justification. Pantheism was known in the Golden Age of Catholicism, the Middle Ages; to it must be reckoned the systems of Scotus Erigena, Meister Eckhardt, the Dominican, as well as whole Schools of Mystics; the man who revived it, Spinoza's forerunner, if not master, was another Dominican, Giordano Bruno. The most pronounced modern materialism was developed in Catholic France; certain of its earliest masters were Catholic dignitaries. One of the earliest martyrs to Atheism was the pupil of Catholic Divines, the whilom priest Vanini. The Deism of eighteenth-century England was innocence compared with the revived paganism of fifteenth-century Italy. The man, whom Buckle selected for special praise as having been the first to apply the rationalist method to morals and to history, had been a Catholic priest and preacher. Catholicism converted Bayle, but only to make a more utter sceptic of him; converted Gibbon, but only to see him recoil into completer infidelity.* All this may be poor enough, but it is after Dr. Newman's manner. Over against his charge, "outside Catholicism things are tending to Atheism," I place this as the simple record of fact, verifiable by all who choose to pursue the necessary inquiries—inside Catholicism things have often tended to the completest negation. If his argument be held equal to the proof of the need of infallibility, mine must be held to prove its perfect insufficiency. Men may need it, but it is not adequate to their needs; and an inadequate infallibility is certainly one of a rather fallible order. The arguments are parallel, but the cases are not. Catholicism professes to be able by its authority to do what history has proved it unable to accomplish, and so is justly chargeable with the most serious incompetency; but Protestantism, making no claim to authority, professing indeed to be quite without it, may justly refuse to bear the responsibility of failure. Incompetency in a system like the Roman is the most invincible disproof of claim; the competence that comes of supernatural gifts and authority is no part of Protestantism.

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* P. 243.

2. But Cardinal Newman's position raises another question—whether an infallible authority, such as he attributes to the Church and Pope of Rome, and exercised for the purposes he describes, would

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* I hesitated long about Gibbon; but after carefully weighing the statement in the "autobiography," and one or two significant passages in the "Decline and Fall," I determined to let his name stand. Yet the argument does not depend on one or two names: it represents tendencies operative through centuries.

be a help or a hindrance to Religion? Would it make Religion more or less possible, more or less stable and real? Differences on such matters are as a rule apprehended in their superficial aspects rather than in their determinative principles and causes. One of these is the idea of Religion; it is one thing to me, another to Cardinal Newman. The Catholic criticizes Protestantism as if it were or professed to be a sort of substitute for Catholicism; but it is not this, and never can become it. They are not simply opposites, but incommensurables; the one represents an organized and finely articulated hierarchical system, legislative, administrative, administered, able to comprehend men and nations, and cover the whole life from the cradle to the grave; but the other denotes only an attitude of mind or the principle that regulates it. Catholicism claims to be a Religion; Protestantism cannot be truly or justly either described as making or allowed to make any such claim. It is simply the assertion of a right to perform a duty, the right of every man to fulfil the holiest and most imperial of his duties, that of knowing and believing the God who made his reason, of worshipping and serving the God who speaks in his conscience. It is significant as the contradiction and antithesis to a system of collectivism, which hindered the clear sense of personal relation and responsibility to God; but the creation of this sense was the work of God alone, and its realization in Religion was due to His continued and gracious activity among men. Protestantism is thus only an attempt to make religion possible, to create the conditions that will permit and require the Religion of Christ to become actual. It implies the being of this Religion, but neither creates it, nor represents it, nor embodies it, only insists on removing whatever hinders God and man, or man and the Religion, coming face to face, that it may be realized in and through his spirit. It may be construed to signify the supremacy of reason, and so it does; but this only means the supremacy of the truth, or, in religious speech, the sovereignty of God. The reason indeed is not particular, individual, arbitrary, but universal, law-abiding, reasonable, the thought which cannot think without following the laws of its own being, and cannot follow them without finding the truth. The whole truth may not be found, but what is found is reality, divine and sovereign to the man who finds it.

In a certain sense, submission to Catholicism is the victory of unbelief; the man who accepts authority because he dare not trust his intellect lest it lead him into Atheism, is vanquished by the Atheism he fears. He unconsciously subscribes to the impious principle, that the God he believes has given him so godless a reason that were he to follow it, it would lead him to a faith without God. Now, there is more religion in facing the consequences than in turning away from them; for the man remains truer to the truth, obeys the most immediate and inexorable law of God, that given in his own being. I can understand the man who says: "I do not wish to be either a Pantheist or Agnostic; but I must be what the best thought and light within me—beams as they are of the universal and eternal—determine, and if they conduct me to either Pantheism or Agnosticism, then to either I will go, obedient to the laws under which I live and think." But I cannot so well understand or admire the man who says: "If I follow my reason it will make an Atheist or a Sceptic of me; therefore, I will flee for refuge to the arms of infallible authority." There is a harmony, and so a religion, in the one nature that is absent from the other; the one has faced the issues, and knows them; the other has evaded their touch, and is haunted by possibilities he cannot but fear. There is victory, even in defeat, to the man who has dared the conflict; there is defeat, even in the rest he wins, to the man who, that he may keep a whole skin, turns and runs from the battle.

3. But there is another and still deeper difference, the conception of the Reason. Here the ideas are again opposite and incommensurable. Dr. Newman's language seems to me often almost impious, a positive arraignment of the God who gave man his intellect. I may say, and the saying need not be misunderstood, reason is to me as holy as his church is to him. It is too godlike to be inimical to God; scepticism is not the essence but the accident of its activity; it is critical when confronted by authority or authoritative formulæ, and it ought to be critical then, but its history does not record the growth of scepticism, rather narrates the expansion and elevation of belief. Reason, while realized in individuals, is universal; while conditioned in its working, it is transcendental in its nature and worth, while it acts in and through millions of natural agents it has a supernatural source and end. It represents law, while authority represents the violation of law; the one expresses an order instituted of God, but the other man's most violent attempt at its suspension or supersession. Hence reason is here conceived as essentially architectonic, its action where most analytical is always with a view to a more perfect synthesis. It cannot realize its idea, or be itself without being constructive. Every attempt to do justice to it has emphasized this, as of its very essence, that without which it could not be reason. Take, for example, Kant. He and Newman have been compared or rather contrasted as, respectively, the one the source of modern scepticism and agnosticism, and the other the ideal teacher of religion. But the positions ought to be reversed; Kant is the great teacher of faith, Newman, in the region of the reason or the intellect, is the master of scepticism. Kant's reason was architectonic, made Nature, supplied the forms and the conditions of thought by which alone she

was interpretable and interpreted. Reason was a latent or implicit universe, real in its very ideality, so determining phenomena as to constitute a cosmos. But where Kant treads firmly, Newman walks feebly, speaks of instinct and presumption, and feels as if he dare not trust reason with Nature lest he have to trust her with more. Kant, indeed, does not allow that the mere or pure reason, which is equal to the interpretation of Nature, is equal to the cognition of God, and he builds, like Newman, his argument for the Divine existence on conscience. But to him conscience is still reason, all the more that it uses the "categorical imperative," and his argument, unlike Newman's, is reasoned; it is not the mere echo of a "magisterial dictate," but is based on a universal principle, and articulates a complete theory of moral sovereignty and government. With Kant the practical is not the contradiction of the pure reason; the one is but the supplement of the other. They are conceived by their author not as mutually independent, still less as opposed, but as so constituting a unity and a synthesis that what the one did for Nature the other does for eternity and God. But Newman finds a dualism in Nature that he has to introduce a *Deus ex machina* to rectify. Conscience demands God, but reason will not allow the faith in Him to live, and so an infallible church is called in to determine the issue, confirm and support the conscience, and "preserve religion in the world" by so restraining "the freedom of thought" as "to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses."* This may be a good excuse for authority, but it is a bad apology for faith. He who places the rational nature of man on the side of Atheism, that he may the better defend a church, saves the church at the expense of religion and God.†

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

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* "Apol." 245.

† The above must not be construed into an endorsement of Kant's position. The earlier discussions will have shown that the writer as little accepts it as Dr. Newman's. The philosophy that bases the belief in God on conscience must resolve religion into morality. This was what Kant did, and Newman even tends to do, with this difference:—Kant's moral religion was at once natural and transcendental; Newman's is positive and legislative; the former was inseparable from the ideal of humanity; but the latter is institutional, comes *ab extra*. Kant's position is the vindication of faith through Nature; Newman's is the surrender of Nature to unbelief.

"LITTLE TAKES" IN ENGLAND *versus* PEASANT PROPERTIES IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.

"AGRICULTURE is in a suffering state in every part of Europe" is the beginning of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October, 1884. Our extreme insularity makes us almost always ignore this state of things abroad, and speak as if our woes in the matter were peculiar to ourselves, while the remedies often proposed entirely omit the experience of other countries, which shows that they have been not only tried and found wanting in France, Germany, and Belgium, but that there "is a strong reaction against, for instance, the 'morcellement' of property" caused by the "partage forcé," and that the peasants themselves are beginning to seek for other means of existence than that of land, which has gone down in value in many parts of France sometimes forty per cent. In Germany, where the complaints are greatest, inquiries have been instituted by three different Governments, of which that of the Grand Duchy of Baden appears to be the most searching and complete. The chief cause of the distress is declared to be the competition of the New World; the remedies proposed are, of course, very different, but the current of opinion is strongly against the action of the present laws of succession. The paper goes on to say that when a piece of land passes to the principal heir, in some cases the eldest, in some the youngest, of the family, he is of course obliged to go deeply in debt in order to pay off his co-heirs. From this he cannot free himself; he only vegetates, and the next generation must sell. If the land is divided in kind, the condition of each piece is even worse; the second or third generation falls into poverty and dependence, and the "système des deux enfans" is coming more and more into practice to prevent a ruinous partition.

A very mild remedy is proposed—"to let the principal heir buy off the younger children with only a small sum," otherwise the debts become crushing, and sales, which mean division, must ensue. To such an extent is this the case, that the land of a proprietor of, say, twenty-five acres is often divided into forty or fifty "parcelles," dispersed over the territory of a commune. He employs half an hour or more to go from one to the other, and not only loses much time, but he cannot cultivate these tiny morsels as he ought when the land is mixed up with that of his neighbours. If the "parcelles" could be united by means of exchanges, the value of the land would be increased by twenty to thirty per cent.; but this in France is impossible. M. Le Play describes the jealousy of the peasants to be such that "l'échange des parcelles s'accomplit rarement;" the dislike to accommodate "le voisin," the attempt to get a little more money out of him, prevents all accommodation in such affairs; while the proper use of water for irrigation, of works for drainage, improvements in the cultivation of cereals, &c. &c., are all impossible in such isolated patches. In Germany exchanges are favoured by legislation, and take place rather more frequently.

The heaviest charges on the small properties, continues the report, are the family settlements *—these constitute seventy-three per cent.; new constructions only count for five per cent.

Many things just now are against agriculture; the rise in wages in Germany is so great that it forms a serious difficulty to the farmers. In one sense, of course, it is matter for congratulation, but, unfortunately, if the labourer requires more he does not work the harder, and in some places it is difficult to get work done. In the neighbourhood of the Rhine, where a road was to be made, it was necessary to send for Italians, the labourers declaring that if they only complained enough they would be fed, and therefore to work was unnecessary.

Bismarck in a speech last autumn remarked that he "found at Varzin about a dozen peasant proprietors, they are now reduced to half, the others have been obliged to sell to me to avoid burdens which they could not bear." "Protection," he said, "was the true remedy! Let the corn duties be raised!" But we shall hardly adopt such a method of subsidizing peasant properties.

In former times the peasants bought nothing; they were fed and clothed by the direct produce of their fields; even the cattle were got by exchange; now they buy at least coffee, sugar, and a certain amount of clothes. Bad seasons have restricted the quantity of corn grown by the larger farms, and this is not compensated by any increase of price; "but American competition, which has caused such discouragement in Europe, is, we believe, temporary."

In England, the interest on money spent in buying land is so low

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* The custom of parents giving up their property during their lifetimes to their children, as common in Germany as in France, succeeds equally ill in both countries; "the civil tribunals and even the criminal courts are full of cases where parents complain of their ungrateful children" is the German account.

—two and a half or three per cent. only, when the buildings and repairs necessary are included—that a poor man cannot afford it; it is a luxury. Sir James Caird says that the farmer has, in fact, the use of his landlord's capital at very low interest, while employing his own in a more remunerative way. Two typical instances may be mentioned. A "very striving man," who grew strawberries about fifteen miles from London, hired the ground from a neighbouring landlord. "Why don't you buy land for yourself?" he was asked. "I can't afford it. I want my capital to cultivate my fruit, whereby it brings in much more than the rent costs me. *I can't sink my money* in the land." Secondly, a little owner of 200 acres, who was out-at-elbows in every way, sold his property to a neighbour who had made a fortune in the North. He now farms what was his own with the money he received, and is most prosperous.

Indeed, it would appear that in future small farms on grass-land—for corn can scarcely be made to pay, as it is ruinous to hire horses and labour—are what are most likely to succeed. The farm should not be too large to be cultivated by the owner and his family, and he should have some other occupation to help him out.

In the questions of the comparative comfort and well-being of those who own* and those who hire small parcels of land, peasant proprietors and tiny farmers, it is only by an accumulation of evidence concerning petty details in a great number of instances, in a great variety of circumstances, that there is any chance of reaching the facts. Generalizations, such as are uttered in speeches and books by men who have hardly been within a cottage-door in their lives, do not help. "The English peasant is the worst off of any agricultural class," says one; against which may be set M. de Lavergne's dictum, that he is "far better off in food, clothing, &c., than the little owners of France and Belgium;" or the equally sweeping assertions of Englishmen, that "the French peasant proprietors are a thriving, contented set," while the French political economists are declaring that the difficulty of getting a living is so great among them in most parts of France that land has gone down in value enormously, because the mortgages with which each little plot is burdened eat up the value to such a degree that, if it were not for the honour of the possession, it would be as profitable to be without it.

The difficulty of getting at the truth, relatively as well as positively, is extremely great in all countries. What is called comfort abroad would be considered misery in England. The standard of living is much higher, as are the wages, with us. Moreover, no man likes to give the secret details of his private money affairs to a mere stranger in any rank of life, and unless the inquirer is extremely cautious, insinuating, and indefatigable, he may make up his mind that not only has he not obtained the whole truth, but that the facts he has succeeded in extracting are often in themselves misleading. As, for instance, a man in the South of England declares, honestly, that his wages are twelve or fourteen shillings a week, but he does not mention that there are each year what are locally called "the four harvests" in the county—*i.e.*, "the rining," stripping off the oak bark for tanning (when thirty shillings a week may be earned), the usual hay and corn harvests, and, fourthly, the collecting of acorns and beech-masts for the pigs in autumn, when even children can earn two shillings and sixpence or three shillings a week in the few hours after school. When the results of such "winnings" are added up, the ordinary week's wage will be seen to form only a part of the year's earnings—to such a point that a man with a nominal twelve shillings a week declined to take sixteen, if he was to be cut off from these extras; "it was not worth his while." In some counties the hops, in others the orchards with cider, or gathering of seaweed, afford the same kind of advantage.

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* "In the comparison between farmers and ownerships, there is quite a colony of small proprietors at West Wellow, where a small estate was cut up into lots of about twenty or thirty acres. Most, if not all, the properties are mortgaged, and the interest of the money represents a fair rent. The dwelling-houses are badly built, comfortless-looking places, and the sheds for cattle, &c., are of the most wretched description."

"An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory," and I venture to put down here the experience of dwellers on the soil, to the manner born, who can supplement by their own knowledge the direct information derived from that shy, wary, by no means unintelligent man, the English labourer, who is shrewd enough to bamboozle many a clever literary man inquiring without having the necessary side-lights to enable him to test the accuracy of the answers which he receives.

To begin with a Southern county, where "little takes," as the small farms are called, are not at all uncommon (the very fact, indeed, of their having a recognized name shows that they have a standing). "They should not be so large," says an excellent local authority, "as to induce the family to try and depend on their produce. The man must go out to day labour, or have some small trade as the backbone for the support of his family. He and they may then cultivate perhaps ten acres of poor land, or seven or eight of richer soil, to profit, if his landlord will provide and repair the little buildings required." These, however, are greatly more expensive to build and keep up for a number of small farms than for one large one, and the rent must be higher in consequence to pay for them, which seems to be forgotten by the designers of paper agricultural improvements. If, however, the saving labourer is satisfied with a smaller plot (and almost every one on this estate has one), an allotment of, say, half or three-quarters of an acre, only an outhouse and pig-stye would be required.

Here are the particulars of a little "take" of the most primitive order as a specimen. It consists of about four and a half acres lying on a steep, wild, sandy hill-side, covered with fir-trees, hollies, and heather, the copse running above and around it, a stream flowing at the foot of the orchard, where the land is better. The old people who hold it, as their fathers did before them, are both above seventy, and a grandson and grand-daughter supplement the failing strength of the ancients. The thick walls of the house are of mud, which has an evil name, but, as the dwellers in it know, are warm in winter and cool in summer, and the same good word may be said for the deep thatch of the roof. An old yew, trimmed and carved into a porch, shelters the door; and a row of single tulips, with some orange "bloody warriors" (wallflowers), red peonies, and "love in idles," as the old woman called her pansies, fronts the beehives, for they sell honey, and leads up to the house. "But where is the Passion-flower, Ursley [Ursula], that was so beautiful last autumn?" "He overblowed hisself, I take it, and died last turn, but I've set a slip, and he'll be fine still to-year."

A large old fireplace occupies the whole of one side of the room, with a deep oven on one side, which was just disgorging its great brown loaves and a pie of inviting colour as we came in. The floor is half clay, half brick, and the chickens walk in and out at their ease, and, in spite of their mistress's conscientious efforts, could not be made to understand that "manners" required them to withdraw. The bedroom was on the ground floor, but on that sandy, gravelly soil it was perfectly dry, roomy, clean, and not uncomfortable; some old black oak chests and drawers stood about, and a dresser with bits of blue china. The official description is "A small garden, good orchard, about an acre of useful grass-land, the remainder rough, poor ground. They have two cows, a breeding sow, poultry, bees, a pony. Very respectable and comfortably off; deal in butter, eggs, fruit, and chickens, carry their produce into a little town near, which they take in their cart to market, and buy from other cottages. Rent, £8 a year; the landlord pays the tithe."

The old gnarled apple-trees and the tall "merries," the French "mérise," the small black cherry of the county, were covered with bloom as we waded among the thick grass where a "cauf" was tethered. "I were just a thinken, squire, as I'd ax ye whether the big tree yonder mid not come down," said the old man, looking up from "fettling the pig." With a hearty welcome, but not unmindful of the main chance, the poor squire made a wry face—it was the finest oak in the hanging wood above the hill—but he compounded for a couple of "ashen" trees lower down the "archat," and we came away through the bare field where the pony picked up a scanty living, helping himself with a fringe of golden broom, and bracken and foxgloves among the hollies, and snatching at the tall May in full flower hanging over the gate.

No. 2 lies about half a mile off, up the wood track through the copse and on the road, a bettermost sort of cottage, with house-place and back kitchen, and good bedrooms upstairs, a good orchard and small garden, a carpenter's yard and workshops, with some great rhododendron bushes and Portugal laurels mixed up with the planks and wood-yard, about an acre and a half. The tenant is a carpenter and wheelwright who gets plenty of work even in this lonely spot, but it is not two miles from a small town. A very respectable man, but badly off, because he had striven to undertake contract work for which he had not experience enow. His carpenter's bench and tools had been sold up, but the landlord has bought them in, and charges a few shillings yearly for their use; has only a pig and poultry, and rather neglects his land. Rent, £10 10*s*. a year, five children, flowers all over the house and in front, a charming little home.

No. 3, another quarter of a mile away in the green lane lies another very good cottage. "Two rooms and back kitchen below, three good bed-rooms above, a large orchard, grass-land, vegetable garden, three acres, little barn, cow-shed, pony-stall, pig-stye, wood-hovel. One cow, pony, and pigs; very industrious, the land kept in good condition, attends the local markets as a pig-dealer, has a good connection, and makes a good living. Rent, £12 a year. Tithe paid by landlord. A garden round the house, with great red and lilac rhododendrons, laburnum, and flowers; has brought up seven children very respectably, who are in good places, excepting the two youngest who are at school."

A mile or so farther, on the same estate, there is a little hamlet of seven or eight cottages, each with a small take of from five to twenty acres. The owners go out to work, and earn their living partly by buying underwood and making what are called match-faggots (neat little bundles of kindling wood), a manufacture which is chiefly carried on under an open shed by the women and boys. There is a large sale for these in the neighbouring town, and they send in butter, eggs, poultry, and vegetables, which are collected by little "higglers." These small tenants have stood the bad times better than the bigger ones. They have, indeed, scarcely felt them at all, as their produce has been selling well, and most of the farm work is done by the tenant, his wife, and children, so that they have not felt the rise in the price of labour. They have always been ready with their rents, there has been no abatement asked, and there are plenty of applicants for the holdings, while the large tenants have had a reduction of from ten to fifteen per cent. Small corn farms, however, would not pay; the labour would be much higher than on the large farms, where horses are kept and machinery can be used. The rents, however, require to be quite thirty per cent. higher than in the large farms, to allow for the interest on outlay for buildings and repairs, always done by the landlord. Kentish cob-nuts have been planted, intermixed with standard fruit trees and gooseberries. There is always a demand for green gooseberries, and by gathering them young they avoid being troubled with birds. A jam factory has been started on a small scale at R——, where jams and jellies are made by steam, and where some tons of apple-jelly were manufactured last year.

In the North, upon an estate belonging to the same landlord, there are twenty-five small holdings under twenty acres, besides numerous allotments. No. 1 has sixteen acres and more, nearly all grass, keeps three cows, a heifer, and one horse, has ample outbuildings (stone), and manages his land very well, fills up his time with market-gardening. He lives near a colliery—rent £33.

No. 2 lives in a good house in the same village, has more outbuildings than are required for six and a half acres, he keeps four cows and one or two calves, is a woodman, and works away three-quarters of his time in the woods, manages his land well, all grass—rent £25 3*s.* 6*d.*

No. 3 is an old tailor, has three and a half acres, keeps a cow and donkey, manages his land well, has outbuildings for more cattle—rent £10 12*s.* 6*d.*

These small holdings are the best managed and the most productive of any part of the estate, the tenants are all working-men who are away from the land nearly all their time, the wife and family look after the cattle; but to succeed they must be grass-land. To grow corn, there must be land enough to employ two or more horses; it does not answer to hire them. The small farmers have stood the bad times mostly the best and have paid their rents. The difficulty in dividing large farms is the great outlay in erecting houses and outbuildings, and in repairs. On this estate there is a separate charge for them of £5 or £7 a year in addition to the land.*

An account has just been published of Lord Tollemache's efforts in this direction. His estates in Cheshire are about 26,000 acres. He has forty farms of between fifteen and forty acres, and 270 cottages with three acres each of pasture land. The cottages are generally near the farms where the labourers work, which saves them the wearisome journey to and fro, but has the disadvantage of entailing much additional walking for the children to the school and the wife to the shop and church. One acre is set apart for hay-making, a quarter acre for potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and grain, the rest in pasture. The occupants all have cows and sell butter, which is collected by the small dealers. To provide against the loss of a milker, a cow club has been established. Cheese is made on the estate. The rents are from £10 to £11. Chester is within an easy distance, and Liverpool not beyond range, so that the produce can be disposed of easily, which is a *sine quâ non* for the small patches. Corn-growing does not answer, except on so small a space that spade cultivation is possible.

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* Labourer's wages here are from 18*s.* to £1 a week, elsewhere in the neighbourhood, from 17*s.* to 18*s.*

The German and French authorities agree with the English that corn can only be grown with advantage upon large farms. "It would be quite unendurable for Europe to be entirely dependent for her staff of life upon the harvests of the New World, which may fail, and an adequate proportion should always be grown at home. Large farms are therefore necessary to produce the food of the nation." There is room for every description and for every size, both of farms and ownerships, in the economy of this country. Sir James Caird declares that the number of small properties is still very large in England; 390,000 out of 550,000 are of fifty acres and under.

It is curious that in America the size of the new corn areas is enormous; we are told of "fields of wheat of three thousand acres;" there is a tendency there to consolidate rather than to divide.

That the evils of great subdivision of property consequent upon the "partage forcé"—the compulsory cutting up at a death—are great can hardly be doubted in the face of the Government reports, inquiries, and statistics published in Germany and France. That the interference by law of the power of willing, and the continual changes in ownership incident to the subdivision of an estate, are no remedies for the evils complained of in England, either in town or country, is shown by the fact that in Paris, where the ownerships are so small, the rents are higher and the lodgings for the poor more overcrowded and wretched than in London, which is appealed to by French philanthropists (see M. d'Haussonville's "Misère à Paris") as better in sanitary arrangements, in decency and other respects.

Those who have examined French peasant homes attentively will not think their condition an advance in civilization over our English cottages. "Little takes" are not a heroic remedy for the many evils which beset every country, but they have been so successful that it is to be hoped they may be more generally tried when it is practicable, and thus afford more openings for the saving industrious labourer to rise in the world.

It is curious that one of the demands for change—that of fixity of tenure—is the one point upon which the subdivision of property particularly fails in the large sense. The little farms and cottages are far more often "fixed." A cottager last month asked his landlord not to move him even into a better house; "Me and my family have been here for a hundred and twenty years." The little farm first described has a pedigree of about ninety years.

F. P. VERNEY.

THE KALEWALA.

THE subject of this paper is the great national epic of Finland, the Kalewala. Until about the period of the annexation of Finland to Russia, its literature was unknown, and even its language, regarded as barbarous by its masters, the Swedes, was fast dying out. But about the beginning of the century attention was called to the language and the national songs of Finland by certain professors of the University of Abo, and vigorous efforts were made to collect the *Volkslieder*. The chief result of much research was that Dr. Lönnrot, to whom the foremost place in Finnish literature must be assigned, collected the songs handed down by oral tradition among the people about Vainamoinen, his brothers Ilmarinen and Lemminkainen, and other principal persons of the Kalewala, into one great poem, now regarded by the Finns, Hungarians, and Germans, as the national epic. In the years 1828 and 1831, he collected a considerable number of Runes (*i.e.*, Cantos), in the course of his journeys through Finland; and in 1832 he gathered still more important results in a journey through the districts of Archangel, inhabited by Finns. In 1835 he published his collection of the epic poems of the Finns, in two volumes, with the title "Kalewala," in thirty-two Runes or Cantos, containing more than 12,000 lines; and finally, after an exhaustive search of every corner of the land, conducted by a number of young students, the work was largely extended, and a new edition published by Dr. Lönnrot, in 50 cantos, with 22,800 lines.

This epic has been well translated into German by Anton Schiefner, and more loosely into French; and a brief notice of it appeared in a work by Mr. Andrew Lang, published by Messrs. Longman, in 1884; but I am not aware that any adequate account of it has appeared in

English. I have therefore thought that the readers of this REVIEW may well be disposed to give attention to a somewhat more detailed account of the contents of this remarkable poem, not only from the literary point of view, but on account of its singular interest in reference to the history of religion.

The work, it has been said, consists of fifty Runes. In the first Rune, the poet gives a striking and highly original account of the circumstances under which he wrote, and of the main object which he kept before him. This Preface, so to speak, occupies about a hundred lines. It is of importance, both as indicating the unity of the composition—inasmuch as here, and as will be seen at the close, the poet intimates some of its main features—and as showing the true position and circumstances under which it was composed. He speaks of himself as having learned the songs from his father, who sang them while carving the handle of his hatchet, and from his mother while turning her spindle. It must be remembered, however, that in that country, and at the time when the poem was composed, occupations of this kind were assigned to persons of high rank. In fact the combination of domestic and mechanical work with a considerable amount of mental cultivation and high position, is one of the most striking features of the whole poem.

In the next place, the writer marks out very distinctly the contents of the Kalewala, which he calls the "Song of the Race," produced under an irresistible internal impulse. He names at once the great personages of the whole poem, the ancient Vainamoinen, the chief hero; Ilmarinen, his brother, the ideal smith;* and the third brother, Lemminkainen, whose character is at once pointed out by the epithet assigned to him, "wielding a sword."

Some general notions are needed in order at all to understand the character of the book. All the chief personages belong to the period between the mythology which deals entirely with deities and that which speaks simply of human heroes. They are not indeed Gods, but they are of divine origin, demi-gods; in fact, coming nearer to the deities than Hercules, Theseus, and other Grecian heroes. There are sudden and striking alternations in the description of their acts and feelings. But for the most part, we are brought into the presence of beings who, in the imagination of the earliest Turanian families, occupied a high place in the supernatural region.

One distinguishing point is the magic power which is attributed to all these persons, especially to Vainamoinen. He is represented not only as mastering all the evil forces of the universe, and controlling the course of Nature by words of supernatural power, but the magic differs altogether from that of the Shamans, the priests and sorcerers of the Tartar and Mongolian tribes. Vainamoinen is, in fact, the ideal of calm majestic wisdom, as comprehended by the greatest spirits of the race. His magic power is exerted in antagonism to moral and physical evil. It is so closely connected with knowledge of the highest truth that when his memory or powers of thought are in a state of confusion he loses altogether the mastery over antagonistic influences (see especially Runes viii. ix.). The evil works of magic are, on the contrary, attributed to the inferior and more superstitious races of the extreme north, the country, as it is called in the Kalewala, of darkness and confusion.

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* Corresponding to the Wayland of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian poetry.

We must now consider the exact course of the narrative. In the first Rune, we begin with the birth of Vainamoinen.. His mother, a divine being, called a daughter of the air, is one of the living agencies by whom the Creation (itself the work of the Supreme Deity, called Ukko, that is, the ancient one, and Jumala, the exact equivalent of the Elohim of the Hebrews, the absolute personal Deity) was moulded into its actual state. She is described as descending upon the waters, borne along by mighty rushing winds, moulding islands, promontories, &c., and, in fact, acting the part of a subordinate Demiurge.

After a period of preternatural duration and pangs of terrific severity, during which she invokes the Supreme Being, she gives birth to Vainamoinen (who is, however, represented as self-acting in this crisis, in a passage that reminds us strangely of the birth of Indra in the Rig-Veda). He enters upon existence in full possession of supernatural powers. After long tossing to and fro upon the waters he is cast upon the earth, as yet a barren, woodless and desolate solitude.

In the second Rune, we have a singularly interesting account of the process by which the earth was reclaimed and fitted for the habitation of man. Points of great interest, for which we cannot now find space, are dwelt upon. One, however, of the highest importance, the invocation of Ukkoor Jumala, the Supreme Being, must not be passed over.

"Ukko, thou, O God, who dwellest,
Father of all in highest Heaven,
Thou who rulest in the welkin
To the clouds their course assigning."

Then follow special prayers for winds and fructifying showers, prayers which are at once answered by the Deity.

One curious point must also be noticed, as it bears upon a crisis in the history of Vainamoinen. In order to prepare the earth for the reception of grains, Vainamoinen, with the assistance of a divine messenger, hews down the trees of the forest which had come into existence. But he leaves one tree standing, a birch, "for a resting-place for the birds," as he says,* and as he repeats to an eagle, who comes to inquire how it is that that tree alone is left standing. Pleased with his answer, the eagle at once supplies fire, which speedily reduces the whole forest to fertilizing ashes.*

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* This exactly represents the process by which the Finns at present clear and fertilize their soil. A good account is given by M. Léouzon Le Duc—"La Finnlande," vol. ii. p. 124 f.

The third Rune describes the further work of Vainamoinen in his true and highest character—that of the inspired bard of the earth.

"Vainamöinen, old and trusty,
Lived henceforth his life so noble
On the fields of famous Vaina,
On the plains of Kalewala;
There he sang his lovely ditties,
Sang for ever full of wisdom.

Sang from one day to another,
Singing through the long night-watches,
Sang the tales of ancient ages,
Sang the origin of all things,
Legends now not known to children,
Not indeed by any hero,
Now in these unhappy seasons,
In these dark degenerate ages."

The fame of Vainamoinen extended at once far and wide, far to the south and to the extremest north. There lived Joukahainen, one of the most original characters in this strange poem. He is called a mean Laplander, son of the king or chief of the country, himself remarkable for talent, but still more so for self-assertion and audacity. He hears, to his disgust, of the fame of one who could compose and sing more beautiful songs than those which he himself had learned from his father. Filled with envious fury, he goes to his mother—a person who occupies a conspicuous place in the narrative—and declares his intention of setting off at once to contest the claims of Vainamoinen to superiority. Both his parents dissuade him, and warn him of certain discomfiture, and of the penalties which he must pay for his rashness. His answer is characteristic:

"Good indeed my father's knowledge,
Better still my mother's wisdom,
But my own is far the highest."

So he proceeds at once to carry out his own plans, mounts his car with its fire-breathing steed, and on the third day arrives at Kalewala. There he meets Vainamoinen driving quietly through the fields. The impetuous youth rushes at once upon him, there is a fierce collision, both are thrown out, but stand facing each other. Vainamoinen asks quietly who he is, and where he comes from. The youth answers insolently: "I am the young Joukahainen: Whence comest thou? To what base family dost thou belong?" Vainamoinen answers, "If you are young get out of my way, as becomes a young fellow;" but Joukahainen answers in tones that recall Elihu and Job: "Here the age of a man matters little, whether he is young or old. To him who stands higher in wisdom, the other must give way." He then challenges Vainamoinen to a trial of skill. The answer of Vainamoinen deserves to be quoted:

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* The verses at the end of the second Rune are a good specimen of the lighter style of the poet:—

"Then came the bird of spring, the cuckoo,
And the graceful birch beholding,
Asked 'Why thus this birch so slender
Hast thou left alone uninjured?'
Then said ancient Vainamoinen:
'It is for this the birch remaineth
That to full growth it attaining,
May give thee place for cheerful singing.
Cry out here, thou dearest cuckoo,
Sweetly sing with throat so pliant,
Clearly sing with voice of silver,
Sing with ring of purest metal,
Sing at morning, sing at even,
Sing aloud at the full mid-day,
That this place may fully prosper,
And the growing of the forest,
May enrich this lonely district,
And fill with plenty all its cornfields.'"

"I for my part am not skilful,
All my life in desert regions
Has been passed in my own homestead;
I have only heard the cuckoo:
But do thou, my golden fellow,
Say what knowledge thou possessest
Greater, wider than another."

The youth then names commonplace facts touching home-life, the habits of fish, of beasts—as, for instance, the reindeer—the numbers and names of waterfalls, lakes, and hills in the district. These answers Vainamoinen treats with utter contempt, as beneath the notice of a bearded man, and calls upon him to tell the origin and essential nature of things.

The answer of the youth is striking. He speaks first of the nature of animals and of the elements. "Water," says he, "is the first of forces, and the most effective in enchantments." But he adds in two striking lines:

"Of all healers, the Creator,
Of all helpers, God is greatest."

Here I must remark that he uses the name Jumala, recognized by the noblest family of the Finns, including the Laplanders, as the Supreme Being.

Then, irritated by the contemptuous words of Vainamoinen, the youth boasts, in a wild, exaggerated style, that he himself had been present at the act of creation, one of the seven heroes to whom the moulding of the earth was entrusted. He claims the ordering of the atmosphere and the making of the firmament, the course of the moon and of the beautiful sun, of the Bear and other stars of heaven.

Vainamoinen is now effectually roused to fury. He treats the youth as an insolent liar. We feel that the contest is virtually settled, but the youth at once appeals to the decision of the sword:

"Now thou aged Vainamoinen,
Come now, O thou big-mouthed singer,
Let us this fierce quarrel settle
With our swords and sharp-edged weapons."

We have thus the two characters and habits of mind distinctly before us. On the one side stands the representative of youthful audacity; on the other the calm maturity of wisdom. Vainamoinen quietly refuses the challenge, and after another wild outburst of passion on the part of the youth, utters words of sovereign power, the expression of a superhuman wisdom, which by their magic efficacy seize the youth, strip him of all his accoutrements, car, horse, and weapons, and plunge him into a morass up to the waist.

The youth now feels his weakness and his folly in challenging the wise and aged hero to a trial of skill. After ineffectual attempts to escape, full of anxious terror, he calls with loud wailing to the wise and eternal magician, and promises an ample ransom for his deliverance. In succession he offers magic weapons, the choice between two wonderful boats, then horses, and abundance of gold and silver, lastly the whole of his lands. To all these offers, Vainamoinen has but one answer: all that the youth offers, he has already in his possession. With reference to the last offer, he says:—

> "Best are ever one's own acres,
> Best are ever one's own harvests;"

and, continuing his magic song, plunges the youth deeper and deeper in the morass.

We now come to the last and only acceptable offer which the youth makes in his desperation. But to understand its exact bearing, we must remember habits common not only to the Finns and Laplanders, but to all branches of the Turanian race. No man could marry a wife of his own family, or even of his own tribe. He had to obtain one either by compact with the parents for a sum sufficient to recompense them for the cost of their daughter's training and the loss of her services, or to seize her by main force. A considerable portion of the Kalewala, and of the national poetry of other families of the race, is occupied with transactions referring to the acquisition of a bride.* The bride and her family looked upon marriage contracted under such circumstances as a serious calamity, unless they had some reason to trust the wooer. The maidens were educated, however, with reference to their future position as brides in a strange family, somewhat between slaves and mistresses of a household. This will be illustrated by many passages in the Kalewala. Here it is necessary to bear this fact in mind with reference to the last offer of Joukahainen, and its acceptance by Vainamoinen. In the last agony of approaching death he cries out:—

> "'O wise and noble Vainamoinen
> Leave, oh leave thy spells of magic,
> Leave me still my life so lovely:
> If the enchantment thou recallest

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* See the "Samocidischen Legenden and Tartarischen Heldensagen."

And the evil curse removest,
I will give thee mine own sister
Aino, daughter of my mother.
Who shall keep thy house in order,
Always clean and always tidy,
Who shall keep the casks well polished,
Thy bed with sheets and blankets cover,
Coverlet with gold embroider,
Bake thee bread as sweet as honey.'
Then the aged Vainamoinen
Felt exceeding bright and cheerful,
That he now the youngster's sister
For his old age thus was promised."

The result is that Joukahainen is at once delivered, mounts his sledge, and hastens home in a state of extreme distress, there to seek his own dear mother, the grey-haired, aged woman. She inquires into the cause of his evident displeasure. His answer is:—

"'Dearest, thou who once didst bear me,
Cause enough to-day for weeping,
Ever must I mourn and sorrow,
That I thus my own dear sister
Have to Vainamoinen given
As a bride to him, the singer,
To the weakling a stout helper
And protector for his household.'"

His mother, however, does not share his feeling, and declares that she had always hoped to have the noble hero, the strong Vainamoinen as her son-in-law.

But the poor sister wept bitterly on hearing the tidings, nor is she at all consoled by her mother's assurance, that she will be mistress of a noble house, and pass her time quietly at the window, or in domestic occupations. The form in which the maiden expresses her sorrow is characteristic—

"'Mother, thou who me didst carry,
Well may I, oh dearest, sorrow,
For my beauteous plaits be weeping,
Which my young head so adorneth,
For the soft and flowing lovelocks
Which from henceforth must be hidden
And their full growth ever covered.'"

She weeps for her young life, the love of the dear sun, the sweetness of the fair moonlight, the joy of her whole life, when, as maiden and as child, she had been allowed to sit in the workshop of her brother* under the windows of her father. The mother simply answers that God's fair sun (notice the expression, "sun of Jumala," the Supreme God) shines in other parts of the earth, and that the enjoyments of childhood she may still have as a wife.

I have quoted this Rune at some length, because of its highly characteristic portraiture of the old Turanian habits, and its indications of a true theology.

In the next Rune Vainamoinen sees the maiden in the copse and says to her quietly:

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* The love of brothers and sisters is dwelt upon with special interest in other Finnish poems.

"'Not for others wear, O virgin,
For me only wear, O virgin,
Lovely pearls as thy fair necklace,
Silver cross upon thy bosom,
Wear for me thy plaits so lovely,
Bind for me thy hair with ribbons.'"

His address stirs the wrath of the maiden, who flings away the cross from her bosom, the ring from her finger, the pearls from her neck, the red ribbon from her head, and, weeping and wailing loudly, runs to her house. There she finds her father, who asks her at once why she is weeping; then her brother and young sister; and at last her mother, who is at the dairy skimming the milk, and says:—

"'Why thus weeping, my poor daughter,
My poor daughter, my young maiden?'"

She tells her mother all that has happened, but the only answer she gets is a direction to dress herself beautifully, with the offer of a present of splendid robes with a golden girdle, which her mother had once in early youth received as a gift from the daughters of the moon and the sun, but after wearing a few days set aside as far too precious for common use.

Deaf to her mother's pressing and fascinating offer, the poor girl runs away bewailing her fate. "Better," says she, "had it been for me never to have been born than to have grown up to see a day so wretched. Had I lived only six nights, then my little body would have needed but a small shroud, a little spot of earth; then my mother and father would have wept for me but a little, and my brothers scarce a little." One more attempt she makes to persuade her mother, but in vain. Then putting on her most precious ornaments she flees from the house, over fields and meadows, "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," ever crying out and longing for death. "My time," she says, "is now come to hasten from this world to the realm of Mana,* to the region of death. Weep not, oh! my father; mother, be not angry; sister, dry thy cheek; brother, give up weeping when I sink into the water, to the depths of the sea." At last she comes to the sea-coast, and sits there weeping through the evening and the whole night. There she sees three sea-nymphs, and in haste to join them flings off her robes and ornaments. But as she is just about to leap into the water, the crag on which she is sitting falls, and the poor maiden, Aino, is flung headlong into the waves.† Her dying song occupies some lines which I must pass over. Her death awakens even the sympathy of the wild beasts. The question is, which shall bear the tidings to her parents? The bear, the wolf, and the fox are rejected; but the hare, a tender-hearted beast, hastens to the home, where he barely escapes being seized and roasted. The maidens of the household, who were in the bath-room with brooms in their hands,[*] threaten him; but he succeeds in telling his sad tale, which is heard with bitter grief by the poor mother, who in her agony exclaims:

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* Mana, the Pluto of the Turanians, the Yami of Indo-Aryans.

† In the first edition, 1835, this was represented as a deliberate act of suicide, which Castrén holds to have been the original legend; this appears to me somewhat questionable.

> "'Never, oh! poor mother, never,
> Never, while your life endureth,
> Press your daughter on to marriage,
> If the man she will not fancy,
> As I now, unhappy mother,
> Urged my sweet unwilling daughter.'"

The quaint grief of the parents occupies the rest of this Rune.

The next Rune begins with the effect of the tidings on Vainamoinen. Weeping like a genuine Homeric hero, he goes at once to the seaside and calls upon the god of dreams to tell him where he should find the sea-nymphs with whom, as his instinctive wisdom told him, the lost maiden was now dwelling. Receiving instructions on this point, he takes a boat, which he prepares with the utmost care, and goes with his fishing-rod to explore the bed of the sea.†

At last a large salmon seizes the bait, Vainamoinen catches it, of course, immediately, and describes its beauty and special charms for a fisherman. His one thought is to cut it up for a meal, and he draws out his knife for the purpose. He is about to cut it open, when the salmon slips out of his hand and springs into the water, where it immediately rises to the surface and addresses him thus:

> "Oh, thou poor old Vainamoinen,
> Never did I come as salmon
> To supply thee with a supper," &c.

"Why, then, did you come?" asks Vainamoinen. Whereupon she declares that she came with the intention of being his bride, describing at full length the domestic duties which she would have gladly undertaken. She says, "I was not a real salmon, but a bright young maiden, the sister of Joukahainen, whom thou hast so long wished for. Thou poor old fool! Vainamoinen! without discernment. You knew not how to hold me fast, I who now am a sea-nymph, the daughter of the waves."

The poor old man, in sad distress, implores her to come to him again; but she disappears at once and for ever. Vainamoinen indulges in long and fruitless regrets; but finding all in vain, he utters a last lamentation, and then hastens homewards. There he speaks of the departure of all joy, but, above all, regrets the absence of a mother who, had she been still upon earth, would have told him what he could do to soothe his grief.‡ His wailing is heard by his mother in the other world; she answers him from beyond the grave, and advises him at once to return to the north, where he will find more beautiful maidens, more remarkable for grace and especial charm of Finnish housewives—active and neat-handed in household duties. Vainamoinen goes at once; but he is watched by his old enemy, Joukahainen, who aims a fiery arrow at him, which pierces his horse. He falls at once into the water, where he is carried away by a terrific storm; he remains many days in the open sea; but is at last saved by the eagle who remembers with gratitude his thoughtful kindness in sparing a birch tree for the good of the birds, and deposits him at once on the northern shore, where the Queen of the North receives him hospitably, and detains him with promise of bestowing upon him her daughter in marriage, if only he will prepare the mysterious and marvellous thing called a *Sampo,** the possession of which secured riches and prosperity to the happy owners. Vainamoinen cannot do this himself, but undertakes, on his return home, to send his brother Ilmarinen, the smith; whereupon the Queen of the North supplies him with chariot and horses, warning him that if he does not go straight home, without allowing his attention to be disturbed by any object, some terrible calamity will befall him.

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[*] The bath-room is the most important room in the house of every Finn.

† The details of this are given with great precision, being of course of special interest to a population of fishermen.

‡ This is inconsistent with the account of his birth in the first Rune; but in a long poem which was certainly composed at different periods, such discrepancies are common.

But, as the eighth Rune tells us in the beginning, Vainamoinen's attention was at once arrested. A wondrously beautiful daughter of the North is seen, seated on the vault of heaven, in vestment of heavenly brilliancy, engaged, as became a daughter of the North, in weaving a robe of gold and silver thread. The sound of the shuttle and the silver spindle in its rapid movement made a loud noise immediately over the head of Vainamoinen, and it at once arrests his rapid and impetuous course. Regardless of the warnings he had received, he looks up to heaven, sees the beautiful maiden, and at once stays his horse and cries out to her:

"'Come hither to my sledge, oh maiden!
By my side at once be seated.'"

The maiden answers, "What should a maiden do in his sledge?" His answer is that of a genuine Finn. She should come to do all domestic work which becomes a matron; bake his bread, prepare his beer, sing blithely at his table, and, sitting at the window, enjoy the outlook over the wide plains of Kalewala. Her answer is characteristic and amusing:

"'I went to the flowery meadow,
Yesterday, just after sunset,
There I heard a bird sing sweetly,
There I heard a thrush thus warbling,

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* What the *Sampo* was is much disputed among commentators. Some adopt the very prosaic account given in the edition of 1835, that it was simply a *mill* adapted for various purposes. Others, with whom Castrén agrees, are content to leave it in obscurity. It occupies a very prominent position in the whole poem.

Singing of a maiden's feelings,
And a married woman's feelings.
Then I asked this little warbler,
Tell me, oh sweet bird distinctly,
Which is better and more pleasant,
To live as maiden with one's father,
Or as matron with a husband?"

" 'Answer gave the lovely warbler:
Bright and warm are days of summer,
Warmer still a maiden's freedom.
Icy cold in frost is iron,
Colder still the joy of women.
In her home still the maiden dwelling,
Is a sweet fruit in a garden;
But the wife beside her husband,
Like a dog chained to his kennel.
Seldom is a servant pardoned,
Never is a wife forgiven." *

Vainamoinen answers simply, that a bird's singing and the thrush's twittering are all folly. A maiden in her home is but a child; but as a wife is duly honoured. So he repeats his invitation, modestly stating his pretensions, as a man not to be looked down upon as inferior to other heroes. In answer, the maiden proposes conditions impossible, as she supposes, two of which he fulfils at once. The third, however, brings him into misfortune. He has to form a boat out of her broken shuttle. Vainamoinen feels that no one under the vault of heaven could make such a vessel as well as he could. He sets to work at once, and goes on for two days successfully, but on the third day his skill fails him. Two malignant spirits, often named in the poem and in the legends of the Finns, are on the watch, and give his hatchet a thrust which drives it into his knee, forcing it, in fact, into the flesh and into the arteries, so that the blood gushes out like a torrent. Vainamoinen, at first unconcerned, speaks magic words; but in his state of mental confusion, brought on probably by the sight of the maiden, he forgets the special words which would at once have effected a cure. Blood flows forth, as is described, in an unceasing stream, not as the blood of a mortal, but of a demi-god. Finding all means which he tried to stop it ineffectual, he gives way to terror and grief, and, though not without difficulty, gets into his sledge and drives his horse rapidly to a place where three roads meet. He tries first the lowest, then the middle one, but although both bring him to places where he hoped to find succour, he fails in each case. The third road, however, which leads him upwards, brings him to a house where an old man with a grey beard is sitting by the stove, who in answer to his question: "Is there any one here who can stop a torrent of blood?" says that "three words of the Creator could arrest rivers, and streams, and torrents." Vainamoinen enters the house; the blood

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* A very full account of the trials of a Finnish wife is given in Rune xxiii. line 1 to 478.

streaming from his wound fills at once all the vessels that can be produced, and teaches the old man that one of the race of heroes is in his presence. Unfortunately, the old man cannot find the words needed on this occasion; words that describe the origin of iron. Vainamoinen here, however, can supply him with the knowledge, and narrates at length a myth, followed by an account of the way in which iron was moulded and wrought by his brother, the smith Ilmarinen. This account, which occupies some 250 lines, gives the old man the information which he requires.* He sets his son at once to work, and, after a solemn invocation of God the Creator and Father in Heaven, he prepares an ointment of magic efficacy, which at once stills the agonising pains and restores the wounded knee to perfect soundness. The efficacy of this remedy he attributes entirely to the power of God, whom he addresses as "God, full of beauty, mighty Creator, preserver from all evil."

Vainamoinen expresses his deep feelings of joy and gratitude in words so full of deep Christian feeling that Castrén regards them as proof of the influence of Christianity itself.

"Then his eyes did Vainamoinen
Raise in thankfulness to heaven."

And said:—

"'Tis from thence all help proceedeth,
E'en from thence, from highest heaven,
From the mighty great Creator.
Praised be Thou in heaven, O Highest!
All praise to Thee, oh Great Creator!
That Thou help to me hast granted,
And vouchsafed me Thy protection,
In these pains so hard and cruel
By the cruel steel inflicted.'"

He concludes his address with these words:—

"'God alone the end effecteth,
He alone the great Creator,
Ne'er will it be found by hero,
Ne'er by mighty hand accomplished.'"

With this strange and noble utterance, the first series of legends, which describe the character and work of Vainamoinen, comes virtually to a close.

The next Rune finds him in his own home, where he at once endeavours to persuade Ilmarinen to fulfil his own promise to the Queen of the North. This part of the subject is dealt with briefly; but it is of importance, as touching the central point in the whole series of transactions. Ilmarinen is described as second only to Vainamoinen in wisdom and sound judgment. He is himself a demigod, a divine artificer, who, as is assumed throughout, in subordination to the Supreme Deity, gave form, if not existence, to the firmament. In the tenth Rune he forms a mysterious *Sampo,* which Castrén regards as a magical instrument or talisman, to which certainly are attributed the wealth and prosperity of the nation who have the good fortune to possess it. As a reward of his work he receives the promise of the daughter of the North in marriage; but, like his brother Vainamoinen, he fails to secure her love, and returns home bitterly disappointed.

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* The account given by Vainamoinen is interesting, both as regards the legend which personifies natural agencies, and also for the acquaintance which it shows with the miner's and metal-worker's art.

The following Runes bring us into contact with one of the most striking and original characters in the poem, named Lemminkainen. In the eleventh and twelfth Runes we are told of his adventures with the beautiful but frail Kyblikki, whom, however, he abandons, and after a long discussion with his mother, who seeks to dissuade him, he resolves to go northwards, and court the beautiful daughter of the North. His adventures in this expedition, which are singularly wild and interesting, are described in the thirteenth to the sixteenth Runes. The next four Runes describe the second expedition of the two elder brothers, when Ilmarinen at last obtains the hand of the beautiful girl. The ceremonies of the wedding, which are full of curious details, form an episode of not less than six Runes; and the conduct of the impetuous Lemminkainen, who, indignant at not being invited, resolves to go to the North and revenge himself, forms another episode, extending over Runes twenty-seven to thirty.

This part of the subject has been here of necessity dealt with very concisely; but it contains some of the most striking and interesting details in the whole poem. The characters of the three brothers, so unlike, yet all standing apart from other beings in the strength and originality of their nature, come before us with singular vividness, and excite a lively interest. The details of domestic life are in no place marked more distinctly than in Runes thirty-two, thirty-three, and thirty-four.

Then follows a long episode of remarkable beauty, but wholly unconnected with the main subject of the poem. It relates to the disastrous adventures of an ancient hero, Kullervo, terminated by his suicide. There can be no doubt that this formed a separate chant in the recitation of the singers. But it bears evident marks of identity of authorship. The thirty-seventh Rune leads us back to Ilmarinen, who, having lost his wife, attempts to supply her place by magic creation. But failing in this, he resolves once more to go to the North and woo the younger sister of his late wife. He is ill-received by the parents; but carries the girl off by force. Indignant at her reproaches he casts her off and changes her into a sea-mew. On his return home he gives his elder brother an account of the extraordinary prosperity of the North, now in possession of the *Sampo.* The effect of this is described in

Rune thirty-nine. Vainamoinen at once resolves to invade the North and obtain possession of the *Sampo*. In this expedition the two elder brothers are joined by Lemminkainen.

Here follows another digression of strange interest. On their way the boat strikes on the back of a monstrous pike. They capture it, and with the backbone Vainamoinen forms a harp, on which he exercises his wondrous magic skill as the musician and songster of the universe. All living beings in earth and sea and atmosphere come at once to listen to his music, the effect of which is described as so affecting as to bring tears to every eye; great tears falling from his own eyes into the water become beautiful pearls. This passage, of course, reminds us of the old Greek legends of Orpheus and Bacchus; but it is evidently original.

We have now an account of the achievements of the three brothers, and especially of Vainamoinen, in the North. He claims the *Sampo*, as a matter of right. But the Queen of the North, Louhi, calls upon her warriors to oppose the invader. Vainamoinen, as in all other cases, trusts entirely to his wondrous magic power, and taking his harp, by his melodies lulls the whole people of the North into a deep sleep. He then seizes the *Sampo*, which the Queen of the North had hidden in a rocky mountain, and sets off to return home. On the third day, Louhi awakes from her sleep and sends a dense fog and strong wind against the robbers of the *Sampo*. In the storm Vainamoinen's new harp falls into the water. Louhi pursues them in a warship, and a desperate battle is fought on the sea, in which the forces of Kalewala are triumphant. Still the northern queen succeeds in getting hold of the *Sampo*, which she throws into the sea, where it is broken to atoms. Yet all places where fragments fall are enriched by it, the adjoining coasts especially, to the great joy of Vainamoinen. In the next Rune Vainamoinen seeks for his harp, which had fallen into the sea, but cannot find it, and makes himself a new harp of a birch, which he plays, and fills all beings that hear him with exceeding joy. In the forty-fifth Rune, the Queen of the North sends pestilence and sundry diseases against Kalewala, ills which are met at once by Vainamoinen's magic skill. In the next Rune he also slays a bear, sent by the same foe, and, in accordance with Finnish customs, still observed in that district, a great feast is held, at which Vainamoinen plays on his harp and expresses hopes for the future prosperity of Kalewala.

The forty-seventh Rune is one of the most remarkable in the poem. The moon and the sun come down to listen to the songster; but the Queen of the North makes them both prisoners, hides them in a mountain, and steals all the fire from the homes of Kalewala. Then Ukko, the god of the atmosphere, indignant at the darkness in Heaven, creates fire for a new moon and a new sun; here we have what looks like a reminiscence of Genesis i., but it is certainly of independent origin.*

We have then circumstances undoubtedly significant and suggesting deep and true meanings, but obscure and open to speculation. Fire falls on the earth, and Vainamoinen and his brother go out to find it. The Daughter of the Air—that is, the mother of Vainamoinen in the ancient myth—appears to them and directs them to the place where it can be found. But unfortunately it has been swallowed by a mysterious fish. After fruitless attempts to catch the fish, they construct a magic net, in which he is caught. The fire at once spreads around and lays waste the whole district, until at last it is overmastered by the magic art of the two brothers; from being a master it becomes a useful slave, and warms the homes of Kalewala.

This brings us to the real close of the poem (Rune forty-nine). Ilmarinen first attempts to make a new sun and moon, but fails to supply them with light. Vainamoinen, again ascertaining by magic where the true moon and sun are hidden, determines on an expedition to the North to recover them. Failing in this, he returns home, and with his brother Ilmarinen sets about making new implements to open the rocky mountain. The Queen of the North, dreading the result, sets the sun and the moon free. Vainamoinen hails their return with a song of grateful feeling, which concludes the forty-ninth Rune.

The fiftieth and last Rune. The forty-ninth Rune ended with the last acts and words of Vainamoinen, as the true head and representative of ante-Christian civilization. The fiftieth Rune begins in an altogether different tone. We have in it the close of the system by which the national life of Finland had been previously moulded.

It begins abruptly; without any previous intimation we are brought into the presence of a beautiful virgin named Mariatta. She passed the first years of her life in the house of her father and dear mother. She is described as exceedingly beautiful, chaste, humble, and full of loving tenderness. She abstains from all animal food, even from eggs, not as things unclean in themselves, but because of her exceeding love for all living creatures. Her address to the golden cuckoo (as we have seen, the favourite bird of the Finns)† is full of terms of endearment. She lived long as a shepherdess, in which condition no venomous or unclean creatures dared to touch her. There she is addressed by a mysterious fruit, which asks her to gather and swallow it. She listens to its request, but the mysterious result is that she conceives a child. Her anxieties and distress during pregnancy are described, especially the pangs of childbirth. When they are coming on, in accordance with Finnish customs, she beseeches her mother for the bath; but her mother rejects her request with indignation, feeling assured of her guilt. So also her father. Her answer to both is a simple assertion of chastity and the declaration that she would give birth to a great hero, a noble being, who would rule over the mighty, and especially over Vainamoinen. Strangely enough, she then addresses herself to a prince or king, named Ruotas, a name which all commentators identify with Herod. He and his hateful wife tell the maid, through whom she sends her request, that the only place fit for Mariatta would be a stall in the forest; there, surrounded by horses, she might give birth to her child. The maiden acts as she is thus directed. Her prayer to the Creator, full of piety and love, is given in a few lines, asking for deliverance and preservation of life in her hour of bitter agony. Her loving care of the infant is then described, special mention being made of the swaddling clothes. But suddenly and mysteriously the child disappears. She seeks him for a long time in vain. Then she calls upon a bright star which appears to her suddenly:

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* Observe the order—first fire or light, then sun and moon as luminaries in heaven.

† Thus, too, in the Russian "Bylmes," the cuckoo takes the place of the nightingale.

"'O thou star by God created,
Canst thou tell me of my infant,
Where my little son abideth?'"

The star makes a remarkable answer:—

"'If I knew I would not say it,
He Himself is my creator.'"

The same question is addressed to the moon, and the same answer given. Both the moon and the stars speak of their melancholy state in the cold and gloom of night. Finally, she addresses the sun:

"'Sun, O thou by God created,
Know'st thou aught of my sweet infant?'"

The sun answers in joyous tone:—

"'Well I know thy lovely infant,
He it is who me created
That with golden rays the daylight,
I might give to happy mortals.'"

He tells her that the infant is plunged in a marsh. There Mariatta finds the child, whom she brings home, but can give him no name. All the mothers call him the Flowret; but strangers call him *Idler*. We then read that the child is to be baptized. An aged man, called Virokannas, came to baptize and to bless him; but will not do this until the child has been thoroughly examined and proved.

The result is that Vainamoinen himself, as the representative of wisdom, is called in to examine the child. But, with a mysterious instinct of antipathy or terror, the aged hero declares that it is a child of the marsh and of a fruit, and that the fitting treatment is to throw it on the ground where the fruits grew, or to carry it to the marsh, and there crush its head with a tree.

Then in words that remind us, though indistinctly, of the Apocryphal legends of the infancy, the child, though but two weeks old, calls out:

> "'O thou old man without wisdom,
> Without wisdom, full of folly;
> How unrighteous is thy judgment,
> What unsound interpretation!'"

and tells him that he will have to expiate his crime against the child of his own mother, and will be plunged in the marsh.

Thereupon the aged Virokannas baptizes the child and pronounces the formal blessing, that it should be King of Kariala and protector of all the powers of the universe. By Kariala we are to understand either the district then inhabited specially by the Finns, or, more probably, the whole earth, of which it was regarded as the centre. We have the clear announcement of a new dispensation under the sovereignty of an almighty king. But to Vainamoinen the result is utterly ruinous. He feels that his own work is come to an end. It began with the cultivation of the earth, and civilization of its inhabitants; and ended with a restoration to prosperity and happiness. But it is now all over. Once more, he sings for the last time, and, by words of magic power, calls into existence a boat of metal. On this he takes his departure; and, as he passes away over the waste of waters, he utters these words:

> "'Let the dear time pass away,
> Men will still feel need of me'"

that I may create another *Sampo* (that is, the means of all earthly prosperity), and renew in Heaven the moon and the sun, without which the earth is bereaved of all joy."

And so the aged Vainamoinen leaves this earth and sails away to the unfathomable depths of space. There he still remains, on his magic boat.

> "Still he left his harp among us,
> Left the beauteous tones in Suomi,*
> To the people's endless gladness,
> Lovely songs for Suomi's children."

So ends this mysterious but noble poem. Before we consider its general bearings, we must call attention to the last words added by the poet himself. He says he must now bring his songs to a close, for all exertions have an end. Horses and steel, and water and fire, all cease when their work is done. Must not, therefore, song and poetry end, when wearied after the long joys of even, after the last hours of sunset?† He then speaks, in the melancholy tones which are specially characteristic of Finnish poetry, of his early youth. His mother, he tells us, died very early; her love and her brightness, too, soon forsook him. Without human sympathy, he had grown up among the firs and birches of the forest, ever dear and friendly to him. There he grew up like a young lark or thrush, but under the government of a strange woman, a step-mother, who assigned to him the windy corner of the room, and the north side of the house, where the unprotected infant might be abandoned to the pitiless storms. There, he says, he began, as a lark, to move freely, "to fly as a bird" full of anguish; there he learned to know every wind, to understand each sound of the forest, to tremble at the frost, and to lament in the cold; so, to use the words of the most unhappy child of genius in our own days:

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* *i.e.* Finland. It is the only proper name of the district and people.

† This refers to the Finnish habit still preserved of reciting poems in the long winter evenings.

> "He learned in suffering what he taught in song."

He tells us he received no instruction, learnt nothing from the great or noble of the earth, received nothing from strange languages or distant lands. Alluding to the words which we read at the beginning of the poem, he says he had in his own house his teaching by the spindle of his mother and the carpenter's bench of his brother; yet, as he says at last, "be this as it may, I have shown the way to singers, and cleared their path for them. In future this is the way that must be trodden, this is the sure path open for all singers, rich in talents, and for all poets, who will sing to the youth now growing up, to the coming race."

In a very few words I will now state the chief impressions made on my mind by this most remarkable poem.

I. It has the fullest and justest claim to be called a national epic. We observe the singular unity of the composition, a unity not merely external, though in that respect it is rivalled by few, and surpassed by none; for with the exception of the single episode from Runes thirty-one to thirty-four, every part of the poem is concerned with the actions and sayings of the three brothers. Among them Vainamoinen stands foremost. He is the chief and representative of all pre-Christian civilization. The poem begins with his mysterious birth, and ends with his no less mysterious disappearance. His mother is a divine being; and he belongs to the same supernatural sphere. His first acts upon earth are connected with its cultivation. From first to last he performs all his exploits by virtue of words of magic efficacy, giving mysterious expression to his deep insight into the origin and powers of the universe. On one occasion only is he represented as acting by mere force of arms, presenting in this respect a striking contrast to the Homeric ideal of heroism. He is spoken of always as a person of deep and tender affections; loving his mother, his brethren and his people. He is the great ideal musician, charming and ruling all powers of Nature by his soul-controlling melodies, and bequeathing at last his harp to his own people. On one occasion only does his wisdom fail him, owing to mental perturbation. We find that, far from regarding the magic power which he possesses and uses so freely as his own inherent endowment, he recognizes one Supreme Being as source of all power, giver of all good gifts. It is true that Castrén looks upon these passages as proofs of Christian influences, but wherever the sacred name Jumala (*i.e.*, God) occurs, it is used precisely in the same spirit as we find in every unsophisticated race of early periods. The idea of a personal and Supreme God, no mere abstraction or result of curious speculations, but an ever-present and all-controlling principle, dimly apprehended, but inseparably connected with human consciousness, is to me the most conspicuous and interesting fact bearing on the unity of the race and the divine origin of all true religion.

In considering the unity of the poem we must bear in mind that in its present state it was collected from the mouths of the people, and was liable of course to all influences which would affect its integrity. Many repetitions, many discrepancies find in this circumstance a complete explanation. But we may congratulate ourselves, not merely on the almost unexampled retention of poems of such extent, abounding in variety of details, but on the still more remarkable preservation of unity of characters, principles and feelings.

With regard to the language, I may be allowed to state that when I first began to read Finnish, I was struck by its very remarkable characteristics, and by its near resemblance to the noblest and most cultivated languages of Aryan antiquity. The metrical system is at once simple and effective. It moves with an easy and elastic flow, carrying us on with a resistless movement not surpassed in the finest chants of the Rig-Veda, or the Homeric poems.

Whether we regard the language, the poetry, or the religion of the Kalewala, I find striking confirmation of the principles which I have asserted in my work, "The Origins of Religion and Language." We have in the first place, the transitional link between the Aryan, or flexional, and Turanian, or so-called agglutinative languages. This fact is distinctly recognized by critics who are certainly not influenced by what is now regarded as dogmatic prejudice. Castrén, and all other Finnish scholars, Ujfalvy, Budenz, and other Hungarian philologists, equally remarkable for acuteness and sound judgment, prove, on purely scientific grounds, that Finnish comes nearest to the oldest forms of Aryan, so near, indeed, as to justify the assumption of direct descent; and again brings all other Turanian languages within the limits of an intelligible and complete system, comprehending all branches, from the North-West to the extremest East of the old continent.

Taking Finnish as the centre, we see at once its connection with the original language of the Japhetic race, retained in its purest and most developed form by the old Aryans; and, on the other hand, with the most ancient forms of the Turanian languages, the old Median, the Accadian or Sumerian, not to speak of Turkish or Hungarian, which is now admitted by all native scholars to be directly descended from the Ugro-Finnish.

II. Poetry. In extent the Finnish Epic stands between the national poems of the Indo-Aryans and the "Iliad" or "Odyssey." In unity of structure, and in variety, and truth, in its representation of personal character, it certainly presents a striking contrast to the wilder features of Scandinavian and Indo-Aryan poetry. Vainamoinen is at once more human than the heroes of classical antiquity, and, at the same time, free from the prevalent characteristics of mere physical force and ferocity. These points, to my mind, have an important bearing upon the question as to the unity of all branches of the human race. The deepest sympathies of our common nature are appealed to and elicited.

III. Religion. As for the religion of the Kalewala, without discussing speculative questions, indefinite in extent and utterly inconclusive, I would simply insist on one unquestioned fact: one Supreme Deity, Creator and Lord of the Universe, is called Jumala, a name which, as Castrén proves, is far more ancient than any designation of a God among the Finns and their congeners. In character, attributes, and powers, this Deity occupies precisely the position assigned to Varuna in the Rig-Veda, or to Ahuramasda in Eranian tradition; and, on the other hand, to the Being recognized, though it might seem unconsciously, in spite of later superstitions, by all branches of the Turanian race. These points would, of course, require more space and time than are at my disposal; but the results appear to me certain, and if not undisputed, yet essentially incontrovertible.

It is only to be hoped that England will take the part which becomes her in the elucidation of this unique production of the Turanian mind. Much certainly remains to be done towards the right adjustment of several portions of the work; much also for the assignment of its true place with regard to the language itself. But one thing must be asserted as the general outcome. No labour on this poem will be lost that is rightly and conscientiously directed. The poet, the philologist, the philosopher, and the scientific theologian, will each be rewarded in proportion to the candour and honesty of his investigations. Nor do I feel it wrong to state my gratification that in this brief treatise I have brought the subject, as it would seem, for the first time—at least with adequate fulness—before the minds of my countrymen.

F. C. Cook.

MYSTERY IN FAITH.

A SPECIAL characteristic of the sceptical philosophy of the present day is the desire shown by its prominent exponents to explain away the supposed existence of mystery in connection with the universe, and, by attributing all its phenomena to so-called natural causes, to avoid acknowledging the intervention of any supernatural Being. The existence of force and matter, developed by the laws of Nature, remove, they assert, all mystery in regard to its origin, and so satisfactorily account for its development that the idea of a God becomes equally unnecessary and unphilosophical.

The reply of men of faith is that these boasted explanations are entirely delusive, consisting for the most part of a concealment, by the misuse of words, of the mystery which exists; and that the hypotheses relied on by these writers are mere theories and conjectures. A careful examination of their recent productions will conclusively justify this statement, if the words they use are restricted to their legitimate meanings, and it will also be apparent that the theories they propound in opposition to revelation are mostly, in the truest sense of the word, thoroughly unscientific. The Christian accepts mystery as a necessity of man's limited condition, both in regard to the order of Nature around him and to his own spiritual connection with unseen realities. The unbeliever, denying the existence of spirit, makes Nature itself into a mysterious power, the thought of which puts reason to confusion.

The important words most commonly misused by these writers in propounding their anti-Christian theories are—Nature, Force, Matter, and Law; and it is essential at the outset to fix their correct meanings in order to be able afterwards to judge whether or not the method in which they are employed is fair and really does away with mystery in its true sense—viz., that which is concealed or beyond human comprehension; and whether or not the theories propounded are scientific—*i.e.*, truth sustained by actual knowledge. The word Nature signifies either the power which presides over the material world, or the material universe itself. Force means that which changes the state of a body in rest or in motion. Matter is "the arrangement of invisible atoms supposed to be necessitated by the existence of material, but which in its attenuated form has never yet been proved to exist, and of which many of the deepest thinkers, including some of the greatest investigators, have doubted the existence." Law is a rule of action established by authority.

Tested by the actual meanings of these words, the sceptical theories founded on them are evidently puerile, and nothing more than unscientific conjectures. For example, the world, it is asserted, is but the product of force and matter working through natural laws. But, as we have shown, matter is in its essence a pure mystery, for it has never yet been seen in its attenuated form. Therefore the assertion of its existence is, strictly speaking, unscientific, not sustained by actual knowledge. Further, the supposed eternity of matter is a mere conjecture, and therefore equally unscientific. Admitting, however, for a moment, that these theories of the existence and eternity of matter are true, the next postulate put forward is, if possible, more unscientific and a greater mystery—viz., the sudden introduction, at some unknown period, of force; that is to say, the intrusion without any cause of a power which changed the state of matter. The causeless introduction of that which did not originally exist is surely, on atheistic principles, an unthinkable proposition. But let this also be granted, and further, that force and matter, working together, did produce the solid earth, the next demand is still more unreasonable, namely, the introduction of law without authority—a blind power to work through Nature so as to develop in perfection the phenomena that abound in the material, animal, and vegetable world, as well as human existence. This hypothesis calls upon us to admit an effect without a Cause, a law without a Lawgiver, and to believe that blind, unreasoning matter has surpassed in its exhibition of contrivance and skill all the mechanical wonders ever achieved by intellect.

Not the least strange part of this teaching is that, while it is all mere conjecture, and possesses no iota of that scientific proof which they so strongly contend is absolutely necessary to make the acceptance of the Christian revelation reasonable, it is put forward as ascertained truth by scientific men. Yet it can hardly be denied that the existence of matter from eternity, the sudden causeless intrusion of force, the perpetual influence throughout Nature of unauthorized law, the exhibition of skill and design as the product of chance, the operation of Nature by law, or the mere existence of law without a lawgiver, are propositions far more unreasonable, far more mysterious, than any which the Christian doctrine involves.

Our object, however, is not so much to show the unreasonableness of such sceptical teaching as to enforce the fact that it is impossible, even thus, to escape the acknowledgment of mystery in connection with the existence of the universe. We are, in fact, surrounded by it in the commonest operations of Nature. The ordinary incident of the development of a bird in its shell is beyond the power of the wisest to explain. Human life is also a mystery, from its primary communication to an infant in the first moment of separate existence, through its continual struggle with disease and decay, till on its departure it leaves its recent habitation a mere form of clay. Of this problem the most eminent sceptical philosophers admit no really satisfactory solution has been obtained. Some profess to regard life as the effect of spontaneous generation, which, stripped of its high-sounding verbiage, means that life begat itself; and one candid writer says this must have been the case, otherwise a God is necessarily the author, which he urges is an unthinkable proposition. Life is explained by Mr. Herbert Spencer as "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external coexistences and sequences,"—an elaborate description, but one which fails to convey anything but some of the effects of life, leaving its origin as much a mystery as ever.

The Christian idea is, in fact, the only one that is consistent with reason. Life is an emanation from Deity. Whether pulsating in the animal, or animating the human frame, it is the communication to matter of a principle which produces effects that separate animate from inanimate Nature, defined by Mr. Lewes as "a series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity."

Seek as we may, there is no solution for the mysterious enigma of life except that it is an emanation from the Divine Spirit breathed into all living beings. Just as the mysterious principle called attraction or gravitation pervades all inanimate Nature, and prevents the universe from falling into chaos, so the mysterious principle called life, breathed forth from God throughout animate Nature, keeps the universe from the dreary void of death. But while life in the animal and in man is the same, here the similarity between the two comes to an end; for beyond matter and beyond life, man has embodied in his corporal frame a spiritual body—the essential individual—held imprisoned in his earthly covering by the influence of life. As soon as this ceases to act, the spiritual body is released and assumes a new form.

That more than mere life animates a human being is both an instinct and an intuition. It is forced upon the mind of every one who watches the death-throes of an animal and the death-struggle of a man. In some respects these are painfully alike, for instance, in the evident reluctance of life to quit its hold upon the form it occupied; but when life has ceased, the difference is most striking. Looking at the dead animal, the mind realizes at once that the only change is the cessation of animation, while looking at the dead friend, much more than life is felt to have departed. *He* is no longer there. A skilful taxidermist might so reproduce a resemblance of the animal that the absence of life would hardly be noticed, but no skill could reproduce the faintest likeness to the man. Not only life but an indefinable something would be wanting, and the cleverest artist could only succeed in producing a horrible monstrosity.

The mind of man is another mystery. In vain it is constantly asking *itself* what it really is, whether material or immaterial; where it has its seat, whether localized in the brain, or diffused throughout the body. And, if possible, a still greater mystery remains in that hidden link by which the organs of sight and hearing, taste and feeling, are connected with the mind, the occult means by which one glance at an object may produce fear or joy, pleasure or pain; one bar of music bring back, through the agency of that equally mysterious power which we call memory, pleasant visions or bitter thoughts.

If, then, the material world is thus full of mystery, and the wisest mind cannot explain its own nature, it is not surprising that the spiritual world should also possess its mysteries, and that the religion which appeals to the spiritual part of man's nature should in its revelations refer to many things which man in his limited condition cannot comprehend. The very idea of spirit is beyond human conception, since, except in its connection with the body, man has no knowledge of its existence, yet its existence is a scientific fact, for it is a force which can be recognized in its connection with, and its effect upon, a bodily form. We can feel its influence, enjoy communion with it, but only clothed in a garment of flesh. Consequently the idea of a Divine Spirit must necessarily involve mystery, since all that we can understand regarding a spiritual being is from our intercourse with spirit as we alone have known it, veiled within a bodily form.

Mystery in the phenomena of existence being thus an actual fact, a religion which professed to involve none in matters of faith would evidently be false. Our proposition is that the Christian faith, while necessarily leaving much unrevealed—*i.e.*, mystery—declares nothing which is contrary to reason, and gives the most satisfactory and logical explanations as to those mysterious problems of existence which remain unsolved.

The first mystery in connection with the Christian faith which demands attention is the existence of evil, notwithstanding the goodness of God.

The pernicious prevalence of evil is a scientific fact, and at the same time the most awful enigma of the universe. Suffering, as displayed even in the animal creation, is a dread mystery. The dove in the eagle's talons, the beautiful fawn in the tiger's claws, suggest painful questionings. The sight of the fertile landscape blasted by the wild tornado, or of the peaceful valley buried beneath the ashes of the volcano, fills the mind with grief and wonder. But it is far less painful to contemplate these than to witness the intense wickedness which human nature so constantly exhibits. Some philosophers have suggested that man, being, as they assert, a development of the brute, still retains some of the brutish nature. But such an explanation, so far from being satisfactory, would, if accepted, increase the difficulty, for no beast in creation shows such depravity as man displays. On the contrary, each animal after its kind perfectly obeys the law of its being, and uses the instincts and gifts with which it is endowed to fulfil the highest purposes of its own nature. Man alone, with instincts tending to lofty attainments, devotes them to purposes infinitely base; with powers exceptionally high, employs them for ends horrible and unnatural, and, especially in those parts of his nature which he shares with the beast, degrades them to the gratification of loathsome appetites, by practices of which no brute is ever guilty. A degraded man is, in fact, the one monstrosity in Nature.*

An example of this depravity is seen in the treatment to which women are often subjected at the hands of men. Among savages their miserable condition is described by travellers as being almost beyond belief, while the open cruelty with which they are treated by the depraved classes of civilized nations is proverbial. Neither is the crime of Nero, who is said to have killed his wife by violence, and at the same time destroyed his offspring, an uncommon one in the history of the rich and cultured classes. There is nothing to correspond with this in the animal world. Among those birds and beasts which couple together, the male shares equally with his mate the work and pleasure of life, and as carefully watches over the welfare of their progeny. No beast, however ferocious, has ever been known to ill-treat his female companion or place in jeopardy the life of his cubs. In this respect alone, the contrast between the brute and man bears terrible testimony to the depth of depravity to which humanity has fallen.*

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* For a full development of this subject, see "The Unity of Nature," by the Duke of Argyll.

The first difficulty, therefore, in regard to the Christian faith is to reconcile the existence of this evil, or sin, with the rule of a good and benevolent God. This difficulty must, however, be carefully distinguished from that of the origin of evil, regarding which revelation gives no explanation, probably because it involves much that is beyond finite comprehension. We learn, indeed, that sin was brought into this world from another sphere and by the agency of a malignant spiritual power, but its origin in that other sphere is hidden in the darkness of an unknown past. We are also left in entire ignorance of the reason why infinite love could not or did not destroy evil at its first appearance by some immediate display of Divine power. These are unfathomable mysteries. But the doctrine of the Incarnation and Atonement set forth in the Gospel shows God so grieving over the ruin of man that (if the expression is allowable) Omnipotence appears to have strained itself to the utmost for his redemption. The revelation of God becoming incarnate, and in the form of one of the lost race suffering all the penalty of sin, enduring all the woes which sin entailed, proves at once the awful nature of the catastrophe, the intense difficulty of the undertaking, and the infinite love of God.

It must have been a matter of unspeakable and awful issue to have been worthy of such a sacrifice. It must have been a matter of infinite difficulty, since Divine wisdom could find no easier plan of salvation. The love that contrived and carried out such a remedy could only be perfect love—the love of God. But the conception and completion of the remedy reconciles, even to man's comprehension, the goodness of God with the existence of evil.

A doctrine of the Christian faith, founded upon the Atonement, but often so misrepresented as to be a serious hindrance to the acceptance of the Christian faith, is the great truth of imputed righteousness. The exaggerated language in which it is often exhibited is equally repugnant to reason and to truth, involving innocence being imputed to the guilty because one who was innocent suffered the penalty of guilt, righteousness being imputed to an unrighteous man because another of the race fulfilled all righteousness. Such a representation, if taken literally, is undoubtedly degrading to the character of God, and flows from a slavish adherence to a traditional interpretation of certain words of Scripture which, if naturally interpreted, are entirely in accordance with the revelation we possess as to the nature of the true and holy God. Christ is undoubtedly revealed as the sin-bearer who redeemed the world by the sacrifice of Himself, vindicating at once the righteousness and the love of God. By faith on Him alone man is able to obtain righteousness, which is therefore described as "the righteousness which is by faith." Christ's sacrifice was the world's ransom from all that is involved in the curse of sin; therefore "He bore our sins and carried our sorrows." His living spiritual presence is the only means by which man can overcome evil; therefore Christ is made "the righteousness of God in him." Accepting Christ in His fulness, man's righteousness, which is by faith, begins, and the perfect righteousness which, notwithstanding the faintness and imperfection of his first efforts, must result from the steadfast following of Christ, is imputed. Faith in Christ being the germ out of which perfect righteousness will finally evolve, is justly accepted as righteousness attained.

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* Yet this degraded thing, human nature, has been actually set up by one school of so-called philosophers as an object of worship, and deemed worthy of veneration and attachment.

God cannot practise self-deception by looking upon a man otherwise than as he actually is, but rightly imputes as righteousness that sincere faith which constrains the believer to accept Christ as Teacher, Example, Redeemer, and God, a faith which must transform the character day by day unto His likeness. Such faith is the living germ of the perfect growth.

The doctrine of the Trinity, also connected with the Atonement, has presented another difficulty to many minds, and undoubtedly must always be an inscrutable mystery to the human understanding. This is necessitated by the fact that the Eternal Spirit can only be known to man under such manifestations as His wisdom may dictate. It is easy to accept the mere idea of Trinity in Unity, for man is in himself such a mystery, body, mind or soul, and spirit forming the united man, but God has no form which man can conceive.

Much of the difficulty, however, disappears when the truth is grasped that every revelation which God has made of Himself to man is restricted to the relation which He Himself bears to man, and that the names under which He has from time to time revealed Himself have been both different and progressive. We read in Exodus that God said unto Moses, "I appeared unto Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, by the name of 'El Shaddai,' the Almighty One, but by my name 'Jehovah' (*i.e.*, He that was, is, and shall be) was I not known unto them." Throughout the earlier dispensation He remained known to Israel as the great "I Am," the name expressing the character which He bore in relation to them. By-and-by this name was extended. He proclaimed Himself the "Lord God," merciful and gracious, abounding in goodness and truth, forgiving sin but by no means clearing the guilty. Later, He was known by the name of "the Lord of Hosts, the Holy One of Israel." As last, in the fulness of time, God manifested Himself in the person of Christ, as Son of God and Son of man, making known to man His new name, "The Holy Trinity," three Persons in one Godhead—the Father, whose offspring (a word which expresses far more than mere creation) man is; the Son, the Redeemer; the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier: each name containing a revelation of God, but each still limited to His relation to man, while the unity—the Lord God, one God—remained unchanged. Of the essential nature (apart from His relation to mankind) of God the Eternal Spirit, who filleth all things, of whom every flower is a manifestation, and whose laws the universe obeys, the finite mind cannot form any conception. But in the Apocalypse a hope is given of one still clearer manifestation. It is written that when those who overcome in their conflict with evil here on earth shall enter their future home, a fuller and brighter vision of Deity will be vouchsafed to them; that, to use the symbolical language of Scripture, "to them that overcome a white stone shall be given, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

Of all the mysteries of the Christian faith, the one that first raised the scorn of unbelievers, and still tries the faith of many, is the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Before Christ's advent, the world remained in gloom and dread uncertainty as to the future life, possessing only vague visions of shadowy existences, for the most part in conditions of pain and woe. The proclamation of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body was at first received by the world with ridicule. When Paul preached it on Mars Hill, many mocked, and during the earlier times of persecution, the pagans were wont, after having burnt the bodies of the martyrs, to cause their ashes to be devoured by beasts, in order, as they supposed, to ensure the combination of the body of the man with the body of the brute, and so to put an end to all hope of its immortality.

Some men of science at the present day, knowing that the whole of man's body is but a combination of various gases which, after death, are dissipated, assume other forms, and, having been incorporated in various vegetable substances, again enter fresh human frames, view this doctrine as contrary to reason and fact. It is true that these objections are really superficial, but in order to reconcile the doctrine with reason it is absolutely necessary to examine closely the Christian teaching regarding the resurrection; the more so, since, owing to the influence of traditional interpretation of Scripture, it may seem almost incredible to some persons that there is no statement in the Bible to justify the idea that the resurrection-body will consist of the same materials as the earthly.

The resurrection of the body is undoubtedly an essential article of the Christian faith, and, at first sight, the assertion that man shall rise again with his body, of which nevertheless the materials will be entirely new, presents a difficulty. But in reality none exists; for, though we know nothing of the material, so to speak, of which the spiritual body will be composed, this is unimportant, the vital point being that in the resurrection the continuity of personal identity shall be preserved; that the individual who was clothed with an earthly body, which he quitted at death, shall be the same in essence, though changed in surroundings, when clothed upon with his resurrection-body.

One illustration may assist us in realizing the possibility of sameness in change. An infant of a day old will continue to be the same individual to the day of his death, though life should be prolonged for a hundred years. During this period, the materials of which his body is composed will be continually changing, and no atom of matter that formed part of the infant will form part of the mature man. Yet all along, in a very real sense, it has been the man's own body. The scars which seamed the flesh of the child remain visible to the end, and the frame of the aged man is racked with pain in consequence of the follies and imprudences of youth. It has been his own body throughout all its transformations.

The apostle, speaking of the resurrection of the body, says: "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body; it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption." He compares it to a piece of dry corn cast into the ground, where all that is of the earth remains and combines with the earth, while the vital germ assumes a more beauteous form. So is the resurrection of the dead. All that is of the earth returns to the earth as it was, while the spirit, the vital part of man, is clothed with its house from heaven—a more beauteous body, a spiritual body. Yet the identity is preserved, just as truly as the man in his maturity is identified with the man in his childhood.

The difficulty of realizing the truth of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body is undeniable, though few teachings of revelation are supported by stronger evidence. First, we have the fact that belief in a future state is a universal instinct of humanity: this future being one of retribution, where those who shall have lived up to the light vouchsafed to them will receive a just reward, and those who have lived beneath it, punishment. Such testimony is valuable; for there are no universal instincts in Nature which have not their corresponding satisfactions. Even stronger proof may be deduced from the consideration that, if there be no future life, the present is a terrible injustice, and altogether inconsistent with the character of justice which forms a portion of God's nature. That justice is a Divine attribute is proved by the fact that mankind instinctively recognizes and approves that which is just, so that even the heathen counted the title of "the just one" the highest that could be bestowed upon a man. This quality, thus intuitively appreciated, could only have been bestowed by one who possessed it; and if so, then a future life to rectify the inequalities of the present is assured by God's own character.

It is without doubt very difficult, as we look upon a cold corpse, which still bears a likeness (but only, as it were, in stone) to a friend, to realize that he no longer occupies that body in which alone we have known him, but yet lives just as real a life as he did on earth, though under conditions which we are unable even to imagine. It is comforting at such times of distress to listen to the whisperings of Nature, which give us so many beautiful illustrations of unseen realities. We know that it is impossible to destroy anything that exists, that apparent annihilation is but change of state and form, and that many things which are rendered imperceptible for a time become again visible under new conditions in a more beautiful form—as, for example, the change of ice into water, and of water into vapour, destined to reappear by-and-by in beautiful snow-flakes. It may perhaps be objected that this simile is inappropriate because these bodies are material, while spirit is esteemed to be immaterial. But when men of science attempt to separate the material from the immaterial, they transgress beyond ascertained knowledge. The ethereal atom which is supposed to lie at the foundation of all matter is as invisible, and its existence just as unprovable, as spirit itself. We only know of the existence of atoms by the force they exhibit. Yet they form the substance of all Nature, from the ether which fills space to the hard rocks of which our world is framed, their visible or invisible form depending only upon varying conditions. This is the final conclusion of science with regard to the material universe.

The same reasoning, applied to spirit, is equally conclusive. We know it also in its invisible essence only by the force which it exerts while pervading the human form. When separated from this form by that change which we call death, it ceases to exert its force upon its old material; but it is altogether illogical to assume that, because it then ceases to be apparent as an active principle, it is the one thing in Nature that can be annihilated. On the contrary, reason suggests that, like the material atoms which under varying conditions change from one form to another, and from the invisible to the visible, it has but ceased to manifest itself in one form to assume another. Revelation, taking up the thread, makes known to us that the essential man at death does assume, in place of his earthly body, a spiritual one, the chief feature of which is the breaking-forth—the efflorescence—of the spiritual character formed while in the flesh. Here, in this grosser body, the character often stamps itself upon the countenance, giving it an expression of degradation or nobility, the features of the spiritual body thus impressing themselves, as it were, upon the earthly covering. An essence so potent must be as real as the matter upon which it acts, and revelation declares that it is so, and that it will in the resurrection-body again manifest itself, with a judgment of retribution stamped upon its new embodiment, its state fixed by the result of its conflict with evil while in the flesh, according to the proclamation of the Apocalyptic Seer—"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that his holy, let him be holy still."

FRANCIS PEEK.

THE NOMAD POOR OF LONDON.

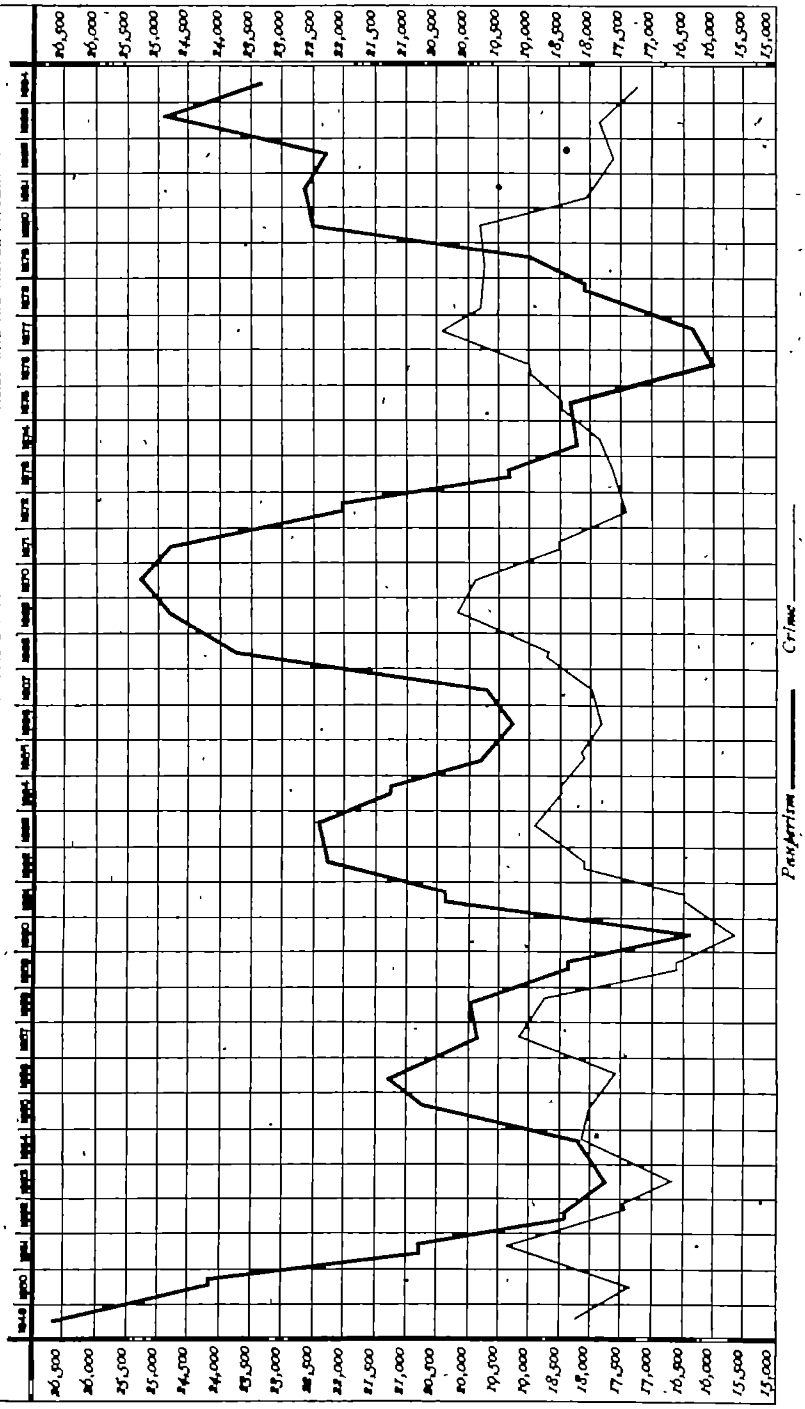
THE mildness of the past winter and the excitement of battle news, almost daily provided for the public, have combined to prevent this year the upheaval of the periodic wave of opinion with regard to the condition of the English poor. The time is therefore, I think, opportune for discussing their condition, for there is less danger of writing under the influence of emotion, and more chance of attracting the serious attention of the country to the fact, that we have inherited from past generations a national debt of misery and degradation hitherto regarded as permanent, that we are in process of adding to this national debt, and that as things are marching at present, we shall hand on to our successors a debt of greater proportions, and one consequently more beyond control, than that received by us from the last generation.

To get at once to the facts, let me say at the outset that, in referring to this national debt of misery and degradation, I am not referring to crime or wilful pauperism. The present facts, with regard to what is technically described as pauperism and crime, are probably known to few. It is generally held that want is invariably the parent of crime. In England this is no longer the case. Formerly—that is, for the thirty years previous to 1877—criminal statistics bore a remarkable relation to the statistics of pauperism. When crimes were numerous, paupers flooded the poorhouses; and when crime from any cause diminished, the poor-law returns in like manner revealed a corresponding reduction in the number of able-bodied paupers in receipt of relief. Ten years after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1867, and eight years after the Education of the People Bill became law, a remarkable change took place in the intimate relations between pauperism and crime. As the pauperism of able-bodied adults increased, a remarkable decrease in crime became apparent. England and Wales, with a population of 26,000,000, are at this moment freer from crime than when the population was only 19,000,000—that is, in 1859. I am allowed by the Secretary of State for the Home Department to make use of a diagram, from which the comparative statement given on the following page is prepared. Sir William Harcourt has, both in his public and private capacity, given proof of his keen interest in the welfare of the Nomads of London, and in the unemployed generally.

The increasing density of population in our great cities brings many evils in its train, but it is clear, not only that neither an actual nor a relative increase of punishable offences can be numbered among them, but also that there has been, from whatever cause, a solid improvement in the moral texture of the population, and that this moral uplifting of the people has enabled them to endure the pressure of want without succumbing to the temptations of crime. This divorce between the poorer population and that of the prisons has been accompanied by an equally remarkable diminution of pauperism. Taken together, there is colourable ground for assuming that these facts disprove the existence of serious want among the poor of London. Let us once more look at the facts. The population of Greater London is now about 5,200,000, while the number of paupers is (April, 1885) but 94,000, including about 600 vagrants relieved nightly in the casual wards.

It is my practice to spend every Saturday night wandering about the streets of London for the purpose of picking up the nomads who, from fault or misfortune, have failed to find shelter. The facts elicited from personal contact with, and examination of, some thousands of these night wanderers, embolden me to advance the opinion that, amongst even these nomads, there is a large and growing class of temperate and would-be industrious folk, whose woes are not touched by any charitable or philanthropic association, still less by the iron hand of the Poor-law Board. Visits to some of the principal workhouses have further revealed the fact, that the inmates of the casual cells differ from the class just referred to almost as much as a predatory beast differs from a human being.

The class of which I speak does not form the bulk of the vagrant population of London, which, on rainy or frosty nights, is fain to walk the streets, because it has nowhere else to go. Forty per cent. of these night vagrants are men from whom the grace of humanity has almost disappeared. Physically, mentally, and morally unfit, there is nothing that the nation can do for these men, except to let them die out by leaving them alone. To enable them by unwise compassion to propagate their kind, is to hand on to posterity a legacy of pure and unmixed evil. The next forty per cent. are poor, weakly, feckless creatures, many of them prematurely aged, capable of three or four hours' work a day, but unfit for the stress of competition, and incapable of earning a fair livelihood where the efforts



COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.— DIAGRAM SHOWING FLUCTUATIONS IN THE DAILY AVERAGE LOCAL PRISON POPULATION SINCE 1849 AS COMPARED WITH THE PAUPER POPULATION.

of thews and sinews are required. The remainder of these night wanderers are men capable of work—in fact, their one cry is for work—and among them I have found, as I have said, many fine characters, men whose dignity under dire misfortune, whose repugnance to the degradation of a dole, is only one degree less than their loathing of workhouse relief. Their frames are attenuated by want, and such food as they do obtain is adulterated by men who are not always unconnected with East-end vestries, and whose trade it is to sell the poor man an article which pretends to be what it is not.

Some investigation into the conditions of this virtuous twenty per cent. revealed the fact that they were specially unfortunate members of the far larger class, whom I have estimated at 200,000, who exist under conditions of casual employment, and who are remunerated at a price which removes them but one degree from absolute want. The average weekly wages of 160 of these men for four weeks was found to be but four shillings and tenpence a week, while twenty of them, taken at random, earned but three shillings and one farthing each a week during a like period. Wages such as this involve periodical recourse to "dossing out"—*i.e.*, walking the streets—while it is obviously impossible to maintain physical fitness under conditions of life so opposed to the teachings of the laws of Nature. The whole wardrobe of these men is often on their backs, and if they want to wash them they have to go to bed. The lodging-houses in which they congregate are not temples of luxury and ease, while the air they breathe, and the sanitary neglect of indolent local authorities, add to the squalor in which they live and move and have their being. With regard to the number of those casually employed, it is impossible to obtain accurate statistics. From all the sources from which I can gather information, I should think that about 40,000, with a corresponding proportion of women and children, making in all 200,000, may be set down as the probable number now in London.

As these labourers gravitate to the river-side, it has been a matter of comparative ease to get into more or less direct communication with some thousands of them, and to make at least a rough analysis of constituent parts of the unemployed. One of the first points which forces itself on the attention is the number of men who, in some form or another, have served the Queen. A large majority of these have been in the army—many of them men, after ten years' service, turned off without a pension, trade, capital, or means of earning a livelihood. A large number are "reserve" men, to whom a career in another country is made impossible, and whose opportunities in England are gravely prejudiced by the continual calls to which they have been subjected whenever a local *émeute* has constituted an occasion "of grave emergency" under the Act. These men form not less than 15 per cent. of the whole, of which 15 per cent., perhaps one-seventh, are either in the first or second class army reserve.

The next class, large in numbers but not remarkable for intelligence, are the agricultural labourers. The various causes that have produced agricultural depression—machinery, want of capital, failure of crops, American competition, dulness of the country, and improved education—have united with the natural credulity of Hodge to send him to London. Once there, he finds out his mistake; but it is too late, and unless he has the brains and physique to enlist, he is absorbed into the army of the unemployed. It is probable that these labourers constitute no less than 80 per cent. of the unemployed. They have within the last few years come up from the country to the metropolis, and in so doing have exchanged a hard lot for one that is hopeless.

The next in order are the artisans who have dropped their subscriptions to their unions and societies through want, who have sold their tools for bread, and who have thus been driven down the ladder of life from the exercise of skill to the exertion of brute force. Some of these poor fellows have sought in drink a talisman to conjure away their pain of mind; but, so far as can be gathered, they are not profligate as a class, and have for the most part fallen behind in the race of life from sheer misfortune.

The remainder of these men are London born and bred, acquainted with every device that such a training can give them, and are what in California would be termed a "hard" crowd. Some of the 60,252 foreigners of all nationalities living within the area of inner London occasionally sink into the ranks of the unemployed.

According to the census returns of 1881 the number of unoccupied persons in London, not having any specified employment, was 1,608,539. Of these it is estimated that 200,000 men, women, and children form the submerged social stratum of London, whose case is under examination. As the population of London is increased by an addition of 446 persons per diem, of which only 363 are births, it follows that the metropolitan absorption of rural population is proceeding at the rate of 83 per diem.

It will be clear at the outset of an inquiry into the remedies for the existing state of things, that those proposed may be broadly divided into two classes—viz., those which are applicable at once or within the next few years, and those the advantages of which will necessarily be enjoyed by posterity. We will first consider the former division.

Emigration is considered by many excellent persons a sovereign remedy for all the evils of a superabundant population. The facts which have been set forth with regard to the physical unfitness of the unemployed for strenuous labour render it clear that in emigration there is no panacea. This physical unfitness, it is to be feared, is on the increase. Medical science during the last fifty years has saved incalculable misery, but the whole fabric of society has been tainted by the preservation of unfit lives, whose offspring succumb-more readily and in greater numbers to the eleven great zymotic diseases than was the case with past generations. This physical unfitness of the unemployed is a powerful argument against emigration as a remedy. Add to this moral unfitness the limits and restrictions of age imposed by each colony, and the fact that, with the exception of New South Wales, Canada, and Queensland, not one is offering "assisted" passages. Nor must the growing disinclination of the working classes to emigrate be left out of account.

Socialistic propaganda are greatly on the increase, and hatred of "transportation," as it is called, is a solid plank in the Hyndman platform. Indiscriminate and badly managed organizations of every sort and kind, created to deport the artisan class, have, by transferring misery from one portion of the earth's surface to another, increased the cry now current among the working classes, that emigration is not only no panacea, but is a fell device of the capitalist.

The serious falling-off in the emigration returns is matter for grave consideration. In 1883 the emigration from the United Kingdom was 320,116; in 1884, 240,000; while the nominal annual increase to the population is over 360,000.

Still, much may be done. At present the English Government is idle in the matter. With the exception of very questionable money grants to Ireland, the Liberal party has done nothing to foster or facilitate emigration. Nor are they entirely to blame. A score of emigration agencies exist in England, every one of which has its own private "row to hoe." The Government cannot favour with the advantage of prestige and of State aid any one of these societies to the exclusion of the others. The obvious course, therefore, is so far to federate every emigration society in England as to present to the Government a single point of contact at which they may be connected with the machinery of the State. The delegation of a liberal-minded member of each emigration society to a central Board, together with the united aid of the Agents-General for this purpose, would go far to aid the mother-country in a much greater and more permanent domestic trouble than she is encountering in the Soudan.

It appears to me that the function of the Imperial Government in this matter is not so much the provision of pecuniary means as the constitution of pressure, or influence on the Colonial Governments, for it is unfortunately true that the rate of emigration from England is determined, not by the desire of the mother-country to deport her superfluous population, nor by the willingness of that population to depart. The absorptive power of the colonies absolutely regulates the amount of healthy emigration possible, and the jealousy of colonial trades unions, and the harshness of their protective laws, are matters which more effectually prevent successful colonization than any lack of means, or the physical unfitness of would-be emigrants from the mother-country. We English have our rights as well as our duties in the colonies. At least £400,000,000 of our national debt was incurred in acquiring them. We have defended them gratis for the last century, and now, forsooth, we have handed the fee-simple of those estates in their entirety to the first white settlers. Next to Lord North's fatuous loss of the United States, the crowning folly of party government has always seemed to be the surrender of the whole soil of the temperate places of the earth to a few colonists. Now that England needs these estates to plant out new colonies, the right to do so can only be obtained by negotiation. This negotiation is rendered easier by the fine spirit of loyalty our Egyptian troubles have evoked.

To sum up: a federation of existing agencies for national purposes, a weekly telegram from every town in every colony, showing what labour was required, with the loyal support of the Home Government and the Agents-General and of the wealthy public, would go far to give emigration a new impetus; for the elder method of plantations could then be re-introduced. A company of colonists, self-contained and self-efficient, would leave the mother-country complete in every function. As Saturn has thrown off into space, whilst in a state of flux, his mysterious rings, so would England, now rent with the difficulty of this question of population, throw off rings from her own stuff and texture.

Charities.—The money annually given away in London is estimated to exceed £4,000,000: £20 each for 200,000 people, well laid out, and supplemented by the poor-law expenditure, would appear, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, adequate to deal with nominal metropolitan distress. Subdivided into every form of organization, the four millions perceptibly lose energy before they finally reach their destination.

Multiplication of identical machinery for carrying out similar objects covering the same ground, not only involves overlapping, but creates expenditure in the form of paid agents, secretaries, and rent. Much of the most excellent charitable work in London is done by paid agents, whose labours are far in excess of any remuneration received by them. But while this fact is duly recorded it must not be forgotten that philanthropy is now as distinctly a trade as bootmaking. The art of drawing up an appeal for aid for this hospital or that society is as much a profession, as that of the promoters of joint-stock companies. The trick of composing a prospectus which shall draw capital from investors while it does not entangle the directors in the meshes of the law, finds an almost exact parallel in the competitive word-paintings of able secretaries to charitable institutions. To get money from the public is far easier than to spend it with wisdom, and with permanent and solid advantage to the community.

It seems to me that a healthy public opinion must be created with regard to two points before the stream of charity can effectually cleanse the Augean stable in the East-end. The first point is, that organization of charity must be carried out with some approach to universality; and the second is, that individual effort, not to be delegated to societies or paid agents, should largely replace hired and mechanical assistance.

It cannot be denied that the administration of charity, speaking broadly, has attracted the co-operation of sympathetic and emotional natures, rather than those with the sterner qualities which secure success in other branches of life. To deal effectively with the evils of poverty there is no reason to suppose that inferior brains, re-inforced by luxuriance of emotion, will get to hand-grips with the solution of the problem. One of the hardest trials to a humane man is not to give, when giving will relieve the necessities of the moment. But when giving enables the recipient to hand down to posterity a replica of his own vices and unfitness, then giving becomes a cruelty to others and a vice in itself. Segregate your vicious, but do nothing to perpetuate the vice-producers.

The organization of charity on a national or even a metropolitan scale can hardly be mentioned without reference to the Society for the Organization of Charitable Relief. Hopeless confusion exists in the public mind as to the aims and objects of that Society, and for this confusion of ideas the Society is responsible. The union of two irrelevant functions, relief and the organization of relief agencies, without any ostensible ear-mark to indicate the line of demarcation between the two, not unnaturally causes the twilight that exists in the public mind on the subject. Charity organization in the vigorous hands of a statesman, say like Lord Rosebery, would assume new proportions. No society among other societies can ever grapple with the problem as a whole. Federation in politics and in ecclesiastical matters is in the air.

Union, for common purposes, of the charities of London would go far to lay a foundation for the erection of a stable structure, and would obviate the need of an alien or a bureaucratic administration. It may be that the Charity Organization Society contains within its boundaries minds and energies capable of such a task as this.

Some at least of the charity now given away in London has reproduced the very evils which were supposed to have disappeared with the old poor-law system. The administration of two of the Mansion House funds created more distress than it relieved. Nor is the cause remote. The administration of charity requires a union of warmth of heart and strength of head which is rare, and the inevitable consequences of emotional impulses, unchecked by intellectual perceptions, appeared in the results of these Mansion House bounties.

To sum up: firstly, federate your charities; secondly, sterilize the vicious by refusing aid to the unthrifty and the idle; and thirdly, reinforce paid agencies by private and individual effort.

Local Government.—That the local business of great cities should be exclusively directed by the representatives of the inhabitants is in theory an unobjectionable system. It is no doubt, moreover, an admirable one, where the wisdom and common-sense of experienced and honest men are at the service of the ratepayers. In the poorer neighbourhoods, however, there is difficulty in obtaining the services of capable and unselfish vestrymen, and the consequent maladministration of local affairs bears heavily upon those who are powerless to remedy the evils inflicted upon them under a system of representation in which public spirit has no place.

The Adulteration Acts of 1860 and 1872 leave little to be desired in the way of legislation, if they were but rigidly enforced. Local authorities are bound to appoint analysts with competent medical, chemical, and microscopical knowledge. Provision is made for the due analysis of food, drink, and drugs, and for conviction of offenders against the law. In the West-end, gross and habitual adulteration is unknown; in the East-end, not only are food and drink persistently debased by foreign and spurious additions, but quality is counterfeited, bulk is increased, appearance is improved, and valuable constituents are taken away with comparative impunity. Mr. Bright's *dictum*, that "adulteration is a form of competition," has lulled to rest the consciences of many wavering middlemen, and the consequences of this ill-omened pronouncement may be traced in the laxity of the administration of the Adulteration Acts. To take but a few instances: legalizing the sale of a mixture of coffee and chicory has not reduced adulteration of these commodities, for the coffee is half-ripe or insect-eaten, "tails" blended with "finings," and the chicory is fortified with beans, lupin seeds, acorns, "Hambro' powder," mangel-wurzel, and spent tan; and the most obvious proof of adulteration is, that the coffee is sold retail in London at a price at which it cannot be produced on his estate by the coffee-planter. A pennyworth of tea, as purchased by the poor in many small East-end shops, does not contain one tea-leaf. It consists of floor-dust, the sweepings of inferior teas, China clay, fine sand, and spurious leaves of "Ma-loo" mixture. Bread in the East-end has some peculiar characteristic well worth the notice of a philanthropist.

In practice 100 lbs. of flour will make 133 to 137 lbs. of bread; so that, a sack of 280 lbs. should yield 95 four-pound loaves. The guile of the baker is shown by increasing the number, and this is most commonly effected by the addition of a gummy mess of boiled rice, which enables him to increase his out-turn by five per cent. Such bread quickly gets mouldy, and on a warm day will not keep sweet twelve hours. The smell of adulterated bread is sour and nauseating, particularly when the butter is equally bad, and the tea, milk, and sugar are also the results of competitive efforts in the retail trade. Flour, oatmeal, and arrowroot are all adulterated with inferior starches. Sugar is blended with insoluble ingredients. Milk is watered and thickened with lime and calves' brains; while beer is salted and drugged so as to induce a permanent and unquenchable thirst.

With regard to meat, I have been furnished by a competent authority with a return showing the amount of foreign mutton imported into this country during the year 1884. It amounts to no less than 524,098 carcases of sheep, or over 25,000,000 pounds of meat. These have for the most part been sold retail as English mutton, and that is as truly adulteration under the meaning of the Act as though the increased price obtained by a suppression of the facts had been obtained by more obviously fraudulent methods. The absorption by middlemen of the profits of the frozen-meat trade under the circumstances which I have set forth, forms perhaps one exception to the contention that rigid administration of existing Acts rather than fresh legislation is what is needed.

The stationary filth and dirt of the East-end streets, and the indifference of those who are responsible, contrast with the alacrity shown by the local authorities after rain or snow in fashionable neighbourhoods. Sanitary matters, water supply, the suppression of nuisances, and the general exercise of those powers entrusted to the parish authorities by the Legislature, need a more resolute grip by more powerful hands. The truth must be told, and it is incapable of refutation. Men devoid of public spirit, and intent mainly on profit to themselves or their friends, swarm upon the vestries and batten on the ratepayers, and the efforts of capable and humane officials are as often as not checked and neutralized by the action of the men who are elected to guard the interests they persistently betray. It is my object to avoid as far as possible the introduction of party politics. In the face, however, of facts such as those briefly described, it is impossible not to arrive at the conclusion that the present government of East London is corrupt, inefficient, and must be swept away. Whether the present Homé Secretary's Bill will or will not become law, I am convinced that the principle of undiluted local representation in East-end parishes, even under the Local Government Board, is a comedy in action and tragical in results.

There are men of leisure and public spirit in plenty who would undertake the administration of local affairs, though they may not happen to live within the confines of the parish. Unless the Governments of both parties are prepared to give effect to their constant assertions of care for the people, it is hopeless to look for any real improvement in the food and dwelling of the poor man under the present system of sham representation.

Housing of the Poor.—Until a few years ago the title of landlord was in the country a title of honour. The great landowners were venerated as the natural leaders of the people, and especially of their tenantry, and the feeling of feudalism and mutual attachment existed between property-owners and their country neighbours and dependants. To a great extent this state of things has passed away. The term landlord is a term of reproach, not only in Ireland, but in other parts of the United Kingdom, particularly in the North of Scotland, and in the Radical press of the metropolis and other large towns. Without stopping to analyse the cause of this decay of good feeling between the great landowners and their tenantry, the fact cannot be ignored that streams of disestablished men are constantly flowing into the towns, and that these immigrants are irritated with those whose necessities have involved retrenchment of labour force, and with those whose employment of labour-saving appliances has necessarily ended the connection of the labourers with the soil, and driven them into the towns to seek occupation there. Many of these immigrants find employment, and become tenants of landlords whose investments in house property are more remunerative to them than any possible investment of capital in rural districts, and whose relations with their tenantry are of the hardest pecuniary nature.

Were twenty of the great landowners, whose means enabled them to do so, to buy property and build houses in the East-end of London, and other great cities, and thus provide new houses for their disestablished country tenantry, it is not merely a dream to hope that the old and more kindly relations might be partly re-established. Four per cent. is a good rate of interest on large investments. Sir S. Waterlow has shown an intimate relation to exist between philanthropy and four per cent., and his experience and example may be followed with advantage to landlord and tenantry. The great landlords might place resident stewards or bailiffs on the urban properties acquired, to whom complaints and communications might be directly addressed; and territorial magnates might themselves come down once or twice a year and make speeches and give audit entertainments in the same way as they have been wont to do in country parts these four hundred years past. In the substitution of good for bad landlords I look for a sensible amelioration of the condition of the people, and any one with a few thousand pounds may at any time obtain four per cent. with perfect safety, and the addition of as much human interest to his investment as will enable him to get into close contact with some of the facts of this difficult problem.

Employment of ex-Servants of the State.—The number of men, who, having served the Queen, either in the army or navy, are left in middle age face to face with want, is surprising to those who come in contact with the lower stratum of society for the first time. It cannot be denied that in many cases drink is the immediate cause of the trouble; but a very large proportion are men against whom there is nothing special to be urged, except that they have not obtained in life the touchstone of desert—success. The more obvious remedy for the national disgrace involved in honest men, who have given the best part of their lives to their Queen and country, being forced to fight like wild beasts at the dock-gates for a casual-job, is to give to discharged soldiers and sailors of good character the right to appointments in the lower grades of the civil services, post-office, police, customs and inland revenue, royal parks and gardens, and to the care of public offices, national buildings, and other property controlled by the State. Private patronage of Ministers should be waived in the face of facts like these. And I do not believe that there is a Minister or ex-Minister who would not gladly waive his patronage in order to remove a scandal which is nothing if it be not a national scandal. I have so constantly met in the course of night wanderings and at the dock-gates ex-soldiers of good character, whose distress and hunger are pitiful comments on the value of public newspaper applause for the deeds in which they have shared, that the reform here suggested seems to be too obvious to need more sustained argument. The one objection that with any show of reason can be urged against providing in the public service for capable men of good character, who have served the Queen in the army or navy, is, that a corresponding number of worthy people would be left without employment. The answer to this objection is, that training and education for emigration should be made very much more a matter of course for young people than it is at present; though the consideration of this subject will come later on, when examining those means of bettering the condition of the poor the advantage of which will be reaped by the next generation.

Liberation of Able-bodied Casual Poor.—There is a small matter of administration which I have for some time without success urged upon the Local Government Board. Since the above was in type the Local Government Board have addressed a circular to the Metropolitan Boards of Guardians on the subject. It is that the able-bodied casuals who wish to do so shall be permitted to perform their task of work on the afternoon or evening of their admittance, so as to leave the workhouse betimes in the morning, and thus be enabled to obtain such work as is going. Under the present system a casual is not admitted earlier than 4 P.M. in the winter, or earlier than 6 P.M. between April and September. The direct consequence is, that the performance of the task of work imposed as a set-off against the food supplied to the casual consumes just those few hours during which work is likely to be found, and freedom is only obtained when it is too late in the day to get work at all. The present system stunts thrift, leaves the casual neither better nor worse for his dole of bread and water, and does not give him that impulse to help himself which a moderate revisal of existing regulations would at once afford.

Drink.—I have left until nearly the end of this division of the subject the discussion of the great drink question, for although it is now unfashionable to say so, legislation against drink appears to me to be beginning at the wrong end of the scale. Acts of Congress certainly do not make men sober, and I regard with equal doubt the efficacy of Acts of Parliament. Whenever the restrictions of legislation compel the people to have recourse to the machinery of virtue to indulge their drinking propensities, to devise ingenious methods of defeating the Acts, to exercise thrift, and to drink in secret—then I believe that legislation has simply whited another wall, and has perpetuated one more of the moral shams so very dear to the Pharisees of civilization. Were I dictator I would regard drunkenness as not only no palliation, but as an aggravation of crime. I would insist on the drink sold being pure of its kind and what it purported to be, and I should spend force and money rather in providing music and amusements for the people, than in providing enactments which are sure to be evaded, and which give colourable ground to the assertion that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

The want of a good popular drink is a pressing one, and I believe that it exists in the mild and non-alcoholic German beer, which is consumed in vast quantities in all the German *Thiergärten* and *Bierhallen*, and throughout the German States of America. Nothing has inflicted more harm on temperance than the intemperance of teetotallers. Working men are disgusted with the obvious inaccuracies in the teetotaller's wonted description of a pint of beer.

Thousands of working men are as temperate as the middle classes. The temperance of the middle classes is entirely the result of moral and intellectual causes. No legislation was needed to bring about this result, and I see no reason to suppose, from a temperance point of view, that legislation will create sobriety among those who are determined to drink. The Salvation and Church Armies, the Blue Ribbon Army, and the numerous spiritual and moral agencies at work among the poor, are effecting more permanent good than is possible to the wisest senate, because they are cutting off the desire at the root, and not merely trying to interpose resistance between the craving and its gratification. Music and flowers liberally bestowed supply just that vibration of the chords of the imagination for which recourse is had to drink. Music and flowers can never form a function of Government; hence the need of individual effort on the part of the more fortunate to share their enjoyments with those who are cut off from everything of the kind.

ARNOLD WHITE.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN RUSSIA.

IT is not an easy task to write about contemporary life and thought in Russia for English readers. What previous information they get upon the subject mostly comes from disconnected newspaper telegrams, almost unintelligible in their crudity, and from elaborate statements of facts distorted by party spirit. Most of the people at all interested in the subject feel quite bewildered between Stepniak and Mdme. de Novikoff; only a few may try to get out of their perplexities by the help of Mackenzie Wallace and Leroy-Beaulieu, and even these few will find it difficult to fit the accounts of strange actualities into the frame of general descriptions. Things going by the same name in the East and the West are so very different in reality, conceptions quite familiar to the Russian appear so preposterous to the Englishman, that any one speaking about Russian life to the English must begin by giving, as it were, the key to his vocabulary by pointing out from what general principles he is starting in his review of the subject.

Some outward features of the political situation in Russia are easily observable; the great imperial snake in the East has coiled itself into temporary inactivity under the influence of disease. The currency is depreciated, trade slow; the fury of the fight between Government and Nihilists is slackening, but at the cost of brutal and demoralizing coercion. How long are things to go on in this way? Is the menacing Power pushed by Peter the Great into such a prominent position in Europe to crumble away under the pressure of internal disorder and barbarism? Or is it undergoing a necessary though painful crisis in the process of transformation into a stronger and more perfectly developed being? In order to answer such questions at all, even in a hesitating way, one must try to connect the visions fleeting away in the present with the past; this is the only means to get the bewildering varieties of colour, light, and shape into some unity and order. If we look to the past, we shall not wonder that events often assume such a sad aspect in Russia; our only wonder will be, that its political evolution is not marked by greater difficulties and more general convulsions. The emancipation of the serfs and the other reforms of Alexander II.

have shaken the whole framework of society. Millions of people hitherto under subjection are adapting themselves and their work to the conditions of their new freedom; the landed gentry, which formerly constituted the ruling class—politically and economically—is now ruined, scattered, and forced to seek the means of bare sustenance in the Administration, the liberal professions, and trade; the economical power of the country has been strained to the utmost by the sudden necessity of buying off, in money, services and rents in kind, and by the requirements of the modern Continental State with its enormous army and costly administration. Truly these are not the social conditions for peaceable development in the State! And this revolution, effected at a time when the Western nations, whom the Russians, as younger brethren, have to learn from and to imitate, are themselves undergoing a most arduous process of transition; when all time-honoured doctrines and beliefs are questioned, and are giving way, though the creed of the future is not settled even in its dim outlines. It reflects no small credit on the Russian nation that it is striving forward notwithstanding all these hampering influences. And the actual political reaction, with its necessary accompaniments of dullness and despondency, among the intelligent people must not be allowed to conceal the fact of steady, though very gradual, social progress. Society gets accustomed to its new work—and work gets accustomed to it; this is the principal fact which leaves to the Russian patriot room for hope in the future amidst all the suffering of the present. It may be true that the peasant class labours hard under the insufficiency of land allotment, the difficulty of emigration, the exhausting taxes, the morally disabling influence of drink—still, it cannot be doubted that its power of productive work has been increasing steadily. Population is growing rapidly, of course, and, along with the increase of working people in number, the area of cultivation has been extending; new outlets have been sought and found in industry and trade. If the labour of the lower class has been multiplying, spreading in quantity, if I may say so, in the higher part of society, the change in point of quality is, perhaps, even more perceptible. It is of this higher part that I shall speak more particularly, because most people think that it is responsible for present disappointments.

It has got to be a matter of commonplace talk to abuse the present generation, to compare its unsteady ways with the firm and self-contented gait of former times. Old people are never weary of reproaching their sons, and even these very often break out into a "pater peccavi" which testifies more to their discontent with their lot than to a clear perception of inferiority. Of course it is only too easy to find fault with the men of our time, to point to the greedy and shameless upstart with no thought of future life, of common weal, of personal ideal, with no aim but gain, lust, and vanity; or to the cripple of civilization, shattered in his physical and moral frame by education and nascent self-consciousness, a prey to wild fancies and external influences, devoid of conviction and longing for fanaticism, ready for helpless spleen, self-murder, terrorism. But the great mass of our intelligent men do not belong, in truth, either to the one or to the other category of distorted beings who stand for a warning on their flanks. And what is more, even the prevalent weaknesses of the time are indissolubly connected with the chief elements of its strength. The soulless materialism of pushing and cynical democracy is breeding on the life of free social competition, in which sharp practice and charlatanism may carry up this or that individual; but the great moving force, after all, is work. Again, the discontented strivings and dispirited failings of intelligent society only prove that light is breaking in, that education is spreading, and self-consciousness arising from it, self-consciousness which may throw the weak into despair, but without which there is no progress. Work and knowledge are taking the place of privilege in the life of the higher classes, and one may stand confident that what is noble will lead to noble results in the end. There is one typical representation of the previous aristocratic epoch in Russian literature which may serve to show how much has, after all, been done by the last thirty years. Goutcharoff's Oblomoff is hardly conceivable by a man of the West, especially an Englishman; and still it is the largest, the most emblematic, the most powerful creation of that brilliant literature which has been, as it were, the swan-song of the Russian gentry. And what is Oblomoff? A man of good nature, no mean ability, and even noble aspirations, rotting away into dreamy inertness and helpless obesity, because society does not force him to work and education has provided for him only just enough light to feel a kind of numb discomfort and doze away from it. Oblomoff hardly exists now as a person, though he is lingering in almost every Russian; he is dying slowly; but still he is dying, and we can only be proud of the fact. If we realize it in its vital importance, we shall be able to draw the balance better between the past and the present, to regret the fading away of aristocratic literature and refinement, of individual brilliancy and power, with the consciousness that our generation is doing more in the aggregate through its smaller workmen. It is better to get rid of men of the Oblomoff type, though the transformation may involve the loss of men like the author of Oblomoff. It is quite necessary to take in this hopeful aspect of social evolution in Russia, in order to have a set-off to the many ugly features which Russian life is just now presenting.

Besides facts and realities, one has to reckon in history with moods and opinions, and in this respect the situation looks ominous enough. Here the contrast lies between our time and the years '60, the epoch of reforms which followed on the Crimean War. The "generation of the years '60" had a very striking physiognomy of its own, with sharply cut and decided features. It was a revolutionary generation; it had to clear away and to build in all spheres of life, and did its work with amazing "entrain," singleness of purpose, freshness of conviction. The spirit of that time has found its best representative in Turgenieff's Bazaroff, the rough medical man, who tries everything around him by the narrow test of natural science, and finds everything wanting. I do not mean to say that the statesmen who planned and conducted the emancipation or the judicial reform were like Bazaroff, or even that most people of the time were like him, but I think that this literary type gives the most striking idea of the chief ferment of that time. Of course, Bazaroff is the first Nihilist; the destructive power is more conspicuous in him than the creative; there is a kind of sombre strength about him which bodes no good for the future. The revolutionary spirit had to be contented with reforms; the men of Bazaroff's stamp had to push on the first rank to some work which they considered quite insufficient, and then to stand off. As always happens in history, the period of change and faith was followed by the period of adaptation and disillusion. The building which people had been erecting with such enthusiasm and hope was perceived to be out of shape, incoherent, inadequate to meet the simplest requirements. Impatient people accused the chief builder of wilful misconduct, and declared war upon him. Most persons—*i.e.*, those who prefer to have anything over their heads rather than rush out in the wind and rain—laid the blame on the nature of the soil, of the materials, on the people's own inability. There were not wanting some who thought that it would be best to throw down the whole fabric, and live again in hovels and kennels. But all, of whatever creed and aim, felt more or less dejected and powerless. The generation of '80 are suffering not only from disillusion in the reformatory movement, but also from the attempts of revolutionaries and reactionaries to throw the country off its historical course. The insane excesses of terroristic Nihilism have roused the instinct of self-preservation in society, and broken the spell of the revolutionary legend; but the intelligent class cannot make friends with the monarchical power either, which is brutally stamping upon it under the pretext of putting down Nihilism.

And so people are living in a sad, unhealthy mood; they try to set up creeds and hopes, but do not succeed. The materialistic idealism of '60, if I may use the strange term, is gone for ever, and a kind of uncertain, romantic current has set in. The late Dostoyevsky was the greatest preacher of that revival; his convulsive appeals in the cause of mystic orthodoxy and absolutism had their effect, but could not produce anything like steady and quiet conviction. Hysterics are not religion, and panic cannot be mistaken for a political creed. It is quite clear that people cannot go on living like that; but it is not obvious how they will get out of their difficulties. As the present situation is so manifestly dependent on the political evolution, the programmes of different parties chiefly take into account the political side of the question. Of course, public opinion in a country without free institutions, and with a fettered Press, is apt to break up into numberless streams and rivulets; in the absence of free discussion the different claims are not arrayed against each other definitely enough, and a variety of groups take independent form which in other circumstances would amalgamate. Still, it may be said that, in the main, two views of the situation confront each other, and two programmes spring from them.

One is based on the theory of democratic despotism. The great mass of the Russian people do not know, and do not want, political power; their history has been led by the power of the Czar, and, at present, that power vouches for the unity of the country, for its order and might; any attempt to alter the political constitution would lead only to the prevalence of a class minority, and would in this way be injurious to the interests of the whole, as is shown by the history of Western liberalism, which, after all, only hides the predominance of the middle class—the *bourgeoisie*, as the French term it. The better for Russia that it has got political power concentrated in the hands of a monarch, and not scattered in a system of checks and counter-checks which would deprive it of all energy of action. Everything has to bow before this one mighty agent in the State, and it is not for the supposed rights and fancies of a small minority that the national conception of an all-powerful and beneficent absolutism is to be sacrificed at a time when great social questions present themselves which can be solved only by the most energetic control of the State over society in work and thought. Slavophile assumptions, State socialism, and the necessity of some justification for brutal force are mixed up in this way in the teaching of a party which derives its chief strength, after all, from the fact that Government sides with it.

It would not be difficult, of course, for the other side to answer the arguments of such papers as the *Moskovskie Viedomosti* if the discussion could be carried on freely. Even as it is, Russian liberalism contrives to hold its own in society and in the few periodicals which have been left at its disposal.

The uneducated mass, it contends, may have its political propensities, and they ought to be taken into account, but, though it may lean with weight on its leaders, it requires to be led. It is not the "vis consilii expers" which can assume to rule a State placed in most difficult conditions and organized in the most complex way. The intelligent class, though it be a minority, has also its rights and requirements, just as the nervous system has its requirements, and exercises a very marked influence on the human body, though it does not constitute a large part of it. It is madness simply to brandish the truncheon over the aspiration of the intelligent people; to condemn their interest in political matters, their wish to take an active part in them, as criminal self-assumption. The only result of a policy which sets the ignorant against the educated, and uses the force of the Government to suppress thought and kill off political interest, must be the demoralization of the higher classes, and the spread of that low-minded egotism which would fain forget that there is anything in the State or the world besides money.

And what will be the condition of the servants, whom the Government must take from this same intelligent class, which it has beaten into a mere aggregate of feeding and breeding maggots? Free institutions are as necessary to Russia as to any other civilized State, not only because they will afford a check on the arbitrary and tyrannical action of the Government, and a protection to individual freedom—not only because they must counterbalance the development of ever-encroaching bureaucracy, with its benumbing systems—but chiefly because they present the necessary outcome of intelligent, self-conscious life in a country, the chief ideal tie in the strife and egotism of a democratic world.

The reproach of trying to set up the selfish preponderance of a class does not fall on the Russian Liberals, who have fully realized the importance of social problems, and are perhaps too much inclined now towards socialistic conceptions; it falls on the votaries of democratic Czarism, who, in order to provide for their autocrat the means of governing the inert mass of his people, plan the restoration of a gentry or nobility fenced in by class interests and privileges. The absurdity of a political programme striving now towards a policy which failed signally at the time of Nicholas I. need not be discussed, but it must be noted as highly characteristic of the party which is driven to such proposals.

It is difficult not to side with Russian Liberalism in its attempts to vindicate its position against overwhelming odds; but the Liberal party has many weaknesses, too, of which it must try to get rid if it wants to act beneficently when its turn to act comes again, as undoubtedly it will. It is still too rationalistic and too fond of theories: in setting up very exalted, sometimes shadowy, often contradictory, aims, the Liberals do not sufficiently take into account the play of historical forces, and, above all, do not quite realize that they must shape their course in strict accordance with three main facts: the great historical claims, traditions, and merits of the monarchical power, the political notions of the uneducated mass, and the want of experience of the educated people in Russia in political matters. As the Government must perceive sooner or later that it cannot do without the moral co-operation of intelligent society, so intelligent society must know that it has to lean for material support on the Government; any hope for the future depends upon a necessary and cordial alliance between these two forces, which will have difficulties enough to cope with even when allied.

Of course the virtue of self-restraint is the most difficult to acquire in political as well as in individual life, but indications are not wanting that, as far as the Liberals are concerned, they are beginning to perceive the necessity of moderation in aims and acts. The monarchical power, on the other hand, has shown, before now, that it is not impervious to Liberal influences, and even now, though its general direction is undoubtedly very reactionary, it cannot get rid of Liberal elements in the very Administration which is serving it. Let us hope that it will again, and soon, assume the lead in the progressive movement of the nation, instead of trying to produce artificial immobility.

What has been said is, I hope, sufficient to show from what standpoint I shall speak about Russian affairs; it is time to turn from these general considerations to a survey of the main facts which have occurred within the last few months.

It would be difficult to say whether we are more indebted for the comparative lull in the fight between the Government and the terrorists to the activity of the police department in preventing attempted assassinations and tracking criminals, or to a modification in the composition and aims of terroristic groups. The trial before the St. Petersburg military court, which went on from October 24 to 28 (old style), not only testified historically to the importance of the revolutionary agitation, but left the painful impression that we were by no means at the end of our troubles in this respect, and that the disease was assuming a new and threatening form. The scanty information supplied by the sentence, which alone was made public, is quite sufficient to show that a widely spread movement had been going on in the army and navy. Of the fourteen persons committed for trial, seven were officers of various ranks: Lieutenant-Colonel Aschenbienner had used his influence to propagate revolutionary doctrines in the Praga regiment, and his lodgings had become the head-quarters of a club of military revolutionists in Nicolayef; Captain Pachitokoff was working in the same direction among the officers at the high artillery school; Captain Rogatcheff made a journey through Lithuania with the view of starting revolutionary associations among the troops stationed in that province; Lieutenant Stromberg and Ensign Touvatcheff were spreading revolutionist doctrines among the naval officers at Kronstadt and Nicolayeff.

It is quite impossible to make even an approximate guess at the actual results of such propaganda, but it is difficult to avoid a feeling of uneasiness when one thinks of the material and moral conditions in which most of the military are placed in Russia. Very imperfect education, scanty pay, and a life of dull inactivity are not conditions apt to produce or maintain moral health. Before the economic collapse of the gentry, most officers were landowners or sons of landowners, and had something to depend upon besides their pay, which is not the case now. A still more important point to notice is the fact that the military class, just by reason of its intellectual inferiority, is more dependent upon the moral condition of society at large than its peculiar training and *esprit de corps* would lead one to suppose at first sight. The helpless discontent and low spirits of that society must reach the army and feed upon its grievances, as, on the other hand, more freedom and health among the intelligent class would clear the atmosphere in military circles, which is stifling enough now. Revolutionary intrigue in the army and navy appears in this connection as a very grave symptom, not on account of any actual danger to the existing political order, but as the outcome of general depression and spleen.

Another social group which draws its inspirations from the moods of society at large is constituted by the students of universities and other higher schools—a very large body in Russia. Youth is always more radical than mature age, says a German historian, because it lives more in the future than in the present. I think it would come nearer the truth to say that youth always renders in an exaggerated form the feelings of mature age, whichever direction they may point to, but, for Russia, Treitschke's remark undoubtedly holds good. The Kieff students made sad havoc of the half-centenary of their university; they absented themselves conspicuously from the Commemoration, hooted some of the guests, and smashed the windows of the rector's house. There were undoubtedly local causes at work in these sad events—the unpopular rector did not leave a free hand to the students in the arrangement of the festivities designed for them, restricted invidiously the number of admissions to the Commemoration Act, and did not behave in the whole matter with sufficient firmness or straightforwardness. But the whole occurrence testified to other and more important evils besides the regrettable want of unanimity and self-respect among the members of the Kieff University. The official "communiqué" about these events lays stress on the political ferment in the whole affair; the staff of the university had from the very beginning to guard against a political demonstration; hectolithographed proclamations were in circulation, which spoke more of general misery and oppression than of any particular and local grievances. Under these circumstances, the Government inflicted on the whole body of undergraduates an unusually severe penalty. The university was closed for half a year, all its students lost a term, about a hundred were not re-admitted at all. The Press, though kept well in awe, protested against a measure which fell heavily upon many men not connected in the least with the demonstration, and tried to show that the blame ought to lie with a small minority. But it is evident that the Government meant to punish not only the actual disturbances, but also the discontent which it found lurking behind them.

It does not seem that the grave riots which occurred in December and January at two of the largest factories in the vicinity of Moscow were connected with the spread of mischievous political doctrines. Their origin must be traced to the very abnormal relations which exist between capitalists and workmen in Russia. The workmen are practically at the mercy of their employers. The present stagnation of trade, and the consequent necessity of reducing production and wages, would have led in any case to a very trying state of the labour market; the arbitrary acts of the factory-owners have sharpened the crisis in two cases into actual disturbances. In Talitzy, the manager of Baron Knop's mill reduced the number of working days from six to four, contrary to previous agreements, and this incensed the workmen, who protested against the breach of compact. The people thrown out of work refused to accept their wages and leave; the police and the military interfered, and the matter was ultimately decided against the manager, who had flagrantly offended against the plainest rules of equity.

In the case of the Voskvesensky manufactory, belonging to the great Moscow house, T. Morosoff, the employers had been steadily reducing the number of hands, and at the beginning of the present year it had been brought down from 12,000 to 7,000. The sense of insecurity created among the rest by these reductions presented, as it were, the substratum for the rioting, which was immediately occasioned by the practice of fining the workmen heavily and in a quite arbitrary way for the smallest transgression of rules. One of the chief managers, who had made himself particularly hateful, was nearly killed by the weavers; the mob ransacked a shop belonging to the factory, and all work was stopped for a week. Order was ultimately restored by the military, at the expense of one or two men killed and several wounded. As I have said, these riots are not to be attributed to revolutionary propaganda, though among the instigators one appears to have been formerly implicated in a political trial; but such disturbances, even if not directly raised by the terrorists, have undoubtedly a tendency to undermine the existing order of society, inasmuch as they make the lower classes familiar with lawlessness and rebellion.

As in the case of the riots against the Jews, the Government has felt it necessary not only to quell the movement by force, but also to examine its causes, and provide some means of counteracting their operation. A Commission has been formed with the object of reforming the existing factory law, and settling the relations between employers and workmen on a more rational basis. It is only to be wished that the analogy between the two questions may not proceed further, and that the work of the new Commission may be carried forward with more diligence and energy than has been the case in regard to the Jews.

To judge by the fate of the law of 1882 regulating the factory work of children, speedy progress is scarcely to be hoped for. One chief and nine district inspectors have been appointed to watch over the execution of this enactment, but they have had to content themselves till now with the duty of powerless, though intelligent, observation, and it is only a few days ago, three years after the passing of the law, that an *instruction* has been formulated which may at last put the whole machinery into action. This fact may serve to illustrate the external difficulties with which all governmental attempts to deal with the social conditions of the industrial world are met. Even when a question seems quite settled, there is always something the matter which delays action, if it does not prevent it.

This is the more to be regretted, that, to judge by the excellent Report of the Moscow inspector, Professor Janshul, everything in the management of Russian factories requires to be readjusted in order to meet the simplest requirements of morality and humanity. Filthy lodging-houses, in which men, women, and children are indiscriminately crowded together, the smallest possible amount of education, the want of sanitary precautions and of medical assistance, and a striking deficiency of measures to guard against accidents—such are the great facts which call for State interference and supervision, besides the general economical and legal position of the working-class. It is impossible to guess in what way, or how soon, the complex problems arising from this state of things may be solved, but it is some comfort to know that the present Minister of Finance, lately Professor of the Kieff University, has no desire to decline all responsibility in such matters.

He has been attempting to provide some help in another social difficulty, which partisans of the *laisser-faire* doctrine would probably have left to develop according to time and chance. The emancipation left the peasant class of most governments with insufficient land allotments, and since then the need in this respect has been steadily increasing with the growth of population. On the other hand, the gentry, once thrown off the beaten track of husbandry which it had been following before 1861, has been constantly divesting itself of the ownership of land. Want of capital prevented the peasants from taking advantage of this fact to better their own circumstances, and most of the land sold went into the hands of commercial people, who often do not use it for the purpose of permanent cultivation, but strike out any immediate benefit they can get out of their purchase without troubling themselves much about its subsequent condition.

In order to counteract the operation of this evil, the Ministry of Finance has founded a bank to help the peasantry to acquire land. Credits have been opened, chiefly in favour of village communities and peasant societies, in several governments; the operations of the bank are gradually extending, and will probably include in the end the whole of Russia in Europe. On what scale the new institution is working may be gathered from the following figures:—1,423 loans have been granted by the bank up to March 1, 1885, to the amount of about eighteen million roubles; 428 village communities, 824 societies, and 176 individuals have profited by these loans; and the area of land acquired comprises 396,442 dessiatines—that is, roughly, 1,010,000 acres. It will require some time before all the results of such a policy can be ascertained, but, as far as can be seen now, it augurs well, and ought to be extended.

The most important legislative measure of 1884 has undoubtedly been the new university statute. For more than ten years the reactionary party endeavoured without success to overthrow the regulations of 1863, which, it was contended, created small States within the State. Last August, at length, the new scheme, though partly rejected by the majority of the Privy Council, was accepted by the Emperor, and the universities are now undergoing a momentous change which will affect most seriously the whole system of teaching. The chief idea pervading the new statute stands out clearly if we compare the rules of 1883 and of 1884; all the diversities of any importance point in one direction—namely, towards strengthening of the action of the central authority at the expense of the academical body. Formerly, vacant chairs were filled by election in the congregation or council, consisting of all the professors of the university; now, appointment by the Ministry has superseded the election, and, though the Faculties may recommend candidates, their votes have no decisive influence. Rectors and deans are similarly to be appointed, and not elected. Altogether, the congregation, which formerly constituted the chief agent in the government of the university, has been deprived of its important functions, and the interference of the curator—that is, of the superintendent of education of the district—has grown in proportion. For the management of all matters connected with the police of the university an inspectorship has been created which has an almost independent position in reference to the rector and other university authorities, but at the same time stands under the immediate supervision of the curator. Along with these modifications in the constitution of the academical body, a change in the way of its teaching is aimed at. The main point in this respect concerns the examinations. The statute of 1883 entrusted the professors with the duty of examiners on the basis of their own lectures. This system, though defective in many respects, vouched at least for the freedom of the teaching. For this very reason it has been superseded by another—the examinations for ordinary degrees are to be carried on by boards appointed for the purpose by the Government. Of course this contrivance will give the best means of inquiring into the character of university lectures, and of shaping them according to the scientific notions of the powers that be. Even the mere publication of the programmes to be followed at the examinations will have a great influence on the course of academical studies, which are always apt to conform themselves more or less to their practical end. It must be added that the reactionary tendency of the new statute is quite openly acknowledged by its advocates; they hail it as the dawn of a new era.

The publicists of the reactionary party have been clamouring for a good while against all the institutions created during the last reign with the view of checking the arbitrary action of the Government. Trial by jury, the more or less independent position of the courts of justice, municipal and provincial self-government, have been singled out as points for special attack. A great fuss is made about silly verdicts of "the judges from the street," as the jurymen are termed, as if some unreasonable acquittals could weigh against the soundness of the whole method, and as though the notorious corruption and unfairness of the old system was a matter quite unknown to the present generation.

It requires all the obstinacy produced by party spirit not to notice the change for the better, which in no other sphere, perhaps, has been so striking as in the legal one. The publicity of procedure; the introduction of trial by jury; the appointment of judges who have to answer for their conduct, not in the way of administrative subordination, but on legal grounds; lastly, the influx into the profession of men who had gone through the universities in the place of pettifogging clerks and retired officers of the army, have quite changed the whole aspect of the courts of law. The weak point of the new order is the Bar, the members of which enjoy a better reputation for cleverness than for a high level of morality. The Bench, on the other hand, is quite free from the great vice of Russian history and life—venality; and such a fact is the more to the credit of its members that they are very numerous, scattered all about the empire, and poorly paid. An English judge with his five thousand a year is not exposed to the same temptations as a Russian judge with three or four hundred, and his integrity is cheaper in proportion. Though these facts are more or less recognized in society, anything in the way of reaction seems so likely to happen at present in Russia that a real scare was created by the persistent campaign of some daily papers against the law reforms of Alexander II. The journey of the Minister of Justice, Nabokoff, who visited some of the provincial courts in November, 1884, assumed for this reason an importance it would scarcely have had under other circumstances. He ultimately made a speech in Moscow discountenancing the rumours about an impending change of principles in the administration of the law, and there was much talk subsequently of an audience in which the Emperor ratified, as it were, his Minister's conduct in the whole affair.

In the case of provincial and local institutions, there are even greater reasons to fear a general convulsion. The Minister for Home Affairs, Count Tolstoy, is not likely to recoil from any measure which might strengthen the central authority, no matter what consequences might follow. At the same time, even the Liberals acknowledge that there is much to be amended in the present machinery of self-government: though, of course, they would prefer to keep it as it is, with all its drawbacks, rather than submit to bureaucratic administration. The complexity of the problems involved in a revision of this department seems to have been till now the great obstacle to attempts in that direction. A Commission sat for nearly two years under the presidency of a Secretary of State, Kachanoff, and its proceedings served to show what wide differences of opinion prevailed on all mooted questions in this subject, but, just as this hard-working body was beginning to draw up its conclusions, its existence was suddenly cut short, and the materials it had gathered were absorbed by the Home Office. Whatever may have been the cause of that unexpected collapse, it is clear that a new start is hardly to be expected just now. The state of Count Tolstoy's health has forced him to resign the immediate direction of his Ministry to his under-secretaries, and it is not likely that such an important subject as the reform of local and provincial institutions will be brought forward before the internal policy of the empire is again concentrated firmly in the hands of a representative leader.

Home affairs and interests have been engrossing public attention within the last four months. Everybody is feeling in Russia that the present time is not opportune for an enterprising foreign policy, and the very inadequate results obtained by the war of 1877–78 have cooled Russian jingoism for a good while. The Skernevitsy meeting and its consequences have been accepted by general opinion, not with enthusiasm, of course, but as a necessary recognition of the real distribution of influence in Europe. On the other hand, the latest complications in Central Asia have not produced the slightest political excitement. A curious contrast to the agitation created in England is presented by the indifference with which the news of movements on the Afghan frontier, interpellations in the Houses of Parliament, and agreements by telegraph between the Courts have been received in Russia. Even the most chauvinistic papers did not try to raise the war-cry against England, certain as they were that it would be met by general disapprobation. No man in his senses ever believed here that a conflict was imminent; but this does not preclude a feeling of uneasiness as to the possible arising of "exceptional circumstances." At any rate, if the opinion of the country has any weight in such matters, the prevailing wish for peace, and distrust of adventures which may lead to war, must be taken as a favourable augury at least for the immediate future.

B.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

THE Fayûm manuscripts, of which I spoke in my Record of December last, have been discussed in various quarters. Wessely, the Viennese scholar, who takes charge of the Latin and Greek documents, has printed in the first number of the *Wiener Studien* for this year (1885) no less than three articles on the subject. One deals with the contents of a Thucydidean manuscript, containing an extract from the eighth book, equal to two pages of Bekker's edition. A second deals with a series of Christian documents belonging to the family archives of a certain Aurelios Pachymios, a dealer in purple. They are all dated, and range from the year 592 to 616 A.D. They are very interesting illustrations of the social life and customs of Egypt during the last days of Roman rule, and immediately before the Mahometan conquest. One of these documents is a contract wherein a certain Aur. Dioscoros, a tradesman, binds himself to work for Pachymios; another is a receipt for a supply of timber; while another deals with the purchase of a house. Wessely prints at length three documents, two being formal acknowledgments of loans made by this Aurelios Pachymios, who seems to have united the business of a banker to that of dye merchant; while a third is a lease of a house made by a certain Aurelia Maria. These documents are full of details, important alike for the religious, political, social, and financial condition of Egypt in times when its last great change was impending. Thus from one of these loan documents we learn the name of a street in Panopolis in the year 600. A house, which is designated with a care equal to that of a modern solicitor, is described as joining on to that of a holy man named Timotheus, and as standing in the street called Hagia Ekklesia Megale. All the documents begin with the invocation of the Trinity. The clergy play an important part even in business transactions, and sign as witnesses. The monetary system of Egypt is there set forth, the documents describe the amount of money lent, and then translate it into the currency and standard of Alexandria. The religious feelings of the people find expression too in their names. The name system of the sixth and seventh centuries illustrate and confirm the statements of Eusebius. That historian embodies large and valuable portions of the writings of Dionysius of Alexandria, who wrote in the middle of the third century. Eusebius tells us, on his authority, (H. E. vii. 25) that the names of Peter and Paul were the most popular among the faithful in Egypt; while in another passage he mentions that the Egyptians, when converted, gave up their pagan names, and adopted distinctively Christian ones. The papyri now published abound with such distinctively apostolic or Christian names. Peter and Paul are chief favourites, and then come Theodore, John, Mary, Abraham; while the names of great Christian and monastic leaders of the fourth century are perpetuated in Senuti and Athanasius. Wessely contributes yet a third article to this same Review, describing some fragments of St. Luke vii., which he has found. They form a portion of a prayer-book, as we should say, or an Evangelistarium—extracts from the Gospels used by the people at the Holy Communion. This one is the earliest hitherto discovered. All others came from the eighth century, while this is assigned by him to the year 500. It agrees in a marked manner with the Sinaitic and Alexandrian texts, and shows that the Greek Bible popularly used by the Egyptian Church of centuries four and five was identical with them. In this third article he has also incorporated a fragment of a new Greek poem. The fourth and fifth centuries were marked by the rise of a school of Græco-Egyptian poets, of whom the best known are Nonnus of Panopolis, author of the Dionysiacs; Quintus Smyrnæus, author of a poem on Homer; and Tryphiodor. Nonnus is the most celebrated of them all, and has been regarded as the last of the Greek poets. He wrote both on pagan and Christian topics, and has afforded much matter for speculation to German critics. Wessely has discovered one relic of this school, and Stern of Berlin, another. Stern's "find," a poem on an invasion of the Blemmyes, was published in the *Zeitschrift für Ägyptische Sprache*, 1881, p. 71. The variety of subjects dealt with by Wessely proves the importance of these discoveries for ecclesiastical history. The *Zeitschrift* just mentioned and the *Revue Egyptolique* abound in similar illustrations. The student of Church history must now indeed keep a sharp eye upon Egyptian publications and literature, as it is there we may for some time expect our chief discoveries. The *Zeitschrift für Ägyptische Sprache* suffered a great loss during last year in the death of its learned editor, Lepsius, but it has pursued, under Dr. Stern, of Berlin, the same steady course as hitherto. Last year's issue includes many important papers on the Church history of the earlier ages. Thus, Stern himself has contributed papers dealing with fragments of the ancient Coptic Bible, with the Coptic Calendar, and with Coptic wills drawn up in the seventh and eighth centuries. Brugsch, again, the original founder of this Review, and the highest living authority, perhaps, on such subjects, contributes an article (p. 110) illustrating Egyptian religion under the Ptolemies, as shown by inscriptions from the Serapeum. This subject of the ancient religion of Egypt has lately received a good deal of attention. We are well acquainted with classical Paganism, but do not know so much of that of Egypt, which yet largely influenced the world of Roman life in the first and second centuries. A work has recently appeared in Paris dealing with this topic.* Its author, G. Lafaye, from a careful study of the monuments and documents brought to light by modern research, describes its cult, moral teaching, and extension to Rome, where he thinks it did a good work in preparing the way for Christian doctrines. It taught the doctrine of an Osiris who suffered, died, and rose again, and commemorated his death and resurrection on November 12–14. But Lafaye also shows the spiritual weakness of this religion, and its inability to minister to human wants as Christianity has done. It expended its strength in magic, as we see now in the vast quantities of magical and gnostic papyri which have come to light in Egypt. A most interesting article on the same subject of Egyptian religion when Origen and Athanasius came in contact therewith appeared last year in Lepsius's *Zeitschrift*, written by Wilcken. It dealt with the worship of the god Petesuchos in the Fayûm province during the second and third centuries of our era. The labyrinth of that district was one of the wonders of the ancient world. Its absolute disappearance, together with that of Lake Moeris, has afforded matter for much speculation on the part of modern scholars. This article identified this deity with the Pharaoh who built the labyrinth, and was still worshipped in that district. The Pharaohs must have been a great race to perpetuate their memories into Christian times. The foreign journals and reviews which usually deal with pure classical topics have been devoting their attention to the late discoveries in Egypt as illustrations of society and life under the Empire. Thus, *Philologus*, in its first part for this year, devotes its first article (pp. 1–29) to an account of a treatise by Gregory of Nyssa on the life of Moses, derived from the Egyptian papyri. But it is the *Revue Egyptolique* which, with that view to effect characteristic of French writing, gives the most striking narratives from ancient Egyptian life. Thus, looking back over the numbers of the last two years, we notice articles on Roman administration and taxation in the first century by Wessely; on an artist's life and adventures in Egypt of the same period; a Coptic narrative of the events and history of the Council of Chalcedon, by Dioscorus, the Monophysite Patriarch of Alexandria, A.D. 454; and a life of St. Cyril's uncle, Aphon, Bishop of Oxyrinchus in cent. iv. All of these throw much new light on early Christian history and controversy. The study of Roman taxation and administration in Egypt is useful for modern history as well. The present system of taxation is seen to be identical with the Roman system, as it was in turn identical with that of the Ptolemies and Pharaohs. The best account, indeed, of the ancient Egyptian taxation accessible to an English student will be found in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, 1883 (pp. 84 and 158), where Dr. Birch derives an exact statement of all the taxes paid by the unfortunate dwellers in the Nile valley from a study of the receipts written on Ostraka, which go down as far as A.D. 245. It is quite time to notice some larger works than Zeitschrifts and Reviews, though, indeed, while our knowledge is in its present transition state we shall be compelled to look for our newest information in such quarters. Great comprehensive works on any topic are apt to become antiquated, even while being written, owing to the progress of discovery. A real solid addition to our knowledge has been made, however, in the same direction of Egypt by the publication of Mr. Butler's work on the "Coptic Church.* It is the ablest archæological and historical work proceeding from the Clarendon Press since the publication of Mr. Hodgkin's "Invaders of Italy." Mr. Butler does not, indeed, offer us a history of the Coptic Church, but he does offer what is absolutely necessary for the historian —an accurate statement of the present state of the buildings, antiquities, and ritual of that Church based on observations and experiments made with pencil, measuring tape, rule, and compass. He does not pretend to wide knowledge of ecclesiastical history; he regrets, indeed, his own ignorance of the topic till he set to work in Egypt; but he spent seven months on the spot, obtained the authorisation of the Coptic Patriarch, and the assistance of local scholars; and as the result, offers a "systematic beginning upon a great subject—the Christian antiquities of Egypt." Mr. Butler notices the want of historical information upon that precise period to which I have been referring in the previous portion of this record. He remarks: "The history of Christian Egypt is still unwritten, or at least that part of it about which the most romantic interest gathers, the period which witnessed the passing away of the ancient cults, and the change of the pagan world. We have yet to learn how the cold worship, the tranquil life, and the mummified customs of that immemorial people dissolved in the fervour of the new faith; how faces like those sculptured on the monuments of the Pharaohs became the faces of anchorites, saints, and martyrs." His work is divided into two volumes; the first deals with the structure and fabric of the Coptic churches, and the second with their ritual, vestments, ornaments, &c. Mr. Butler takes frequent occasion to notice the striking points of contrast between the Coptic and the ancient Celtic churches. Thus in Ireland alone does he find in the West, cashels such as he finds in Egypt. A cashel is a strong fence or ring wall enclosing a group of churches, with their annexed monastic buildings. The traveller in Ireland, who has visited Glendalough in Wicklow, or Clonmacnoise near Athlone, or who may have extended his tour to the distant island of Innismurry in Donegal Bay, will see perfect specimens of the cashels which Mr. Butler found scattered everywhere throughout Egypt. The Coptic churches agreed with the Celtic ones in other respects too. Their architecture was built up on the same plan. Beehived cells and waggon-shaped roofs for churches occur abundantly at Innismurry and all along the western coast of Ireland, down to the strange weird monastic settlement of the Skelligs, far out in the Atlantic. On p. 14 of vol. i. Mr. Butler notes the same peculiarity in the Egyptian churches. His knowledge of Irish antiquities is apparently gained only from Mr. Warren's "Liturgy of the Celtic Church," a very trustworthy guide, and from Ledwich's "Antiquities of Ireland," which is quite the reverse. But he has got on the right track, and when he comes to issue a second edition, a careful study of the works of Petrie, Reeves, Lord Dunraven, Miss Stokes, will offer him many other striking coincidences. He notices indeed several others, but one point seems to have escaped him, the use of leather wallets or satchels for enclosing and carrying books. In Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant" there is a picture of a Coptic monastery with the monks reposing on their long staves and the walls decorated on every side with such book-satchels. Now in ancient Ireland alone do we find such satchels, some specimens of which have survived till modern times and still exist in the Dublin museums. The use of them is expressly mentioned in Adamnan's "Life of Columba," written at Iona in the seventh century. People have been inclined in the past to scoff at the idea of such a connection between the East and the extreme West, but a fuller knowledge of mediæval history has modified their opposition. How, it has been said, could the East and Ireland have come into such close contact? Mr. Butler quotes, on Mr. Warren's authority, from the Litany of Œngus the Culdee, to show that Egyptian monks were known in Egypt in the Middle Ages. Two great movements combined one after the other to drive Eastern hermits and Eastern artists into the distant West; first came the Mahometans and then the Iconoclasts, and both parties were hostile to art. We have, too, a curious piece of evidence of the reverse process taking place. Irish monks sometimes sought Egypt and Syria in the eighth century. In Letronne's works, which are even now in course of republication, there is found a geographical treatise written by an Irish monk called Dicuil about the year 800. He tells us about Iceland before the Danes discovered it, and also about another Irish monk, an acquaintance of his, who some thirty years before, in company with a number of Irish pilgrims, had visited the pyramids of Egypt, of which he gives exact measurements, and had also sailed over the fresh-water canal, of the Emperor Hadrian's construction, which then existed between Cairo and Suez, and which the French engineers have only recently reopened. If Irish monks voluntarily visited Egypt, it is no wonder if Eastern monks sought refuge in Ireland when fleeing from persecution. I have devoted a long notice to this work because it is a most important contribution to our knowledge on a subject of very pressing interest. Mr. Butler would confer a great benefit on Church history if he would undertake that history of Christian Egypt which he desiderates. No one can be better qualified for the task than he, gifted with personal acquaintance with the ground, and surrounded by the copious literary resources of the Bodleian Library. Here and there I have noticed a slip: it is only a wonder they are so few. Thus, in t. i. p. 147, he calls the celebrated anchorite Senuti a bishop, and says that he attended the Council of Ephesus in that capacity. The researches of Revillout on his curious history show that he attended at Ephesus as a simple presbyter. He was the theological adviser of Cyril. Nestorius challenged his right to be present in the council on that ground, when Cyril at once made him an archimandrite.—The publication of the great theological dictionary of Herzog has now advanced to the fifteenth volume, and the editor is coming within measurable distance of the end of his vast labours.* During the last two years he has published parts covering from the beginning of letter P to the middle of T, including articles on such various topics as Palestine, Philistines, Philo, Propaganda, Pococke, Polycarp, Tatian, Syria and Syrian Literature, Plymouth Brethren, Jeremy Taylor, Suidas, Suicer, Suffragan, and St. Theresa. The dogmatic theologian is not forgotten either. The doctrine of Sin is treated in forty closely printed pages, while the historical theologian is amply catered for in every direction save one. The article on Polycarp sums up continental investigations concerning the year of Polycarp's martyrdom, an important point, brought into prominence by M. Waddington's investigations upon the history of the second-century rhetorician, Ælius Aristides. The article on Palestine quotes Conder's great map of that country, and gives an exhaustive list of authorities. The article on Plymouth Brethren discusses an obscure subject of English Nonconformity with very full knowledge, describing the history of that movement not only at home, but also in Switzerland, where, like the modern Salvation Army, it created much excitement between the years 1840 and 1850. The articles on Syria and Syrian Translations of the Bible, by Messrs. Nyssel and Nestle, cover thirty-two pages, and are very exhaustive; the list alone of authorities and literature about Syriac editions of the Bible cover three pages. This list, together with section 3 of the article on Syria, offers a complete view of Syriac literature. There is just one side in which this dictionary is weak, and that is its English department. Some of the greatest of English theologians find no mention there, while to others a disproportionate share of attention is given. Thus there is not one line bestowed on Hooker, Butler, or Berkeley, while six pages are allotted to Chalmers. The shortcomings of the German Herzog in this respect have been somewhat retrieved in the American compendium of the work translated and published by Dr. Schaff. Schaff's[*] work, indeed, cannot take the place of the original. Important names find no place there. In the new edition of Herzog four pages are allotted to the celebrated mediæval Greek writer Suidas, whose work is absolutely necessary for every historian of the early ages. In Schaff's work this name is wholly wanting. Still, the latter supplies many a gap in the original. It is peculiarly rich in American names; some, indeed, of them might well have been dismissed in five or six lines, if mentioned at all. A historical dictionary ought not to become a denominational year-book, giving the religious experience of individuals, no matter how interesting to their own friends, yet of no moment to the world at large. It is a pity too that Dr. Schaff did not enlarge his circle of English contributors. Still, the American work is one which ought to find a place in every library, for it is the German Herzog boiled down, and supplies information about American Church writers, divines, and colleges, which can nowhere else be found.

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* "Histoire du Culte des divinités d'Alexandrie Serapis, Isis, Harpocrate et Anubis." Par G. Lafaye. Paris. 1884.

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* "The Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt." By Alfred J. Butler, M.A., F.S.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884.

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* "Real-Encyclopädie fur Protestantische Theologie und Kirche." Hft. 107–144.

We may next notice together two or three works dealing with the history of the Empire. It is not every scholar who lives to publish a second edition of a work which first appeared twenty-five years previously. This, however, has happened with Peter's edition of Augustan Historians.[†] A quarter of a century ago he published his handy edition of these great authorities for the lives of the Roman Emperors, and now he republishes them with an enlarged critical apparatus. The importance of these writers for the ecclesiastical historian is well known to every student. The incidental notices of Christianity are very important, as in the case of Hadrian's visit to Alexandria given in Vopiscus' account of Saturninus (c. 8). But their indirect information is even still more important, as they often clear up difficulties in the acts of the martyrs or in the fathers. Peter has increased the value of his work by using all the latest sources of information gathered out of Mommsen, Fleckeisen, Madvig, and a long list of authors whose names will be found appended to his preface, which will guide the student to the best sources of information concerning the Pagan Emperors. Schiller's "History of the Empire"[‡] is a work which deserves to be placed alongside the Augustan History. Schiller has attempted to deal with the vast mass of material which the archæological research of the last fifteen years has placed at our disposal. The difficulties of such a task are, as I have already observed, daily increasing. The mass of fuel is almost too great for the flame of genius to consume. The first labourers in such a field deserve, therefore, the gratitude of every scholar, since they render the work easier for their successors. These two volumes embrace, in 980 pages, a lively account of the Emperors, from the fall of the Republic down to the age of Diocletian, mingled with dissertations concerning the religious and social state of Rome, and illustrated by copious notes from the best archæological sources, such as Mommsen, De Rossi, Boeckh, Henzen, and Borghesi; while to complete this portion of my work, I may mention Jeeps' "Studies on the Original Sources of the Greek Church Historians" in Fleckeisen's *Jahrbüch. für Classiche Philologie*, 1884, p. 53, as dealing with a very interesting topic which has been hitherto neglected.—French writers contrast strongly with the Germans in point of lightness and elegance of style. It is a refreshment to turn from the solid but heavy literature we have been surveying to a series of works in course of publication at Paris. They deal with every topic connected with the fine arts, and rejoice in the title, "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts." The volumes are most artistically got up, contain 400 to 500 pp. each, are embellished with 100 engravings at least, and, best of all, only cost 3½ francs each. Among the volumes which have already appeared, or will shortly appear, are several dealing with the subject of Ecclesiastical History and Archæology. Among them we may mention Bayet's work on Byzantine Art,* which is a handy treatise on a subject which is growing in interest and importance. Viollet le Duc, the eminent writer on architecture, is ever more and more inclined to look to the East and the Eastern Church as the source of many of our mediæval Western ideas. Bayet takes the same view. He traces the rise of a distinctively Christian school of art in Constantinople, the origin of which he assigns to Syria, adopting the view of the Count de Voguë in his great work on Syrian architecture. He then discusses the influence of the Iconoclastic movement upon art in its different branches. The last chapter in the book is one which will have greatest interest for our readers, as it discusses the influence of Byzantine art on the nations of the West, a point on which I have already touched in my notice of Mr. Butler's book. Two others, lately published in the same series, bear on our subject. Lavoix's "History of Music"† treats of the rise of Christian music under SS. Ambrose and Gregory the Great, and then discusses the obscure subject of the music of the Middle Ages; while Lecoy de la Marche, chief of the national archives, fitly discusses "Manuscripts and Miniatures,"‡ where the student of manuscripts will find all necessary information about palæography and the diplomatic art in a very handy and readable shape. In the latter portion of his book he traces the development of illumination as an art, describing the various schools, and dwelling at some length upon the influence of the Anglo-Irish. He accounts (p. 263) in a truly French way for the monstrous animal forms which appear on many of its works, such as the Book of Kells. He describes them as due to "le goût de la bizarrerie, qui a toujours été dans le sang de la race Anglaise," though how this theory will explain the fantastic taste of the Celtic monks of Ireland one does not easily see.—American scholars are beginning to devote attention to Church history and archæology. The John University is a richly endowed university, some eight or ten years old, Its professoriate is a numerous body, whose members seem all possessed with the adventurous spirit of vigorous youth. They publish a monthly University Circular, embodying contributions on all possible topics of study. In April of last year the Professor of New Testament Greek, Mr. J. R. Harris, published a brief article on the Angelology of Hermas, where he pointed out that the Shepherd of Hermas (Vis. iv. 2–4) embraces a quotation from Dan. vi. 22, and that not in the true Septuagint version, but in Theodotion's recension of it. This offers an important help towards fixing the much-disputed question of the date of Hermas. Professor Hort of Cambridge discusses the same point in the Circular for December last, as also does Harnack in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung* for March 21. All agree that Hermas must be later than Theodotion, and must, therefore, be assigned to the middle of century ii. "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" has continued to occupy the minds of scholars, both English and foreign. Space would fail me to tell of the new editions of it by Canon Spence, Professor Sabatier of Paris, and others, among which I can only note M. de Romestin's as the most useful for teaching purposes, and Canon Spence's as the most elegant in finish, binding, &c. Every conceivable date has been assigned to it, from the days of St. Paul and St. James to the times when Montanism flourished. Hilgenfeld discusses the book in the first number of the *Zeitschrift für Wissenschaftliche Theologie* for 1885. He devotes thirty pages to the subject, largely taken up with replying to the theories of Harnack, as I have expounded them in previous records. Hilgenfeld assigns the "Teaching" to Asia Minor, and dates it during the Montanist movement. The *British Quarterly Review* for April, 1885, has an interesting article by Rev. Edward Venables, of Lincoln, summing up all the arguments, theories, and information on the subject. But the truth is, that practically nothing has been added to the information contained in the original edition of Bishop Bryennios. The "Jahrbücher für Protestantische Theologie," edited by the learned Jena theologian, Professor Lipsius, has also an article by Holtzmann in the first number of this year, discussing the "Teaching." Owing to the German fashion of substituting letters for names—D., for instance, for Didache, H. for Hermas—this article reads more like a page of algebra than of criticism. There is in the same Review an interesting article on the Roman senator Apollonius, who suffered for his Christianity under Commodus. It identifies the apology which Eusebius says he presented to the Senate with the "Cohortatio ad Græcos," attributed to Justin. If this be the case, we should have recovered, or at least identified, another interesting work of second-century Christianity.—But this record must come to an end. I have only space to notice that, after a long interval, De Rossi's "Bulletino di Archeol. Crist.," has appeared again after a long interval. A notice appears at the end of the last number that 1883–1884 will be counted as one volume. The last part contains many interesting notices of fresh discoveries among the catacombs.—I can only mention a few English works which have lately appeared. The Luther anniversary has produced a curious attack on the Reformer's character, from the Roman Catholic point of view, in a book by J. Verres, D.D.,* which easily enough gathers up many coarse and unguarded passages out of his writings; while Dr. Rae has on the other side produced an equally laudatory biography.† Dr. Rae does not give us the coarse passages, but he gives letters, as on p. 394, from which a mind determined to find fault might draw unpleasant conclusions. This biography is, however, the most interesting and readable produced by the Luther commemoration, and offers, perhaps, too ideal a picture of his home-life. The Religious Tract Society has translated Lechler's "Life of Wycliffe."‡ It is a very thorough work, embracing chapters on Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln; Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh; the vision of Piers Plowman, and the other influences which combined to shape the Reformer's life. It analyses carefully his work and writings, and furnishes the reader with numerous references for further investigations. This work is the most comprehensive Life of Wycliffe yet attempted, as Dr. Lechler had access to the great store of MSS. contained in the Imperial Library of Vienna. The last works I can notice are the S.P.C.K. series of Diocesan Histories. They are useful little books of various degrees of merit. They will serve to stir up local interest, and will enable men to realize the continuity of national as well as diocesan life. Two volumes are lying before me: one on Norwich,§ by a very competent writer, Dr. Jessop, who is quite at home in mediæval England; and the other on Lichfield, by Mr. Beresford. The Lichfield volume has many curious facts gleaned from the past. Among others, that Irish bishops of the fifteenth century seem to have been very fond of leaving their own charges to do episcopal work in Lichfield, a fashion which has not yet quite died out. On p. 178 he mentions several instances. Some of their titles seem to have puzzled him. But surely a diocesan historian ought to have known how to spell and translate Laonensis Eps., which is simply the Latin for Bishop of Killaloe; as also that Connor, one of the dioceses ruled by Jeremy Taylor and Mant, is spelt with a double *n*.

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[*] "A Religious Encyclopædia of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology." Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D. T. III. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1884.

[†] "Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ." Edit. Herm. Peter. Lipsiæ: Teubner. 1884.

[‡] "Geschichte der Römischen Kaiserzeit." Von Hermann Schiller. Bd. I. Gotha: Perthes. 1883.

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* "L'Art Byzantin." Par G. Bayet. Paris: A. Quantin. 1884.

† "Histoire de la Musique." Par H. Lavoix.

‡ "Les Manuscrits et la Miniature." Par Lecoy de la Marche.

GEORGE T. STOKES.

II.—FICTION.

THE critic who compares the novels of our own day with those of a former age is sensible that a change has come over the spirit of fiction. It has grown more ambitious than it was. It used to aim at interesting its readers either by the delineation of incident, as in Scott's novels, or of character, as in those of Miss Austen. At a later date it took a more serious turn, and aimed at pointing out social ills, and representing the wrongs of classes, as some of Mrs. Gaskell's novels and some of Dickens's. But in our own day fiction has expanded to take in new provinces, while it has perforce somewhat neglected the old. It has more of the interest of the essay, and less of the interest of the story. We can hardly open a novel nowadays without coming upon some allusion to the deepest problems of life, and what is especially significant and entirely new is that it seems felt legitimate to use these problems as mere material of fiction; the writer who touches on them does not always intend to bring any contribution to their answer, only to paint life as it is. The change is full of interest as an index to the new influences moulding society—an index more faithful, perhaps, than that afforded by any other department of literature, for none so immediately reflects the interests of the average mind. As bearing on the character of fiction itself, we must regard it with mixed feelings. The notion that ideas and thoughts which give interest to real experience lose that interest when they enter on the domain of fiction is a strange superstition, less potent than it has been, but it is a dangerous temptation to a clever writer to suppose that this interest can stand alone. To this temptation Miss Bertha Thomas* appears to have fallen in her attempt to rest the whole interest of a story almost without incident on the iconoclastic creed of her hero. The "portrait," as she calls it (whether with the meaning that it has an actual model, her reader has not been able to discover), is one that needs, and at first promises, interest of a high order, but, when this fails, there is absolutely no other to supply its place. In a second edition of the work which preceded "We Two," on the other hand, we gladly recognize that the public is ready to welcome an attempt to bring serious purpose into fiction when it is allied with imaginative power. "Donovan"† is a religious novel, but it is also a lively and pathetic story, by no means depending for its interest on the thread of serious purpose that runs through it. The author's endeavour to set forth the witness that is latent in all human relation to a relation above humanity, and find in the emotions of torn human hearts a message from a realm of supreme calm, seems to us as full of truth as of beauty.

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* "Luther: an Historical Sketch." By J Verres, D.D. Burns & Oates. 1884.

† "Luther: Student, Monk, Reformer." By John Rae, LL.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.

‡ "John Wycliffe and his English Precursors." By Professor Lechler, D.D. Translated by Professor Lorimer, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society. 1884.

§ Diocesan Histories. "Norwich." By A. Jessop, D.D. "Lichfield." By W. Beresford. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The remarkable writer who calls herself Vernon Lee‡ has shown her capacity elsewhere than on the ground of fiction, and we cannot but hope that she will continue to exercise her literary activity on the same soil. She seems to have the qualifications for producing work much more valuable than ordinary novels, but just to lack the power for producing extraordinary ones. Interesting as is her first regular novel, it does not seem to us interesting in proportion to its power, and we cannot but surmise that these thoughts on art and life would have had more literary effect if given in some other form, although they would of course then not have had so many readers. This is the temptation that is corrupting able writers. They have seen from the example of a great genius that thought, worked up into fiction, may be made to interest the thoughtless, and forget that it needs exceptional skill to load a small basis of narrative with a great weight of moral purpose. "Miss Brown" is a denunciation of the new Paganism by one who treats Christianity as dead, but offers no substitute either for the faith she ignores or the culture of which she displays the inadequacy. The greater portion might be read as a sermon on the vanity of the most seductive substitutes for Christianity, and the author, who evidently thinks Christianity has proved itself just as vain as they, does not feel it worth while to embody in her narrative any protest against misconception, partly perhaps because she regards Christianity as too entirely bygone to be worth opposing, but partly from what seems to us a sort of grand confidence in even the merely negative aspect of what she clearly discerns to be truth. The book might be described as a translation into prose of Tennyson's "Palace of Art," but what Vernon Lee exhibits is the debasing influence rather of the worship of *beauty* than of the worship of *intensity*. It is (according to this creed) not that all ugly things must be out of sight—they are in their way nearly as interesting as beautiful things; it is only the commonplace which must be banished. The life of the artist must be a kind of distillery, in which the material for every kind of emotion is welcome; whatever is capable of giving a sensuous thrill can be utilized here. Unnatural wickedness is as valuable as supreme beauty; that which stirs horror is as much in place as that which stirs admiration. The channel by which evil reaches the hero is not sensual pleasure, but artistic taste; by temperament chaste, and even cold, he is drawn into profligacy by the covetous intellect of the artist. The conception of such a character is a very original one; but there is some feebleness in the execution, and the central figure is shadowy. Perhaps to some extent he is intended to be shadowy. We are continually reminded that he is effeminate and mawkish; but we are also informed that he took a certain place in the world's attention, and this we are never made to feel. It is impossible for a critic to say how we should be made to feel that a personage in the *dramatis personæ* is a great poet. But, nevertheless, it is a flaw to tell your readers that your hero is a man of genius, and not somehow make them feel it. It is for this reason that genius never seems to us a good object for art, nor can we recall a single first-rate work of fiction which shows that the difficulty may be got over. On the other hand, Miss Brown herself is a fine character, distinctly and temperately conceived, and firmly drawn throughout. Her mingled Scotch and Italian parentage is well represented in the truthfulness and simplicity of a noble and childlike character that has also a certain Southern richness and susceptibility, and the solidity with which she is painted seems to pervade the whole picture, though as we gaze at it we see that hardly any other figure has the same kind of force, and some are mere flat washes. We could almost fancy that one or two persons in actual life had strongly impressed the memory of the writer, and reproduced themselves in her imagination, rather than that there was any real creative power at work. But the question how far such an aim as she has set herself is legitimate from a moral point of view is even more important than that as to its artistic significance. It is impossible to look on such subjects as she has touched merely from the point of view of art; the very degradation of the world she paints is that it has ceased to look on any subject from any other point of view. The question how far it is permissible to paint the love of what is wrong as an element of mental stimulus, a pungent stimulant to imagination, is one which would receive very different answers from different persons. There are great dangers in such an attempt, yet it does not seem to us to be necessarily a desertion of all high literary aim, and the picture of the temptress might have been associated with such an aim, perhaps, if the story had ended differently. But the account of Anne's sacrifice when she claims her lover's promise to marry her, in order to save him from the solicitations of the temptress, at the time when he has begun to fill her with loathing, throws back a shadow of discredit on the earlier pages of the story, we feel as if there must have been something morally wanting in any dramatic development which has issued in so revolting a *dénouement*. Vernon Lee thinks, evidently, that in painting a marriage impressing the reader as a kind of prostitution she is describing the loftiest self-sacrifice. This is difficult ground; but, if the writer of fiction enters it, the critic has no choice but to follow. If marriage is ever regarded as an arrangement between two individual human beings, its sanctity is gone. When a man or a woman forgets that it is primarily a consent on his or her part to the Divine prerogative of parentage on the part of the other, he or she defies the claims of the unseen and the infinite in favour of the seen and the finite, and this in a twofold direction; the purity of a countless series of generations is sacrificed to the amelioration of one person for a few years, and in his or her favour it is conceded that the world may be so much the worse for ever. Surely it is hardly possible to describe a more presumptuous or idolatrous sin.

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* "Ichabod." By Bertha Thomas. 2 vols. T. Fisher Unwin.

† "Donovan." By Edna Lyall. 1 vol. Hurst & Blackett.

‡ "Miss Brown." By Vernon Lee. 3 vols. Blackwood & Sons.

Vernon Lee and Mr. Pater* are kindred spirits, and their works follow without any change of key-note, while some of our remarks on the first novel apply to both. We should have welcomed the amount of thought in either more gladly as an essay than as a novel. "Marius, the Epicurean," is more satisfactory as a literary work than "Miss Brown," although, on the other hand, the development of an æsthetic character in the age of the Antonines is a more arduous theme for the average novel-reader than any similar picture taken from contemporary life, and "Marius" has even less incident than "Miss Brown" has. The interest is, in our view, too purely intellectual for that of a novel. But there is, in the delicate, fastidious appropriateness of the style, in the easy flow of a set of descriptions (we can hardly call it a narrative), in which every page reveals learning and not a line demands effort, in the faint, soft, pure colouring of the whole, like a picture by Albert Moore, a peculiar charm, which will be felt, we should imagine, by a few readers in more than one generation, though we do not expect it will ever be felt by many. As a picture of thought under Marcus Aurelius, it strikes the present writer (conscious, however, of inadequacy in making the remark) as wanting in grasp; and surely to make the Epicurean a central figure in an age of Stoicism was to choose a position from which the more obvious characteristics of the time were cast into the shade, nor do all the references to Lucretius strike us as happy. What appears to have attracted Mr. Pater is a certain resemblance of that age to our own, which has struck others who have studied it. The faith of the past was fading, the faith of the future had not as yet reached a point where it strongly influenced the thought of the world, the allusions which we find to it in literature are slight and scarce, and its own records can scarcely be called literary. There was a mystic yearning after some harmonizing truth lying beneath the decaying creeds of the age which prepared the way for all that was deepest in the path of Christ, although it perhaps somewhat opposed that impulse by which Christianity conquered the world; and there was a profound sense of blank and emptiness, a gaze of longing turned back to the past, a weary sigh, a feeling of the littleness of life, such as we are accustomed to fancy a peculiarly modern feeling; in some form it may have existed in every age, but the form which it then took seems often to mirror the life of our own. Mr. Pater, at any rate, seems to us to find his interest in that intellectual exercise afforded by the translation of the feelings of one age into the dialect of another. We read of "the religion of Numa" in the age of Marcus Aurelius, and we think of the contemporaries of John Henry Newman; we watch the fading of this antiquarian piety, and we think of such characters as that revealed to us in the "Memoirs" of Mark Pattison. When the Voltaire of the age appears upon the scene we are somewhat disappointed; and yet it is an actual dialogue which (if our memory serves) is reproduced in substance from Lucian. Apuleius reproduces, if not any distinct individuality of modern life, at least much of its vague mysticism, but his literary gem seems to us a little out of place here. The picture of the faith which was new then, and is old now, though it suggests no modern counterpart separate from itself, yet seems to recall the problems of our day as the morning recalls the evening twilight. We are left somewhat puzzled as to the impression meant to be conveyed of Christianity, which the hero does not embrace, but in supposed martyrdom for which he dies, and which "seems to define what he might require of the powers, whatsoever they might be, that had brought him into the world to make him not unhappy in it." He is impressed by the image of "a young man giving up, one by one, the greatest gifts, parting with himself and that deep and divine serenity of his own mind, yet from the midst of his distress crying out upon the greatness of his success, as if foreseeing this very worship;" yet this impression is no dominant influence in his nature, and we are left to understand, apparently, that he stood aloof from the faith that impressed his imagination as from some rightful lord of a part of his nature that made a claim upon the whole. The gospel of [culture will not blend with any other gospel; we are only surprised to find that it leaves so large a space for a possible rival.

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* "Marius, the Epicurean." By Walter Pater. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

The two novels we have just noticed paint the confused condition of thought in our day better than many an essay or sermon, but in a review of contemporary fiction we have no excuse for longer delay over books interesting mainly from that point of view. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's pleasant and popular novelette leads us to another region. From the similarity of the title,* and some other reasons quite as superficial, "Miss Bretherton" recalls "Miss Brown;" both deal with the relation of life to art, and both avoid all variety of incident, and depend for their interest on the delineation of an aspect of life. But "Miss Bretherton" is as free from the vigour as from the unpleasant qualities of "Miss Brown," and may be described as eminently

* "Miss Bretherton." By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. 1 vol. Macmillan & Co.

a book to lie on the drawing-room table. The pleasantness of a view of life in which every one is attractive, happy, and rich, and in which the principal personage has a supposed actual prototype, has won it a popularity which from a critical point of view is somewhat below the approval which we should have anticipated being able to give to any work of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's, and we are surprised at the lack of character-painting; there is hardly a speech which, barring unsuitability of circumstance, might not be given to some other than the actual speaker. However, there is much originality in the first conception of the heroine, an amiable actress whose beauty has won for her an amount of popularity, rapidly ebbing as the story begins, which she imagines to be due to the genius she does not possess. But with the stroke of a harlequin's wand this genius is bestowed on her when we are half-way through the book, and all that comes after this transition illustrates, to our mind, the mistake already touched on, of considering genius a suitable object for art. The public, there is no denying it, is of another opinion.

We are again brought in contact with the stage by Mr. James Payn's* sparkling picture of an incident of the past. The curious taste of the eighteenth century towards literary masquerade is one of its most remarkable peculiarities. Chatterton, Ireland, and the strange impostor who called himself Psalmanazar, each seem to have merely gone further and further in the direction opened by Defoe and followed out by Southey in his "Letters of Espriella;" the notion of writing as somebody else gradually developing into literary forgery. The deceit seems in the fiction harshly punished, and we confess to a feeling of sympathy with the poor impostor of seventeen which makes us angry with Mr. Payn for having given him so much excuse (he had much less in reality). What right has an author to bring over his readers into sympathy with an unscrupulous conspiracy? As that has been the effect on one reader, we should think the book must be very immoral, and, as it is also entertaining, it ought to be very popular. Its *vraisemblance* is a little spoilt by the hero being only seventeen, but this is what an author must expect who borrows from the wild improbable ground of reality. A worse piece of improbability, and one for which history indignantly disclaims all responsibility, not having provided William Henry Ireland, at that early age, with a mistress to be either cruel or kind, is that the heroine withdraws the heart she has bestowed on the poor forger on the discovery of this peccadillo. The night which sees "Vortigern" hooted from the stage by a crowded audience at Drury Lane sees William Erin's betrothed rejoicing over his being unmasked in time to prevent her union with him. This is what a woman feels who learns of heartless treachery and cruelty in the man she loves; it does not seem to us a kind of change to be produced by the discovery of what, after all, was a schoolboy's trick on a vast scale. A generous rival is the only person who takes a merciful view of the hero's sins; it is to his generosity that he escapes premature detection, and to his charity that, after being unmasked, he owes the means of livelihood. It is disappointing, but not surprising, to find that nature is responsible for the impostor, and Mr. Payn for his generous and compassionate benefactor.

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* "The Talk of the Town." By James Payn. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co..

The excursion into the past is altogether a very refreshing one after the endless pictures of contemporary life we have to contemplate, and we hope it will not be the last we shall have from Mr. Payn's crisp and rapid brush.

Mr. Collins* is an equally old friend, and his last work reminds us of both aspects of this fact. We perceive some signs of weariness in the agile hand. But we notice his last novel because it contains one fine idea, of which he has hardly made as much as he might. The father of the heroine is supposed to have died suddenly of heart disease, the truth being that he has been found at an inn with his throat cut. His daughter learns the facts of his death, when the story is half over, as far as they are known to any one, and thereby becomes the sharer in a much greater delusion than her first mistake as to matter of fact. Her mistake as to the *facts* of his death is unimportant; the mistake as to its whole character into which she is led by the knowledge of these facts is of vital consequence, and leads to another death. We could suggest to a young and vigorous novelist no more pregnant and dramatic theme than is here imperfectly and half-consciously worked out. That he who cannot reveal *all*, misleads when he reveals a part, is, to our mind, one of the lessons our age needs most to learn. Would that it might be laid to heart by the writers of other books than fiction!

The critic of fiction who had not to notice one of Mrs. Oliphant's novels† would indeed have lit on a remarkable hiatus in her inexhaustible activity. The least valuable production from her pen is better worth notice, as a resource to pass away an idle hour, than the greater part of what we have to notice here. Is the biographer of Edward Irving, the student of Dante, satisfied to have it said that one picks out the latest production as the surest provender for the invalid, the ignorant, the idle? At least, then, let her give us harmless, if she ceases to provide us with nourishing, fare. She seems to be quite aware that her stock has been somewhat exhausted by rapid production, and has tried to give flavour to one of her last works by an expedient which is quite unworthy of her. Sir Tom is a sheep in wolf's clothing. There is a continual hope of something pungent held out to those readers who, like the American girl described in that clever novel, "The Breadwinners," pounce on George Sand's novels as the works of "a corrupter of youth," and find "La petite Fadette" grievously disappointing. After hovering on the verge of impropriety for the best part of three volumes, this delightful descent is denied them, and they are drawn safely back into the realms of dull conjugal propriety and level virtue. Here the critic has a right to remonstrate. Paint a man's life as it is if you will; speak of its temptations with the earnestness and the solemnity they demand, and bring to bear whatever strength you possess against them; or else write for the young and the ignorant, and never suggest what you do not propose to unveil. To attempt to compromise between these ideals is to unite the evils of both. If schoolgirls are introduced to a woman whom they are taught to regard, during the greater part of three volumes, as the concealed mistress of her host, it does not suddenly purify the atmosphere to tell them that all this was a mistake. If, on the other hand, the story is intended for mature eyes, why this much ado about nothing? We are quite aware that it will prove an appetizing stimulant to some readers, but not, we are sure, those whom a writer like Mrs. Oliphant wishes to attract to her books.

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* "I say No." By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. Chatto & Windus.

† "Sir Tom." By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. Longmans & Co. "Madam." By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. Longmans & Co.

We must find space to name three novels, each worthy of lengthy notice for different reasons. "Ramona"* brings from the Far West and "The Poison Tree"† from the Far East a picture of life affording the novel-reader a refreshing contrast to his daily fare, but both seem to us almost unbearably painful. We would entreat the author of "Ramona," in any further use of her unquestionable power, that she would wring our hearts less cruelly; life has pictures enough of the desolate and oppressed, of hard prosperity and crushed gentleness; let art keep her true function, and relieve the imagination by opening a vista through and beyond the darkness and failure of actual experience. "The Poison Tree" is a much less powerful novel, but as the work of a native Indian, and a combination of a vivid picture of Indian life, with a hint at that deep-rooted sense of the evil of desire which lies at the root of Indian philosophy, it has a no less keen interest, and we recommend both books heartily to all readers youthful enough not to dread tears. The pathos of "Mark Rutherford"‡ is of a less painful kind. The sketch—we can hardly call it a story—is full of sadness, and yet relieved by a breath of hopefulness through all, and by a continual accompaniment of subtle and keen reflection that lights up the style with a sort of starlight illumination. It is evidently fiction, and yet the interest of an actual biography seems strangely woven in with it; it blends the attraction of a real self-revelation with that of a work of art. It is the sequel to the supposed autobiography of the hero, a Dissenting minister, and embodies, if it does not actually transcribe, an evidently real and intimate knowledge of some phases of the dumb struggle that goes on all around us, and that to the conventional judgment is associated with vulgarity. The reader of this little volume closes it with a profound sense of the pathos lying at the heart of all that is commonplace, the struggle, the pain, the yearnings, of that part of humanity in which there is nothing exceptional. Fiction, thus occupied, seems to us to have found its highest vocation. We are made to feel here, just as we do in life, that what we name commonplace is in fact merely the objective correlate of inattention, and that wherever the eye is taught to see there it disappears. We know no lesson that the writer of fiction may more profitably exert his skill to teach.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

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* "Ramona." By Helen Jackson. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

† "The Poison Tree." By Bankim Chandra Chatterjee. Translated by Miriam S. Knight. 1 vol. T. Fisher Unwin.

‡ "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance." Edited by his Friend, Reuben Shapcott. 1 vol. Trubner & Co.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

Biography.—The second volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography"* has made its appearance with satisfactory expedition, and fully maintains the high quality of the first, and perhaps increases our confidence in the editor's skill in coping with the difficulties of his task. This volume carries the work down to the beginning of the letter B, and the most important articles it contains are a really interesting account of Anselm by Canon Stephens, and a careful and fair-minded biography of Bacon by Professor S. R. Gardiner, who thinks the importance of Bacon's political labours and ideas has not been sufficiently acknowledged. Mr. Leslie Stephen himself writes on Jane Austen and Madame D'Arblay, Mr. S. L. Lee (at disproportionate length) on Roger Ascham, Mr. Hutton on Walter Bagehot, Mr. C. F. Keary on Arthur, Mr. T. Walrond on Dr. Arnold.

Travel.—Major Johnson † may be able to tell a good story of travel, and sketch a very tolerable picture, but he is no scholar or archæologist. Considering this, he would have done well to pass over all account of Athens in his highly "erratic notes from the Piræus to Pesth." His description possesses only the novelty of inaccuracy. Athene and Hephæstus are disguised as Minerva and Vulcan; repeated mention is made of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus (*sic*); the bronze statue of Athene Promachos is described as being of gold and silver —possibly by some confusion with the chryselephantine Parthenos; the word *metope* is wrongly derived, and the use of a plural voice in Greek entirely overlooked. In the Hippodrome at Constantinople the author saw the column of twisted serpents, which, as everybody knows, was set up in commemoration of the victory of Platææ, and supported a dedicatory tripod; this column, he casually asserts, "used to hold the tripod of the oracle." But the author's enthusiasm is the crudest part of him; in looking down upon Athens, he tells us that he "tried to realize" that he was "really on the ground where Homer, Hesiod, Sappho, Alkæus, and Pindar had flourished; the thought," he adds, "was overwhelming." The author might really have spared himself the shock of imaginations so erroneous.—Mr. Augustus Hare's "Studies in Russia" ‡ is a kind of advanced guide-book to Russia, meant mainly to supply the tourist with fuller information than he will find in his Murray or Baedeker about the meaning and history of the objects of interest to which those handbooks direct his attention; but the work ought also to be useful and acceptable to the general reader. Mr. Hare's studies are not very deep or exhaustive, nor do they profess to be, but they touch on a great variety of subjects, and give on the whole a good popular idea of things, drawn from considerable reading and six months' observation in the country. The book is illustrated with sketches taken by the author on the spot, "under the fear," he says, "almost the certainty, of arrest."—

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* Edited by Leslie Stephen. London · Smith, Elder & Co.

† "On the Track of the Crescent." By Major E. C. Johnson, M.A.I., F.R.Hist.S. London: Hurst & Blackett.

‡ London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Under the title of "Madagascar and France"[*] Mr. Shaw has palmed off upon the public a vast deal of gratuitous information, not always in the best English, respecting the flora, the fauna, the meteorology, and the general idiosyncrasies of the island. Quite one half, however, of the book concerns itself with the actual subject. The author's account of the unscrupulous enforcement of the French claims upon Madagascar seems to be written in a spirit of fairness and moderation. It is as well that the intolerable discourtesy shown by Admiral Pierre to the missionary, as well as to Captain Johnstone of the *Dryad*—happily repudiated, indeed, by the French Government—should be set down once for all as a modern example of high-handed contempt for international etiquette on the part of responsible officials. The honourable behaviour of the Queen of a "nation altogether barbarous" in affording the French residents a safe-conduct from the capital through the Hova lines to the coast compares favourably with the ungallant attitude of menace assumed by the French Commissioner towards the ambulance flag at Tamatave. Mr. Shaw is silent on the subject of his appeal for damages, being evidently careful not to make too much of his private grievances.—As tasteful but too indefinite sketches of some Italian scenes, the reading of "On Tuscan Hills and Venetian Waters"[†] may gaily fill up the idle hour. Love of colour is the author's idiosyncrasy; but this is allowed, unfortunately, to obscure the writing generally, whether it is gossip, historical notes, or description of life as it is in the sunny land. The style of dealing with scenery is exemplified by Linda Villari's remark on Fiumalbo: "Seen from the heights, it was always the key-note of a symphony in grey." But the Philistine must not be too eager to add another to his victims, for there is much that is pleasant in the volume, the articles on the Palio of Siena, on the homes of the plaster-image men, and on Barga being perhaps best. The seven Venetian pieces are more enthusiastic than successful, and there is a fall beneath the dignity of literature in the personal details of residence, witticisms included. Mrs. Arthur Lemon's illustrations, being in black and white, cannot be expected to give much hint of the Tuscan and Venetian glories.—As a volume of travel, "Sketches in Spain from Nature, Art, and Life"[‡] deserves a good place for its praiseworthy and elaborate effort to point out that which is attractive in the Peninsula. The scenery of what is too much a *terra incognita*, even to the modern view-hunter, receives graphic description. Mr. Lomas cannot decide whether the many churches or the few greater castles of Spain are the more attractive. Beginning in the North-west at San Sebastian, he goes pretty well round and over the whole country. He is most charmed with Andalusia and its Arab architecture. Of his dealings with contemporary life his notes upon Madrid and Seville, with their bull-fights, which are the worst barbarism of the Spaniard, may be considered his happiest writing. His mannerisms of style, such as giving a half-sentence for a whole one, are very irritating, but his good faith as a traveller covers these and other sins of the prolix kind. The book is the opposite of disappointing. It gives much new light as to pictures of masters in the cathedrals.

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[*] "Madagascar and France." By G. A. Shaw, F.Z.S. London: Religious Tract Society.

[†] "On Tuscan Hills and Venetian Waters." By Linda Villari. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

[‡] "Sketches in Spain from Nature, Art, and Life." By John Lomas. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"The Patriarchal Theory"* is a kind of forerunner of the work on pre-historic society on which the late Mr. J. F. McLennan was long engaged, and is meant to clear the way for Mr. McLennan's own theory by a preliminary refutation of the competing theory of Sir Henry Maine. It is based on the ideas and papers of Mr. McLennan, and some of the chapters, especially a striking and important one on the origin of agnation, were written by himself, but the rest has been written, partly with his co-operation but mostly without it, by his younger brother, Mr. Donald McLennan, who has conducted the argument with much ability, and, as it seems to us, with complete success. He goes over the evidence on which Sir H. Maine relies for the existence of *patria potestas* among the Hebrews, Hindoos, Irish, Slavs, and other races, and shows very conclusively that the patriarchal family with the characteristics attributed to it by Sir H. Maine existed nowhere save in Rome, and there only in an age far from primeval, and that in every case there is evidence of other or earlier forms of the family. Whether Mr. McLennan's own theory will prove satisfactory remains to be seen, but at all events he has cleared the ground for its consideration by the disproof of Sir Henry Maine's.—There can hardly be a more enterprising journalist and bookmaker than Mr. Henry W. Lucy. It seems that he owes the idea of his new work, "A Diary of Two Parliaments,"† to Lord Rosebery, who has therefore the honour of its dedication. The first volume, covering 1874–1880, with the sub-title "The Disraeli Parliament," is to be followed by a second, diarizing the Gladstone Parliament, not yet concluded. Whether articles of personal gossip, some of which have appeared in society journals, deserve consideration as literature may be a question needing discussion; but there can be no doubt of the amusement and, it may be added, indirect instruction which can be gathered from this bulky compilation of parliamentary incident and personal peculiarities. Not the least amusing study is the mind of this parodist of an indefinite number of years past and to come. To be compelled to extract fun out of the House of Commons as a daily and nightly task might be considered the acme of writing-torture. Skilful future biographers, however, may be able to extract from these diaries useful details of the stature, oddities, and general peculiarities of what political celebrities have come under Mr. Lucy's eye. He must feel the grandeur of Rhadamanthus within him as he makes or mars reputations by this doubtful weapon of literature.—If the author of "Society in London"‡ be a foreigner, he at least uses the pen and spectacles of an English society journalist, or probably more than one, for it is difficult to believe that the penetrating judgments of one part of the book come from the same source as the rather ridiculous ones of another. Its sketches of men and things are clever, though unequal, but as far from foreign ways of thinking as from foreign idioms of speech. By society it means the people to be met with in houses visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and this definition happily furnishes range enough to include most kinds of notabilities in London.—Mr. Marvin's "Russians at the Gates of Herat"* will be widely read at the present crisis, because the writer has an unusual mastery of the facts, and describes the present situation with much clearness and force. While regarding Russian advance in Central Asia up till now as involving no menace to British interests, he strongly advocates a decisive and final resistance to any further advance. Among the most interesting parts of the book are the reports it contains of the author's conversations with Skobeleff and other Russian officers.—Archdeacon Farrar has struck upon an idea that is as useful as it is novel in the series of discourses which he has delivered on each of the books of the New Testament, and which he has now published under the title of "The Messages of the Books."† His object is to describe the special characteristics and teaching of each separate book, considered in relation to the age, purpose, and conditions under which it was written, and thus to encourage a more thorough and historical knowledge of Scripture than can be got from the ordinary pulpit custom of discoursing on isolated texts. Dr. Farrar has worked out his idea admirably, and the book may be cordially commended as at once engaging in its style and furnishing a more solid comprehension of Holy Scripture.—Mr. J. A. Farrer writes an interesting book on "Military Manners and Customs,"‡ and wishes it to be regarded as a contribution of materials to a special brand of sociology for which he invents the name "bellology." The book is a collection of appropriate facts, with such explanatory remarks as the author finds necessity or means of making. He does not group them in the best possible way, nor does he always get at the bottom of their meaning, and the book will seem too much of a mere *omnium gatherum* about war; but it will well repay reading.—The goodly volume§ in which Mr. Thornton does honour to his old school contains very much that will commend it widely beyond the limits of Harrovian sympathies. All the world may perhaps not care to investigate too curiously the vexed question as to whether the worthy founder, John Lyon, was a landed dignitary or only a struggling peasant; but school stories of Peel and Palmerston, Byron and Sheridan, deserve more than partisan popularity. If any fault is to be found with a book stamped on every page with loyal enthusiasm, it is that scarcely any allusion is made to the attainment of those university honours which are generally considered to be the visible sign of scholastic success. The writer is always concerned in discussing the numerical status of the school, or in publishing the titles and offices, parliamentary or ecclesiastic, that accrued to old Harrovians; but neglects to tell how Harrow stood from time to time with regard to other schools in those contests whose results are more immediately influenced by the effect of scholarly teaching. As might be expected from Mr. Thornton, there is a chapter on Harrow cricket, which will not fail of appreciation.

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* Based on the papers of the late John Ferguson McLennan. Edited and Completed by Donald McLennan, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Macmillan & Co.

† "A Diary of Two Parliaments." By Henry W. Lucy. "The Disraeli Parliament, 1874–1880." London: Cassell & Company, Limited.

‡ By A Foreign Resident. London: Chatto & Windus.

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* London: F. Warne & Co. † London Macmillan & Co. ‡ London: Chatto & Windus.

§ "Harrow School and its Surroundings." By Percy M. Thornton. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to write a few lines in reply to the observations of Mr. Spencer about my article on his recent publication, "The Man *versus* The State."

I am aware that Mr. Spencer is very desirous that the lot of the working classes should be ameliorated. Only, he says that this ought not to be effected by the "regulative-coercive" action of the State. I, on the contrary, am of opinion that this action is indispensable, because a succession of historical facts has, in nearly all countries, led to such great inequality of conditions that the absolute *laissez faire* system, recommended by Mr. Spencer, leads not to what his complete optimism, borrowed from orthodox economy, induces him to believe in—that is to say, equitable remuneration for service rendered—but to the exploitation of the poor by the rich, however much the holders of land and capital may be animated by feelings of charity.

For instance, the education of the masses is a matter of necessity in a democracy; and if the majority of the people cannot afford to send their children to school, the State must defray the cost, and undertake the general organization of the education system, in this way preparing the advent of a more rational social state, where its functions will be limited to establishing a reign of justice.

Mr. Spencer seems surprised that I mention, as a refutation of his theories, that science and reason ought to fix the limits of State intervention, when in all his works he has strongly insisted on this point. As I have previously stated, we were in reality of the same opinion on the subject. Only in the passage commencing with these words: "Were all Englishmen now asked" (page 85, "The Man *versus* The State"), it is implied that the will and opinion of the people should make the laws; whereas I think that in our modern democracies the supreme authority should be in the hands of a Senate, "the organ of science and reason," as Lord Rosebery in England and the Marquis Alfieri in Italy recently explained, and as already exists in a certain measure in the United States. In such an assembly need I say that Mr. Spencer would certainly occupy one of the highest places?

Mr. Spencer drew the deduction from the passage, "The State should use its legitimate means of action to establish greater equality among men in proportion to their merits," that I considered that the State ought to regulate wages and salaries after an equitable scale, and he adds that the free action of the law of demand and supply is the best method to obtain this desirable result. My idea was wholly different to this. I am quite as much convinced as Mr. Spencer that the State cannot possibly regulate the rate of wages; but laws can be made which so far equalize men's conditions for the purpose of free contract as to lead to equitable understandings and arrangements. This cannot be the case under existing circumstances. Mr. Spencer proves this most admirably in the ninth chapter of his "Social Statics," which I referred to. A man is owner of an entire island: what would be the division of the produce made between this owner and the other inhabitants of the island? If each party is desirous of making the best bargain he can, which is but natural, the workmen and tenants will probably receive just what is necessary for them to live upon, and the proprietor will reserve all the rest for himself. This is an example of free contract under a system of great inequality. Is it equitable? Most assuredly not. The workers have to accept the minimum, whereas the indolent enjoy the maximum. Free contract is an excellent institution: but is the contract free in this instance? I am drowning; a passer-by calls out to me, "I will save you if you will promise to hand me over all you possess." I accept. A contract is entered upon, but it can hardly be called "free."

Look at Norway and Alpine Switzerland, where each family has some small possessions of its own, and is consequently free to cope with the market. What a contrast! In this instance, naturally, free contract leads to an equitable arrangement. Here, again, Mr. Herbert Spencer borrows from orthodox economy the, in my opinion, false notion, that the law of supply and demand brings about an arrangement in conformity with justice. In reply to my statement that Mr. Spencer's ideas are rapidly gaining ground, my illustrious opponent quotes a passage of Mr. Frederic Harrison's, in which he says that the title of "The Man *versus* The State" should be altered for "Mr. Spencer against all England." There is here some confusion. The portions of Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrines which are gaining ground are those which refer specially to the Darwinian laws, which ought rather to be called Spencerian laws, as Mr. Spencer fully explained them in his "Social Statics" in 1851, and Darwin's "Origin of Species" was not published until 1859. I think that this tendency to apply biological laws to human societies is much to be regretted, because it does away with notions of right and with the love of justice. If this were to be put in practice, the celebrated old motto *Victrix causa Deis placuit sed victa Catoni* would no longer possess any meaning. Men would say, It is well, and of utility, and therefore just, that the strong should eliminate the weak; therefore might is right.

Mr. Spencer complains that I give it to be understood that in extolling the law of the survival of the fittest he was "advocating the establishment of a reign of injustice in its most brutal form." I never for a single second had such a thought. I am well aware that Mr. Spencer has consecrated his whole existence, and even sacrificed his health, in researches for what he considers the truth, and best for humanity; but it is important to ascertain whither the application of Spencerian or Darwinian laws would be likely to lead us.

Mr. Spencer, after having explained in most striking terms the process of the elimination of the weak in the struggle for food, and "the fighting so general in the pairing season," adds: "The ideal man is the man in whom all conditions of that accomplishment are fulfilled" ("The Man *versus* The State," p. 67). It is then, we see clearly, a question of the elimination of the weak by the strong; but, says Mr. Herbert Spencer, I meant to speak of those "industrially" strong, acting under the empire of laws which ordain the respect for free contracts. This is precisely what I said; but I drew attention on this subject to two points in the existing social order. it is not the most active in industry who secure the most for themselves, but the idle who live in comfort and plenty. In the animal kingdom each is rewarded in proportion to his merits; whereas in human societies, thanks to certain institutions—slavery, serfdom, and *latifundia*—many of the upper classes live on the fruit of the labour of the greater number. The application of Spencerian laws would only be just therefore if each individual shaped his own destiny; whereas, as matters now stand, civil succession determines to a great extent the lot of nearly all of us. The process which among animals prevents the vitiation of the species and favours the perfecting of the race is productive of wholly different results among men, for "the shouldering aside of the weak by the strong" is not in favour of the physically strong or beautiful, but of the powerful and rich, and too often of tyrants and rascals Those "decrees of a large and far-seeing benevolence," invoked and lauded by Mr. Spencer, would then only increase the already far too considerable mass of injustice, without producing any progress through natural selection as in the animal world. If it be really desired to secure such blessings, all social institutions which form an obstacle to the struggle for existence must first be abolished. We see, then, that sociology was wrong in introducing into her domain, by a superficial and in no wise scientific assimilation, principles and laws which naturalists thought they had discovered in the animal kingdom. Mr. Spencer must not imagine that I wish the State to undertake the task of distributing charity and relieving the poor. I am even less exacting than he is in this line. I only ask for justice, but absolute justice, in the fullest sense of the term.

Mr. Spencer on this point concedes all in the last paragraph of his reply, where he writes: "Let us not adopt the disastrous policy of establishing new injustices for the purpose of mitigating the mischiefs produced by old injustices" (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April, page 516). When there has come to be established in society a state of sufficient equality for contracts to be really free, and for those two essential principles, "to each in proportion to his merits," and "qui non laborat nec manducet," to be put in practice, then, and then only, will the State be able to rely on private benevolence for the relief of the sick and infirm, who will be far less numerous than at the present time, but so long as we are so very far removed from this ideal condition of things, there is a great work of reparative justice to be accomplished, which is to raise the condition of the working classes so as to permit of their using the political rights granted them in such a way as to benefit society, and to demand such social reforms as will bring us nearer to a better order of things. This is why I approve of State intervention for the establishment of a system of general and even obligatory education, for the protection of tenants and workmen, if possible, against the oppression of landlords and masters; for example, the agrarian laws in Ireland, the laws regulating the hours of labour, the working of mines, and the sanitary arrangements of factories and workshops; for facilitating the acquisition of landed property, and more especially for the reconstituting of the collective property of communes. All these measures, and many others besides—if the conditions of them be such as not to degrade men by encouraging idleness—are merely acts of justice, not of generosity. The condemnations of riches, the incessant appeals in favour of the poor which we find in the Books of the Prophets and in the Gospel, and which give birth to feelings of Christian charity and commiseration, all proceed from the perception of the truth, that, as a normal order of things does not exist in society, the condition of the victims of imperfect institutions should be improved as far as lies in our power. It follows then that when sociology attempts to apply to the social order the same laws as naturalists have discovered to exist in the animal kingdom, it is farther removed from real science and truth than is the Gospel when it teaches us that it is the duty of the fortunate in this world to lend a helping hand to the needy, not by giving them alms, but by reforming institutions so that each may become the ruler of his own destiny.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

THE PROCEDURE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IF the House of Commons, under the new constitution which is about to be given to the country, is to realise the expectation very generally entertained that it will do more efficient work than it has recently been able to perform—nay, if it is even to maintain the estimation in which it is at present held—some changes in the mode of conducting its debates and in its rules of procedure must unquestionably be made. Of late it has shown year by year less and less power to control its business, or to carry into effect the undoubted will of the majority of its members. The present Session of Parliament may no doubt be quoted against this assertion, and the Redistribution of Seats Bill may be adduced as an example of the power of the House to make satisfactory progress with a measure of the greatest magnitude and importance. But it must be remembered that this has been effected in pursuance of an agreement arrived at with the leaders of the Opposition in order to avert a serious danger which threatened the House of Lords. Though compacts such as this may in exceptional cases safely be made, they cannot be considered to be a satisfactory or constitutional mode of conducting the ordinary business of the legislature; and being as a rule founded upon an abandonment of principle by one or other of the contracting parties they could not fail, if often resorted to, to weaken the confidence of the public at large in the principle and honesty of public men. During the debates in committee on the Seats Bill the violence done to the feelings of many members of the Opposition by the adoption of the agreement between the leaders of the Government and those of the Opposition, by which alone the progress of the measure was secured, was on several occasions shown in a marked manner. Not only did they abstain from voting, but they voted in opposition to their own leader when he was loyally carrying out the bargain by which he and, so far as party allegiance was concerned, his followers were bound. Upon one occasion indeed nearly all his usual followers who were present when the division was taken either left the House or voted against him, leaving him to walk into the Government lobby accompanied by only two faithful supporters. It was doubtless conduct such as this, and the open discontent manifested by numerous members of the Conservative party at a meeting at the Carlton Club, that called forth the somewhat bitter remark said to have been made by Lord Salisbury, that his malcontent followers "appeared to have short memories." Experience therefore seems to show that it is not only unsafe and unconstitutional to have frequent resort to such compromises for the conduct of public business, but it is also impracticable to do so, and this being the case, the very serious question now has to be dealt with—how, in presence of a more or less scrupulous English opposition and an extremely unscrupulous Irish opposition, is the business of the House of Commons to be carried on?

The causes which chiefly operate in preventing the due conduct of the business of the House may be said to be twofold—namely, disorderly and obstructive conduct on the part of members, and certain rules of the House which appear to be unsatisfactory.

In the Session of 1882 the disorderly conduct of certain members had become so intolerable, and the obstruction to the progress of business so determined and systematic, bringing the legislative work of the country almost to a standstill, that the House of Commons adopted certain new rules, which, with some others passed in the two preceding years, would, it was hoped, check these abuses. The authority of the Speaker over the members of the House was strengthened and emphasized; a power of bringing debates to a close was taken; and some changes in the forms of procedure were made.

In some small degree these changes have been successful, but by no means to such an extent as to have answered the expectations of their framers. Further alterations are obviously still necessary in order to enable the House to carry on its work with the same regard to progress and to the conduct of debates as is insisted on in courts of justice, meetings of public companies, and all other public assemblies in the country, by what I may call the common law of meetings.

I speak of the new rules as having confirmed and emphasized the authority of the Speaker over members for the enforcement of order, rather than as having increased it; because, though in some respects they did increase it, yet the great and somewhat arbitrary power of the Speaker for this purpose had been previously recognized and confirmed by divers special resolutions, and the new rules served rather to remind him of his responsibility for order and of his powers for maintaining it, and to assure him of the support of the House, than to invest him with any novel and distinct authority.

To show that this was the case, numerous instances might be adduced. I shall, however, only mention two.

In Hatsell's "Precedents," in the section treating of the duty of the Speaker in keeping order in the House, we find that on the 14th of April, 1604, it was held "that if any man speak impertinently, or beside the question in hand, it stands with the order of the House for the Speaker to interrupt him, and to know the pleasure of the House whether they will further hear him." Also, "on the 17th of April, 1604, agreed for a general rule, if any superfluous motion or tedious speech be offered in the House, the party is to be directed and ordered by Mr. Speaker." And again, on the 19th of April in the same year, it was "agreed for a rule of the House, *qui digreditur a materiâ ad personam*, the Speaker ought to suppress." Thus, by what I have called the common law of public meetings, and by express resolutions of the House, it would appear that the Speaker already possessed sufficient authority to enable him to repress disorderly conduct on the part of members. But whether such authority was sufficient or not, the new rules emphatically confirmed and added to it, especially in respect of the restraint of members disregarding his authority; and it may be confidently expected that under the able and vigorous administration of the present occupant of the chair the disorders which have of late years been so much on the increase will be kept within bounds. Should this expectation not be realized, however, some further measures will doubtless have to be adopted, probably by distinctly investing the Speaker with still more arbitrary power than he now has, and by visiting disorderly conduct on the part of members more promptly and severely than is now done.

The more arbitrary exercise of authority by the Speaker is objected to by many persons on the ground that it might possibly be attended with danger to freedom of debate; but though there is doubtless a possibility of such a result, it appears to be so remote as to be almost visionary, and to be of little moment as compared with that which is constantly caused to free, full and calm discussion by unchecked disorder, personal disputes and obstructive tactics. Those who have attended closely to the proceedings of Parliament will, I am sure, have observed that so far from being disposed arbitrarily to exercise their authority, the tendency of Speakers of the House of Commons is rather in the direction of hesitating avoidance than of arbitrary interference in cases in which the conduct of members is concerned; and of late years especially there have been frequent instances where the want of a severe check on wanton interruption and deliberate insolence on the part of certain members has been generally felt and acknowledged.

The danger to the free and full discussion of measures does not, I think, so much arise from the possible interference of the Speaker in the maintenance of order as from their postponement by the various modes of obstruction from the early or middle part of the Session, when alone there is a possibility of their receiving full consideration, to the last few days or weeks of the Session, when they are either abandoned or passed after little or no consideration or debate, and often almost without notice. It is true that the abandonment of most of the Bills brought before Parliament is of little consequence, though some even of the most doubtful might with advantage have been submitted to the judgment of the House. But it generally happens that a few of these delayed measures, either from some urgent necessity or from a general demand, have to be passed before the prorogation of Parliament, and, like the rest, they have been put off from time to time; but now they must be pressed forward. The majority of members have left town; those who remain are eager to bring the Session to a close, and give but little attention to the details of the measures submitted to them; compromises of questionable clauses are arranged in the lobbies instead of after discussion in the House, and the Bills become law without that full consideration which, but for obstruction at the earlier period of the Session, they would certainly have received; and only too frequently they have to be reconsidered in some early succeeding Session of Parliament in the form of Amendment Bills.

One of the rules adopted by the House in 1882 which gave rise to the greatest opposition was that commonly known as the "Clôture," which, under certain circumstances and subject to certain extremely guarded conditions, gives to the House the power of peremptorily bringing debates to an end. That some such power might be necessary had been practically admitted by the House in the preceding year, when the then Speaker, now Lord Hampden, on his own authority assumed and exercised it. In this case on Monday, the 31st of January, 1881, the House met at its usual hour in the afternoon, and its sitting was continued without intermission till nine o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 2nd of February. The subject under discussion was "The Protection of Life and Property (Ireland) Bill," and long before the close it had become obvious to the House that the prolongation of the sitting, for it could hardly be termed a debate, could throw no new light on the question. The Speaker then interposed, and without allowing further debate, peremptorily called for a division, which was taken, and the sitting terminated. For his action on this occasion the Speaker received the almost universal approval of the House and country.

When, however, the formal adoption of the "Clôture" was in the next year proposed as one of the new rules, it met with strenuous and determined opposition from the Conservative party, who denounced it as a serious constitutional innovation, and predicted that it would destroy or seriously imperil the freedom of debate. After long discussion it was carried by a majority of 46 in a House of 578 members. So far these predictions have failed, and though many occasions have since arisen when the general feeling of the House has undoubtedly been in favour of bringing debates which had become wearisome, and in which argument appeared to have been exhausted, to a peremptory close, there has been up to the present time only one attempt to enforce the rule. This was upon the 24th of February in the present year, when a proposal having been made by the Prime Minister that the notices of motion should be postponed till after the order of the day for resuming the adjourned debate on Egypt and the Soudan—a motion censuring the conduct of Government, which had been brought on by Sir Stafford Northcote—it was moved as an amendment by Mr. Arthur O'Connor to insert after the word "motions" the words "except the motion relating to the Royal Irish Constabulary (District Inspector Murphy)." After debate upon the amendment Mr. Speaker informed the House that it appeared to him that the subject (Mr. O'Connor's amendment) had been adequately discussed, and that it was the evident sense of the House that the original question should be then put, and it was accordingly submitted to the House, and on division carried by 207 to 46. Had, however, four more members voted with the "Noes," raising the minority to 50, the motion would have been lost, and the time of the House taken up by the continuance of a discussion in which little or no general interest was felt. It would thus appear that the existing safeguards against the frequent or necessary application of the "Clôture" rule are so stringent as to render it very difficult to put in force, and that the rule is of but little practical value as a means of bringing unnecessary or unduly protracted debates to a conclusion. In the case above quoted the House was undoubtedly desirous of forthwith proceeding with the discussion of the vote of-censure; the arguments for first proceeding with the question about Inspector Murphy had been exhausted; the Government, its supporters, the leader of the Opposition, and the greater part of his followers then present, voted for the enforcement of the rule enabling this to be done; but certain members of the Conservative party, including some members of the front Opposition bench, joined the extreme Irish party in opposing it, and, as has been shown, nearly succeeded in their object.

If then the "Clôture" is to be a practical means of enabling the business of the House to be conducted more efficiently than at present, it seems to be desirable that the restrictions upon its enforcement should be somewhat relaxed, and this might be done with entire safety to full and free debate, as no considerable majority of the Commons House of Parliament are ever likely to put in peril such freedom, or to sanction the arbitrary interference with discussion, except for the purpose of bringing to an end debates which have degenerated from argumentative discussion to obstructive or wearisome reiteration.

While advocating the exercise by Speakers of the House of Commons of somewhat arbitrary power with regard to the conduct of its members and debates, I would by no means desire that there should be laxity or uncertainty in respect of the rules which govern the procedure of public Bills, estimates, or other business. These rules should, on the other hand, be clearly defined and rigidly enforced, as but for them members would have but little security against being taken by surprise as to what business might be brought on at each sitting of the House.

We have seen that the rules of the House of Commons have recently been altered, and some of the changes effected by them have, to but a limited extent indeed, worked satisfactorily. To some of the existing rules, however, may be traced much of the obstruction and unnecessary delay which still occur in giving effect to the will of the House, and further alterations have been very generally suggested. My object in these remarks is not, however, to enter upon the full consideration of all the rules of the House, but rather to endeavour to direct attention to some of those in which further changes conducing to the more decorous and dispassionate conduct of debate and the more successful prosecution of public business might readily be made.

Probably no rule has so much and so directly contributed to impede the progress of legislation as that which is known as the half-past twelve o'clock rule. It was adopted some years ago, and provides that, with certain exceptions, no business to which due notice of opposition has been given shall be entered upon after half-past twelve o'clock at night. Presumably, the object of this rule was to prevent late sittings and to allow members generally to leave the House after that hour; but having had long experience of the House both before and after its adoption, I confidently assert that so far is it from having answered the expectations which were formed of its operation, that I have known longer sittings since its adoption than before. I do not mean to say that the great length of these sittings has been traceable to this rule; but I state the fact in order to show that it has not been efficacious in preventing them, and I am satisfied that even if its operation may, more or less often, have enabled members to leave the House at an earlier hour than they would have otherwise done, it has on the other hand had the effect of lengthening the Session of Parliament, by causing the postponement of the various stages of Bills at the earlier periods of the Session, and thus bringing about an accumulation of business at its later part. As I have said, the object of the rule was unquestionably to shorten the daily or nightly sittings of the House; but it has been freely taken advantage of by members for other purposes than this. Some have used it to delay, and thus defeat, measures of which they disapproved; some to obstruct almost all legislation; and some, I fear, in order to gratify feelings of personal animosity to the members promoting certain Bills. Believing that the rule in question has to a great extent failed in its object, that it has been very objectionably used for purposes for which it was not intended, and that it has materially assisted in causing the lengthening of the Sessions of Parliament, I should myself like to see it repealed; but should this be objected to, it should, I certainly think, be so modified as to prevent the wholesale and almost indiscriminate "blocking" of Bills which now extensively prevails.

Against the suggestions above put forward, the exercise by the Speaker of more arbitrary power over the conduct of debates, giving increased facility for putting the "Clôture" in force, and repealing the half-past twelve o'clock rule, objections have been urged and supported by arguments of more or less weight, though none of them appear to me in any way to counterbalance the reasons in favour of them. But I desire to call attention to a further change which, if made, would undoubtedly very greatly enlarge the power of Parliament to pass important measures and prevent much of the waste of time consequent upon its present practice, and against which I have never heard any valid reason, nor can I conceive any that can be adduced.

By a custom or practice which has grown up in Parliament, but which I believe has never been formulated as a rule, all Bills which, at the end of a Session, have not been passed, are altogether abandoned; they may have been fully considered in principle on their second reading, and they may even have been discussed in detail in committee, but all the time and labour bestowed upon them is thrown away; and should it be decided to take them up again and proceed with them in the succeeding Session, they have to be taken up *de novo*, and all this work must be gone over again. The great waste of time, loss of labour, and paralysis of legislation caused by this practice has long been apparent; and in the year 1869 Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords, introduced a Bill to enable Bills which had made certain progress in one Session, but had been left unfinished at the prorogation, to be proceeded with in the next. In the course of his speech on this occasion, after describing the nature and effect of the existing practice, his Lordship said:— "Do we act in this manner in any other department of life? Supposing you made it a rule to give up writing letters at a certain hour, would you throw all unfinished ones into the fire, or begin next morning where you left off? Is there any body of men in any kind of business that adopt what I must call this senseless practice, that whatever you have not finished by a certain time you must begin again next year? I have never heard any reason for such a rule. There is nothing but the bare inert weight of unmeaning custom to justify a principle which wastes so much of the labour and utility of Parliament." In the debate which ensued, no argument against the principle of Lord Salisbury's proposal was adduced, and it was admitted to be a just reproach to Parliament that it was becoming incompetent to deal with the great amount of legislation before it. It was, however, objected that the proposal affected the House of Commons as much or more than the House of Lords, and that it was desirable that the question of its adoption should be referred to a committee, consisting of members of both Houses. This suggestion was acted upon, a joint committee of the two Houses was appointed, and made a report, which, however, virtually shelved the main question referred to it, and made other and weaker suggestions for the reform of procedure. No further step was taken with the view of giving effect to Lord Salisbury's eminently practical proposal.

This took place in 1869. At that time the expediency or necessity of applying some stimulus to the legislative action of Parliament had long been felt and admitted; and if this was then the case, such a stimulus is surely not less required now when the largely increased business of the country and the very much more active part now taken than formerly in the proceedings of the House of Commons by its members materially increase the difficulty of getting the necessary business of Parliament completed within the limits of a single Session.

It seems strange that an alteration of the practice of Parliament such as that suggested by Lord Salisbury, which, if carried out, would obviously greatly facilitate the legislative progress so much demanded, and to which no valid objection has been urged, should have been quietly allowed to drop. It certainly seems difficult not to suspect that much of the outcry about the evils of obstruction and many of the professions of desire for more vigorous action in legislation, of which so much has of late years been heard, have not been altogether sincere, and that a dread or dislike of real progress still more or less animates our legislators.

I speak of the obvious facility which the adoption of Lord

Salisbury's proposed alteration would give to legislation. It will be readily seen that many measures of great importance and which are earnestly demanded by the country, such as a Merchant Shipping Bill, and others of a similar nature, requiring the consolidation of numerous previous statutes, and probably the repeal of many of their provisions, can hardly be passed in a single Session of Parliament. They have been long desired, long delayed, and remain still *in nubibus*; this result being probably mainly due to what Lord Salisbury well calls the "senseless practice" of abandoning all unfinished work at the end of each Session. Measures such as these are pretty certain to be discussed at considerable length on their second reading, and still more amply on their consideration in committee; and it frequently—or I may almost say generally—happens that so much time is occupied in these stages that there is none left at the end of the Session for their completion. They have to be abandoned, and all the time and labour bestowed upon them is lost, while any alteration in the existing laws imperatively called for are effected by small amendment Bills dealing each with some particular point in question alone; and thus, instead of the enactment of large comprehensive measures, the inconvenient and cumbersome accumulation of small statutes dealing with particular points of a subject is constantly continued and extended.

By Lord Salisbury's proposals, the consent of the Crown and other conditions were suggested for the resumption of Bills in succeeding Sessions to that in which they were introduced. For my own part I cannot see the necessity for this; and the only condition of their resumption by the members in charge of them which would appear to me to be desirable would be that, if already read a second time, and if objected to, the House, whether of Lords or Commons, as the case might be, should decide on their resumption by a vote "Aye" or "No" taken without debate; or if already passed through committee their resumption should be at the option of the members in charge. The more arbitrary exercise of power by the Speaker, a readier means of putting in force this "Clôture," and further modifications of the half-past twelve o'clock rule, would, as I have endeavoured to show, ensure the more orderly conduct of debates and greater facility for the transaction of the necessary business of the country; but I am confident that the change which I have alluded to, that proposed by Lord Salisbury in 1869 would of itself go a long way to effect these objects, and it is one to which I have never yet heard any practical or constitutional objections seriously urged.

L. L. DILLWYN.

THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

THE Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Cambridge has so many claims upon the attention of all good men, and has such especial claims upon mine, that I feel a certain shyness in giving audible expression to views about history and history-writing which are not his. The undertaking, however, though desperate, is lawful, and may be conducted without offence.

Ever since the printing-press of his university published Professor Seeley's work on Stein, his tone in referring to other historians has become severe, and he has spoken of them as if they were but unauthorized practitioners of the science of History, and as though their pleasant volumes were but plausible quackeries, all jelly and no powder.

This view of things, after finding chance expression in lectures and papers, has received more definite treatment in Professor Seeley's most recent and most opportune book, which everybody has read, "The Expansion of England," which opens thus:—"It is a favourite maxim of mine that history, while it should be scientific in its method, should pursue a practical object—that is, it should not merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future. Now, if this maxim be sound, the history of England ought to end with something that might be called a moral."

This, it must be admitted, is a large order. The task of the historian, as here explained, is not merely to tell us the story of the past, and thus gratify our curiosity, but, pursuing a practical object, to seek to modify our views of the present and help us in our forecasts of the future; and this the historian is to do, not unconsciously and incidentally, but deliberately and of set purpose. One can well understand how history, so written, will usually begin with a maxim and invariably end with a moral.

What we are told on p. 166 follows in logical sequence upon our first quotation—namely, that "history fades into *mere literature* (the italics are ours) when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics." In this grim sentence we read the dethronement of Clio. The poor thing must forswear her father's house, her tuneful sisters, the invocation of the poet, the worship of the dramatist, and keep her terms at the university, where, if she is really studious and steady, and avoids literary companions (which ought not to be difficult), she may hope some day to be received into the Royal Society as a second-rate science. The people who do not usually go to the Royal Society will miss their old playmate from her accustomed slopes, but, even were they to succeed in tracing her to her new home, access would be denied them; for Professor Seeley, that stern custodian, has his answer ready for all such seekers. "If you want recreation, you must find it in Poetry, particularly Lyrical Poetry. Try Shelley. We can no longer allow you to disport yourselves in the Fields of History as if they were a mere playground. Clio is enclosed."

At present, however, this is not quite the case; for the old literary traditions are still alive, and prove somewhat irritating to Professor Seeley, who, though one of the most even-tempered of writers, is to be found on p. 173 almost angry with Thackeray, a charming person, who, as we all know, had, after his lazy, literary fashion, made an especial study of Queen Anne's time, and who cherished the pleasant fancy that a man might lie in the heather with a pipe in his mouth, and yet, if he had only an odd volume of the *Spectator* or the *Tatler* in his hand, be learning history all the time. "As we read in these delightful pages," says the author of "Esmond," "the past age returns; the England of our ancestors is revivified; the Maypole rises in the Strand; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses;" and so on, in the style we all know and love so well, and none better, we may rest assured, than Professor Seeley himself, if only he were not tortured by the thought that people were taking this to be a specimen of the science of which he is a Regius Professor. His comment on this passage of Thackeray's is almost a groan. "What is this but the old literary groove, leading to no trustworthy knowledge?" and certainly no one of us, from letting his fancy gaze on the Maypole in the Strand, could ever have foretold the Griffin. On the same page he cries: "Break the drowsy spell of narrative. Ask yourself questions, set yourself problems; your mind will at once take up a new attitude. Now modern English history breaks up into two grand problems—the problem of the Colonies and the problem of India." The Cambridge School of History with a vengeance.

In a paper read at the South Kensington Museum on the 4th of last August, Professor Seeley observes: "The essential point is this, that we should recognise that to study history is to study not merely a narrative, but *at the same time* certain theoretical studies." He then proceeds to name them as follows:—Political philosophy, the comparative study of legal institutions, political economy, and international law.

These passages are, I think, adequate to give a fair view of Professor Seeley's position. History is a science, to be written scientifically and to be studied scientifically in conjunction with other studies. It should pursue a practical object and be read with direct reference to practical politics—using the latter word, no doubt, in an enlightened sense. History is not a narrative of all sorts of facts—biographical, moral, political—but of such facts as a scientific diagnosis has ascertained to be historically interesting. In fine, History, if her study is to be profitable and not a mere pastime, less exhausting than skittles and cheaper than horse exercise, must be dominated by some theory capable of verification by reference to certain ascertained facts belonging to a particular class.

Is this the right way of looking upon History? The dictionaries tell us that history and story are the same word, and are derived from a Greek source, signifying information obtained by inquiry. The natural definition of history, therefore, surely is the story of man upon earth, and the historian is he who tells us any chapter or fragment of that story. All things that on earth do dwell have, no doubt, their history as well as man; but when a member, however humble, of the human race speaks of history without any explanatory context, he may be presumed to be alluding to his own family records, to the story of humanity during its passage across the earth's surface.

> "A talent for history"—I am quoting from an author whose style, let those mock at it who may, will reveal him—"may be said to be born with us as our chief inheritance. History has been written with quipo-threads, with feather pictures, with wampum belts, still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn, for the Celt and the Copt, the red man as well as the white, lives between two eternities, and warring against oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear, conscious relation, as in dim unconscious relation he is already united with the whole future and the whole past."

To keep the Past alive for us is the pious function of the historian. Our curiosity is endless, his the task of gratifying it. We want to know what happened long ago. Performance of this task is only proximately possible—but none the less it must be attempted, for the demand for it is born afresh with every infant's cry. History is a Pageant and not a Philosophy.

Poets, no less than professors, occasionally say good things even in prose, and the following oracular utterance of Shelley is not pure nonsense :—" History is the cyclic poem written by Time upon the memories of men. The Past, like an inspired Rhapsodist, fills the theatre of everlasting generations with her harmony."

If this be thought a little too fanciful, let me adorn this page with a passage from one of the great masters of English prose—Walter Savage Landor. Would that the pious labour of transcription could confer the tiniest measure of the gift! In that bundle of Imaginary Letters Landor called " Pericles and Aspasia," we find Aspasia writing to her friend Cleone as follows :—

> " To-day there came to visit us a writer who is not yet an Author: his name is Thucydides. We understand that he has been these several years engaged in preparation for a history. Pericles invited him to meet Herodotus, when that wonderful man had returned to our country and was about to sail from Athens. Until then it was believed by the intimate friends of Thucydides that he would devote his life to Poetry, and such is his vigour both of thought and expression that he would have been the rival of Pindar. Even now he is fonder of talking on poetry than any other subject, and blushed when history was mentioned. By degrees, however, he warmed, and listened with deep interest to the discourse of Pericles on the duties of a historian.
>
> " 'May our first Athenian historian not be the greatest,' said he, 'as the first of our dramatists has been, in the opinion of many. We are growing too loquacious both on the stage and off. We make disquisitions which render us only more and more dim-sighted, and excursions that only consume our stores. If some among us who have acquired celebrity by their compositions, calm, candid, contemplative men, were to undertake the history of Athens from the invasion of Xerxes, I should expect a fair and full criticism on the orations of Antiphon, and experience no disappointment at their forgetting the battle of Salamis. History, when she has lost her Muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her name. She will wander about the Agora; she will start, she will stop, she will look wild, she will look stupid, she will take languidly to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart. The Field of History should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me or interesting in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade: place History on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her, Eloquence and War.' "

This is, doubtless, a somewhat full-dress view of History. Landor was not one of our modern dressing-gown and slippers kind of author. He always took pains to be splendid, and preferred stately magnificence to chatty familiarity. But, after allowing for this, is not the passage I have quoted infused with a great deal of the true spirit which should animate the historian, and does it not seem to take us by the hand, and lead us very far away from Professor Seeley's maxims and morals, his theoretical studies, his political philosophy, his political economy, and his desire to break the drowsy spell of narrative, and to set us all problems? I ask this question in no spirit of enmity towards these theoretical studies, nor do I doubt for one moment that the student of history proper, who has a turn in their directions, will find his pursuit made only the more fascinating the more he studies them—just as a little botany is said to add to the charm of a country walk; but—and surely the assertion is not necessarily paradoxical—these studies ought not to be allowed to disfigure the free flowing outline of the Historical Muse, or to thicken her clear utterance, which in her higher moods chants an epic, and in her ordinary moods recites a narrative which need *not* be drowsy.

As for maxims, we all of us have our "little hoard of maxims" wherewith to preach down our hearts and justify anything shabby we may have done, but the less we import their cheap wisdom into history the better. The author of the "Expansion of England" will probably agree with Burke in thinking that "a Great Empire and a Small Mind go ill together," and so, surely, *a fortiori*, must a mighty universe and any possible maxim. There have been plenty of brave historical maxims before Professor Seeley's, though only Lord Bolingbroke's has had the good luck to become itself historical.* And as for theories, Professor Flint, a very learned writer, has been at the pains to enumerate fourteen French and thirteen German philosophies of history current (though some, I expect, never ran either fast or far) since the Revival of Learning.

We are (are we not?) in these days in no little danger of being philosophy-ridden, and of losing our love for facts simply as facts. So long as Carlyle lived, the Concrete had a representative, the strength of whose epithets sufficed, if not to keep the philosophers in awe, at least to supply their opponents with stones. But now it is different. Carlyle is no more a model historian than is Shakspeare a model dramatist. The merest tyro can count the faults of either on his clumsy fingers. That born critic, the late Sir George Lewis, had barely completed his tenth year before he was able, in a letter to his mother, to point out to her the essentially faulty structure of "Hamlet," and many a duller wit, a decade or two later in his existence, has come to the conclusion that "Frederick the Great" is far too long. But whatever were Carlyle's faults, his historical method was superbly naturalistic. Have we a historian left us so honestly possessed as he was with the genuine

* "History is Philosophy teaching by Examples."

historical instinct, the true enthusiasm to know what happened; or one half so fond of a story for its own sake, or so in love with things, not for, what they were, but simply because they were? "What wonderful things are Events," wrote Lord Beaconsfield in "Coningsby;" "the least are of greater importance than the most sublime and comprehensive speculations." To say this is to go perhaps too far; certainly it is to go farther than Carlyle, who none the less was in sympathy with the remark—for he also worshipped Events, believing as he did that but for the breath of God's mouth they never would have been events at all. We thus find him always treating even comparatively insignificant facts with a measure of reverence and handling them lovingly, as does a book-hunter the shabbiest pamphlet in his collection. We have only to think of Carlyle's essay on the "Diamond Necklace" to fill our minds with his qualifications for the proud office of the historian. Were that inimitable piece of workmanship to be submitted to the criticisms of the new scientific school we doubt whether it would be so much as classed, whilst the celebrated description of the night before the battle of Dunbar in "Cromwell," or any of the hundred scenes from the "French Revolution," would, we expect, be catalogued as good examples of that degrading process whereby history fades into mere literature.

This is not a question, be it observed, of style. What is called a picturesque style is generally a great trial. Who was it who called Professor Masson's style Carlyle on wooden legs? What can be drearier than when a plain matter-of-fact writer attempts to be animated, and tries to make his characters live by the easy but futile expedient of writing about them in the present tense? What is wanted is a passion for facts; the style may be left to take care of itself. Let me name a historian who detested fine writing, and who never said to himself, "Go to, I will make a description," and who yet was dominated by a love for facts, whose one desire always was to know what happened, to dispel illusion and establish the true account—Dr. S. R. Maitland, of the Lambeth Library, whose volumes entitled "The Dark Ages" and "The Reformation" are to History what Milton's "Lycidas" is said to be to Poetry: if they do not interest you, your tastes are not historical.

The difference, we repeat, is not of style, but of aim. Is History a Pageant or a Philosophy? That eminent historian, Lord Macaulay, whose passion for letters and for "mere literature" ennobled his whole life, has expressed himself in some places, I need scarcely add in a most forcible manner, in the same sense as Professor Seeley. In his well-known essay on History contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1828, we find him writing as follows:—"Facts are the mere dross of History. It is from the abstract truth which interpenetrates them, and lies latent amongst them like gold in the ore, that the mass derives its whole value." And again: "No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future." These are strong passages; but Lord Macaulay was a royal Eclectic, and was quite out of sympathy with the majority of that brotherhood who are content to tone down their contradictories to the dull level of ineptitudes. Macaulay never toned down his contradictories, but, heightening everything all round, went on his sublime way rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, and well knowing that he could give anybody five yards in fifty and win easily. It is therefore no surprise to find him, in the very essay in which he speaks so contemptuously of facts, laying on with his vigorous brush a celebrated purple patch I would gladly transfer to my own dull page were it not too long and too well known. A line or two taken at random will give its purport:—

> "A truly great historian would reclaim those materials the novelist has appropriated. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon and for their phraseology in 'Old Mortality,' for one half of King James in Hume and for the other half in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' . . . . Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest, from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw, from the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers-minstrels, crusaders, the stately monastery with the good cheer in its refectory and the high mass in its chapel, the manor-house with its hunting and hawking, the tournament with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold, would give truth and life to the representation."

It is difficult to see what abstract truth interpenetrates the cheer of the refectory, or what just calculations with respect to the future even an upholsterer could draw from a cloth, either of state or of gold; whilst most people will admit that when the brilliant essayist a few years later set himself to compose his own magnificent history so far as he interpenetrated it with the abstract truths of Whiggism, and calculated that the future would be satisfied with the first Reform Bill, he did ill and guessed wrong.

To reconcile Macaulay's utterances on this subject is beyond my powers, but of two things I am satisfied: the first is that, were he to come to life again, a good many of us would be more careful than we are how we wrote about him, and the second is that, on the happening of the same event, he would be found protesting against the threatened domination of all things by scientific theory. A Western American, who was once compelled to spend some days in Boston, was accustomed in after-life to describe that seat of polite learning to his horrified companions in California as a city in whose streets Respectability stalked unchecked. This is just what philosophical theories are doing amongst us, and a decent person can hardly venture abroad without one, though it does not much matter which one. Everybody is expected to have "a system of philosophy with principles coherent, inter-dependent, subordinate, and derivative," and to be able to account for everything, even for things it used not to be thought sensible to believe in, like ghosts and haunted houses. Keats remarks in one of his letters with great admiration upon what he christens Shakspeare's "negative capability," meaning thereby Shakspeare's habit of complaisant observation from outside of theory, and his keen enjoyment of the unexplained facts of life. He did not pour himself out in every strife. We have but little of this negative capability. The ruddy qualities of delightfulness, of pleasantaness, are all sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. The varied elements of life—

> "The Joy of Existence,
> The Stir of the World"—

seem to be fading from Literature. Pure literary enthusiasm sheds but few rays. To be lively is to be flippant, and epigram is dubbed paradox.

That many people appear to like a drab-coloured world hung round with dusky shreds of philosophy is sufficiently obvious. These persons find any relaxation they may require from a too severe course of Theories, religious, political, social, or now, alas! historical, in the novels of Mr. W. D. Howells, an American gentleman who has not been allowed to forget that he once asserted of Fiction what Professor Seeley would be glad to be able to assert of History, that the drowsy spell of narrative has been broken. We are to look for no more Sir Walters, no more Thackerays, no more Dickens. The stories have all been told. Plots are exploded. Incident is over. In moods of dejection these dark sayings seemed only too true. Shakspeare's saddest of sad lines rose to one's lips:

> "My grief lies onward and my joy behind."

Behind us are "Ivanhoe" and "Guy Mannering," "Pendennis" and "The Virginians," Pecksniff and Micawber. In front of us stretch a never-ending series, a dreary vista of "Foregone Conclusions," "Counterfeit Presentments," and "Undiscovered Countries." But the darkest watch of the night is the one before the dawn, and relief is often nearest us when we least expect it. All this gloomy nonsense was suddenly dispelled, and the fact that really and truly, and behind this philosophical arras, we were all inwardly ravening for stories was most satisfactorily established by the incontinent manner in which we flung ourselves into the arms of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, to whom we could almost have raised a statue in the market-place for having written "Treasure Island."

But to return to History. The interests of our poor human life, which seems to become duller every day, require that the Fields of

History should be kept for ever unenclosed, and be a free breathing-place for a pallid population well-nigh stifled with the fumes of philosophy.

Were we, imaginatively, to propel ourselves forward to the middle of the next century, and to fancy a well-equipped historian armed with the digested learning of Gibbon, endowed with the eye of Carlyle, and say one-fifteenth of his humour, even then a dangerous allotment in a dull world, the moral gravity of Dr. Arnold, the critical sympathy of Ste-Beuve, and the style of Dr. Newman, approaching the period through which we have lived, should we desire this talented mortal to encumber himself with a theory into which to thrust all our doings as we toss clothes into a portmanteau; to set himself to extract the essence of some new political philosophy, capable of being applied to the practical politics of his own day, or to busy himself with problems or economics? To us personally, of course, it is a matter of indifference how the historians of the twentieth century conduct themselves, but ought not our altruism to bear the strain of a hope that at least one of the band may avoid all these things, and, leaving political philosophy to the political philosopher and political economy to the political economist, remember that the first, if not the last, duty of the historian is to narrate, to supply the text not the comment, the subject not the sermon, and proceed to tell our grandchildren and remoter issue the story of our lives? The clash of arms will resound through his pages as musically as ever it does through those of the elder historians as he tells of the encounter between the Northern and Southern States of America, in which Right and Might, those great twin-brethren, fought side by side; but Romance, that ancient parasite, clung affectionately with her tendril-hands to the mouldering walls of an ancient wrong, thus enabling the historian, whilst awarding the victor's palm to General Grant, to write kindly of the lost cause, dear to the heart of a nobler and more chivalrous man, General Lee, of the Virginian Army. And again, is it not almost possible to envy the historian to whom will belong the task of writing with full information, and all the advantage of the true historic distance, the history of that series of struggles and heroisms, of plots and counter-plots, of crimes and counter-crimes, resulting in the Freedom of Italy, and of telling to a world, eager to listen, the life story of Joseph Mazzini?

"Of God nor man was ever this thing said,
That he could give
Life back to her who gave him, whence his dead
Mother might live.
But this man found his mother dead and slain,
With fast sealed eyes,
And bade the dead rise up and live again,
And she did rise."

Nor will our imaginary historian be unmindful of Cavour, or fail to thrill his readers by telling them how, when the great Italian statesman, with many sins upon his conscience, lay in the very grasp of death, he interrupted the priests, busy at their work of intercession, almost roughly, with the exclamation, "Pray not for me. Pray for Italy;" whilst if he be one who has a turn for that ironical pastime, the dissection of a king, the curious character, and muddle of motives, calling itself Carlo Alberto will afford him material for at least two paragraphs of subtle interest. Lastly, if our historian is ambitious of a larger canvas and of deeper colours, what is there to prevent him, bracing himself to the task,

> "as when some mighty painter dips
> His pencil in the hues of earthquake and eclipse,"

from writing the epitaph of the Napoleonic legend?

But all this time I hear Professor Seeley whispering in my ear, "What is this but the old literary groove leading to no trustworthy knowledge?" If by trustworthy knowledge is meant demonstrable conclusions, capable of being expressed in terms at once exact and final, trustworthy knowledge is not to be gained from the Witness of History, whose testimony none the less must be received, weighed, and taken into account. Truly observes Carlyle, "If History is Philosophy teaching by examples, the writer fitted to compose history is hitherto an unknown man. Better were it that mere earthly historians should lower such pretensions, and, aiming only at some picture of the thing acted, which picture itself will be but a poor approximation, leave the inscrutable purport of them an acknowledged secret." "Some picture of the thing acted." Here we behold the task of the historian; nor is it an idle, fruitless task. Science is not the only, or the chief, source of knowledge. The "Iliad," Shakspeare's plays, have taught the world more than the "Politics" of Aristotle or the "Novum Organum" of Bacon.

Facts are not the dross of history, but the true metal, and the historian is a worker in that metal. He has nothing to do with abstract truth, or with practical politics, or with forecasts of the future. A worker in metal he is, and has certainly plenty of what Lord Bacon used to call "stuff" to wŏrk upon; but if he is to be a great historian, and not a mere chronicler, he must be an artist as well as an artisan, and have something of the spirit which animated such a man as Francesco Francia of Bologna, now only famous as a painter, but in his own day equally celebrated as a worker in gold, and whose practice it was to sign his pictures with the word Goldsmith after his name whilst he engraved Painter on his golden crucifixes.

The true historian, therefore, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts, select facts, and combine facts. Methods will differ, styles will differ. Nobody ever does anything exactly like anybody else; but the end in view is generally the same, and the historian's end is truthful narration. Maxims he will have, if he is wise, never a one; and as for a moral, if he tell his story well, it will need none—if he tell it ill, it will deserve none.

The stream of narrative flowing swiftly, as it does, over the jagged rocks of human destiny must often be turbulent and tossed; it is therefore all the more the duty of every good citizen to keep it as undefiled as possible, and to do what in him lies to prevent peripatetic philosophers on the banks from throwing their theories into it, either dead ones to decay, or living ones to drown. Let the philosophers ventilate their theories, construct their blow-holes, extract their essences, discuss their maxims, and point their morals as much as they will; but let them do so apart. History must not lose her Muse, or "take to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart." Let us at all events secure our narrative first—sermons and philosophy the day after.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

THE URGENT NEEDS OF THE VOLUNTEER FORCE.

IF no other national advantage comes from the recent sound "of the blast of war in our ears," public attention must now at least be aroused to the urgent needs of the Volunteer Force. Effort upon effort has been made to drive them home upon statesmen. But the bulwark of pettifogging economy—that policy of penny wise and pound foolish which is the curse of party government—has always been proof against every representation. Once alone, under the administration of Lord Beaconsfield, was it penetrated by the unanimous opinion of the whole Force. But although the requirements of the service were fully proved, dread of financial criticism prevented much being done of a solid character. Some half-dozen hardly earned and tardily conceded honorary distinctions were bestowed. The civil element, which was productive of much disorder, was brought within closer limits. A model set of rules was promulgated, and Volunteer corps were permitted to purchase their uniforms of the Army Clothing Department. But here ended the reforms.

It is true that of late closer affinity has been established between the Regular Army and the Reserve Forces. It is true that hearty encouragement has taken the place of official obstruction and professional ridicule. But how much is still wanting before the Army of the Nation is in a thoroughly efficient state has of late been conclusively demonstrated by General Sir Edward Hamley. The matter must not again be allowed to drop, and all true patriots will, in Parliament and out of Parliament, by speech and writing, insist that the Volunteer Force shall once for all be properly recognized, and rendered capable of discharging its self-imposed duty.

Has it no claim upon the gratitude of the country? There surely is no one so prejudiced who does not recognise in the face of the armed millions of Europe, before which we now stand alone, that had it not been for this Force, conceived in threats of practicable invasion, born in patriotism, and grown in self-denying public service, the country would ere this have had to submit to a compulsory military system—call it conscription, or what you will.

Nor can we tell how far its moral effect—and it is great in the military councils of some nations—has kept us free from attack up to the present time. Its efficiency, moreover, is not rendered the less important by the rise of foreign navies, and the maritime development of neighbouring States.

Sir Edward Hamley tells us, and his authority is beyond dispute, that the southern coast is studded with wide spaces of beach, where large forces might be landed at once, and be readily supplied and reinforced from French, Belgian, and Dutch ports, distant but a few hours' steaming. Does the fireside critic exclaim that there is no fear from Belgium and Holland? It may be so to-day. But let me tell him that he little studies the movements which are going on against us in Europe and elsewhere. Sixty thousand men, if aided by a chain of forts, would, in the opinion of competent officers, be sufficient for the protection of London, at least from a *coup de main*. To-day neither the sixty thousand men are there, nor the forts, nor the guns. Great Britain has 214,000 Volunteers, besides 120,000 Militia; but its Government has no plan, nor indeed any idea, how it might be possible to employ them in a national emergency. Of what stuff the Volunteers are made, Egypt and the Soudan can speak. The extensive volunteering of whole regiments for any service the country may require, bears witness to the fact, that there are tens of thousands ready to follow the example of the Post Office and the North Country Engineer corps, even in a deadly climate and an inglorious cause.

Is there any one who, in the face of facts which are patent to the most ordinary observer, still asks in supercilious accents, of what use the Volunteers will be in time of danger? I will not attempt to argue with such a one; but let him be assured that from the 214,000 Volunteers of Great Britain, and the three-quarters of a million men still living who have passed through its ranks, an army, 200,000 strong, would be formed when the bugle sounded, which would know no equal in the annals of the world. This computation allows an ample, nay a vastly excessive, margin for rejection on the grounds of professional disability, physical unfitness, over-age, family responsibilities, and the calls of the several spheres of domestic life.

It is sometimes alleged that the Volunteers could never be really relied upon, because, if called out, the work of the country would stand still. It is necessary, however, to remember that if the Volunteers were absolutely required to repel a foreign foe, the paralysis of all industry would come in the foremost van of an invasion, and there would be no difficulty in sparing any number of the men formerly employed at the then empty desk and in the then silent factory. Again, it is more than doubtful whether the mobilization of regiments, as they at present exist, would be at all possible or desirable. Their varying strength, the differing local conditions, the capacity of the officers, and the necessities of the hour, would all have to be considered. It is probable that the Volunteer Field Army would be composed of administrative battalions made up from various corps, and placed under very carefully selected officers. These administrative battalions work perfectly well at Aldershot and other camps, year after year, and no one who has served with them and seen the extraordinary rapidity with which the men adapt themselves to habits of rigid discipline and all the exigencies of military life, can ever doubt for an instant how sterling are the qualities of the majority of Volunteers, or what an unparalleled engine for defence they form.

Nor are their claims upon public recognition confined alone to freedom from the galling yoke of obligatory service which presses so hard upon the necks of the young men of every foreign nation, at the critical time when, launching forth on their career, they stand most in need of liberty. It extends even beyond the patriotic service they are rendering, and will render, whenever the occasion arises. It will be freely admitted that the Volunteer movement is far from being the least powerful of the factors in that moral development of the country in recent times which is evidenced by the extraordinary decrease of crime within the quarter of a century during which it has existed. Its influence upon individual industry and manly bearing is shown better than by words in the fact that such firms as Broadwoods, Shoolbreds, Trollopes, and Lamberts, and many others, not only go to great expense in promoting volunteering among their employés, but almost require all in their service to pass through the prescribed course of three years. They are no doubt largely actuated by patriotic motives, but as practical men of business they do not lose sight of the advantages a youth derives from training in habits of order and discipline, from change of work and scene, and from having before his eyes a worthy ambition exalting his whole nature. The feeling is shared by every father in the country who likes to know that his son is engaged in healthy exercise with fitting companions, instead of in the often vain struggle with the temptations of a great city, blighting the present and ruining the future.

Having thus set forth the position of the Volunteer Force in the body national, let me briefly enumerate its more pressing needs. I have studied them for over ten years, and while in command of two metropolitan regiments, the one composed principally of mechanics, and the other mainly of business men and clerks. In 1878, I succeeded in bringing together a conference of officers from all parts of the country, which resulted in the committee before alluded to. The subject was considered fully in all its aspects; and if I adopt now the same plan, dividing it into distinct heads, it will be at once seen how much remains still to be done.

The principal defects are:—

(1.) The absence of cavalry and field artillery.
(2.) The non-provision of great-coats and proper equipment.
(3.) The insufficiency of funds.
(4.) The difficulty of finding officers.
(5.) The absence of any civil advantages to a Volunteer.
(6.) The scarcity of drill-sheds.
(7.) The difficulty of finding space to drill.
(8.) The want of accessible ranges.

(1.) *The absence of cavalry and field artillery.*—In the whole Volunteer Force there are less than three hundred mounted men. It is true that there are about 8,000 Yeomanry, and it is probable that in any emergency an enormous number of horsemen would be forthcoming. But it is sufficiently serious to have all the 100,000 Militia and 160,000 Volunteer Infantry, accompanied by only so small a proportion of the mounted arm. The great difficulty in the way of establishing troops of mounted infantry in connection with existing regiments is the expense of horses, and it would no doubt be difficult to overcome it in a wholly satisfactory manner within moderate means. But at the same time some encouragement might well be given on this head in great centres like London, where there would be considerable facilities for training in riding schools and elsewhere. The same observation is applicable to the entire absence of field artillery, and considerable though the difficulties are, it appears desirable that they should not be accepted passively.

(2.) *The non-provision of great-coats and proper equipment* admits of no such excuse. Very few regiments at the present time are provided therewith, and even in their case the personal liability of the commanding officer has been severely taxed. It is absolutely wicked to take men away from sedentary employments, and expose them to the rigours of an early spring, without proper protection from the cold; and need it be said how absolutely impossible it would be for them to take the field under such conditions and unprovided with valises or knapsacks? Apologists have often averred that when the occasion arose the want could be readily supplied from the Government factories, but this has not been found practicable, even amid the exigencies of the Soudan campaign, which bear no proportion to those under which the country would suffer if invasion were probable.

(3.) The *insufficiency of funds* is only too painfully apparent to any one having practical knowledge of Volunteer administration. The capitation grant of 30*s*. per annum for every efficient is barely sufficient to cover the expense of the Volunteer's review outfit—that is, his head-dress, tunic, belts, trousers, and leggings—provided he serves out the three years' agreement he usually enters into with the commanding officer, and becomes efficient in each of the years, or pays to the corps the amount lost by his *laches*. To the credit, however, of the Volunteer Force be it said that fully 97 per cent. either earn the grant, or forfeit the indemnity without recourse being had to legal proceedings. There is, however, some inevitable loss on the tailor's account alone. But money has to be found for the rent of headquarters and of ranges, for payments to permanent staff to supplement the insufficient Government allowance, for regimental transit expenses to reviews, the payment of musicians, and the provision of prizes of encouragement. The extra allowance of 50*s*. for proficient officers and sergeants goes a very small way towards the amount required, and the balance has to be provided by the corps.

(4.) It is not to be wondered at that with such a state of things there is great *difficulty in finding officers*, for not only have they to put their hands deep into their pockets, but they enjoy no reciprocal advantage. Even the titular rank to which they are entitled quite as much as officers of the Regular Army and Militia, their commissions being couched in precisely similar terms, is often unassumed from motives of delicacy, and equally often grudgingly withheld by military officers and the public. The deficiency of officers in the Volunteer Force is now becoming a more serious matter than ever, and there are few regiments, whose composition does not enable them to promote from the ranks, which have not many vacancies.

I have no doubt, however, that if the Government grant were raised to such an amount as would prevent the heavy calls on an often much strained purse, many retired officers and other very capable men would gladly give their services, which I cannot refrain from adding are of no light character, or confined to mere parade duties once a week, if real interest be taken in the welfare of regiments and companies. Indeed, I have long held the opinion that with the present eight candidates for every commission in the Army, an absolute condition might be made of Reserve service in some portion of the British Empire, whether England, Scotland, Canada, or India, if retirement from the Army ensued before the expiration of ten years.

(5.) It is strange to find that even America, the State perhaps most disposed to neglect naval and military preparations in the rush of her mercantile pursuits, her isolation from European troubles, and the varied tastes of her heterogeneous people, has distanced Great Britain in recognizing that those who voluntarily give up their time to martial training in the National Guard are entitled to some privilege over less patriotic citizens. Exemption from jury duty may be a small advantage, but it is, at all events, something over and above the rights of other people, and it is to be earnestly desired that like or greater recognition should be accorded to the British Volunteer.

(6.) The same example is set to England by America in the matter of drill sheds. It may be that the price of land and scarcity of sites in the old country forbids the purchase by local bodies for the head-quarters of the Volunteer soldiers of such palatial edifices as that occupied by the famous Seventh Regiment of the National Guard of New York State, with its drill-room 300 feet by 200, and its superbly fitted officers' and companies' rooms. But there is a great difference between this or the head-quarters of nearly every American regiment and the meagre apartment which serves as the orderly room of many a metropolitan corps, and the drill-place I have publicly described as "a back room in an obscure street."

It would seem incredible, if it were not true, that the Government has now refused to admit to Westminster Hall or Palace Yard regiments which have drilled there for a quarter of a century, and has driven them to seek the hospitality of such school-rooms as they can find. Westminster is responding with fair liberality to the effort the regiment I have the honour to command is making to establish itself in a more commodious building; but we should not be driven to the collection of private subscriptions if the Government properly recognized the utility of the Volunteer Force, or their own duty of making it ready for the defence of the country.

(7.) Spaces to drill are also impossible to find in the vicinity of large cities. There are only two enclosed Government parade-grounds in the metropolitan area—viz., Chelsea and Albany Street Barracks—for in Wellington Barracks there is no room to move the strong battalions of Volunteers. The authorities are generous in granting the use of them, and they may often be seen occupied by two or even three regiments at once, to the manifest hindrance of each other. But even that is better than the struggle with the mob, the derision of words of command, in Hyde Park or Regent's Park.

A few police are sent to keep the ground at brigade parade and regimental inspections, but drills have to be got through as best they can. The remedy lies with Parliament in the reservation of sufficient ground in the public parks once a week, and its being encircled by a chain, which would be removed on other days. Of course there would be a little opposition at first—what proposition was ever made without it?—but all who have had dealings with the British public recognize its good sense, and it would soon be seen that such a reserved space was to the manifest advantage of all concerned, requiring but a figment of authority to cause it to be respected.

(9.) The *want of accessible rifle ranges* is of course felt more in metropolitan than in country corps. With us it is indeed a most serious difficulty. We succeed perhaps in renting the partial use of a range, but it is rarely within easy reach, and when the men are at length able to make a spare afternoon to get there to go through their class firing, they are often too fatigued or hurried to give the necessary attention to shooting, and seek rather to get the number of rounds fired so as to avoid the necessity of coming back another day. So much for details. The general training of the Volunteer Force leaves perhaps little room for improvement under the existing condition of few drill sheds, parade grounds or rifle ranges, and no great-coats or field equipment. To this deficiency Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay and other high authorities would add the want of transport. But I hardly think that this is so great a need as others I have ventured to enumerate, for waggons and carts are pretty sure to be obtainable at any time for a fair price; and a regimental waggon, purchased for the Queen's Westminsters, is somewhat of a white elephant, as we have no coach-house for it, its horsing is troublesome, and its conveyance to any distance by rail very costly. When it is remembered how little time the Volunteers have for steady battalion drill, really scarcely more than ten or twelve hours in the whole of the year, and that from many of these parades making up the aggregate a large number are absent, it cannot fail to be a matter for surprise how wonderfully well the men go through field movements. But the short time available, often too curtailed by bad weather and long distances, shows how necessary it is that the manœuvres should be of the simplest possible character, and aim at steadiness rather than at severe tests or elaborate combination. This is especially the case at brigade parades and inspections, when the ranks are filled with many men who have not been able to attend drill during the preceding busy months, and when the companies are often larger than the officers can well command.

Reviews certainly popularize the Force if they are not too numerous. But such monster gatherings in a confined area as those which have been held the last two years at Portsmouth and Brighton, at a far too early period in the year, do harm rather than otherwise. They cost a regiment directly and indirectly from £100 to £300, for which they have usually the somewhat scanty satisfaction that their General, like—

"The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again."

But it is not the fault of the General—that goes without saying—for neither Alexander, nor Napoleon, nor Moltke, could go through any very instructive operations in the couple of hours remaining after the march past, before the return to London necessarily commences. Be it further noted that the Volunteer attending these reviews, unless he goes down a day or two before, an expensive proceeding, has to leave his home about 8 A.M., and not reach it again until after midnight, with no other provision than he can take in his haversac.

If such reviews are desirable, their expense should be borne by the public. But there can be little doubt that five days in a fort or barracks, or less pretentious field days, on, if possible, the theatre of operations where, as Sir Edward Hamley suggests, the regiment would find its place in the event of invasion, would be far more beneficial.

The Schools of Instruction are of the greatest value to officers of Volunteers, and there are few who do not go through the required course.

But if, as I have before suggested, a model battalion, similar to the "Lehr-battalion" of the German and Russian armies, was established in London, its benefits would extend throughout the Force, and be productive of untold advantage. I have no doubt whatever that if neither officers nor men were put to any expense, it would be kept almost always, and certainly from April to October, up to a strength of 800 men, and in time a large percentage of the service would have passed through its course, which might well be limited to one month. The establishment of a model battalion as an experiment would entail but very slight cost, and room might easily be found at one of the metropolitan barracks. But in no case should it supersede the establishment of regimental camps, and the despatch of detachments to Aldershot, which are productive of great good, and do much to improve the discipline of the Force. This, however, has made great strides in recent years, and if we are to be judged by the standard—often laid down by our military critics, although by no means an absolute one—of the saluting of officers, the Volunteers are frequently less negligent in this respect than many men of the regular army, who, if comparisons must be made, have a fixed idea that they are not called upon to notice officers, even in uniform, belonging to the Volunteer Force.

I have endeavoured thus crudely to supplement the vigorous article of Sir Edward Hamley, and to show from the point of view of a Volunteer, who has long studied a question so important for the country, what is really necessary to put the Force on a proper footing. It may involve an immediate outlay of one million sterling, and about £100,000 a year in excess of the sum now annually voted. But it will be the best investment the country can make.

So much for home defence, the great object for which the Volunteer Force was established, and for which it exists. Only let it be properly organized for this duty, then a patriotic Government will seize the opportunity of creating a large Reserve for foreign service. The use of the term "foreign service" is inevitable, however wanting it may be in its application to the varied calls of the British Empire —of the England beyond the seas—"our Empire, our Home," in all quarters of the globe. British troops have been recently fighting in Egypt, in South Africa, and in Canada at one and the same time that the services of every available man were required in India. It is highly probable, indeed almost certain, that such a state of affairs may recur, and it is incontestable that the regular army and its scanty reserves are wholly wanting in the numerical strength necessary for such an emergency. In order, therefore, that in a period of national difficulty recourse may not be had to compulsory service, it would appear exceedingly important to establish beforehand a force liable for active service wherever required. The Militia would probably have no objection to such an alteration in their duties, and if the Volunteers were only on a proper footing, Great Britain might safely be trusted to their keeping. In addition also to the Militia, a Volunteer Reserve for service abroad might be formed.

Space forbids me to dwell upon how, with a united Empire and a Government determined to preserve peace in the only sure way, by preparation for war, the Regular, Militia, and Volunteer Forces of the Colonies might be utilized and included in the general scheme for the defence and the maintenance of the honour of the British Empire. But that it could be done, Canada and New South Wales have already shown. It is therefore only for the Imperial Government to prove by acts that it has the first qualification for the leadership of men—of being able to see, as the Duke of Wellington expressed it, "what is the other side of the hill."

In conclusion, let me recall an observation by General Skobeleff in the Turkish campaign: "There is nothing to fear from a country, which, receiving the gratuitous service of 200,000 men, will neither incur the expense of giving them drill or shooting grounds, or take adequate means to preserve them from inconvenience and ridicule when endeavouring to learn their military duties."

To this estimate of England by the great Russian General we owe it probably in no small measure that Muscovite hosts are advancing upon our Indian Empire. Let England then be warned in time to hesitate no longer, but to place her Volunteer Force, which is without its parallel in the history of nations, upon a basis which will enable it to fulfil its mission in the hour of danger for the protection of our hearths and homes.

C. E. Howard Vincent.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON COMMON FIELDS, 1613—1616.

> Inclosures at that time began to be more frequent, whereby arable land (which could not be manured without people and families) was turned into pasture, which was easily rid by a few herdsmen; and tenancies for years, lives, and at will, (whereupon much of the yeomanry lived,) were turned into demesnes. This bred a decay of people and by consequence a decay of towns, churches, tithes and the like. The king likewise knew full well, and in nowise forgot, that there ensued withal upon this a decay and diminution of subsidies and taxes.—BACON, *History of King Henry VII*, *Works*, vol. vi. pp. 93–4.

THE pilgrim to that Heart of England where Shakespeare was born and where Shakespeare lies entombed, is apt, perhaps, to allow his delight at finding so much there that is old to carry him, at first, so far away as to imagine that he sees before him something not remotely unlike Shakespeare's town. But the modern has really hardly any resemblance to the Elizabethan Stratford. Far less, however, in its streets, than in the fields by which it is surrounded, lies the difference of aspect between the Stratford-on-Avon of Shakespeare's time and the Stratford-on-Avon of our own day. The fenced or hedged lanes and the trimly squared and enclosed fields of the nineteenth century are the landscape signs of an Economic Revolution that had not yet been accomplished at the Stratford-on-Avon of Shakespeare. The fields about Shakespeare's Stratford were still open and unenclosed, like those of the Highland Crofter Township where, as I have found it in North Uist,* it still exists in its primitive socialistic form as a club-farm. Undivided by hedges and ditches, the fields of Stratford-on-Avon in Shakespeare's time consisted of arable strips—in Scotland and Ireland called "rigs"—of about an acre in extent, this being the amount of a day's ploughing, and, in length, a furlong, or the furrow made before turning the plough—and these furlong-long, and acre-containing strips were separated from each other by balks of unploughed turf covered generally with furze and brambles. These open fields were not only the common possession of the township—the "fair felde ful of folke" of Langland's "Vision" "on Malverne hulles" (1377) when, being "very forwandred," he went to rest—

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* A Crofter Township of which not only the hill-pasture was, as usual, held in common, but of which the arable fields also belonged, not to any individual, but to the community, marched with the glebe of the minister of North Uist, at whose hospitable manse I was a guest for some days last September. Two similarly communistic Crofter Townships were in the immediate neighbourhood. But it is only, I believe, on these remote Hebridean shores of the Atlantic that survivals so complete of the primitive Aryan Village Community still exist in the British Islands.

> "Under a brode banke, bi a bornes side"*—

but were the home or resort of all kinds of living creatures—flowers and butterflies, birds and beasts—which, with the destruction of these open fields, have been either decimated or exterminated. Enclosed the Common Fields of the English villages had already to a great extent been; but the Common Fields of Stratford-on-Avon still in Shakespeare's time existed untouched; and it is their enclosure that chiefly makes it difficult for us now to picture to ourselves the home of his youth and the haven of his later years. It was in these open fields that Shakespeare had first picked up that wonderful knowledge of natural history which is so surpassingly evidenced in his Plays.† And I do not know that it has hitherto been remarked that at least one passage affords evidence that, as the fact was, these balk-divided acre-strips in open fields were what Shakespeare was most accustomed to. Imagining—and indeed not untruly, so far as my recollection serves me—imagining the village fields of Nazareth to be similar to those of Stratford-on-Avon, he thus writes:—

> "Those holy fields
> *Over whose acres* walked the blessèd feet
> Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross."‡

It so happened, however, that it was during the very years of Shakespeare's retirement to and residence at his native town, from 1613 till his death in May (April 23 o.s.), 1616, that the first attempts, so far as we know, were made to enclose the Common Fields of Stratford-on-Avon. It so chances, also, that we find among the MSS. preserved at the old house of Shakespeare's parents, and where he was born, a Diary kept by the Town Clerk of Stratford, Mr. Thomas Greene, during these same years, and minutely recording the devices employed by the Squire to enclose, and by the Corporation and Commoners to resist the enclosure, of these immemorial Common Fields. This Diary has now, for the first time, been published by Dr. Ingleby, with autotypes of its eight folio pages, a transcript by Mr. Scott, of the British Museum, an Introduction by Dr. Ingleby, and an Appendix of documents relating to the intended Enclosures, and most of them never before printed. As the Enclosure project, which forms the whole subject of this Diary, was but one of innumerable other such projects, the success of which constituted a great Economic Revolution—that Economic Revolution of the sixteenth century in which Modern Capitalism originated—this Diary affords the most interesting local illustrations of the practical working out of that Revolution. But interesting and important as, in this respect, it is, this Diary is of a far more special interest and importance. It presents us with the most graphic pictures of the whole social environment of Shakespeare while resident at Stratford-on-Avon during the last three years of his life. But this is not all, nor even what is of chief interest and importance in this Diary. It gives us the only recorded speeches and opinions of Shakespeare, and these are of such a nature as to afford us, for the first time, sure grounds on which to judge of Shakespeare's character, not only as a man, but as a citizen. For the first time. For the brief extracts from this Diary hitherto published have been interpreted in two diametrically opposite ways—the one affirming Shakespeare's opposition to, the other his promotion of, the Enclosures. It was, indeed, my having remarked that the opinion expressed by Mr. Halliwell Phillipps on this subject, in his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," published in 1883, was just the reverse of what the same eminent Shakespearean had expressed in his folio "Life," published in 1853, that led me to urge on my friend, Dr. Ingleby, the importance of a more thorough examination of the MS. Diary, and its publication, if found genuine. And though this Diary is only now issued to subscribers, the proceedings with reference to autotyping and transcribing it date from the visit to Stratford-on-Avon, in September, 1883, in which I had the pleasure of accompanying Dr. Ingleby, who, as a Trustee of the Birthplace, had, of course, special facilities for examining the MSS. there preserved.

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* Piers Plowman, "Prologus."

† See Harding, "The Ornithology of Shakespeare," and particularly "The Introduction;" and Grindon, "The Flora of Shakespeare."

‡ "Henry IV," Part I. act I. sc. 1. Similarly, as Mr. Seebohm points out ("The English Village Community," p 106), we have evidence that these open fields were what the Anglo Saxon translator of the *Gospels* was accustomed to in the tenth century, in his using the expression "walked over the *æceras*" (acres), in translating the story of the Disciples walking through the cornfields.

The Diarist was the owner, wholly or partially, of one moiety of the Tithes affecting the lands to be enclosed; the owner of the other moiety being his "cosen Shakespeare,"[*] who had also purchased Freeholds, subject to commoners' rights. The value of the Freeholds would be increased by the Enclosures; but not so, that of the Tithes. It was, therefore, of great importance for the Squire's purpose that the opposition of such interested and influential persons as Mr. Thomas Greene and Mr. William Shakespeare should be bought off by their being more than secured against any diminution of their Tithes in consequence of the Enclosure. And the view which Mr. Halliwell

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[*] In 1544, the priests of the chauntry of Stratford-on-Avon, foreseeing the ruin that was to overtake the ecclesiastical owners of property, granted a lease for ninety-two years of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, subject to certain annual payments; and the unexpired term of a moiety of the interest in this lease Shakespeare purchased in July 1605, for the sum of £400. See Halliwell Phillipp's "Outlines," p. 183; and Ingleby, "Shakespeare and the Welcombe Enclosures," Introd., p. viii.

Phillipps, in his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," takes of Shakespeare's sentiments and conduct with regard to the Enclosure-dispute is, to put it plainly, that he allowed himself to be bribed by the enclosing Squire to take his side against the Commoners.

> "William Combe, the squire of Welcombe," says Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, "spared no exertion to accomplish his object, and in many instances, if we may believe contemporary allegations, tormented the poor and coaxed the rich into an acquiescence with his views. It appears most probable that Shakespeare was one of the latter, and that amongst, perhaps, other inducements, he was allured to the unpopular side by Combe's agent, one Replingham, guaranteeing him from prospective loss. However that may be, it is certain that the poet was in favour of the enclosure, for on December 28 the Corporation addressed a letter of remonstrance to him on the subject, and another on the same day to a Mr. Manwaring. The latter, who had been practically bribed by some land arrangements at Welcombe, undertook to protect the interests of Shakespeare, so there can be no doubt that the three parties were acting in unison."

Now, the question is, can this view of Shakespeare's character and conduct be sustained? And considering that the Stratford-on-Avon Enclosure-dispute was not a mere local quarrel, but part of a great conflict that had been going on all over England for more than a century, and with the most disastrous results for the agricultural classes, I venture to say that no more important question has ever been raised with reference to the character and conduct of a national Poet and Prophet.

Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, indeed, finds nothing blameworthy in the conduct he thus imputes to Shakespeare. On the contrary, he is never tired of pointing out what he takes to be evidence of Shakespeare's peculiarly anxious care for his pecuniary interests. Nay, so predominating a characteristic does he consider this to have been, that he endeavours to show that it was this anxious carefulness that Shakespeare chiefly transmitted to his children, and even children's children. A certain circumstance, says Mr. Halliwell Phillips, "exhibits his daughter, Mrs. Hall, as, in one direction, a true scion of the poet—a shrewd person of business, caring more for gold than for books."* Certain other circumstances enable him, as he believes, to trace this distinctive trait of Shakespeare's character even in his granddaughter.† And Mr. Halliwell Phillipps declares that "no doubt can arise in the minds of those who will listen to evidence, that when Pope asserted that—

> 'Shakespeare, whom you and every playhouse bill
> Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
> *For gain, not glory*, wing'd his roving flight,
> And grew immortal in his own despight'—

he not only expressed the traditional belief of his own day, but one which later researches have unerringly verified." That Shakespeare also was thus a "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," as the same Pope—not certainly himself a man of very noble character—declared Bacon to be, must, of course, if it is sufficiently evidenced, be acknowledged without blinking. But I venture to think that, in face of the historical facts, this is not a conclusion to be accepted without very careful investigation. I might show, were I here permitted the space, what Henry VIII.'s Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, had to say about Enclosures, and the misery they produced; what the evidence to the same effect is that is afforded by Acts of Parliament; by the prodigious number of Executions of vagabonds, who were but evicted tenants; and, above all, by the tolerance of the despotism of the Tudors: and, with respect more particularly to the proposed Stratford-on-Avon Enclosures, I might show that orders were issued against them, not only by Chief Justice Coke, but with the assent of Lord Chancellor Bacon; that, at serious risk to their private interests, even the shopkeepers who were members of the Town Council strongly and persistently opposed these Enclosures, impelled by a sense of public duty, as "sworn men for the good of the Borough;" and that even the women and children risked whatever penalties the law might inflict, and, while a council was being held on the matter, settled it by filling up the enclosing ditches. And yet we are asked to believe that, though the whole town was in commotion about these Enclosures during all the three years of Shakespeare's residence in it previous to his death, he had no word to say against them, nay, allowed himself to be bribed to give his support to the projects of the Squire, disastrous as they would certainly be to the Commoners.

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* "Outlines," p. 246. † *Ibid.*

Never was so portentous a conclusion raised on so slight a foundation. Literally it rests on nothing more than a singular *twirl* in a very crabbed handwriting, which *twirl* appears to stand for "I." Hence Mr. Halliwell Phillipps's later reading: "Mr. Shakspeare told Mr. J. Greene that I was not abble to beare the enclosing of Welcombe." But on this Mr. Halliwell Phillipps himself cannot help remarking, "Why this observation should have been chronicled is a mystery"—seeing that the Diarist's views about the Enclosure were sufficiently well known. Nevertheless, it *is* an "I." But a careful reading of the whole MS. shows that the Town Clerk had the singular peculiarity of frequently writing "I" for "he." There are some seven places in these eight folio pages where no sense could be made save by reading "he" for "I," and in all save one the Diarist has made the correction himself. As to the meaning of the expression "abble to beare," many passages might be quoted in which "bear" has the sense of *support* or *promote*. And thus, the result is that we find Shakespeare reported as having decidedly declared that he was unable to promote the enclosing of Welcombe. Be it observed, however, that this by no means implied blindness to the agricultural desirability of the gradual abolition of the primitive Open- or Common-field system. Its abolition was, indeed, a necessary condition of the improvement of agriculture. But the Enclosures were generally carried out with the most flagrant disregard of the customary rights of the poorer tenants, and with the most miserably pauperising consequences. And hence Shakespeare may well have found himself unable to promote the enclosing of Welcombe, while at the same time seeing the agricultural advantages of Enclosures no less clearly than Fitzherbert, Tusser, and Bacon, who also deprecated and opposed the high-handed measures by which the Enclosures were commonly effected.

Looking still further into the circumstances revealed by the Diary and by other documents now published, we find that, in declining to promote the Enclosures, this mercenary bard who—"for gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight"—was acting in a way directly contrary to what would have been counselled by a regard for gain. For besides his interests in the Tithes arising from these Common Fields, Shakespeare, as has been said, possessed Freeholds, the income from which would have been greatly increased by these Enclosures; and so far as the value of his Tithes would have been diminished by the Enclosures, he had been guaranteed against loss by an agreement of the 28th of October, 1614, between him and William Replingham, the agent of the enclosing Squire. That the Corporation thought it necessary in December, 1614, to write a letter to Shakespeare, to which the Town Clerk added of himself "a not of the inconvenyances wold happen by the inclosure"—is true. But the necessity for this seems to be explained by previous entries in November. For on the 17th of that month, the day after Shakespeare had come up on a visit to London, his "cosen," the Town Clerk, writes that, when he "went to see him how he did, he told me that they assured him they ment to inclose noe further than to Gopsell Bushe, and so upp straight (leavyng out part of the Dyngles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedge, and take in Salisburyes piece; and that they mean in Aprill to survey the land, and then to give satisfaccion and not before, and he and Mr. Hall say they think ther will be nothing done at all." Evidently the whole project had been at this time minimised to Shakespeare so as to disarm his opposition; and he had listened to these representations in by no means so suspicious a spirit as the wily lawyer. For on the same 17th of November there occurs this other entry: "Mr. Wyatt, afternoone, told me that Mr. Wryght hadd told Mr. Combe that the inclosure would not be, and that yt was at an end. I said I was the more suspicious. *For these might be words used to make us careless.* I willed him to learne what he* could. And I told him, soe would I." Hence the letters in the succeeding month to Shakespeare, both from the Corporation and from the Town Clerk. And finally, when Shakespeare understood how seriously disadvantageous the Enclosure would be to the Commoners, he decidedly declared that he was unable to promote them—and that, although the carrying out of these Enclosures would have been very beneficial to himself personally. And another circumstance, making such a decided expression of opinion the more remarkable, is the fact of Shakespeare having been on terms of intimate personal friendship with the enclosing Squire and his family. John Combe, dying in 1614, left Shakespeare the not inconsiderable legacy in those days of £5; and Shakespeare by his will bequeathed his sword to Thomas Combe. And thus, not only do we find that Shakespeare expressed an opinion adverse to the Enclosures, but that, in declining to promote them, he acted adversely both to his pecuniary interests and to the ties of personal friendship—acted, in a word, as a good citizen, swayed more by the consideration of the public good than of his own private advantage.

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* This is one of the cases in which "I" has been substituted for "he."

Nor does such manly conduct on the part of Shakespeare stand alone. Little as we know of his personal character and private opinions, we know of at least one fact, which is in entire accordance with what we have now found his conduct to have been with reference to the Enclosure-projects at Stratford-on-Avon, and a fact, therefore, which would be in entire disaccordance with such a view of his conduct as Mr. Halliwell Phillipps would have us adopt. The fact to which I allude, is the way in which he stuck to his profession as an Actor, long after any pecuniary necessity for his combining acting with play-writing had ceased to exist, and notwithstanding the disrepute in which Actors were then held, and especially in his native town, where the acting of plays was prohibited under severe penalties. In this fact, Mr. Halliwell Phillipps finds an argument against the supposition that there is a personal allusion in what he says in his Sonnets, with regard to degradation by a profession. I confess, however, that in the fact of Shakespeare's sticking to a dishonoured, or at least unhonoured, profession, I can see no argument against his having felt bitterly, and in his Sonnets expressed, the pain occasioned him by the disrepute in which his profession was held. A man of mean mind, feeling such pain, would no doubt quit an unhonoured profession as soon as possible. Not so, I think, a man of magnanimous mind, if he thought his profession unjustly dishonoured. That there was, indeed, much cause for the disrepute in which Theatres were held in Shakespeare's time, we have abundant evidence to show, and Shakespeare would no doubt have been the last to deny that there was cause for this disrepute. But he nevertheless held Acting to be an honourable profession, and he therefore stuck by it, even when he was acknowledged the greatest Dramatist of the time, and was making £1,000 a year by his Plays. Galling he had, no doubt, often felt it, to be sent round "to the buttery" by "a lord," like the strolling players in the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew;" and galling no doubt it was to find that, even when a member of the first theatrical Company in the Kingdom, and with a special patent from the King—galling it, no doubt, was to find that, even then, he ranked at Court with but Grooms of the Chamber. But still he stuck to his profession. And the manliness of this conduct is fitly matched by his refusing to promote the enclosing of Welcombe, much as his support of the scheme would have been to his pecuniary advantage, and mightily agreeable to all his great friends.

Invaluable, however, as this Diary is, in giving us by far the most important fact we possess with reference to the personal character of Shakespeare, this is not its only value as a contribution to his biography. It gives us a detailed and graphic picture of his whole social environment at Stratford-on-Avon during the years of his retirement and residence there—the three last years of his life, from 1613 to 1616. Hence we have now such materials for a complete picture of Shakespeare's later years as have hitherto been almost altogether wanting; for, from a variety of other sources, facts connected with Shakespeare's personal history during these years have been industriously gathered. These personal facts we can now set in the framework of that social environment which has been revealed by this Diary. Such a picture I have not space here even to sketch. I can only briefly name some of the facts to which I allude—some of the facts of Shakespeare's personal history during these last three years of his life at Stratford-on-Avon. His family, living with him at New Place, were his wife (now an old woman of sixty, being eight years his senior) and his daughter Judith, who, with her mother's partiality for men younger than herself, was now courting or courted by young Tom Quiney, four years her junior, whom, shortly before her father's death, she married. His other daughter, Susanna, had been now married for some years to a Puritan physician of great repute, and was living with her husband near New Place. And often, we may be sure, did their little daughter Elizabeth, now at the angelic age of six or eight years old, come running in to her grandfather, who, besides pecuniary bequests, left her specially by his will all his plate. Among family events during these years were the death of Shakespeare's younger brother, Richard (1613); an unpleasant scandal about his daughter, Mrs. Hall, and one Ralph Smith (1613); and the death of his brother-in-law, Hart (1616), who had carried on the trade of a hatter at the old house of Shakespeare's parents, which came to the Poet on his father's death (1601). What work Shakespeare was doing at Stratford, in the midst of all these Family affairs, besides the Enclosure commotions, we do not precisely know; but we know what he *may* have been doing; for no fewer than six of his Plays may have been written after 1611. One of these almost certainly, "The Taming of the Shrew," and particularly the "Induction," which seems to be a very transcript of scenes and characters in the immediate neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, and probably also "Henry VIII.," were composed at New Place. And with reference to Shakespeare's recreations and amusements while at Stratford, we have the record in this Diary of his visit to London in November, 1614; and we have the stories, from other sources, of his walks and excursions in the neighbourhood, on one of which occasions he fell asleep under what was afterwards known as "Shakespeare's Crab-tree;" and the story of his convivial meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson, the latter of whom he had in early days so importantly befriended by reading and recommending "Every Man in his Humour," which had been returned to the author as worthless. Such are some of the various facts connected with Shakespeare's life at Stratford-on-Avon, which might be worked into the graphic pictures of his social environment, which, as well as records of his conduct and opinions, are presented to us by this Diary.

But it is the new knowledge this Diary gives of Shakespeare's character which will remain as its most notable contribution to his biography; and this new knowledge of what our Shakespeare himself was will not only give henceforth greater force to all the splendid moral passages of his Plays; but will especially illuminate for us the magnificent series of his Historical Plays, and more particularly the two consecutive tetralogies in which he dramatized the history of England in the fifteenth century. I have space, however, here to give but a couple of illustrations of this new illumination of Shakespeare's Plays. In "Henry VI.," Part II., act i. sc. 3, there occurs the following:—Says the Duke of Suffolk to Second Petitioner—

> "What's here? [*Reads.*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk for enclosing the Commons of Melford.'
> How now, Sir Knave?
> *Second Petitioner.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole Township."

Finally, Queen Margaret, tearing the petitions, cries—

> "Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go! [*Exeunt* Petitioners."

How are we to read this? Was Shakespeare's, and is our, admiration to be commanded by the haughty insolence of the Queen and of the Duke? Or was his sympathy, and is ours, to be excited by the "poor petitioner of our whole Township?" Till now, having absolutely no clear record of the expression of any private sentiment or opinion whatever by Shakespeare, it was impossible to say on which side his sympathies lay, or how he meant to move ours. Now we do know. For when the "poor petitioners" of his own Township remonstrated against the enclosure of their immemorial Common Fields, we find Shakespeare—notwithstanding the benefit that might have arisen to himself personally, and notwithstanding the ties of personal friendship—declaring that he was not able to promote or support the enclosing of Welcombe. And why? There is a passage in "King Lear" (act ii. sc. 3) which answers this question, and on which a new light is now thrown. Long as it is, I trust that I may be permitted to give it in full.

> "I will preserve myself, and am bethought
> To take the basest and most poorest shape,
> That ever penury, in contempt of man,
> Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth,
> Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots,
> And with presented nakedness outface
> The winds and persecutions of the sky.
> The country gives me proof and precedent
> Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
> Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms,
> Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
> And with this horrible object, from low farms,
> Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
> Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
> Enforce their charity."

Is this a mere picture of the imagination? No! It is a literal transcript of what, from a mass of unimpeachable historical evidence, we know that Shakespeare himself witnessed, and as a direct result of the Enclosures, and consequent Evictions, of the sixteenth century. And was he content with having written a fine description of suffering, standing aside from any attempt at mitigation or prevention? No! Neither pecuniary interests nor personal friendship could induce him to promote schemes which would be thus injurious to the Commoners of his Township. And so, our Shakespeare, we now know to have been, not only a supreme Genius, but —what gives an equal title to honour, and an incalculably greater weight to his literary work—a good Citizen.

J. S. Stuart Glennie.

TRADE DEPRESSION AND LOW PRICES.

IN venturing to discuss the subject of the present depression of trade in special connection with prices, I feel that I may be taking an unfair advantage of some readers. What will interest them is the present depression—its causes and nature, and possible remedies; not what may appear to them side issues, however interesting on philosophical grounds. But the question of prices, I confess, is the interesting topic to my own mind. In the whole range of statistical knowledge there are few subjects of deeper interest. The right appreciation of economic history is impossible without an adequate study of the course of prices, and they often explain many more things than the trade depression and prosperity, which are among the causes and effects of changes in prices themselves. Notwithstanding this difference in the point of view, my hope is that those who wish to study the question of trade depression in and for itself will not lose, but gain, by approaching it from a standpoint different from their own. The scientific treatment of a question which is often discussed with heat and passion can hardly be without its uses.

To clear the ground for debate, a few preliminary remarks seem desirable. First of all—what do we mean by trade depression? To hear some talk, one would think that, whenever trade depression is spoken of, the question is whether or not the whole industry of the country is being ruined. But there may be trade depressions which mean no such thing, and, in fact, of the numerous depressions which one remembers, or has read of, few have had that character. They have been merely passing phenomena, having many features in common, and having nothing so certain about them as that they must be passing, although it is the characteristic of the depressed talk of each period that recovery is treated as hopeless. In fact, they may arise entirely from a very moderate change, as compared with a period of prosperity, in the amount of employment for labour and capital. Thus, to take years like 1867 and 1868, which were years of undoubted depression, when men's hearts were failing them for fear of what the consequences of the great panic of 1866 might be, we find that the production of coal was in round figures about 104,000,000 tons per annum, whereas in 1864 and 1865, only three years before, which were years of great prosperity, the production was on the average about 95,000,000 tons only. The production of pig iron, again, which averaged 4,800,000 tons in 1864–5, was rather more than that figure in 1867 and 1868. The traffic receipts of the railways likewise increased greatly in those years of depression as compared with the years of prosperity just preceding. Foreign trade increased largely at the same time. Pauperism, which had diminished by about 8 per cent. in 1866 as compared with 1864, rose once more in 1868 to the former level, but not beyond. I recollect no period, however, when trade was spoken of in more desponding terms than it was in 1867 and 1868. Precursors of our Fair Trade friends, in the shape of revivers of British industry and reciprocitarians, began to make their appearance; the City was dull, as every one said, beyond all previous experience, with money at 2 per cent. for an unprecedented time; a remarkable article appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, discussing the strike of capital; no symptom was wanting to what is called a marked period of depression. "Depression," therefore, may exist when almost all the statistical signs point the other way; when production and consumption are on a large scale and there is real prosperity, although without the glow of a period of inflation. It is a not uncommon saying in the City that business is never so really sound and good as when prices are low, imports and exports declining, and everybody more or less depressed. I should not adopt this saying without qualification. All I am concerned to show is that the question of the real meaning of trade depression is most essential to the discussion. The depressions of which there has been experience in past times have been mostly transitory affairs, implying a very small reduction from the previous maximum of employment for labour and capital. The presumption is that, unless special reasons can be shown to the contrary, any new depression is of the same character.

Again, there is surely something very innocent in the oft put question—Why is trade depressed? Should not the question rather be—Why is trade ever prosperous? To keep in full employment the complicated machinery of a highly organized industrial community like that of England; to have matters so ordered that at a given time there is an excessive demand for labour and capital in all branches of industry, and hardly any individual willing to work in fact goes without employment; and to have all this accomplished by voluntary association and competition among the units of which society is composed, each pursuing his own interest, and labouring to produce what he believes other people will buy, is surely a miracle so astounding as to excite perpetual surprise that it should ever be performed. The marvel is not at all diminished by the fact that under no other conceivable system, socialist or other, could the same results be achieved. But if such results are a marvel, then it is no marvel, but rather the reverse, that at times the industrial machine should work rather less successfully, that there should be a hitch in the arrangements somewhere, and consequently a small margin of unemployed labour and capital resulting in what is known as a depression of trade. In a less complicated industrial community there is no mystery in depression when it comes. An agricultural community reaps a bad harvest, and it is depressed. In days when communication was bad, and the margins of all industrial communities were smaller than in modern times, the people starved and died. Only forty years ago, in Ireland, there was a bad harvest, and resulting famine of the ancient type. A fishing community, again, is elated or depressed by the accidents or obscure causes which guide the movements of fish, and which give the fishermen an overflowing harvest one year and almost no harvest the next. The explanation of depression in such cases is as simple as it can be. In more highly organized communities industry appears to be steadier—and is really steadier, in all probability, being less dependent on any one cause than in communities of a lower type; but the fact of greater steadiness should not blind us to the consideration that even in such communities the failure of harvests and other causes must have their effects. Nothing can mark more forcibly the progress of modern communities than the outcry about depression which arises when the slightest decline from a maximum period occurs. The variations which were formerly from abundance to famine, affecting almost the entire community, are now limited to a small percentage of the total production, so that prosperity and adversity, according to the statistical evidence, are hardly distinguishable, and good business authorities maintain that the times when people complain most are the times that are really the best.

A third remark I have to make at the outset is that as trade depression may arise from very small changes in the total amount of production, while industrial organisation is of such a nature that such changes need cause no surprise, it becomes equally no matter for surprise that changes in prices have so intimate a connection with the subject. The feeling of depression, judged by the realities of things, frequently appears to be either wholly unaccountable or to go far beyond what the facts warrant. And the explanation would seem to be that as there is a general rise of prices in prosperous times, and prices remain then at a high level, so in times of "depression," when production and consumption and saving are diminished by a small percentage as compared with what they are at other times, there is often a general fall of prices, and it is this fall of prices which produces much of the gloom. Merchants and capitalists are hit by it. At their stock-takings, with the same quantities of goods, or even with greater quantities, their nominal capital appears reduced. In falling markets their operations result steadily in loss for a considerable period. Many who have conducted operations with borrowed money are cleaned out, and fail. The community need be none the poorer. The goods themselves are not destroyed. Somebody gets the benefit of the lower prices. But the leaders of industrial enterprise, those who run the machine, are all poorer, and feel even poorer than they really are, as they are accustomed to look mainly at nominal values, and not at the quantities of the things themselves which they possess. The moral is that economists and public men should beware to some extent of the outcry from the market-place. Merchants and capitalists are not the whole community. Their interest in the long run is the same as that of all. No community can prosper steadily with its mercantile classes depressed. But the immediate interest of particular classes is often different from that of the community generally, and in this way it is not surprising that the gloom of the market-place in times of depression should appear altogether excessive in relation to the real circumstances of the community as a whole. Apart from exaggeration, which is also a factor to be reckoned with, the particular classes who cry out most from time to time about depression may suffer specially from evils which injuriously affect the community as a whole very little, or may even affect it momentarily for good.

We come then to the facts of the existing depression, which appears to date from about the end of 1882 or beginning of 1883. Just before that date there had certainly been a period of fair prosperity and rising prices, though a comparatively short one. In 1879 a period of depression which had been more or less marked since 1873 all at once came to an end. There was a general "boom" in the produce markets, and a recovery of tone in business which continued for two or three years. The total value of imports and exports, which had fallen from 682 millions sterling in 1873 to 612 millions in 1879, almost altogether owing to the fall of prices, rose in 1880 to 697 millions, and in 1883 to 732 millions—the foreign trade of the latter year, measured by quantities, being the largest on record. The entries and clearances of shipping in the foreign trade, which had been stationary at about 50 million tons for several years before 1879, though there was a sensible increase as compared with 1878 (thus showing, by-the-way, that the apparent falling off in the foreign trade between those two years was exclusively in nominal values), also increased very rapidly after 1879. In 1880 the total was about 59 million tons, and in 1883 it was 65 million tons. The receipts from railway goods traffic, again, which had been stationary for several years before 1879 at about 33½ millions sterling, rose to nearly 36 millions in 1880, and nearly 39 millions in 1883. The production of pig iron, which had ranged between six and seven million tons for several years before 1879, and was in 1879 at the lowest figure, rose in 1880 to nearly eight million tons, and in 1882 to 8,600,000 tons. Similarly, the production of coal rose from 134 million tons in 1879 to 147 million tons in 1880 and 156 million tons in 1882. Pauperism exceptionally increased in 1880 as compared with 1879, it being not unusual for the results of good trade in diminishing pauperism and increasing general consumption not to tell all at once, but the increase was very slight, and in the following years there was a moderate diminution. The consumption per head of tea and sugar, though not of spirits, also increased rapidly after 1879 as compared with the years just before that date. But at the end of 1882 or beginning of 1883 the aspect of affairs changed. Prices began to fall; production and foreign trade fell off; since the present year began pauperism also shows a tendency to increase. It is since 1883 that we have had a steady outcry from the market-place about depression, which has been echoed and re-echoed in political circles in a somewhat unintelligent manner, with more than usual emphasis laid on the assumptions, so common at such times, that depression is itself an uncommon and bewildering phenomenon, instead of being the most natural thing in the world, and that the present depression is the worst on record, and the beginning of the end of English industrial greatness.

In spite of these assumptions, it cannot really be disputed, when we come to look into the facts, that the present depression is in no way distinguished from many which have gone before by any exceptional severity. The gloom may be greater, for reasons to be afterwards discussed, though this is doubtful; but the actual diminution of employment for labour and capital, as far as matters have yet gone, is no greater as compared with the previous maximum than has often been experienced. Thus, in the foreign trade, imports and exports have fallen from 732 millions in 1883 to 686 millions in 1884—a reduction of about 6 per cent. An additional falling off is in progress in the current year; but, allowing for the fall of prices, the reduction in business done appears to be quite inconsiderable. The entries and clearances of shipping in 1884 only fell off by a fractional amount as compared with the high maximum of 1883; and in the current year, as far as it has gone, the figures of 1884 are fairly well maintained. The goods traffic of our leading railways again fell off in 1884 about 1⅛ per cent. as compared with 1883. In the present year there is an additional falling off; but the variation is still only by a small percentage, and is partly the result of a reduction of rates, and not wholly a reduction of business done. Allowing for some signs of improvement which are now apparent, it seems not unlikely that the falling off to be recorded for the whole year will be very small indeed. The production of pig iron, again, which was still at its maximum in 1883, or about 8½ million tons, only shows a falling off in 1884, according to the best estimates published, to about 7¾ million tons, as high a figure as in 1880, which was a year of considerable prosperity, and very much higher than in the inflated years of 1872 and 1873. As regards the production of coal, there are yet no official figures, but it seems doubtful whether there has been more than the slightest falling off. The consumption of raw cotton, which was at a very high point in 1883, has also remained at that level; while the consumption of wool in 1884 was about as high as in any year on record, if not considerably higher. The consumption of copper, lead, and other metals, as well as of the raw materials of manufactures generally, also remained at a high point in 1884, and still remains large. The consumption of sugar and tea was likewise even larger in 1884 than it had been in the maximum year, 1883. So far as the real facts go, therefore, there is nothing to indicate a considerable diminution in the employment for capital and labour during the present depression. Exceptionally in the shipbuilding trade, production has greatly declined as compared with the previous maximum. The ships built in 1884* were about 500,000 tons only as compared with 769,000 tons the previous year. It seems doubtful whether in the current year the figures of 1884 will be maintained. But the maximum from which this decline takes place was itself unprecedented, while shipbuilding has long been a variable trade. Large as the variation is, moreover, and large as the shipbuilding industry itself is, it remains true that the variation for the worse at the present time in the aggregate industry of the country, of which shipbuilding, large as it is, is really only a small part, is singularly small. As far as ordinary tests go, we must still speak, even in these times of depression, of the great prosperity of the people of the United Kingdom. Seeds of decay may have been sown which will ripen in time. The prophets of approaching ruin may be right in pointing to this and that symptom as alarming. But the industrial machine, as yet, seems all but fully employed, with the result that production, consumption, and saving are all on a large scale.

* Exclusive of ships built for foreigners.

The depression, like other depressions in past times, keeps within narrow limits.

But while the facts stated are beyond dispute, the fact of rather more outcry being made than usual remains to be accounted for and explained. The explanation I have to suggest is the condition of prices for many years past. But for the facts as to prices which have to be noticed, I should be disposed to say that the present depression would perhaps hardly be noticed at all as a depression. Comparing it with former periods, it is easy to see that it possesses no very marked feature. Usually a great depression succeeds a great period of inflation. In 1867 and 1868 the country was liquidating a great deal of bad finance in connection with the formation of limited companies and the construction of contractors' railways. From 1878 to 1879, though the depression of that period was aggravated by other causes, there was a similar liquidation of the bad finance of foreign loans which had been accumulating for twenty years before. At the present time there is no such liquidation going forward. In the few prosperous years which succeeded 1879 there was a slight boom on the English Stock Exchange and in shipbuilding; a still stronger inflation in the United States, from which in turn there has been a greater reaction than anything witnessed in this country, though the inflation and reaction even in the United States are both smaller than on former occasions; and a considerable mania on the Paris Bourse, which came to a disastrous close in 1882. But, taking the world of business all in all, there was in 1883 no such accumulation of bad business all round, and in connection with such special mischief as the foreign loans craze, as there has often been in previous periods of inflation. The progress of a period of inflation to its usual term appeared, in fact, to be arrested in 1882; and just as the inflation was less marked than usual, so the present reaction exhibits hardly any reduction in the amount of business done. If there were not some special reason such as I believe to exist in the condition of prices, the present period would hardly appear to be one of depression at all. It would be described as what it really is, a period of "marking time" in a new development of industry which commenced at the close of the long depression which ended in 1879. That depression itself involved a much smaller variation in the production of the country than it has been the fashion to represent; but the improvement and retrogression which have since taken place are both on a very different scale from those which went before.

What has happened, however, at the present time is a very special decline of prices. A fall of prices, as already stated, is a usual feature in every depressed period, and accentuates and very largely creates the depression. If, then, there has been an unusual fall of prices of late, no matter from what cause, an unusual amount of gloom is very easily accounted for. That there has been such a fall, and that for a long time past the course of prices has been such as specially to affect trade and to diminish the appearance of inflation at one time and to aggravate depression at another, is not difficult of proof.

The facts as to the most recent decline of prices are stated in the "Commercial and Financial History of 1884" given by the *Statist* in January last as follows:—

> "The conspicuous feature of the year, and the cause of its unprofitableness as far as wholesale merchants and manufacturers are concerned, has undoubtedly been the remarkable fall of prices which has taken place. Low as was the range of prices at the time when we wrote a year ago, the fall of the past year not only brought down that range of prices temporarily, but seems to have brought it down in a lasting manner, the low range having now continued for several months. We cannot do better than go over the list of articles in our Tabular Appendix.
>
> "Beginning with iron, we find that Scotch pig iron warrants, which were 48*s*. 4*d*. in January last, have fallen to 42*s*. 8*d*. in December, the price of 41*s*. 2*d*. having been touched at the end of June, and even a somewhat lower figure than what appears in the table having been quoted. This price of 42*s*. 8*d*. in December compares with what we noticed as the very low price of 47*s*. 6*d*. in January, 1883. Similarly, Middlesbro' No. 3 pig iron, which was 42*s*. 6*d*. in January, 1883, and 37*s*. in January, 1884, was only 35*s*. 6*d*. in December. Staffordshire bars, which were £7 17*s*. 6*d*. in January, 1883, and £7 12*s*. 6*d*. in January, 1884, were only £6 10*s*. in December. Welsh bars (Wales), which were £5 17*s*. 6*d*. in January, 1883, and £5 6*s*. 3*d*. in January, 1884, in December last year were only £5 2*s*. 6*d*. Copper (Chili bars), which commenced in January, 1883, at £65 per ton, had fallen to £56 12*s*. 6*d*. in January, 1884, and in December was only £48 per ton. This last price, it is noticed in the trade circulars, is not only about 12 per cent. lower than the lowest price upon record previously, but 30 per cent. lower than the lowest price at which it used to be considered that the article could profitably be produced. Straits tin, which was £92 15*s*. per ton in January, 1883, and £84 12*s*. 6*d*. in January, 1884, in December was £75 only, the price of £73 15*s*. having been touched in October. Tin-plates, which were 21*s*. 6*d*. per box in January, 1883, and 21*s*. in January, 1884, in December were 19*s*. only. Lead, which was £13 12*s*. 6*d*. per ton in January, 1883, and £12 7*s*. 6*d*. in January, 1884, was in December £11 6*s*. 3*d*. only, the price of £10 17*s*. 6*d*. having been touched in September. In coal, amongst the important metals and minerals, there is exceptionally hardly any change; but generally it may be said that there is at least a fall of 10 to 15 per cent. during the past year in these leading articles, and a fall of nearly 20 per cent.—in some cases of more than 20 per cent.—if we extend the comparison for two years.
>
> "In chemicals there has been a steady fall for the year. Bleaching powder, from 10*s*. 7½*d*. per cwt. in January, fell to 7*s*. 10½*d*. in December; saltpetre, from 24*s*. 3*d*. in January, to 22*s*. 6*d*. in December; and soda, from £3 14*s*. per ton in January, to £2 15*s*. 9*d*. in December. In these cases, however, the fall to some extent has only been the loss of an advance which took place in the previous year, although the range is still comparatively low. In dyes and oils, particularly linseed oil and petroleum, there is also comparatively little change for the year, although the range of prices, it must be

understood, is somewhat low. In other articles, however, there is a decided fall.

"Coming to textiles, we find the changes, as already stated, less marked. In cotton there has, in fact, been hardly any change of more than a fractional kind for nearly two years, the price commencing at $5\frac{11}{16}d.$ per lb. in January, 1883, and ending at $5\frac{13}{16}d.$ per lb. in December last, the highest price recorded in the interval being $6\frac{3}{8}d.$ in May, 1884, and the lowest price $5\frac{7}{16}d.$ in July, 1883, and October, 1884. The price of yarn manufactured has also varied very little, beginning at $9\frac{3}{4}d.$ in January, 1883, and also ending at $9\frac{3}{4}d.$ in December last. In wool likewise there has been very little change, the prices of the different kinds of wool, as will be seen from the details in one of the trade reports subjoined, having varied in different directions. The range of prices in wool, it must be understood, is comparatively low. In jute, where a year ago some recovery had taken place from the extremely low prices which had ruled in 1883, that recovery being to £16 10*s.* per ton, there has since been a decided fall, the price at the close of the year being only £12 15*s.* per ton. In silk there has also been a somewhat heavy fall during the two years—namely, from 16*s.* $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb. in January, 1883, to 15*s.* 8*d.* per lb. in January, 1884, and 13*s.* 8*d.* in December last.

"Turning next to the chief articles of food, we find that the fall has been very severe indeed. The *Gazette* average price of wheat, which was low in January, 1883, at 40*s.* 4*d.* per qr., was only 38*s.* in January, 1884, and in December was 31*s.* 5*d.* only, even somewhat lower figures having been touched during the autumn months; good red English wheat, weighing 63 to 64 lbs. per bushel, has, in fact, been sold during the year at a price lower than the *Gazette* average—namely, at 29*s.* per qr. Similarly, the price of red wheat per bushel in New York has fallen from $1.18 in January, 1883, to $1.5 in January, 1884; and 86c. in December, the quotation of 83¾c. being actually recorded in November. Maize in New York began at 71½c. per bushel in 1883, and fell to 60c. in January, 1884, and 50c. per bushel last November, recovering in December to 56c. per bushel. In barley and oats the fall is somewhat less, but still there is a slight fall. In bacon there is a fall from s69. per cwt. in January, 1883, to 67*s.* in January, 1884, and 63*s.* in December last. In coffee there is a fall from 77*s.* 6*d.* in January, 1883, and even higher figures during 1883, to 75*s.* in January, 1884, and 67*s.* 6*d.* in December last. In tea during the past year there is apparently a rise from $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb. in January to 6*d.* in December, these prices being higher than those of 1883, but being still a comparatively low range of prices. In sugar the greatest decline has occurred, the decline being, in fact, almost unprecedented in regard to any article of produce. The price of good refining West India was 20*s.* per cwt. in January, 1883—a low price; but in January, 1884, it was only 16*s.* to 16*s.* 6*d.* per cwt., while the price in December last was only 9*s.* 9*d.* to 10*s.* per cwt. Similarly, beetroot sugar has fallen from 19*s.* $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per cwt. in January, 1883, to 10*s.* 8*d.* per cwt. in December last.

"The remarkable feature about these declines in price, it cannot be too often repeated, is the fact that they have occurred after a range of prices had already been established which was so low as to excite a great deal of remark."

It is clearly unnecessary to assign any other cause for the gloom of the last year or two. Given a fall of prices like what is here described, arising from any external cause whatever, "depression" must ensue. In point of fact, there have been serious losses and failures among the capitalist classes, whose outcry gives the cue to public discussion on such questions. As already explained, these classes are poorer in consequence of such a course of prices as is here described, while they feel themselves poorer than they really are.

The point to which I would now draw special attention is that mentioned in the last paragraph of the above quotation. The most disastrous characteristic of the recent fall of prices has been the descent all round to a lower range than that of which there had been any previous experience. It is this peculiarity which more than anything else has aggravated the gloom of merchants and capitalists during the last few years. Fluctuations of prices they are used to. Merchants know that there is one range of prices in a time of buoyancy and inflation, and quite another range in times of discredit. By the customary oscillations the shrewder business people are enabled to make large profits. But during the last few years the shrewder as well as the less shrewd have been tried. Operations they ventured on when prices were falling to the customary low level have failed disastrously because of a further fall which is altogether without precedent. Similarly, landowners and other capitalists who are usually beyond the reach of fluctuations have had their margins invaded; rents, which rose so steadily for twenty years before 1878, have consequently fallen heavily; the change is more like a revolution in prices than anything which usually happens in an ordinary cycle of prosperity and depression in trade.

Hence the special connection I have ventured to suggest between the present depression of trade and low prices. But for the low prices, there is not only nothing remarkable about the present depression, but it is even less marked than most depressions on record by characteristics of severity and duration. The low prices, however, are most striking, and have sufficed to draw to it attention and discussion of a most unusual kind and degree. The question of the low prices themselves, their origin and probable continuance, and the various consequences that may ensue, thus becomes in turn, in my opinion, the question of most interest arising out of the present depression. It is no longer a side issue incidental to the problem of the depression itself. The effect of the prices on the depression becomes interesting mainly by way of illustration and as part of a topic of wider and more general interest.

A more extended examination of the facts fully confirms the impression that prices of wholesale commodities have lately fallen far beyond a customary low level. To appreciate fully what has happened, it is necessary, indeed, to look more closely at the facts, and follow the movements of prices, not only of late years, but over a very considerable period.

Let us look first at the direct evidence as to the recent fall being in every way unusual. In 1879, in a paper read before the Statistical Society, discussing the fall of prices which had then taken place, I produced a short table, which may be usefully continued to the present date. We may read clearly in it how great has been the descent lately as compared with what it was even in a year like 1879:—

PRICES OF LEADING WHOLESALE COMMODITIES IN JANUARY, 1873, 1879, 1883, AND 1885, COMPARED.

	1873.	1879.	1883.	1885.
Scotch pig iron, per ton	127*s.*	43*s.*	47*s.* 8*d.*	41*s.* 9*d.*
Coals, per ton	30*s.*	19*s.*	17*s.* 6*d.*	18*s.*
Copper, Chili bars, per ton	91*l.*	57*l.*	65*l.*	48¼*l.*
Straits tin, per ton	142*l.*	61*l.*	93*l.*	77½*l.*
Wheat, *Gazette* average, per qr.	55*s.* 11*d.*	39*s.* 7*d.*	40*s.* 4*d.*	34*s.* 11*d.*
,, red spring, at New York, per bushel	$1.70	$1.10	$1.18	91c.
Flour, town made, per sack	47*s.* 6*d.*	37*s.*	38*s.*	32*s.*
,, New York price, per barrel	$7.5	$3.70	$4.80	$3.25
Beef, inferior, per 8lbs.	3*s.* 10*d.*	2*s.* 10*d.*	4*s.* 4*d.*	4*s.*
,, prime small, per 8lbs.	5*s.* 8*d.*	4*s.* 9*d.*	6*s.*	5*s.* 4*d.*
Cotton, mid. upland, per lb.	10*d.*	5⅝*d.*	5$\frac{1}{16}$*d.*	6*d.*
Wool, per pack	23*l.*	13*l.*	12*l.*	11*l.*
Sugar, Manilla musco, per cwt.	21*s.* 6*d.*	16*s.*	16*s.* 6*d.*	10*s.*
Coffee, Ceylon, good red, per cwt.	80*s.*	65*s.*	78*s.* 6*d*	71*s.*
Pepper, black Malabar, per lb.	7*d.*	4½*d.*	5¾*d.*	8*d.*
Saltpetre, foreign, per cwt.	29*s.*	19*s.*	19*s.*	15*s.* 3*d.*

Thus, in hardly any case was the price in January, 1885, higher than it was six years before, and while in those cases the price was not much higher, cotton being the most prominent example, the price in several instances is notably lower. In wheat the fall is very marked, and also in sugar and copper. Another peculiarity is that the intermediate improvement in price between 1879 and 1885, as shown by the quotation for January, 1883, is only to a point very much lower than in 1873, which was the starting-point of the table. To take the first item in the list, pig iron, which fell from 127*s.* in 1873 to 43*s.* in 1879, only rises in 1883 to 47*s.* 8*d.*—a somewhat higher price, which was touched for a short period after the low price of 1879, being still far short of the price quoted for 1873, which was itself much under the highest point of the inflation of that period. Similarly, copper, which was £91 per ton in 1873 and fell to £57 in 1879, only rises in 1883 to £65, to fall in 1885 to about £48. Wheat in like manner falls from 55*s.* 11*d.* in 1873 to 39*s.* 7*d.* in 1879, and only rises to 40*s.* 4*d.* in 1883, to fall to 34*s.* 11*d.* in 1885. Cotton falls from 10*d.* per lb. in 1873 to 5⅝*d.* in 1879, and has only risen since to 5$\frac{1}{16}$*d.* in 1883, and 6*d.* in 1885 —a very immaterial rise from the lowest point of 1879, though in this instance, as already noticed, the price in 1885 is somewhat higher than in 1883. Thus, we have not only the fact of a descent to a lower range of prices in the present depression than in 1879, but the fact that in the intermediate period of good trade and rising prices the ascent was very far short of the high level which had been reached in 1873. In other words, the minimum prices of the period through which trade has passed since 1879 are not only lower than the minimum prices of the previous period, but the maximum prices are also lower than the former maximum. The oscillations are altogether at a lower level. This is another way of putting the fact that merchants and capitalists have lately encountered a descent of prices below the customary level, which has greatly put them out and involved them in fresh and most unexpected difficulties. The minimum of the former period has almost become the maximum of the new, and operations based on the former customary levels have failed.

Taking a still more extended view of the subject, there seems no small reason to believe that, whatever may be the cause, the course of prices in the wholesale markets has of late years taken a decided turn. There is at least some evidence that, for fifteen or twenty years after 1845–50, prices on the average tended to rise from period to period; from about 1860 to 1873 they were comparatively stationary, oscillating between the higher maxima and minima which had come to be established; and since 1873 the tendency has been downward, the oscillations now being much the same as before 1850, if not at a somewhat lower level. The evidence is a little intricate and technical for popular statement; but it cannot be wholly passed over. It is brought to a point by the use of what are called "index numbers," which Mr. Jevons was the first to use on a comprehensive system. Instead of dealing with isolated prices, it is possible by means of assigning a certain value, say 100, to a particular article, and calculating the rise or fall from a given date on that value, and then combining a number of articles treated in a similar manner, to bring out the average rise or fall of the group. If the articles selected to form the group have an original value assigned to them at all proportioned to their importance in the general transactions of commerce, then the average rise or fall in the group should correspond approximately to the average rise or fall in the leading articles of trade.

Among the best known of these index numbers is that used by Mr. Newmarch in the annual commercial history of the *Economist*. In the paper I wrote in 1879, already referred to, I made use of this index number to show the real magnitude of the fall in the latter year, and to illustrate some points in the course of prices over a long period to which I am now drawing attention, and this index number may also be repeated here with a continuation to the present date.

1845–1850	2,200	1874	2,891
1857	2,996	1875	2,778
1858	2,612	1876	2,711
1865	3,575	1877	2,715
1866	3,564	1878	2,554
1867	3,024	1879	2,202
1868	2,682	1880	2,538
1869	2,666	1881	2,376
1870	2,689	1882	2,435
1871	2,590	1883	2,342
1872	2,835	1884	2,221
1873	2,947	1885	2,098

From this it will be seen that, while the average prices of 1845–50 were represented by the index number 2,200, the minimum ten years later—viz., 1858—was 2,612, and the maximum, in 1865, was 3,575. In 1868–69, the next depressed period, the figure is still higher than in 1845–50, being just under 2,700, and in 1873, the next inflated period, the maximum is 2,947—lower than in 1865, but much higher than the average of 1845–50. In 1879, however, the figure is almost exactly the same as the average of 1845–50—viz., 2,202; while the highest point touched since is 2,442, in 1882, a much lower figure than in either 1865 or 1873, and the minimum at the beginning of the present year is 2,098, or about 5 per cent. less than the average of 1845–50. The course of this index number thus corresponds very closely with the general movement of prices already indicated—an ascending movement after 1845–50 down to about 1860–65, a high level of prices from that date to 1873, and since 1873 a descending movement ending in a return to the low level existing in 1845–50, and, in fact, to a somewhat lower level. The correspondence would have been still more close but for the fact of this index number appearing to contain a disproportionate number of articles depending on the price of raw cotton. But for this, the figures from 1865 to 1873 would not have been quite so high as they were, and there would have been a smaller fall between those dates than what the figures appear to show.

The next index numbers I shall use are those contained in Parliamentary Reports on the Prices of Imports and Exports which were compiled at the Board of Trade under my direction.* According to these, as regards the exports, prices have not been so low since 1840 as they are at the present time. The index number of 65·8 falls, to be increased or diminished in the years undermentioned since 1840, as follows:—

Year.	Increase.	Decrease.	Year.	Increase.	Decrease.
1840	13 34	...	1859	0 40	...
1841	10·85	.	1865	28·46	...
1845	6·05	...	1868	11·42	...
1848	...	2·48	1873	19·93	..
1849	...	5·29	1875	8 67	...
1852	...	6·47	1876	2·25	...
1853	...	1·14	1877	...	0·40
1854	...	0·95	1879	...	6·10
1855		2·75	1881	..	6·26
1857	0·77	...	1883	...	5·95

This table, unfortunately, cannot yet be brought down later than 1883, but it shows as strikingly as the previous table the higher range of prices from 1865 to 1873 than there was about 1850, and the descent which has taken place since 1873 to the level of 1850. As the prices of the exports in 1884 were undoubtedly lower than in 1883, there can be no doubt, when this table is continued, of what the evidence will be.

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* See C. 2247, Sess. 1879; C. 2484, Sess. 1880, and C. 3079, Sess. 1881. A still later report will shortly be issued, and the figures here used are taken from it.

Similarly, as regards the imports, the index number of 81·16 falls to be increased or diminished as follows :—

Year.	Increase.	Decrease.
1854	...	0·30
1855	3·51	...
1857	7·08	...
1859	...	1·39
1865	13·59	...
1868	5·78	...
1873	4·43	...
1875	0·25	...
1876	...	3·61
1877	...	1·48
1878	...	7·04
1879	...	10·30
1880	...	6·89
1881	...	6·99
1883	...	9·43

It is, unfortunately, impossible as regards the imports to go back beyond 1854, as there were only official prices before that date, but it is at least evident that the level of prices which existed after 1860 down to 1873 has not been maintained. The level of prices on the average reached by the imports does not seem to have been so high as that reached by the exports, but the descent has been to a somewhat lower level. The general movement has been the same.

The evidence is thus cumulative as to what the course of prices has been since 1850, and as to the general course having been very different since 1860–73 than it was before. Not only does the index number prepared by Mr. Newmarch many years ago, and without any possible foresight of existing controversies, support this view, but index numbers based entirely on the actual proportions to each other of the different articles of our foreign trade bear testimony to the same fact. It is impossible to suppose that any other index numbers which could be impartially constructed would yield any other result. Every important article of commerce is included in them, and the oscillations of prices they respectively indicate synchronize in a striking manner.

The question then arises on these figures whether the depression at a time like the present may not be largely due to some permanent cause which has lately begun to operate; to which trade was not subject for many years after 1850, and which is now in full operation; and which has for its effect to prevent a rise of prices in good years to what was long considered the customary maximum, and to precipitate a fall in bad years to a point much below the customary minimum. That the answer must be in the affirmative appears to be very clear. There is no mystery at all about the actual course of prices, while the effect of the recent changes in diminishing the profits of capitalists, because the upward movement of prices is less than they expect, and the downward movement greater, is equally palpable. Merchants and capitalists all round have suffered. They have held stocks longer, or bought stocks sooner, than they would have done if they had not to some extent lost their bearings. Their gloom is great, because prices are obstinately low. Whatever may be the cause of so great a change, it is surely worth investigation.

Two causes only have been suggested. One is a great multiplication of commodities and diminution of the cost of production due to the progress of invention, improved facilities of communication, lower freights, international telegraphy, and the like circumstances. The other is, that the precious metal used for standard money—viz., gold—has become relatively scarcer than it was, its production being diminished on the one hand, and the demands for it on the other hand increased. The former of these causes was discussed quite lately by Mr. Fowler, in an article in this Review, and a greater weight assigned to it than to the latter cause. I am disposed to give the greater weight to the latter. To a large extent, however, the two causes are not in conflict. The question is of money prices —the relation of money to commodities. Whether it is commodities that multiply, or gold that diminishes or does not multiply in proportion, the relation between gold and the mass of commodities is equally changed. It is quite conceivable that if gold were to increase in quantity, and its cost of production to diminish, as other commodities increase in quantity and have their cost of production diminished, there would be no change of any kind in gold prices. Commodities would be more abundant, but the abundance would make itself felt in a rise of money wages, salaries, rents, and profits, and not in lower prices. That it is felt in lower prices now appears to be absolute proof that the relation between gold and commodities has changed, that they have not increased in quantity and had their cost of production diminished *pari passu*. In addition, however, while not denying that there has been a change on the commodities side of the balance, I would go farther and maintain that what has happened to gold in the way of diminished production and increased demands upon it, arising from other causes than the multiplication of commodities, must have had great effect.

The evidence can be stated very briefly, and I am the less disposed to go into it as it is described at some length, as far as the facts were known at the time, in the paper on the fall of prices written in 1879, to which reference has already been made. The new facts since that date, however, have fully confirmed what it was only possible then to anticipate.

The initial fact is the diminution of annual production which has occurred since 1860 as compared with what it was immediately after the Australian and Californian gold discoveries. In 1852–56 the average annual production was about 30 millions sterling; in 1857–61 it was 25 millions; in 1862–66, 23 millions; in 1867–71, 22 millions; in 1871–75, 19 millions; and since 1875 there has been no increase of production, but rather a decrease. It is impossible to suppose that no effect on prices was produced by the vast production thirty years ago, especially as that production had to be infused into a smaller mass than has the present production, so that the effect was all the greater. But for the substitution of gold for silver in France, which absorbed a large part of the new production, the effect on prices would have been much greater than it was. As matters stand, an actual rise of prices between 1850 and 1865 corresponded to the large new production of gold. It is equally impossible to suppose now that, along with a diminished production, prices could lately have gone up as they did after 1850.

We have next the facts as to the extraordinary demands for gold since about 1872. In that year the gold coinage of Germany commenced, and from first to last that operation has absorbed about 80 millions sterling. Writing in 1879 it was only possible to anticipate a new demand for the United States, whose return to specie payments in 1878 then threatened such a demand. But the demand for the United States has been fully up to the anticipation. The imports of gold into that country since 1878, less the exports, have amounted at least to 34 millions sterling—imports 55 millions, exports 21 millions—while the domestic production in the same period, which has all been absorbed at home, has amounted to 48 millions. The total is 82 millions, or, in round figures, another extraordinary demand of 80 millions to be added to the German demand. There has been another extraordinary demand for Italy during the last few years, amounting to nearly 20 millions sterling, besides smaller demands for Holland and the Scandinavian countries. In round figures, therefore, there have been new demands in the last thirteen years for about 200 millions of gold, an amount very nearly equal to the whole annual production of the period, although a larger amount than that annual production had been necessary in previous years to maintain the state of prices which then existed. As the maintenance of equilibrium in the matter of prices is only possible, other things being equal, by means of a supply of gold to meet the wear and tear of coin and the increase of the population using gold in numbers and wealth—and the ordinary demands of that kind before 1872 amounted in fact to 12 millions sterling annually—it is difficult to imagine how all these extraordinary demands could have existed without contributing to that change in the course of prices which we should have expected beforehand as the consequence, and which has in fact occurred.

In point of fact, there has been a material change, coincident with the fall of prices which has been described, in the consumption of gold in the coinage of the United Kingdom as compared with what it was when prices were at a higher level. In 1861–70 the annual coinage of the United Kingdom was about 5 millions sterling, the amount in 1871 being nearly 10 millions, and the amount in 1872 being just over 15 millions. The average of the period 1874–83 has been one and a half millions sterling only, while in 1881–82 there was no coinage at all; in 1879, £35,000 only was coined; in 1877, £981,000 only; and in 1875, £243,000 only. The deficiency has been partly made up by an annual import of about £2,000,000 from Australia; but in any view the total consumption of gold in British coinage has been less than it was, whereas to meet the increase of population and wealth it ought to have been sensibly larger.

The course of the money market has also been such, I believe, as to indicate a strain upon the supplies of gold. It is sometimes argued that, if gold had been really scarce in the last ten or twelve years, the rate of discount and the interest of money would have been higher than they were when gold was relatively more abundant. Consequently, it is said that, as the rate of discount and the interest of money have been lower than they were, the evidence of the money market rather is that gold has not been scarce. Over long periods, however, the rate of discount and the interest of money do not depend on the scarcity or abundance of "money," using the term in its strict sense, but on the scarcity or abundance of capital relative to the demands of borrowers. There may be any conceivable rates of discount and rates of interest for money at any conceivable range of prices for commodities. The way scarcity or abundance of gold would tell upon the money market would be by producing momentary stringencies and periods of temporary difficulty and discredit, by which, perhaps, the tendency to inflation in prices at one time would be checked, and the tendency to depression at another would be aggravated. The average rates over the whole period when these stringencies were occurring might be lower than at times when they were fewer, but the mere fact of successive stringencies would help to produce the effect described on prices. Now, the course of the money market since 1871, when the German Government began to draw gold from London, has been full of such stringencies. The crises of 1873 and 1875 were no doubt precipitated by them, and since 1876, in almost every year except 1879 and 1880, there has been a stringency, of greater or less severity, directly traceable to, or aggravated by, the extraordinary demands for gold and the difficulty of supplying them.

Looking at all the facts, therefore, it appears impossible to avoid the conclusion that the recent course of prices, so different from what it was just after the Australian and Californian gold discoveries, is the result in part of the diminished production and the increased extraordinary demands upon the supply of gold. It is suggested, indeed, that the increase of banking facilities and other economies in the use of gold may have compensated the scarcity. But the answer clearly is that in the period between 1850 and 1865, and down to 1873, the increase of banking facilities and similar economies was as great relatively to the arrangements existing just before as anything that has taken place since. The same reply may also be made to the suggestion that the multiplication of commodities accounts for the entire change that has occurred. There is no reason to suppose that the multiplication of commodities relatively to the previous production has proceeded at a greater rate since 1873 than in the twenty years before that. Yet before 1873 prices were rising, notwithstanding the multiplication of commodities; and since that date the tendency has been to decline. The one thing which has changed, therefore, appears to be the supply of gold and the demands upon it; and to that cause largely we must accordingly ascribe the change in the course of prices which has occurred.

The final test would be whether wages, rents, and profits were also falling. The community, as we have seen, may benefit in one of two ways by the abundance and multiplication of commodities—by a rise of wages, profits, and rent, the different forms of the return to labour and capital, while money prices remain the same; or by a fall of prices while money wages, profits, and rent are maintained, or at least do not fall in proportion to prices. If prices have fallen, therefore, on the average, we should not expect the same rise in wages or in the return to capital as took place when prices were rising. The facts are unfortunately too recent to enable us to illustrate this point, but there are not wanting signs that this final test will be met. There has been no marked increase in the rates of wages since 1873, and there are now in all directions reports of strikes and lower wages; rents are undoubtedly falling; the income-tax assessments have increased more languidly since 1875 than they did for many years before; the returns of property liable to legacy and succession duty, though these are most difficult to follow owing to the naturally great fluctuations, would also appear of late years to have been stationary or declining. The very things are happening which we should have expected to happen if there had been a pressure upon gold.

If the facts are at all as has been stated, we seem to be justified in one or two conclusions of no small interest. One is that we can hardly be sure yet that the causes of the recent change in the course of prices have fully worked themselves out. For the present, the tide appears to have turned. Prices all round are somewhat higher than they were at the end of last year, and the state of the money market is such that a further rise may be supported without a stringency supervening. But we should still rather expect from period to period a tendency in prices to fall. The annual production of gold, not having increased for ten or fifteen years, but having, if anything, slightly diminished and tending still to diminish, is now even less in proportion to the whole stock in use than the annual production was to the stock in use ten or fifteen years ago. Population and wealth at the same time are increasing at even a greater rate than they did.

This last conclusion remains true, and applies, indeed, with all the more force, if we agree with those who attach more weight to the multiplication of commodities than to anything which has lately happened to gold. It is easy to see that, if the extraordinary changes in relation to gold have counted for anything in the recent course of prices, then the changes of prices yet in store, though they may continue in the same direction, may not be quite so violent as those which are past. But if these extraordinary changes in relation to gold count for little, then the prospect as regards the future is that of a more rapid and violent fall in prices than anything which has yet occurred. The multiplication of commodities goes on with ever-increasing intensity, according to the best authorities. An average fall of prices from period to period must be the inevitable consequence, and, if the recent fall has not been aggravated by something which has happened in relation to gold, we must expect very great changes in prices indeed. Attaching great weight myself to the pressure on gold, I look for more moderate changes in average prices in the future than those which have lately occurred; but those who argue against giving weight to the scarcity of gold are shut up to the expectation of rather serious changes. That the course of prices is on the whole likely to be downwards in future, the upward course after 1850 having only occurred by way of exception to the general rule, may at least be admitted. It depends in part on a peculiarity of the precious metals in relation to the cost of production. There is an intrinsic difficulty in the way of an increase of a standard metal used as money proportionate to the increase of the commodities which it moves. As the latter are renewed incessantly, an increase of the means of production increases the whole mass on the market at any given time. As the precious metals in use, however, exist in masses enormously greater than the whole annual production, an increase of the means of production equal to what takes place in other commodities only means, in the case of gold, an increase of a fraction of the whole mass in use. There is, accordingly, a permanent tendency to change in the relation of commodities to gold. If this tendency is aggravated at any moment by a diminished production of gold itself and a special strain upon its use, the effect on prices will be aggravated, and changes of prices like what have been lately seen will be less surprising; but without this aggravation the permanent tendency seems necessarily downwards. The increase of the means of production, in order to keep the supply of gold proportioned to that of commodities, should be at a greater rate, and should be proportioned in some way to the mass of gold existing, and not to its annual production. But, in fact, the annual production of gold is maintained with difficulty, while that of all other commodities increases.

What will be the effects on trade in the future of such a course of prices as there seems reason to anticipate? I am disposed to conclude that on balance the results will not be injurious. There will probably be less inflation and less of the buoyancy and enterprise that accompany inflation than there would otherwise be; but there will also be less of the paralysis and disasters which attend great inflations, and trade generally will be sounder. There will be fewer ups and downs, but more quiet, patient, and steady industry. There will, however, be more "depression" from time to time. Lower and lower prices must affect men's spirits, lessen money profits as compared with what they would be if prices were steady, and diffuse an impression that business is not going well. One year with another, I should expect in future much louder and more persistent expressions of discontent than there have been in the past. Reduction of money wealth, or even its slow increase, will be spoken of as if the real changes were the same.

For the students of economic history and statistics, the future problem is excessively important. The figures we shall have to deal with will be much more difficult than if circumstances were to favour steady and ever-rising prices as they did for many years after 1850. Owing to these circumstances, changes in value in imports and exports, income-tax assessments, and the like figures corresponded fairly well from period to period with changes in the quantities of business done and of wealth. Of late years this has not been the case, the figures being already more difficult, and the difficulty will continue and increase. The aggregates of trade already can no longer be stated without allowances for differences of price. What the difficulty may become over a long period may be perceived by reference to the past. From 1805 to 1820 the declared values of our exports ranged from about 36 to 45 millions sterling annually, the total of nearly 52 millions being reached in 1815. No higher totals were reached for many years after, and it was not till 1836 that the high total of 1815 was surpassed, and not till 1840 that the figures were steadily higher. All the while the quantities of goods moved in the foreign trade were increasing, the entries and clearances of shipping being in 1836 about 7 million tons, or almost exactly double the tonnage at the beginning of the century. Similarly, the income-tax assessments of 1843 showed a very moderate increase upon those of 1815, nearly thirty years before, and it was not till 1850 that they began to increase by leaps and bounds. Those who are interested in economic statistics should accordingly be prepared for future difficulties of a kind which hardly existed for many years after the Free Trade period commenced. This question of prices affects deeply almost every problem of economic history.

The question will not fail to be asked—Ought nothing to be attempted to alter the course of events which is thus anticipated? According to the opinions already expressed, there is certainly no need to do anything. If trade on the whole will be sounder and industry steadier under a *régime* of slowly falling prices than it would otherwise be, it will be as well to let things alone. But it is almost certain that, under the circumstances anticipated, currency-mongers will come to the front, as bi-metallists are already to the front. Pushing, active men of business find slowly falling prices intolerable, and, speaking of it as an evil, they can hardly fail to raise the sort of questions which were raised and hotly discussed for many years prior to the Act of 1844. It would be out of place to discuss by anticipation any of the projects which are not unlikely to be put forward. I would only point out that, if there is any truth in the account of the question here given, the remedies proposed by bi-metallists, or by authors of schemes for inconvertible paper, apart altogether from the objections of principle to such remedies, will be wholly inapplicable to the evil, or alleged evil, to be cured. The essence of all such schemes is to prevent or mitigate a fall of prices, or to create a rise of prices, by an immediate abundance of money. But the effect is necessarily transitory. The permanent causes of the scarcity of money in relation to commodities remain, and the momentary abundance must be succeeded quickly by the same relative scarcity as before. The case against bi-metallists on this score is very strong. Gold and silver being equalised, assuming the bi-metallic scheme to be successful, the future course of prices will be regulated by the aggregate annual production, not of the one metal, but of the two. The proportion of that annual production to the stocks of the two in use is, however, much the same as the proportion of the production of the one metal to the stock of that metal only. The future course of prices will accordingly be much the same as if one metal only were used. The multiplication of commodities out of all proportion to the increased means of production of the precious metals will go on, and falling prices will inevitably result.

My remarks have already gone to so great a length as to leave me little space, even if the topics would have come into the frame of my article, for the discussion of other alleged causes of the existing depression, and the remedies for it. But I may be permitted one or two observations. The principal of these alleged causes are the foreign bounty system, the protective tariffs of foreign countries, and foreign competition; and the corresponding remedies are countervailing duties, duties on foreign manufactures imported into this country without any corresponding excise duties on articles manufactured in this country, and various schemes of imperial and colonial confederation coupled or not coupled with differential duties on the imports of colonial products. As regards all such causes and remedies, what has already been said should help to show that the causes can neither have much to do with the depression nor will the remedies at all apply. What they have to do with is rather the more permanent conditions of the country's trade, than the fluctuations of inflation and depression, which are necessarily transitory in their nature. It is easy to show, moreover, that the alleged causes can have little to do with the existing state of things as compared with a cause like low prices, or with the more general causes of depression, which always exist, and which make depression follow prosperity as day follows night. Bounties, protective tariffs, and foreign competition have all been in existence for a score of years and more in as aggravated a form as they are now. Even before 1873, which was a period of almost unparalleled inflation, bounties, foreign tariffs, and foreign competition were all the subject of complaint. Forty and fifty years ago they existed in a very intense form, the foreign tariffs at last being higher than they have since been or are now. But trade has had its ups and downs irrespective of them, and as it has been in the past so we may be sure will it be in the future. Our welfare does not depend on any external causes or on any injury which it is in the power of foreign governments to inflict, but on our own industry and energy. If our trade is diverted at all by external causes, it will find other channels so long as the will and determination to use our great resources of capital and organized labour exist. It is obvious, besides, that an alleged cause of trade depression like foreign bounties is so infinitesimally small in itself as to make it simply astounding that it should ever be cited in this connection at all. The only bounty as yet seriously complained of is that on sugar-refining. But, while the amount of sugar-refining at home has rather increased in the last twenty years, it is found, when the facts are looked at, that the whole return to labour and capital employed in this particular trade is only two or three millions per annum, as compared with aggregate earnings by the whole country of 1,200 millions and more. How can the up or down in so small an industry have anything to do with general trade depression, in which even a fluctuation of one per cent. would diminish or increase the earnings of the community by many times the amount of the earnings of this one trade? It is the same to a less degree with the trades affected by foreign tariffs or foreign competition. Changes in these factors only affect a portion of our total trade, whose main stream is hardly influenced by them in comparison with what other causes effect. As a consequence, the special remedies proposed to meet bounties, tariffs, and foreign competition, apart from all objections to them on other grounds, would not mitigate the depression one iota; or prevent the recurrence of depression some other time. The causes of ups and downs in trade and the permanent causes of low prices which have been described would remain what they are, and the consequences would also be the same, if they were not aggravated by the specially mischievous character of the attempted remedies.

Meanwhile, it is not unpleasant to recognize that there are one or two signs of the present depression passing away. In the United States, where matters happen to have been worse than they are here, the traffic of the railway companies has begun once more to increase. This is an excellent sign. Prices all round, as already noticed incidentally, have also begun to pick up, sugar and many other commodities being all appreciably higher than they were some months ago. According to all experience, a period of low prices like that through which the country has been passing is invariably good for trade. The masses of the community save more with low prices than they can do at other times, and these savings in time furnish an additional demand for commodities and additional employment for labour and capital by means of permanent investment. A reaction upwards is thus inevitable before long. We should be surer of the immediate future if wages had fallen more than they have done—if, in other words, the adjustment of money wages to the lower prices of commodities had been more complete in all directions than it has been. It is difficult, however, to measure the precise degree of adjustment required, and the signs point rather for the present to a speedy recovery in trade than to a postponement of recovery until fresh adjustments have been made in respect of the wages of labour and the means of production employed.

Robert Giffen.

SOCIALISM AND ATHEISM.

ALMOST immediately after the desecration of Notre Dame of Paris, by the setting up of the Goddess of Reason in the place of the Deity, it was discovered by men like Robespierre that "Atheism is aristocratic," and that the popular craving for religion could alone be satisfied by the reintroduction of the "Supreme Being," averring that if no God existed, one would have to be invented. Modern Socialists are of a contrary opinion, and never grow weary in reiterating their preference for a "Godless creed."

Again, on the first Sunday after the Revolution of 1848, Lacordaire, addressing a large and sympathetic audience in the same cathedral, was able to say:—"To demonstrate God to you! You would have the right to call me parricide and sacrilegious! If I dared to demonstrate God, the gates of this cathedral would open of themselves, and you would see this people, superb in its anger, carrying God up to His altar in the midst of reverence and adoration." To-day, we are told, by competent authorities, it would be difficult to find an assembly of Republicans in which the great majority are not Atheists.*

These are not the fluctuations of a wavering faith, but the fitful flickerings of the flame of faith, well-nigh extinguished in the night of unbelief, an eclipse of faith peculiar to the masses of working men throughout the length and breadth of the European Continent. In a lesser degree, and within more circumscribed limits, it is true also of British citizens, and certain classes of operatives in the large centres of industry. Our purpose in this paper is to point out this peculiar phase of contemporary Socialism, and more especially in connection with a concurrent movement known under the name of

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* See an interesting article on "The Religion of the Paris Ouvrier," by Mr. R. Heath, in the *British Quarterly Review* for July, 1883, pp. 43 and 44 and *passim*.

Christian Socialism, to place, so to speak, Christian and un-Christian (or anti-Christian) Socialism into juxtaposition, in order to see by way of comparison and contrast their mutual relations as social forces in the present day affecting, sometimes conjointly, and at other times in contrary directions, the general course of social evolution. The subject is full of peculiar interest; for if it be true with regard to general history that "the two things best worth attending to in history are not party intrigues, nor battles, nor dynastic affairs, nor even many Acts of Parliament; but the great movements of the economic forces of a society on the one hand, and on the other the forms of *religious* opinion and ecclesiastical organization,"* it is all the more important to take note of the Socialistic movement, as a fact in contemporary history, both in its economic and religious aspects. As Socialism in politics tends to Republicanism, as in economics it tends to Communism, so in matters of religion it tends to Atheism, though, perhaps, it is too much to say with the Christian Social organ of Catholic Germany, that "Atheism is at the root of every form of Socialism."

Nor is it very hard to account for this alliance of Socialism and Atheism. It is to a great extent the result of the materialistic tendencies of modern science and mechanical views of the universe entertained by leading scientists. The fact in itself is of some significance, that the same year saw the publication of Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species," and that of the textbook of social democracy, the work on "Capital" by Karl Marx. But, as one of the leading spirits of Socialism, Bebel, said in the debate on the Socialist laws in the German Diet, "With regard to Atheism our standpoint is simply that of the scientific materialistic view of the universe which . . . . is not, however, our work; it has been called into existence without our agitation, literature, or activity; but, in the truest and fullest sense of the word, it is entirely the product of science in its modern development during the present century."

This is one, but only one, of several reasons for the prevalent conjunction of Socialism and Atheism. Another reason, probably more potent than the first, is the attraction which negative forms of religion must have for those whose chief aim is the destruction of the existing order of things. "The industrial proletariat," says the *Social Democrat* for July 17, 1884, "is a revolutionary class opposed to all other classes of modern society, hence its natural antagonism to the peculiar ideas of those classes which find their most pregnant expression *in Christianity*. But as the proletariat wants to subvert modern society, without any intention of replacing it by another form of society, like itself founded on class-rule, but rather to remove all class-rule of whatsoever kind; so, too, it not only is opposed to

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* John Morley's address, delivered at the opening of the Session of the Midland Institute, Birmingham, and printed in the *Fortnightly Review*, November 1876, p. 636.

Christianity, but every religious system that could not exist without class antagonism (priestcraft), and therefore would replace it by irreligion—***Atheism.*** Atheism," it adds, "not as a philosophical system, but as the express denial of every form of religion." * A third reason for the alliance of Socialism and Atheism is the attraction which a "gospel of material salvation" has for multitudes who have been hitherto shut out from some of the most coveted means of material self-indulgence.

"To suppress religion, which promises an illusory happiness," says Benoit Malon, a leading French Collectivist, in his *Nouveau Parti,* professedly containing the principles of the "Parti ouvrier," "is to establish the claims of real happiness, for to demonstrate the non-existence of these illusions tends towards suppressing a state of things which requires illusions for maintaining its own existence." †

"They'll supply us with a religion, like everything else, and get a profit on it; they will give us plenty of heaven," says Felix Holt the Radical, in George Eliot's well-known story; "we may have land *there.* That's the sort of religion they like—a religion that gives a working man heaven, and nothing else. But we'll offer to change with 'em. We'll give them back some of their heaven, and take it out in something for us and our children in this world."

This is a coarse way of putting it, but Socialists do not always fight with kid gloves on their hands when they want to strike hard. Atheism thus amounts simply to a denial of a religion which has been, in the opinion of the Socialist, invariably on the side of the well-to-do classes. To do well for oneself is the only article of faith in the new religion, and Socialism professes to be no less than this. Its gospel promises salvation from penury, its land of promise is temporal prosperity. "Our hope of salvation is not a religious ideal, but rests on a massive material foundation," whilst "*conscious well-ordered organization of social labour is the longed-for saviour of our modern age.*" ‡

Such are some of the cardinal dogmas of the "Democratic Church;" there is no place left here for a Deity. "Civilized humanity" takes the place of the "Supreme Being," and the only pious act permitted in it is humane conduct towards the species.

Similar are the doctrines put forth by English Socialists. Thus a writer on "Socialism and Religion," and a member of the executive committee of the Democratic Federation, writes in *Justice,* the organ of the party (June 21, 1884):—

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* Cf. "To-Day," vol. ii. No. 7, July 1884, pp. 73–74.

† "Nouveau Parti," vol. i. p. 34.

‡ "Die Religion der Social-demokratie," Kanzelreden von Joseph Dietzgen, pp. 6–11. The italics are the author's own.

> "In what sense Socialism is not religious will be now clear. It utterly despises the 'other world' with all its stage properties—that is, the present objects of religion. In what sense it is not irreligious will be also tolerably clear. It brings back religion from heaven to earth, which, as we have sought to show, was its original sphere. It looks beyond the present moment, or the present individual life indeed, though not to another world, but to another and a higher social life in this world. It is in the hope and struggle for this higher social life, ever widening, ever intensifying, whose ultimate possibilities are beyond the power of language to express or thought to conceive, that the Socialist finds his ideal, his religion . . . . The devotion of the member of the socialized community, like the devotion of all true Socialists to-day, will be based on science and involve no cultus. In this last point the religion of the Socialist differs from that of the Positivist. The Positivist seeks to retain the forms after the beliefs of which they are the expression have lost all meaning to him. The Socialist, whose social creed is his only religion, requires no travesty of Christian rites to aid him in keeping his ideal before him."

From this it would appear that Christian Socialism and Atheistic Socialism can have nothing in common; that no middle term can be found to bring the two together; that the only attitude to be assumed by professed Christians is that of uncompromising antagonism towards those who deny the existence of God. And yet, whilst in matters of religion reconciliation seems hopeless, in matters of social interest there are not a few points of contact between these two antagonistic forms of Socialism. Both have the welfare of mankind at heart, and strive to ameliorate the condition of particular sections of society, such as the working classes of the present day. They differ widely in principle and method, in their theory concerning the *summum bonum* as well as the means for its attainment; yet, notwithstanding these differences, pursuing as they do similar ends, they will often meet on the same road, making for the same goal, "our being's end and aim," human happiness. It is well, therefore, that they should cultivate each other's acquaintance, though they can never be intimate friends.

We will, therefore, proceed to recapitulate as concisely as possible the circumstances which have called forth the Socialist agitation as well as the demands which are made on society by the agitators. From this it will be seen that in their complaints as to what *is*, and in their proposals, as to what *ought to be*, Christian and un-Christian Socialists often occupy the same ground. It will also be seen that there are serious differences which render it imperatively necessary for those who occupy the Christian standpoint cheerfully to accept what is true in Socialist grievances, and readily to join in any effort to realize a higher social ideal, and in doing so to fortify their position, from which effectually to repel what is erroneous in principle and reprehensible in practice on the part of Socialists of the contrary school. In fact, discussions and disputes on the present state of society, and concerning the fundamentals of the "social doctrine," may not be unfitly compared to a family quarrel, owing to a discovery of what appear long neglected family deeds and documents, where the more irascible un-Christian Socialist and the more temperate Christian Socialist are like two inimical brothers estranged from each other by long-standing prejudices, and now compelled to settle matters between them in the redistribution of the family property in spite of their differences. We need scarcely point out the duty of patient forbearance on the part of those members of the family who are subject to the chastening influences of the "Religion of Suffering" in dealing with those who deny it; it is more important to be mindful of our own duty as impartial arbiters in the dispute, so as to give a fair hearing to both sides in our position of critics.

Modern Socialism, be it recollected, is nothing more or less than a protest, expressed often in bitterness and anger, against the unfavourable social conditions in the lives of vast multitudes which are the acknowledged blots on our modern civilization; and not only a protest against the existing social order which has produced them, but also the expression of a settled purpose to alter or amend what is amiss either by revolution or reform. This attitude receives a powerful support from the recognition of equal rights, in themselves seemingly irreconcilable with inequalities of conditions and disparities of fortune excluding the majority from many of the blessings of civilization. Their liberties have been increased, but their social dependence on others for the material supplies necessary for existence has been augmented at the same time. Moreover, the isolation of the wages labourers, as a class, from others is greater than it was, and tends to class organization. With the class antagonism which has thus sprung up has grown the power of giving it effect by means of combination, and a growing consciousness of strength in numbers and concentration of force, which is partly owing to the extension of political power, and partly to the organization of labour and the congregation of large bodies of men in factory work. This has been fostered by frequent attempts, more or less successful, at international fraternization of labour, which is becoming at times a menace to the peace of society.

What the objects of social democracy are we may gather from the programme of the party under the title, "What Social Democrats are, and What they want," published by authority for circulation in Germany, and not materially differing from the manifesto of the Democratic Federation in England. What is required is no less than the foundation of the "People's State" on the ruins of the State as now constituted, and the entire transformation of the present forms of industry by co-operative organization of a "communistic nature." Property, indeed, is not to be abolished, but the acquisition of some men's labour by others is to be prevented as being a spurious kind of property, amounting to "social theft." It can only be effected by the "expropriation of the expropriators," and this by means of the assumption on the part of the people of all the means and instruments of production. The rights of labour are deduced from the principle that "all wealth is the fruit of labour;" therefore labour should reap the results of its own exertion, justice demands no less. But the present system of wages labour is the cause of injustice, and yet, since without some sort of organization, labour would not be productive, therefore what is required is common labour for the good of each individual—"*Common labour and common enjoyment of the fruits of labour—i.e., Socialistic association in the place of wages labour.*"*

As the body has a soul, so every social movement for improving man's material condition has also a spiritual side to it, and so in the present day Materialistic Socialism has its counterpart in Christian Socialism. Socialism appeals to justice, and this moral basis of its demands is the common platform on which Christian and un-Christian Socialism meet. Moreover, Socialism is not merely, as has been said by eminent representatives of both systems, a question of the stomach, it is also a question about the equitable distribution of ideal goods, the means of higher culture as the results of a progressive civilization. Here is another point of contact. And, again, Socialism justly emphasizes the communion of interests which actually exists, and the solidarity of social units which in our individualistic society has ceased to be recognized. It also dwells on the importance of social reorganization to prevent the excesses of selfish competition, taking the sacred name of liberty in vain in a state of society where the weak compete with the strong, which must ultimately result in the practical enslavement of the former by the latter. In this reaction against unprincipled egotism Socialism proper finds ready allies among Christian Socialists. They, too, acknowledge that the unlimited freedom of individual effort where the race is one often like that between a healthy athlete and a cripple, from an economic point of view, leaves little security against the weak being outrun by the strong. Pure liberty in such a case amounts simply to an alternative between the acceptance of subsistence wages and starvation. But whilst our present system may thus often give occasion for the strong to take advantage of the weak, in a purely socialistic state, where the individual would be sacrificed to the welfare of the community, the strong in mind or body would be liable to be sacrificed for the benefit of the weak. Whereas unlimited liberty in the former case may lead to lawlessness, the rigid application of the law of equality in the latter might extinguish liberty, and, with it, that free development of individual energies on which progress depends. Therefore, concludes the Christian Socialist, what is required is not the suppression of liberty but its limitation against abuses.

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* See "Was die Social Demokraten sind und was sie wollen," pp 5–8. We give here only a rough outline of the aims of Socialism; a full account of the subject by the present writer will be found in a paper on the "Future of Society" in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for April 1880.

In the same way Christian Socialism deplores the evil results of competition, but so far from wishing to abolish the present social system of which it forms a part, it would rather improve it by means of legal restrictions and regulations to prevent its mischievous effects if left unchecked. But this only by way of transition. In course of time *free* association by co-operation may become possible. We say *may*, not *must*, for herein lies the difference between Socialism proper and Christian Socialism; the latter expects moral amelioration before social changes of this magnitude can be expected at the present rate of social, as conditioned by moral, evolution. This is an opinion expressed even by R. Owen half a century ago when, exhorting associations formed for this purpose, he bids them "choose men capable of having their minds elevated, and of such moral courage and singleness of purpose, that the passions of men should not be able to turn them from the *godlike course* which they have to run."

Si duo faciunt idem non est idem—to be aiming at the same thing and exerting oneself in the same direction, is a very different thing from adopting the same methods and arriving at identical results; so, too, there is a vast difference between Christian and un-Christian Socialist principles, their practice and their prospects, their negative criticism and their positive proposals. This opens a wide field of inquiry, but for the present we must confine ourselves to those particular points of departure which are rather in the nature of contrary opinions on the same subject, and then to those essential and irreconcilable differences which arise from contradictory modes of belief, suggested by the title of the present paper.

The great outcry of ordinary Socialists is directed against the appropriation of what they call the surplus value of all commodities produced by those who employ the producers—*i.e.*, those engaged in manual labour; that the latter must be satisfied with the current rate of wages *nolens volens*, whilst they see thrice the amount of their remuneration taken in the form of profits by their masters, and all this under a semblance of free contract. To protect the wages labourer against this form of "expropriation" they demand for him the full value of the articles produced for his sole enjoyment—in other words, the transference of the means of enjoyment over and above that required for the maintenance of life from the employer to the employed. Lazarus and Dives are to change places, or at all events both are to fare sumptuously every day, and to be clothed in purple and fine linen. "The question of consumption," says Dietzgen, "is the question of man's salvation."

Now, Christian Socialism does not regard the position of Dives in this life as the *summum bonum* of human bliss. On the contrary, it says, almost in the words of one of its representatives, that happiness does not consist in the increase of enjoyment, but in the full and unimpeded exercise of our energies; that high effort is a vital and more fruitful source of happiness than luxurious self-indulgence; that the history of wealthy families tends to show how the possession of large means often dulls the senses, and exercises an enervating influence on self-development; that in this way the grandchildren of millionaires often become paupers; that the effects of excessive affluence thus act as the most powerful agency for levelling downwards. Thus the number of nobles in Europe, who in the course of time have been impoverished, is greater than the number of those who have managed to maintain their position. In commercial communities it is a well-known fact that wealth got by trade seldom remains in the same hands for many generations ("From clogs to clogs takes three generations," is the Lancashire proverb). Here, then, there is a point of departure between Atheistic and Christian Socialism. The former aims at individual satisfaction in material enjoyment diffused equally among all members of the community, the latter demands *self-abnegation* from all, as an aid to spiritual improvement. M. Rénan, speaking of the Communism of the Primitive Christians in the Apostolic age, refers to this important distinction when he says: "Une difference profonde venait de ce que le communisme chrétien avait une base réligieuse, tandis que le Socialisme moderne n'en a pas. Il est clair qu'une association où le dividende est en raison des bésoins de chacun, et non en raison du capital apporté, ne peut réposer que sur un sentiment d'abnégation très exalté, et sur une foi evidente, en un idéal religieux."

Compare with this the following utterances of Socialists:—

"To have as many requirements as possible, but to satisfy them in an honest becoming manner, in this consists the virtue of our own times!" These are the very words of Lassalle, pronounced some twenty years ago. "Our social democracy is fully aware of the fact that enjoyment is the end of existence, and that enjoyment in common, and ennobled by science and art, is the highest form of culture, because the only one that is rational and worthy of man." Thus speaks the *Social Democrat*, in one of its leading articles of comparatively recent date.

Now these are purely materialistic aspirations, and they are naturally found in company with atheistic views of life. Professor Schmoller gives the reason for this double tendency in the lower strata of society, which had best be told in his own words:—

"Atheism and Materialism, cynical gluttony and waste, indifference towards every form of higher and ideal goods, have made sad inroads among our so-called higher classes for some time, and long before similar complaints were heard among the labourers. But a view of the universe, excluding all belief of the moral government of God and just retribution after death, and in which it is forgotten that the highest human happiness is a well-ordered family life and a pure conscience, attainable in the humblest position—such a view, to be in any measure logical, must lead to conclusions such as are implied in the demands of social democracy; at all events, the demands for a more equalized distribution of wealth. From a purely materialistic point of view the existence of the lower classes is both without joy and without justice."

If it be said that Atheism thus leads to the brutalising of the people, and that, instead of improving their condition, it only turns them into beasts, Socialists are ready with a reply. "We can dispense," they say, "with your idea of man being created in the divine image; for we know that the difference between man and other animals is only one of degree . . . . therefore the future belongs to Atheism, in it alone there is salvation for humanity to recover its proper rights, so long bartered away for an illusive blessing." Nor is it very difficult to account for the fervour of this atheistic Materialism, if we bear in mind what is the power of secondary reasons which often determine the course of religious speculation and feeling. The principal cause of this phase of thought in matters of religion among the working classes is not any well-founded antagonism against religion as such, but alienation from the religion of religious professors who belong to the classes against which Socialism is arraying its forces at this moment. In an able, but now rarely quoted, work on Ireland by Mr. Goldwin Smith, there is a passage in which he shows how the religion of the Irish people was on more than one occasion dictated by the exigencies of political warfare. As Lord Macaulay takes pains in showing how the English loyally changed their creeds on several occasions at the bidding of royalty, so Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to think that the Irish gave point to their disloyalty by embracing the religion—Protestant or Catholic—which for the time being happened to be the opposite of that professed by their English rulers. Now, it seems to us that the disaffected Socialists everywhere, and in the same way, accept Atheism, not so much because religion is specially distasteful to them, but because they dislike the ruling classes, who ostensibly take it under their shelter. Crown and altar are the main props of the existing social order, therefore they must both fall together. This is illustrated by some strange scenes enacted in Berlin some five or six years ago, and which at the time attracted much attention, as they startled the world by a new aspect of Socialism—namely, in the light of a power levelled against religion.

On the 13th of March 1878, the funeral of August Heinsch, a comparatively obscure Socialist, took place in that city, and some ten thousand of his associates followed him to the grave, among them a considerable number of women. Red ribbons, red flowers, red scarves, the emblems of the Commune, were worn with studied ostentation, whilst the ladies in the procession carried laurel-wreaths on scarlet cushions. After two hours' march the procession reached the cemetery of the "Free Church," and through a gate, surmounted with the inscription, "*There is no hereafter and no meeting again*," they passed on to the grave, over which Fritzsche, a Socialist Deputy of the German Parliament, held the first funeral oration. Heinsch, he said, was now before his judge, the judge being the people now present, not the obsolete divinity of the past. After other speakers, Frau Hahn addressed those present, in conclusion assuring them that the proletariat had the future of the universe in their hands if they would only unite for a common purpose. A few days later, in a meeting of about 1,200 women, wives and daughters of artisans, there was a discussion on the principles of religion and property, when the same lady, being called upon to take the chair, gave her reasons for leaving the Church and publicly disavowing every form of religion:—

> "I will just relate how I left the Church and became a Socialist. *I simply discovered that my belief gave me never anything to eat. With five hungry children about me this argument was conclusive.* I am an honest woman, and look every body in the face, and find it easy to do without Bible and parson. But, ladies, besides being a mother, I happen to be an aunt, and thereby hangs a tale. One of my sisters, who is ill, and whom I assisted in a small way, has two little children, unchristened of course. One day when I visited her, I was dismayed to find two clerical gentlemen in the room, with long hair faultlessly parted in the middle. I immediately insulted them, telling them they had better be off, or I should bring an action against them for invading the privacy of family life. As to my sister, I told her that if the two girls were baptized, they had seen the last of my coin. Ladies, if you are in need of something stupid to believe in, and some hypocritical teacher to impart it, why not invent some fable of your own, and appoint your own men to inculcate the same?" *

Here, then, we have a plain reason given for the disavowal of belief in a Deity. The words we have italicized explain all, though the argumentative power they manifest is not of a high order, as the terms of the exhortation contain scarcely a compliment to the intellectual resources of the ladies and the intellectual integrity of their husbands. The Christian religion is discarded because Christ no longer feeds the multitudes in the wilderness, or rather because some are fed better than others in this world.

This fanatical hatred against the Christian religion on purely material grounds is transferred, as a matter of course, to the principal representatives of Christian Socialism, and, if possible, with exaggerated force. Thus, *e.g.*, the official organ of the Socialist party in Germany is constantly denouncing every effort of Christian philanthropy on behalf of the masses, and every attempt of the Christian Social party to bring about social reforms. Thus in one of a series of leading articles, headed "Practical Christianity" (a phrase used by Prince Bismarck in connection with his proposed measures of social reform, such as the Insurance Against Accidents Bill, lately passed in the Diet), after going through the various moves of coarse vituperation, it concludes as follows:—

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* *Times*, March 20 and 22, 1878.

> "Enough of this disgusting muddle of ignorance and baseness, of open and disguised deception of the people! Its authors may flatter themselves to have found in it the elixir which shall restore youth to the old Phryne Capitalist Society; they may imagine that it will quench the 'fire of the Revolutionary spirit' . . . . but as little as Christianity in its beginnings was able to prevent the collapse of the Roman Empire, so little can its contemptible parody of the present day delay the destruction of the universal Empire of Capital.
>
> "The more adherents are won for the 'true Christianity' of the Hohenzollern, the more this will become manifest, because in proportion as it shows its true colours it will repel the handful of labourers who have hitherto followed it with sceptical curiosity, and lessen its chances of influencing the great bulk of the working men . . . . with your 'practical Christianity' you will never quench the subterranean fire of the Revolutionary spirit or hinder its spread; without cessation it is being propagated, defying every attempt to suppress it, until it has become a mighty conflagration, blazing up in refulgent flame and putting a sudden end to you and your mediæval mystifications."*

Nor is this disparaging tone adopted only against the Christian Socialists because of their connection with the Conservative Agrarians and the Court party. The Roman Catholic section of the Christian Social party fare no better at the hands of the Social Democrats. In reply to a pamphlet by an able Roman Catholic controversialist, Hohoff, who claimed for himself and his Church the right to apply the Christian doctrine to the solution of the social problems of the day, his opponent says:—

"I cannot agree with you in the view you take that Christianity and Socialism aim at the same thing. Christianity and Socialism are opposed to each other as fire and water. The so-called good kernel in Christianity, which you, not I, discover in it, is not Christian, but merely human, and the peculiarity of Christianity, the bulk of its dogmas and doctrines, is inimical to humanity."

This leads to another part of our subject, the question how far the principles, practice, and prospects of Christian and un-Christian Socialism are to each other as "fire and water." In general terms, it may be said that the difference of Christian and un-Christian Socialism consists in the constructive and reformatory tendencies of the one, and the destructive and revolutionary proclivities of the other—*i.e.*, not in the end to be attained so much as in the selection of the means for its attainment. The one wants to level down, the other to level up; the one excites the masses to revolt, the other exhorts the powers that be to reform society and to ameliorate the condition of the people with the aid of the people's guardians, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in Church and State. The latter would preserve what is capable of conservation in the old institutions, whilst granting all that may be justly claimed by way of innovations; the former wants to overturn what exists to build on a new foundation. Christian Socialism trusts only to the wisdom of the few, Socialism proper mainly to the power of the many. Both profess to adopt legal means only for compassing their ends, acting through parliament and the representation of the people, but this, in the case of the Socialists, only for the present and for tactical purposes, and, in the case of the Christian Socialists, as a *pis aller;* the former are ready at any moment to invoke the will of the people, the latter to fall back on a "strong monarchy." That Socialists only intend using parliamentary forms and social reforms by authority as means to an end was affirmed by resolution at their congress at Copenhagen last year, and the chief reason given was the utter futility of all efforts of peaceful social reform.* Reforms from above, they say, apart from insincerity of motives, must be naturally very slow, because of the great difficulty of class-interests which they have to encounter. For this reason, delays will only aggravate the intensity of suffering from below, until, in course of time, and before very long, it becomes unbearable, the spread of education and other civilising influences hastening on the process. Thus it is anticipated by Socialists and pessimists of the Social Conservative class alike, that the conflict will grow more fierce and determined, and the emancipation of the "Fourth Estate" will force its way from below through the hard crust of custom and prescription, and break out in a sudden social volcanic eruption, like that which emancipated the third estate in the great French Revolution.

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* *Social-Demokrat* for 1882, No. 10; and cf. Nos. 50–52 of the same year.

In short, what distinguishes the two forms of Socialism seems to be chiefly a *differentia* of method. This, however, only appears so at first sight. There is a more profound difference of first principles which underlies the reasoning and efforts of Christian and un-Christian Socialism, as deep and wide as the difference between Atheistic and Christian conceptions of life and the universe. To give a few instances illustrating this divergence of opinion as far as it affects the principles of action of these two antagonistic modes of thought on social questions, we will select two or three fundamental doctrines of modern Socialism to show to what extent they are influenced by atheistic views of life.

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* See "Protokoll uber den Kongress der deutschen Social Demokratie in Kopenhagen," pp. 29–30.

In the first place we will take the so-called "brazen law of wages," which condemns the masses of the labouring population to perpetual servitude; as stated originally by the "orthodox" economists and in its present form, as *rechauffé* with a flavour of Socialism by Lassalle and his followers, it would amount to this:—The laws of demand and supply reign supreme in the labour market; wages rise and fall according to the number of hands seeking employment, or the number of hands required—*i.e.*, "hands" living on subsistence wages. The rise of wages and the consequent improved condition of the wages labourer tend to promote improvident marriages and increase of population, that is, increased demand for employment, which at once produces a fall in the price of labour. When the lowest point has been reached by emigration, forced celibacy, depopulation, and other drastic *natural* remedies, there will be a movement of the pendulum in the contrary direction. The reduction in the number of hands now creates a larger demand for them, and wages rise to their normal height again. This is the fatal law at the base of our industrial system which determines and perpetuates the condition of those who never rise above the rank of wages-earners, a condition which implies a minimum of comfort as their standard of life. There is little difference in the conception of this supposed cruel law of Nature between the political economist, who simply defines it in the exposition of his science and the Socialist, who rebels against its provisions—both consider it in the light of a "*necessary law*," as part of the social order under which we live. Here we have an illustration of that fatalistic view of social life which is so closely related to Atheism, as a system, denying the existence of a Divine Power in or above Nature.

The Christian Socialist admits the "reign of law," and would, moreover, bring men under the law of obedience, but he also believes in the power of human will determining the laws which govern society, itself subject to the higher will of God, the God of truth and justice. By the exercise of will, that which seems to be a law, but is only the description of a sad state of things, may be put an end to by the determination of Christian employers to transact business with their men on Christian principles as by the collective will of the Christian community legislative protection may supplement the deficiencies of private effort. Thus it is possible to break through the "iron law" in snapping asunder the fetters forged by selfishness and greed, and to lessen human misery "stereotyped" by no other force but that of will misapplied and perpetuated solely by the general consensus of mankind to be guided by no other laws, but those of mean and unmitigated selfishness.*

Of course, this implies moral progress, and with it and in consequence thereof the free development of human institutions with the expansion of the Christian idea. Herein consists the superiority of the Christian social standpoint. In its recognition of law governing human affairs it does not forget the Lawgiver; it is a stranger both to the resignation of inactive fatalism and the resentment of the fatalist who tears at the chain of Necessity in rage, because it regards these secondary laws subject to a higher and universal law and forming part of a Divine plan. Hence, to apply the words of the Agnostic philosopher:—

> "Such an one, no longer regarding the mere outside of things, has learned to look for the secret forces by which they are upheld. After patient study, this chaos of phenomena into the midst of which he was born, has begun to generalize itself to him; and where there seemed nothing but confusion, he can now discern the dim outlines of a gigantic plan. . . . . Growth is unceasing, and, though slow, all-powerful; showing itself in some rapidly developing outline, and there, where the necessity is less, exhibiting only the fibrils of incipient organization. Irresistible as it is subtle, he sees in the worker of these changes a power that bears onwards peoples and governments, regardless of their theories and schemes and prejudices—a power which sucks the life out of those lauded institutions, shrivels up their State parchments with a breath, paralyzes long-venerated authorities, obliterates the most deep-graven laws, makes statesmen recant and puts prophets to the blush, buries cherished customs, shelves precedents, and which, before men are yet conscious of the fact, has wrought a revolution in all things, and filled the world with a higher life. Always towards perfection is the mighty movement—towards a complete development and a more unmixed good. . . . . Each new fact illustrates more clearly some recognized law or discloses some inconceived completeness; contemplation thus perpetually discovering to him a higher harmony, and cherishing in him a deeper faith." †

Very nearly akin to the brazen law of wages in its tendencies and results, is the theory formulated by Lassalle, but expressed, though in a less definite form, by the older Socialists, like Morelly and R. Owen, that man is the victim of a conjuncture of circumstances and events, so that, socially speaking, he is not a responsible being at all. Lassalle, had he lived to the present day, would be able to point to the present war between China and France, and the complications in which English politics are involved in Egypt, as examples to show how in their direct and indirect results these two factors profoundly influence all those who depend upon the fluctuations of commerce, and produce economic effects in the condition of workmen in both hemispheres, which it is impossible by any effort of the will on their part to prevent or to control. In the same way, a cotton famine in the United States, a sudden demand for the silver currency in Japan, or the unexpected discovery of new silver mines in any given portion of the globe raising or depreciating the value of the currency, would seriously affect the commerce of the world, and consequently the condition of those who depend for their employment on the enterprising capitalist. This conjunction of events Lassalle calls the *fatum* of the modern system of industry. It plays at balls with the supposed liberty of individuals, hoisting up some into the lap of fortune, hurling down others into the abyss of poverty. The causes and results of over-production, the abnormal stagnation of trade in consequence of over-speculation, and the disappearance of some industries, like the silk ribbon trade of Coventry by the action of fiscal measures with all their far-reaching consequences, these are so many links in the "orphic chain" of contingencies, the "fatum of the capitalistic bourgeoisie;" the chief victims are those passive agents in the process, the wages labourers and their families, who are only the adjuncts of the machines which they work at, part of a commercial mechanism, which neither they nor their masters have the power effectually to control. Here again, Atheism and fatalism touch, and in their common influence become either causes of aimless apathy, or acute apprehension. They produce indifference in the face of the unavoidable or fear of the unknown, either of which have the effect of paralyzing human effort; for what can avail against an untoward combination of circumstances, which by no ingenuity of man it is possible to avert, or against incalculable chances, which it is impossible to divine? Belief in a ruling power is the magic thread which can guide man in the labyrinth of such a social edifice, where he sees not fate but the working together of the complicated factors, material and moral, in the social mechanism that supplies him with insight and foresight to calculate contingencies, and to register fluctuations so as to provide for possible emergencies; because belief in a divine plan of the universe stimulates the spirit of inquiry and discovery, and prompts action upon the knowledge thus acquired, according to Spinoza's beautiful saying: "Human affairs are not intended to be either the subject of lament or ridicule, they have to be understood."

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* Cf. Ratzinger: "Die Volkswirthschaft in ihren sittlichen Grundlagen," p. 181 and *ante*.

† Herbert Spencer: "Social Statics," pp. 322, 323 (Ed. 1868).

One more instance shall be given to illustrate the peculiar fatalistic tendency of thought, inseparable from an atheistic view of social life, and that is what we may call the eschatology of modern Socialism. The evolution of society according to this view is simply a dialectical process ending in its destruction. This destruction, however, is nothing else but structural metamorphosis; our modern society is to pass away, like its predecessors, to make room for another, which, of course, is the socialistic commonwealth. Nothing can retard the rolling on of the "iron wheels of necessity," the coming social revolution is as certain and unavoidable as certain cataclysms of Nature are determined beforehand by fixed laws. According to this socialistic philosophy of history, the struggle of classes now going on under the names of Socialism and Nihilism is a fact inseparable from the nature of things. The war between capital and labour is destined to become more sanguinary with the accelerated accumulation of capital in a few hands and the corresponding augmentation of discontented poverty and wretchedness among the "helots of society." The crush comes at last when the exasperated slaves of labour shall have become sufficiently strong and united to strike the fatal blow to society. It is but natural that Socialists who see the operation of a fatal law of wages at the base of the present system of industry, and a fatality governing all the intermediate processes, should also look forward to a fatal collapse of the whole system in the sequel, though the end is not yet.

The result of such a view of social development can produce nothing else, but either the despair of pessimistic fatalism, or the kindling rage and smothered resentment of anarchists and opportunists. And so we find the Utopian optimism of the earlier forms of Socialism displaced by nihilistic pessimism in its most recent manifestations, as the unavoidable result of growing disbelief in transcendental ideas. The alarming increase of suicides on the Continent has been ascribed, and probably not without some reason, to the corroding effects of this kind of sceptical despondency.

Some years ago, relates Heinrich von Treitschke, on visiting one of the mines near Freiburg, as he was resting with some of his companions at the bottom of one of the shafts, and when in those eternal depths below surrounded by the majestic gloom of walls of gneiss, an expression of wonder escaped the lips of one of them involuntarily at the greatness of God, their guide, a little miner, broke out at once in wild blasphemies, saying: "You are rich and I am poor; how can there be a benevolent God?" "Rarely in my life," adds the narrator, "have I experienced a feeling of such profound pity; what ties were there to hold such a miserable wretch as this to life? what prevented him throwing himself into yonder deep? Nothing but cowardice and animal instinct."

But in the case of the sanguine and the active, the repressed rage and resentment vent themselves in something stronger than words. Their creed is *Ni dieu, ni maître*, and they act upon it, or at least are preparing for action by means of "coups de revolution." Revolutionary methods may seem inconsistent with a fatalistic belief in social evolution according to fixed laws. But the objection would probably be met by our modern Socialists very much in the same way as the Stoic met the arguments of his servant. The servant, according to the well-known story, had purloined his master's goods, and when charged with having committed a heinous crime, pleaded the stoical principle of necessity as his only excuse. "I could not help doing what I did; I only followed the irreversible laws of Nature." "True," replied the Stoic; "and I, too, in strict obedience to the same law, find it necessary to give you a sound thrashing by way of punishment;" and so he beat him within an inch of his life. Slightly transposing the characters of the story, Socialists would probably say: "Our masters are what they are by reason of the law of social development, but by the same law we, their slaves, follow our own destiny in putting an end to their power, if not their existence." We have not met with this argument in any of the Socialist writings, but something of the sort may be gathered from many hints and innuendoes contained in them, all of which seem to say: What is called modern progress is nothing else but the rapidity of movement in modern society stepping into its own grave, from which it shall rise transmuted and transfigured as a perfect state organized on Socialist principles. The opportunist is satisfied in undermining the social edifice, the irreconcilable would precipitate events by means of dynamite. "The dynamite of ideas is accompanied in the background by the dynamite of material force. These modern explosives may easily prove to capitalism what gunpowder was to feudalism."[*]

Outsiders may deride the inconsistency of such tactics by means of which Socialists try to give effect to "over-ripe views" under comparatively "unripe conditions of society," as they find it difficult to reconcile developmental social theories with anti-social methods of agitation. But Possibilists and Intransigents alike reply:—"The revolution is prepared in the womb of society, it needs but one strenuous and organized effort to manifest the new period in legal and acknowledged shape to the world." [†] And if peaceable means fail, why, then, in the words of the *Social Democrat*, force must be used against force—and "Nitro-glycerine" becomes "the *ultima ratio*," the last argument [‡] of an oppressed humanity. Such are the results of a union between Socialism and Atheism. Its tendencies are destructive as the Deistic Socialism of men like S. Simon was constructive. "Religion," said the latter, "should direct society towards the grand design of the speedy amelioration of the class which is at once the poorest and the most numerous." Socialists, who nowadays deride "drafts on eternity," scornfully reject all such overtures to a peaceful solution of this social problem. Nothing can therefore save society from the present danger but the restitution of genuine religious belief. The spiritual dynamics of faith, hope and love, to counteract "the force of dynamite" and hate; the growth of co-operation on truly fraternal principles in the place of spoliation in any of the varied forms of "Collectivism;" participation of profit between master and man generalized and extended until it has become universal, as an antidote against combination for the purposes of industrial warfare; the free play of organic growth, as opposed to agitatorial organization—these are the conditions of a gradual transformation of society to be effected mainly by the action of ethical forces. Atheistic Socialism must be encountered by the highest spiritual forces in the social organism to arrest its course, or divert it into safe channels.

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[*] H. M. Hyndman: "Historical Basis of Socialism in England," p. 443.

[†] "A Summary of the Principles of Socialism; written for the Democratic Federation." By H. M. Hyndman and William Morris, p. 61.

[‡] The *Social-Demokrat* for 1883, No. 17.

"Atheism," said a Christian Socialist in the course of the Socialist debate in the German Diet in December, 1882, "cannot be suppressed by force . . . . it can only be overcome by internal means. This is our common task, to bring about a moral and spiritual renewal in the heart of the people. I am very far from making Social Democrats alone responsible for atheistic excesses. The roots of this unhappy state extend to wider circles of the educated, the learned, the party of the Left. Yes, gentlemen, it is in your press, in your literature that they have learned their atheism, and for this reason they have cried out against the bourgeoisie: 'You have taken from us heaven, do not wonder if we demand of you the earth.' Here it behoves every party opposed to social disruption to turn over a new leaf, to return to a better mind which believes in the Divine foundation of order here below . . . . It is my political conviction that *the* great conflict which marks the period we live in is the acceptance or rejection of a Christian view of the Universe, and I believe that our political and social disorders cannot be remedied unless we adopt the former alternative."

M. KAUFMANN.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE HIGHER ANIMALS.

IN the study of living creatures, whether plants or animals, we begin with that which is superficial and familiar, and then gradually pass to the deeper and less known. For one who dissects out the structures, there are hundreds who observe the outward form and habits; and for one who studies the embryological development, there are numbers who dissect and study the structure of the various types in their adult condition. So that, although this biological field is as wide as the earth and as broad as the sea, yet there are very few who go to the bottom of things, working downwards, until they see the origin of a type, and then afterwards coming up to tell their less adventurous fellow-workers what facts they have found in those dark depths.

In seeking to trace the origin of organisms in the modern Darwinian manner, it is always easiest and safest to pass from the familiar to the less known, and every now and then to make a stand in the ways and to see what lies about us on this side and on that, and then to choose which way we will go, what untrodden path we will try to thread our way through. Inquirers, candid and uncandid, those who pray that they may know, and those who come fully assured beforehand that they know all about the matter already—both these sorts of inquirers ask for impossibilities; they seek to have the whole matter put into a nutshell; they cannot wait for evidence in detail. Yet the evidence of these things must come in detail or not at all.

None of those who mock shall understand; but patient, and wise, and teachable minds shall be able to learn, not adequately, indeed, but in a very useful, practical, and pleasant manner. Assuredly, the best and most laborious of the biologists of this generation, and of that which has just passed away, have not been living in the region of oldwifedom, nor following cunningly devised fables. Men like Lyell, Darwin, and Robert Chambers, not to mention other great and cherished names, were of a sort not easily to be deceived. To say nothing of those in Europe, in America, and in the Isles of the Sea who are assured of the truth of the modern doctrine of development, we have here at home numbers of able men, each looking at the subject from a standpoint of his own, who have been convinced of the truth of this theory. There is indeed a marvellous consensus, or harmony, in the deductions of those who have been trained in these researches, and who are spending and being spent in this kind of work.

Those who know what it is to gather this excellent knowledge, who busy themselves in harvesting and garnering what Nature, in her lusty strength, has grown for them, without their sowing and without their tilling, are cheered on by the light and strength this theory gives them. These are they who, as botanists and zoologists, gather all that comes to hand, thus laying up in store all good things for the embryologist. In gathering and classifying and even dissecting the full-grown forms, they are only preparing the way, and filling the hands of the student of Development; yet there is nothing in the deductions they are able to make, that has received or that ever will receive anything but corroboration from that slower, but most important kind of work. Also those who do business in the veins of the earth, not merely near its surface, where it has been baked with frost, but deeper down; these men, who bring up the remains of old, extinct types, are ever adding to the weight of evidence in favour of this theory.

The workers of all sorts have well done what they have done, and they are a very useful and united family; but deep crieth unto deep below all that has yet been discovered, and the need for those who will go down into the very heart of things is still very great.

Now, we will suppose the candid inquirer to ask two questions; and then try to answer them according to modern lights.

1. Did the higher kinds of the vertebrata (that great sub-kingdom which is characterized by a jointed spinal column, a brain, and a spinal cord) arise suddenly, as by a creative catastrophe; or by metamorphosis of the lower kinds; or slowly, during the ages, by the accretion of gentle and easy modifications, caused by the surroundings of the creature?

2. Did the lower vertebrata arise suddenly by a creative catastrophe, or by metamorphosis of still lower, non-vertebrate types—the forms so metamorphosed subsequently undergoing slow, secular changes?

I.

The first question refers, of course, to the origin of reptiles, birds, and beasts; creatures that, from the time of their hatching or their birth, breathe air, and have no gills for aquatic respiration during any period of their life. These are the higher vertebrata. Fishes (such as the lamprey, shark, and perch) and amphibia (such as salamanders, frogs, and toads) all have aquatic respiration, either permanently or for a time. These form the lower stratum of the vertebrata.

Even in their outer clothing, the three great groups of the higher stratum—reptiles, birds, and beasts—have new and strange structures, such as are not found in the types beneath them. The exquisitely folded skin of the serpent, here wrought into parallel plaits, and there into diamond-shaped *tesseræ;* the plumage of the bird, and the hairy covering of the beast are all, in one sense, new things. They are adaptations to the new life on the dry land, in the open air. But you must have more than a hood if you wish for a monk, and the kind of clothing of these three groups is but the outside of what we have to deal with in biology.

The difficulty of supposing that the almost infinite variety of living creatures all arose from simpler, and still simpler and more generalized types, by a mere process of slow and gentle modifications, taking place during untold periods of time, is as great to the biologist as to one untrained in the science of life. To a certain extent, the old adage, *nihil per saltum*—nothing by leaps and starts—is true in Nature; but it is not universally true. Hence no well-informed naturalist is an absolute *uniformitarian;* he is also, more or less, a *catastrophist.* But if—leaving the great difficulty of such a problem unsolved for the present—we suppose the existing groups of higher animals to have arisen from some common, low, generalized stock, then we can easily imagine the huge results that may have taken place during long, almost unlimited, secular periods. The doubter should begin by considering, first, the close relationship of the races of one type or *species,* and then the little, non-essential things that separate or distinguish the various species of one *genus.* Thus, for example, the various races of oxen (*Bovidæ*) differ only in non-essential characters, and no one can tell where a race ends or a species begins. In this family, even the ordinary test of the fertility or non-fertility of crosses fails the naturalist altogether. Our common oxen, the bison, the aurochs, the yak, and all the different kinds of buffaloes, all go together to form one single special group, or family, in that Order of Ruminants which Moses characterizes in the following words: "Every beast that parteth the hoof and cleaveth the cleft into two claws, and cheweth the cud."

Now there are in this Order certain distinctions easily observed, and at the same time very useful in zoology; they are derived from the most superficial modifications, from differences that are merely skin-deep. There are ruminants with hollow horns, with solid horns, and without horns. Oxen, sheep, goats, and antelopes have a hollow, bony core, covered with a horny sheath; the core is a growth from the bone of the forehead; its horny sheath is a modification of the outer skin; these horns are permanent, and are generally possessed by both sexes. In the deer family, a large branch of solid bone grows out of the forehead on each side, carrying with it the skin, which is covered with soft hair, hence called velvet. When the bone ceases to grow, the skin dies and is rubbed off against the trees. These horns, called antlers, are soon shed, and, as a rule, exist only on the male. The musk-deer, the chevrotain, the llama, and the camel have no horns of any sort. The two last kinds, the llama, and the camel, differ so much from the rest, that they form a special subdivision of the Order. They are evidently very ancient types.

Again, the larger cattle, besides being divided into ruminants and non-ruminants, are classified as even-toed and odd-toed beasts. The nobler and more modern types of even-toed beasts chew the cud; but there are some manifestly ancient forms still lingering on the planet which do not chew the cud; as, for instance, the hog, of which there are many species, and the hippopotamus. These, as is well known, like the more archaic ruminants, do not possess horns. All those beasts which have an even number of toes are destitute of the first or inner toe, corresponding to our thumb or great toe. In oxen the second and fifth toes are also suppressed, only the corresponding *nails* remaining as small hinder hoofs. In deer, notably in the reindeer, these hinder toes are present, but the bones are small.

As a rule, the ruminating animals have only one bone in their shank—the so-called cannon-bone; but in the early embryo, this is composed of two equal parts, each of which has a convex surface for articulation with the corresponding toe-bone; this accounts for the fact that the cannon-bone carries two toes. In the non-ruminating, even-toed animals—the hog and hippopotamus—these two bones never fuse to form a cannon-bone, but remain distinct; and this is seen in the fore-legs of the African water-deer (*Hyomoschus*—a name suggesting an intermediate position between the musk deer and the hog). This animal and its small relatives, the chevrotains of Ceylon and Java, belong to an almost extinct family of ruminants.

The hippopotamus is manifestly of an older and more general type than even the pig; he stands almost alone as the living representative of a family of gigantic even-toed beasts. In former days giants of this kind were as common as the members of the hog family are now.

None of the odd-toed cattle chew the cud; only two families still exist—the several species of rhinoceros and the horse group, consisting of the horse, ass, zebra, and quagga.* The rhinoceros has three well-developed toes, each ending in a small hoof; but in the horse and his relatives only the middle toe is developed, and the bone with which this is articulated is a primarily single cannon-bone; the corresponding bone of the second and fourth digits being a mere splint, pointed below.† The rhinoceros on the one hand, and the horse on the other, are the culminating forms of the odd-toed beasts which have diverged *during time* into forms so remarkably unlike. It is very curious that these should be all we have left of the odd-toed herbivora.‡

And now the carnivorous tribes, the cat family, the dog family, and the kindred of the bears and seals, have all to be traced downwards to some common stock; to say nothing of aquatic whales, aërial bats, lemurs, monkeys, apes, and men. All these, in their multitudes, come flocking for the registration of their ancestry; nor do they seal up the sum of this great and varied Class, for the insectivorous kinds (moles, hedgehogs, and so forth), and the edentate tribes (the ant-eaters and pangolins with no teeth at all, and their imperfectly toothed relatives, the sloths and armadilloes), these, lowly as they are, also belong to the noble (*Eutherian*) types of the mammalia.

Down to this point we need ask for no catastrophe, no metamorphosis, nothing but time and surroundings, and the marvellous working of that indwelling force which moulds and fashions each type into a form in harmony with its outward life and conditions. All these types now mentioned belong to the highest of the three platforms § of mammalian life; all have the common characteristic that they carry their young, and do not "cast forth their sorrows" until a very considerable though varying ripeness has been attained; for a longer or shorter time they minister to the necessities of their progeny of their own substance internally, and afterwards *externally*, by providing them with milk.

Before I go on to speak of the creatures on the next lower platform (the *Metatheria*), I must remind the reader that in the groups just mentioned all our zoological distinctions fail us. As we descend to the older and still older types, every landmark gets wasted away and removed, and the familiar terms that serve as distinctions in the existing fauna become utterly useless; the Orders lose all order: Ruminants, Solipeds, Proboscidians, Carnivores, Rodents—all these distinctions melt away into one common, generalized, archaic group. Such a group must have contained the essence of all the present, easily distinguished Orders—"all these in their pregnant causes, mixed."

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* Naturalists, as a rule, include the tapirs among the odd-toed beasts. In reality they are a much more archaic group than the rest. They possess a well-developed fifth digit on their fore-foot; only the *first* being suppressed.

† Thus we see the remarkable difference in formation between the foot of a cow and that of a horse.

‡ Amongst the herbivorous tribes just mentioned no place has been found for the huge elephant, no place for the little hyrax (dayman, or coney of the Bible); for these lie far off from the other cattle, and their kindred must be sought among the root-stocks of old and generalized types, from which sprang the forefathers of the existing rodents—the rat, squirrel, beaver, &c.

§ *Eutheria* (literally, "noble beasts"), *Metatheria*, *Prototheria*—the *Eutheria* being the placental mammals; the *Metatheria* the pouched animals, or marsupials; and the *Prototheria* those existing links which connect the Mammalian group at its lower extremity with birds and reptiles

For instance, in the earlier tertiary periods, we come upon large herbivorous lemurs or types that cannot well be separated from that group of four-handed creatures that lies so close beneath the Primates—monkeys, apes, and men. The term "Proboscidian," again, is now restricted to a group containing only two species, the African and the Indian elephant. But that ancient kind of creature, the tapir, has a rudimentary trunk; and in former times many sorts of quadrupeds supplemented their short and stunted features by a long, two-tubed, jointed nose; nay, there still exist among the lowest noble (*Eutherian*) kinds—the Insectivora—certain American and African types that have a perfect proboscis, the cartilage of the snout being divided into rings as in the elephant. That *quasi*-mouse with curious snout, the shrew, has a very long, double nose-tube, though the cartilage encircling this tube is not segmented into rings; but in the young of a species of *Rhynchocyon* from Zanzibar—a relative of the exquisite little elephant-shrews of Africa, as large as a rat—I have made out thirty double rings.

We may, therefore, safely leave the evolution of all the high beasts (the Eutheria) to the working of ordinary influences, and no "new thing" need be created; all that is wanted is merely a recasting and remodelling of "old things" to new uses; and even the dwarfing of certain types and the gigantic development of others may be left, mentally, to the operation of forces that have worked hitherto and do still work.

But here we have to let ourselves down as dangerous a cliff as any that "he who gathers samphire, dreadful trade," ever descended. We must, if true to Darwinian principles, ask for as few interferences as possible; we expect to find no new *invention* of the Absolute Eternal mind; for, "known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world." Therefore, as the Author of all meets with no unexpected difficulties in the evolution of His Eternal Purpose, we may, in the patient labour of hope, expect to find all things coming up, each beautiful in his season or time, the creatures of one season being the natural descendants or children of those of the preceding.

Time was when the higher mammalia were not; and the highest quadrupeds to be found on the earth were, as geology teaches, of the same low sort as those which we now find in certain very restricted zoological provinces. I refer, of course, to the Marsupials, or pouched animals, which are found at the present time in the Western Tropics, and to some slight extent in the northern part of the New World, and which in the East are restricted to a territory south of "Wallace's line"—that is to say, to the Australian region.

Of these Metatheria, or intermediate beasts, I must now speak: of their lowliness, and of their intimate relationship with the higher sorts of those creatures that lay eggs—the air-breathing Ovipara, reptiles and birds. If these meaner cattle can be connected with the nobler kinds, if they can be yoked on to the others without any violence, but gently and naturally, then we shall be able to dispense with a catastrophe for the next part of our journey downwards. It may be remarked, in passing, that this journey downwards is not a *facilis descensus*, but is hard, panting, laborious work; the mental descent and the mental ascent are equally hard. Nevertheless, if we "gird up the loins of our mind," fearing nothing but our own impatience of imperfect evidence, we shall discover things that have been kept secret from the foundation of the world.

One of the wisest and most judicious of "those whose talk is of bullocks" (scientifically, of course, and not as a mere grazier) suggested recently to the writer that the marsupials are the *true mammalia*; milk is all in all to their children. And why? The reason of this is partly open and plain, and partly lies deep down in the nature of these remarkable creatures: this shall now be explained.

There are various degrees of ripeness of the young at the time of birth; some, like the foal and calf, are strong-limbed and active, with their special senses perfect, while others, like the pup and kitten, are blind and helpless. This difference may occur in species of the same genus. The new-born rabbit is feeble and blind; the leveret is wide-awake and active from the first. In the bird class, we have whole groups, like the perching and climbing tribes—songsters, woodpeckers, and so forth—whose young are hatched in a tender state, and require great parental care; while in other birds—fowls, geese, rails, plovers, and the like—the young are strong and active as soon as they are hatched; and in the gull, they are in an intermediate condition. It may be noticed that, both in the mammal and the bird, the highest social conditions are developed in those cases where the young are born in a helpless condition. Now, in the marsupial animals the young are born, so to speak, prematurely, so that the little kangaroo, whose mother is the size of a sheep, is not so large as a new-born Norway rat; and although the mother still ministers to her young of her own substance, this is not done in the same manner as in the higher tribes, where, for many months, in some cases, the progeny and the parent are as much one organism, physiologically, as the fruit-tree with its ripening fruit. Here, among the marsupials, the germ develops itself by its own individuated morphological force, and then hastens to assume an independent life—but only partially independent, for it must now live on its mother's charity, and for many months she feeds it on milk sweet as charity.

Yet, there is no difference in all these various family arrangements that cannot be accounted for as resulting from the influence of surroundings, and the magnetic response of the organism to those surroundings.

Here, then, we are brought to reflect upon the lowness of these pouched animals, which (although even they are not the lowest of all mammalia) are almost *oviparous*, and upon their relation to the truly oviparous types, monotremes, reptiles, and birds. In reptiles and birds, the developing germ, as is well known, is wrapped in an exquisite drapery of membranes, and has, suspended from its own body, a large store of rich food-yolk, an oleo-albuminous emulsion, fit nourishment for the tender, unhatched young. The marsupial embryo—opossum or kangaroo—has also these fine, gauzy foldings wrapped about it; but they are all small, because of its early birth; and thus the food-yolk is soon used up, and there soon arises the necessity for a fresh supply of nourishment. In the nobler animals the supply of food-yolk is again much smaller than in the marsupials, and the new supply is obtained by a re-grafting of the individuated germ on to the living inner-walls of the parent, until the fulness of time comes for the new creature to take on a separate existence.

These instances show us that the ordinances of Nature—which are wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working—accomplish the maturation of the new individual in two very different ways, in the quadruped on the one hand, and the bird on the other. In the bird the food grows from, and is part of, the germ, which merely asks for the patient attendance of the nursing mother, for the sake of due warmth, until the chick is ready for hatching. In the nobler kinds of quadrupeds, where the germ itself is so poor in substance, Nature herself broods over the young. But in this ancient and lowly order of mammals, the marsupials, there is a condition of embryonic development which is, in some respects, below that seen even in the existing reptiles and birds, most of which are evidently modern types.

But if the humble marsupial thus runs down, in some of his characters, from his mammalian platform towards the non-mammalian vertebrata, his great relations, the higher mammalia, still cannot cast him off. They, some of them, bear in their bodies, even now, the traces of their relationship to him. In that remarkable insectivore, already spoken of, the rhynchocyon of Zanzibar—himself a low Eutherian—considerable tracts of the base of the skull are so unchanged from the marsupial type of structure that these parts, in fragments, could not be told from the corresponding parts in the skull of a phalanger or opossum. I have no doubt that many of the earlier tertiary cattle, whose remains are being brought to light daily, and in rich profusion, would be found, if they could be thoroughly worked out, to have skulls in which the characters of the marsupials are inextricably mixed with such as are diagnostic of the nobler forms. Hence, in the study of these ancient types the zoologists find that all their neat systems fall to pieces like a house of cards. The mere classifier, who only knows the new, high, special types, is put to confusion, for not only has the ruthless Palæontologist removed the old landmarks of the higher territory, but he has also broken the hedge that kept the Metatheria from the Eutheria, the low cattle from the high.

Again, in this secluded, lowly group of the marsupials the dog is typified and foreshadowed in the most wonderful manner; the thylacine, or dog-opossum, has made the most remarkable advances dogward. The wonder grows when the two types are carefully compared, so much alike are they in outward form, and, for the matter of that, in internal structure also. Yet the gulf between these two types—anatomically, in the whole structure of these beasts through and through—is almost incalculably greater than that between a dark, human savage and a black, brutal gorilla.

Not that this remarkable anticipation of the nobler mammalia, to be seen in the ignoble marsupial group, is at all unique; it is quite similar to the range of forms to be seen in the tailless amphibia (frogs and toads), which get very high up, considering their low origin, but still lie a long way down below the true reptiles. Facts of this class are very numerous; for when any particular group is arrested at a low level, and yet can go in and out and find pasture, so as to be able to increase and multiply upon the earth, then secondary, adaptive modifications are sure to arise. Thus the group becomes subdivided into various tribes and families, some of which in their intense specialization must become very unlike the general ancestral form.*

Now, having got thus far in our descent, which is not *easy*, but is a dangerous kind of scrambling downwards, we have received no sudden shock—no Cerberus has barked at us. But let me not be misunderstood. I have not been asserting that no *lesser* sudden changes have taken place. There must have been many such in the evolution of a high and noble beast from a low, ignoble, ancient marsupial, a creature very much lower than a common rat. But any gardener could show you changes, apparently sudden, in numbers of the commonest cultivated plants, quite equal to anything that need, from time to time, have taken place in the slow, secular uprise of the nobler beasts of the field.

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* One word more about the marsupials. The Australian kinds, varying from the heavy, stupid, *cavy-like* wombat, to that most active creature the kangaroo, are all marvellously uniform in their essential structure. Thus no anatomist can be found who desires more than one common root-stock for all these types; and the American opossums have very near relatives among the Australian types.

After this pause, we may recommence our descent; and if we are cautious we need not fear. We have got safely down from the highest to the second mammalian platform—from the Eutheria to the Metatheria; we have now to let ourselves down from the second platform to the lowest—from the Metatheria to the Prototheria.

Down a long way below the marsupial group lies that which is termed the Monotremata—hairy, *Oviparous* creatures, much of whose structure is only on a level with that of an ancient kind of bird or reptile. This family has lost all its members but four or five; and these belong to only two generic types, *Echidna* and *Ornithorhynchus*. The former of these is the so-called "spiny ant-eater," of which there are three or four kinds; the latter is the duck-billed platypus, or great water-mole. These are all shut up in the Australian region (Australia and New Guinea), nor have any fossil remains of them been found in any other zoological region, nor yet any of importance even in the Australian, though Sir Richard Owen has described some remains of a larger kind of *echidna* than any now existing. Fossil mammalia belonging to the highest group (Eutheria) are found in large abundance in many regions; but we are much poorer in fossil specimens of the next division—the Metatheria or marsupials; and in the case of the monotremes or Prototheria, it is a great disappointment and sorrow to the biologist that Nature has so effectually covered her slain. At present, therefore, we can merely study the structure and development of these stray living remnants of an old mammalian fauna; we have to work them out and compare them with other types of vertebrated animals, both above and below them, and then to make a cautious use of our imagination.

The marsupials, when they conquered the monotremes and possessed their cities, little thought that, *in a few millions of years*, a nation greater and mightier than they would appear, multiply exceedingly, and dispossess them in their turn. Some of these marsupials, in their far-eastern "reserves," grew, only lately (speaking geologically), to a gigantic size; most groups have done so when all things have gone well with them, when they have had peace in their borders and their mouth has been filled with all good things: these gigantic marsupials are all extinct now.

The ganoid fishes of the old red sandstone thus increased and became mighty in the streams and rivers of an ancient world; but the world that then was perished.

After that time, the old forefathers of the amphibia thus increased—there were giants also in those days; they existed when the lower types of plants also became gigantic, in the days of the formation of the coal measures.

Later on, aquatic reptiles typified or prefigured the modern mammalian whales; and, still later, terrestrial reptiles grew into monsters, such as fancy never feigned nor fear conceived.

In a yet much later epoch, when, as we have just stated, the marsupials had grown into large and monstrous forms, the armadilloes and sloths also—low Eutherian types—grew into ponderous beasts, whose remains, in many cases so happily recovered, are among the richest treasures of palæontology.

Similar overgrown creatures may have sprung up at one time in the family of the monotremes; but, although the biologist is calling aloud for a revelation of them, there is no voice nor any that regardeth. The biologist has to wait for evidence, and be patient, feeling assured that the earth is rich with hidden treasures of this kind, all of which would witness for him could they be brought to light. It does not disturb his composure when an opponent attempts to bring mere negative evidence wherewith to combat his theory of the earth and its inhabitants; for at any time, any day or hour, the links he is searching for may turn up.

Meantime, we may learn much from those Sibylline leaves that have become so intensified in their value, because of the destruction of the rest.

From these two living witnesses, the duckbill and the echidna, we learn what a curious reptilian creature a primary mammalian beast may be. These creatures have the great diagnostic, for they have a milk-gland, or udder, though no teats; they have also the constant correlate of these glands—namely, a hairy covering. But deep down in their internal construction they are, if compared with the high and noble forms of mammalia, a sort of half reptile; indeed, in some respects more than half. The organs that relate to the maturation of the ovum (egg), and those that pertain to excretion, are quite like those of a bird or reptile. The bones that encircle the chest, the shoulder-blades, and collar-bones are of a type far below what is found in the bird, and quite archaic as compared with their counterparts in the common lizard; they are curiously and strikingly like the bones of the shoulder-girdle of the great fish-like lizards of the secondary epoch, the ichthyosauri. Their spine, ribs, and breastbone show a curious mixture of reptilian and mammalian types of structure; their limbs, also, have much primitiveness in them, in spite of their perfect specialization for digging purposes. Like birds and tortoises, they have lost their teeth during the ages that have given them so much leisure for special adaptation. The echidna needs none; he is an ant-eater, and for a long while was thought to belong to the same group as the South American ant-eaters, which, however, are low types of the highest group (Eutheria). The duckbill, however, has a sort of excuse for teeth, like the right whale among the higher mammals, and like geese, ducks, swans, and flamingoes in the bird class. The skull, jaws, brain, and organs of the special senses all bear witness to the mixed character—half reptile, half mammal—of these beasts.

He who, knowing these facts, does not draw some remarkable deductions from them must have lost some part of his mental machinery; he who is not excited by our growing knowledge of these ancient types must be as dull as "the fat weed that rots on Lethe wharf."

There is one thing about which biologists, even now, are somewhat doubtful. No low form of vertebrate foreshadows the mammals so much and so well as the *imago stage* of the higher existing amphibia—in plain words, frogs and toads *after their metamorphosis.* Yet the duckbill and the echidna strongly resemble the next higher group above frogs and toads—namely, reptiles; not, indeed, such as those now existent, lizards, snakes, tortoises, &c., but generalized, ancient types. This difficulty has to be looked in the face, and the question asked,—Did the lowest mammals arise from, by transformation of, some true reptile—an air-breathing creature from the time of its birth or hatching? I believe not; the confusion and difficulty have arisen from our not having considered that the modern transforming types (the cœcilians, salamandrians, and batrachians) must be merely waifs and strays from the fauna of a far-distant age. These types, generally small, had large relatives in the coal period, and even they, the labyrinthodonts, may have been the modified descendants of much older transforming fishy creatures. Such supposed types must have begun life with gills for aquatic respiration, and, in their adult state, must have possessed lungs for aërial respiration also; they may or may not have lost their gills as they became adult.

Those who are not familiar with the metamorphosis of the lower forms of vertebrata must trust, not implicitly, to those who are familiar with these phenomena from lifelong observation. He who is acquainted with such matters feels and knows that the existing vertebrata are a sort of united family, after all. The extreme types may call each other "brother;" the lamprey and the man are not very far apart; the head of the group cannot say to the foot, "I have no relationship with thee." When the morphological worker has become familiar with those low fishes, the lamprey and its kindred, passing on to the various higher fishy types with their more and more perfect skeleton and soft organs—then, in studying the structure of the noble air-breathing sorts, reptiles, birds, and mammals, he is constantly receiving pleasant surprises. He constantly comes across old things in new shapes; he finds structures which were adapted to low types transformed for new uses in creatures that roam over the earth, or take to themselves wings and, spurning the earth, wing their way through the thin air. He is often to be found muttering over his work the question put by the old preacher, "Is there anything of which it may be said—See, this is new?" Yet these old things may be so transformed during growth that it requires some acuteness to know them under their disguises; also, many things are dropped or suppressed, and others largely developed, whilst some parts remain permanently in an arrested condition. All this may take place slowly; but, during incalculably long secular periods, very wonderful changes may have been brought about by these slow and gentle modifications. Yet changes of this kind, almost insensible, though very potent factors in evolution, are certainly not all that have taken place, some parts must have modified themselves suddenly; but partial, *per saltum* changes, must not be confounded with general metamorphosis.

By metamorphosis we mean such great and sudden *lifetime* changes as we are all familiar with in the insects among non-vertebrate creatures, and in the newt and frog among the vertebrates. Here is certainly something that takes place suddenly—a marvellous leap, so to speak, of an organism into new structural stages, which rapidly fit it for a nobler and higher kind of life than that with which it started. We may call this a catastrophe if we like; we are certainly not prepared with any very satisfying solution of the problem. It is a great mystery—greatest to those who are most initiated. I feel certain that when we have descended to where the three great roads meet—the way of the reptile, the way of the bird, and the way of the mammal—when we get near the great starting-point or place whence these three diverged, we shall have to feign to ourselves metamorphic changes as taking place at that very distant point.

The passage from a generalised amphibian into a true reptile does not seem to ask for a very great metamorphic change; but the bird and the mammal, even in their outer covering of feathers and hair, present us with a greater developmental difficulty. The difference between the skin, with its appendages, of a frog or salamander on the one hand, and that of a bird or mammal on the other, is certainly as great as the difference between the hairy skin of the caterpillar and the scaly covering of the butterfly. Such outgrowths from the skin as feathers and hair are seen for the first time in the bird and mammal respectively; there are no structures comparable to them in any of the types below. Nay, even below the mammals and birds, among the true reptiles, we see modifications of the skin which are quite new to us in the scale of ascent. And these familiar but remarkable outward changes, seen in the three great groups of air-breathing vertebrata, are correlated with equally great internal changes which affect the whole structure of the animal. To me it appears that not even the lowest of these three groups—reptiles, birds, and mammals—arose, without metamorphosis, by gentle, insensible changes from an amphibian type; and I see no reason to suppose that they all three had one common metamorphosing parentage. I should rather be inclined to derive them from the same stratum of life—from the same intensely vital root-stock, but from independent suckers. They would then be quite near enough akin to have very much in common, whilst the special diverging development in each case may have been sufficient to initiate all those great differences that have appeared during the ages and generations since these air-breathing types arose; yet each group had, possibly, a *multi-larval* origin.

The various modes of the development and maturation of the larvæ (tadpoles) of frogs and toads, and the imperfect, hesitating, and irregular metamorphosis of several of the salamandrian types help us greatly in this dilemma. Nature, working, so to speak, after the counsel of her own will, allows a marvellous amount of liberty to her amphibian children, letting them settle their family-matters in their own way. And during the chances and changes of amphibian life, now and in the past, there has been a necessity laid upon these lowly tribes to be wise in their generation, and prudently to hide themselves and their offspring from danger in this manner and in that.

Take the case of our common frog, whose eggs and larvæ are a prey to the teeth of a thousand greedy enemies. Those that escape these dangers have barely time to transform and take on aerial and terrestrial life before the streams and the brooks are dried up. In some cases, as in the primeval forests of South America, the eggs are laid and the tadpoles are developed in the midst of the moist herbage at the roots of the trees. In other cases the tadpole never develops more than the merest trace of gills, as in the monstrous toad (*Pipa*) of Surinam. In this type the broad, flat back of the female is covered with a multitude of small pockets, each of which, in spawning time, is filled with a single egg about the size of a pea. The egg, being much larger than in the ordinary kinds, has an unusual amount of food-yolk in it; and the embryo develops into the larva, and the larva into the perfect toad, in the closed pocket. By the time the young escape from the pouches on the back of the mother, they are as far advanced in development as are the young of the common frog and toad six months after the loss of their tail. In other kinds of South American tailless amphibia the eggs are placed in a large continuous pouch on the back of the mother, a cavity very similar to the abdominal pouch of a kangaroo or opossum.

Again, the tailed amphibia (salamanders and newts), all of which have gills either permanently or for a time, show great variations in the mode of their development. The newt, after hatching, swims about as a gill-bearing larva for some two or three months; but the true salamanders (*Salamandra atra* and *S. maculosa*) are viviparous, and in the latter species the young are retained for a whole year in the oviduct. Nevertheless the embryo develops gills freely, and if these embryos are artificially born they breathe by their gills, which they subsequently lose. Certain kinds of the tailed amphibia retain their gills throughout life, although the lungs also are well developed, as in that blind albino the *Proteus* of the subterranean caves of Carniola, and in the American *Menobranchus*. The well-known, large, gill-bearing salamander of Mexico—the axolotl—is very apt to undergo transformation when young, and the transformed individual has to be placed in the highest group of the tailed amphibia, while those which do not undergo transformation belong to the lowest.

Directly below these transforming amphibian types, which, normally, have limbs with four or five digits, there is an order of *fishes* which are double breathers (*Dipnoi*), having both lungs and gills, permanently, like the lower tailed amphibia; the limbs of these fishes do not divide, like those of the amphibia, into fingers and toes. That these forms are very generalized and ancient is quite certain. They are nearly extinct: only one (*Protopterus*) being found in Western Africa, another (*Lepidosiren*) in Louisiana, and a third (*Ceratodus*) in Australia. The teeth of this last kind have been found in nearly the lowest secondary rocks of this country; it was the contemporary of the oldest known marsupial animals.

We are thus led to this important fact—namely, that below those remarkable metamorphosing types, the amphibia, there is a group of fishes, evidently very ancient, of so general a structure as to combine, in their organization, characters that make it difficult to say whether they are more related to cartilaginous fishes, to ganoid fishes, or to amphibia. Now, generalized types, such as these double-breathing fishes, and types that undergo metamorphosis, are most instructive to the biologist.

The development of these remarkable fishes has not yet been studied; it is very probable that they also undergo metamorphosis.* If this is the case, their larva will be found to represent a much simpler and lower kind of vertebrated animal than that of either the newt or the frog.

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* Since the above was written, Mr. Caldwell has discovered that the Australian kind —*Ceratodus*—does undergo metamorphosis.

The facts detailed above will, I think, satisfy any reasonable mind that, although there is nothing in the development of the types that can be called a creative catastrophe, yet remarkable and often sudden changes do take place. If these variations are partial, they lead to the formation of species, genera, and families; but the uprise of such groups as reptiles, birds, and mammals from lower gill-bearing tribes can only be accounted for on the supposition of a complete metamorphosis.

If we knew as much about those ancient amphibia that we suppose were parental to the highest forms as we do about the modern amphibia, tailed and tailless, it is very probable that we should find nothing more to wonder at than we do actually find in the metamorphosis of these familiar types.

It is impossible here to enter into the details of the various stages that are to be found in the embryos of the highest types of the vertebrata; but the embryologist is perfectly satisfied that these are the unused, historical equivalents of stages which were utilized in active life in the ancient types from which the present high vertebrata have arisen.

II.

And now, having thus crept down from rank to rank of the great vertebrate hierarchy, we have found no variation which cannot be accounted for as having been brought about in one or other of two ways—either by slow and gradual modification, as in the case of the various divisions of the mammalia, or by metamorphosis, as, probably, in the rise of reptiles, birds, and mammals from low, generalized, aquatic types. So far, we have been able to give an answer to the first question. We now come to the second question: Did the vertebrata themselves arise suddenly by a creative catastrophe, or did they spring, by metamorphosis, from lower, non-vertebrate types; the forms so metamorphosed subsequently undergoing slow, secular changes?

The attempt to answer this question will be put in as few words as possible. The evidence here in favour of evolution, more or less gradual or sudden, is of precisely the same kind as that with regard to the rise of the higher vertebrata from the lower.

There is a misconception in many minds as to the relation of the vertebrata to the non-vertebrated tribes; the two groups are looked upon as practically the two halves of the animal kingdom. This view is quite erroneous. There are many groups that are the proper zoological equivalents of the vertebrata. The vertebrata are but the highest of the many culminations of the tribes that rise above the protozoa, or first and lowest forms of animal life. Hence, in any attempt to answer this second question, we must keep clear of all other culminations—the various groups of the highly specialized

Arthropods, as insects, spiders, lobsters, &c., and also all the various orders of the soft-bodied unjointed shell-fish (*Molluscs*) ; and, indeed, of many more groups which have become modified in this way and in that, along certain ascending lines.

Now, there is one mysterious little creature, the lancelet (*Amphioxus*), which is neither a vertebrated type, nor a worm, but something intermediate between the two; this type yields the first and best light we get upon the difficult subject of the uprise of the vertebrata. The next type below this is the sea-squid (*Ascidian*) ; of this there are many kinds, species, genera, and families. The ascidians undergo metamorphosis, and are most useful to us in this inquiry while in their larval state. I can only give a very meagre account of these two sorts of creatures—the lancelet and the ascidian—and of their relationship to the vertebrata.

First, let it be remembered that these low forms are classified with the vertebrata in one general group—the *Chordata*. They all have a cord of cellular tissue running along the axis of their body—throughout the whole length of the animal in the lancelet, only along the tail in the ascidian larvæ, and from the middle of the skull to the end of the tail in all the vertebrata. This tract of delicate tissue is enclosed in an elastic sheath. In the lancelet and in the vertebrata, the continuous nervous axis lies over this primary skeletal cord, which is more primitive even than the muscular segments into which in these types the body is divided.

Just above the lancelet comes the hag-fish (*Myxine*) with its relative, the large *Bdellostoma* of the Cape region. These also have no vertebræ; they have a strong skull, but their long body, with its numerous fleshy segments or rings, is supported, not by cartilaginous arches or vertebræ, but merely by a huge dorsal cord (the notochord), with its thick, tough, elastic sheath. The lamprey, during its larval life, has the same simple structure, and so have all the vertebrata *for a time*.

The respiratory organs of the fishes just mentioned, and those also of the tadpoles of frogs and toads, enable us to understand the morphology of the aquatic respiratory organs of the true vertebrated types, and to see that they are merely a modification of the huge, vascular, perforated throat of such forms as the lancelet and the ascidian. In these low forms, the large upper end of the digestive tube is highly vascular, and has a great number of clefts in it, so that water can pass freely through the walls; and thus fresh and fresh currents containing oxygen in solution are perpetually bathing the lining of the throat with its fine network of capillary blood-vessels. The respiratory organs of all gill-bearing vertebrata are but a modification of this simple apparatus, intensely specialised certainly, but fundamentally the same.

These are the most striking harmonies; but embryology is daily bringing to light new evidence of the intimate relationship of the vertebrata to those low, non-vertebrate types which agree with the high forms in having a perforated pharynx for respiration and an axial body-cord.

There may have been in the earlier epochs—most probably there were—innumerable low and soft-bodied creatures which "died and made no sign"—left no fossil remains. Forms must have existed, intermediate, on the one hand, between the sea-squid and the lancelet; and, on the other hand, between the lancelet and the low radical forms of the vertebrated types. The morphological distance between a newly hatched frog's tadpole and the adult frog is almost as great as that between the adult lancelet and the newly hatched larva of the lamprey.

Gradually, as biological laboratories and stations increase, and as studies of this kind become more general, so as to make it an opprobrium for any educated man to be entirely ignorant of such matters, the mists that rest upon these great subjects, and the misconceptions that are formed of them, will assuredly disperse. The wish of many, of whom better things might have been expected, is evidently that the shadow on the dial should be brought backwards, and not be allowed to take its normal course. There is, however, "no variableness, neither shadow of turning," in the morphological force; it is perpetually clothing itself afresh and afresh with "the things which are seen"—itself an emanation from the Great Unseen, the Eternal.

In conclusion, we may rapidly traverse the ground already gone over. Thus we shall see if there is anything that stands in the way of the views here taken as to the origin of the nobler animal forms. If the groups made by zoologists—varieties, races, species, genera, families, &c.—are merely convenient pens into which we may put our cattle according to the nearness or distance of their relation to each other, then it is evident that there are no absolute distinctions between the groups. If, also, the fossil forms—all, as far as they go—suggest the gradual divarication of types from each other during secular periods, according to fixed laws, and if embryology in the revelation of the various stages of development of the embryo gives the same kind of evidence, then it is clear that we are on safe ground, and may confidently draw our deductions.

Now, this is certain, that whichever great group of gill-less vertebrates we examine—reptiles, birds, or mammals—we may go to the bottom or foundation of that group without ever seeing the necessity for more than a very limited and partial amount of transformation. There, however, we must use our imagination; but if this be bridled and kept well in hand, we shall not be carried away to any region of "science, falsely so-called." Once at the base of these three great groups, we must call in the aid of metamorphosis; yet this need be no greater nor more wonderful than that which we are all familiar with in the development of beetles and of butterflies, of newts and of frogs.

That great change which we call metamorphosis, a most marvellous transformation of an active living creature of a low type into one of a much higher grade, is certainly not quite a soluble problem to us at present. This change, however, is not a rare, momentary, miraclous cataclysm, but a perfectly normal mode, in which the morphological force works in the development of a very large proportion of existing animal forms. It still takes place in several orders of the vertebrata. There is no adult fish, except one or two manifestly degraded types—the hag and the lamprey—that is at all comparable for lowliness to the tadpole of the common frog or toad. Yet this creature, which might have remained in its larval state throughout life, becomes in a few months a much more elevated type than any fish.*

Once at the bottom of the fish-class, we are in the neighbourhood of forms which, as we have seen, are at an almost immeasurable distance below the vertebrata, and yet give promise of that pattern of structure which characterizes the vertebrata.

When modern biology is as old and as strong as modern astronomy, then those two great problems—the meaning, nature, and causes of metamorphosis; and the uprise of the vertebrata from non-vertebrate types—will undoubtedly have received much elucidation. Meantime, there are those who, having put their hands to this plough, will not look back. By them the orderly sequence of organic phenomena is never even imagined as taking place without the introduction of the element of *time*. It has become absolutely impossible for them to imagine that the almost infinite complexity of a high kind of creature—say, an ox, a horse, or a man—did at first arrange itself miraculously in an actual moment of time. According to the old notion of creation, atoms must have run into molecules, molecules have become protoplasmic cells, cells have become differentiated, and transformed themselves into various tissues, these tissues have become organs of divers kinds, and these organs have been collocated and set to work—with all their harmonious correlations and co-adaptations—all this with an utter elimination of the element of time.

This timeless hurly-burly was devoutly attributed to the ETERNAL.

W. K. PARKER.

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* The tadpoles of some frogs are two or three years before they transform, and may be made to remain much longer in the larval state. I strongly suspect that some individuals among the larvæ of the paradoxical frog (*Pseudis*) do not transform at all. These facts must lead us to see the wide and powerful influence of surroundings, upon both the manner and extent of the development of the individual organism.

CANON LIDDON'S THEORY OF THE EPISCOPATE.

THE sermon which Canon Liddon preached in St. Paul's at the consecration of Bishops King and Bickersteth will no doubt mark a distinct stage in the history of Anglo-Catholicism. For some time past Canon Liddon's sermons have been to a great extent outside the range of the internal controversies of Christendom. They have been powerful appeals to the practice of the common Christian virtues, or elaborate vindications of Christianity against new forms of unbelief. In spite of the thin streak of sacerdotalism which a keen eye might detect in them, they have drawn and held together the vast congregations who have listened to them by their breadth of human sympathy and their catholicity of Christian doctrine.

It has been a problem with some persons whether this indicated a new departure of Anglo-Catholicism in the direction of liberal or evangelical teaching, or whether it masked a further retreat into the fastnesses of dogma. At last, and on a fitting occasion, the doubt has been resolved. A long passage has been inserted into a sermon on the paternal character of the Episcopate, which has no necessary connection with what either precedes or follows it, and which, under the circumstances, must be regarded in the light of a manifesto. It defines the attitude of the Anglo-Catholic party to Christianity in terms which cannot be mistaken. The position is taken up that organization is part of the essence of a Church; that a Christian community, unless it has a particular class of officers, is not a Church at all; that Episcopacy is of Divine origin, and consequently of Divine obligation.

The position is not a new one, and the literature which maintains or combats it is already considerable. Canon Liddon did not attempt to exhaust in a single sermon the arguments by which it has been at various times defended; nor would it be possible in these pages to state all the arguments which may be advanced against it, or to deal with the literary history of any of them. But the limits even of a short article are sufficient to state the main assumptions which underlie the position, and to direct attention to the main difficulties which they present.

There are two preliminary assumptions which underlie not only Canon Liddon's theory, but almost all theories of Christian organization. The one is the assumption that Jesus Christ founded, whether mediately or immediately, a visible society, or group of societies; the other is the assumption that He intended that society, or group of societies, to have a single form of organization. It is conceivable that both assumptions are true; it is certain that they both require proof. The first of them is difficult to prove in face of the wide promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." That promise is the charter of all Christian communities, and there is nothing to limit the freedom of association which it implies. The second of these assumptions is even more difficult to prove than the first, for, in the absence of any words of the New Testament which directly sanction or require any particular form of organization, it can only be maintained by making the ancillary assumption that the particular form of organization which the Apostles framed or accepted was intended to be permanent.

It is remarkable that these large assumptions, which form, so to speak, the major premisses of any argument on the subject, have received so small a share of attention compared with the attention which has been given to the statements of early writers as to facts of early Christian history. It is probable that the controversies of the future may chiefly differ from those of the past in being concerned with these preliminary assumptions. For it is obvious that, until they are either granted or proved, no discussion as to the proper form of Christian organization can properly go on. If Christians have a free right of association in the name of Christ, the claim of any one community to be the exclusive inheritor of the Divine blessing falls to the ground. If the usage of Apostolic times does not bind all times to come, the question whether Episcopacy or Presbyterianism is the more primitive has a merely antiquarian interest.

But supposing that with Canon Liddon and many other writers we take these assumptions, at least provisionally, as either granted or proved, the next step is to inquire what was the form of polity which Jesus Christ and His Apostles framed for the society, or societies, which they founded, and which, according to these assumptions, is binding upon us still. Unfortunately, there is no general agreement on the point; nor does the New Testament give us much help in respect to it. The earliest Church History, the Acts of the Apostles, mentions the appointment of "the Seven," to whom it gives no special designation, and who may have been only temporary officers; it mentions also apostles, deacons, prophets, evangelists, presbyters, bishops, and teachers. The Epistles enumerate the same classes of officers, with possibly some others. In the Pastoral Epistles the qualifications of at least two kinds of officers are described with some minuteness. Now, since these various classes of officers have not all survived, the first question which arises is, On what principle are we to decide which of them were intended to be temporary, and which of them were intended to form part of the permanent organization, or, to follow Canon Liddon's way of putting it, to be of the *esse* of a Church? Why, for example, should the office of evangelist, which, like that of bishop, is mentioned in the Acts, in an epistle of St. Paul, and in the Pastoral Epistles, be held to be unessential, and that of bishop essential? For some persons it would be sufficient to account for the lapse of the one and the continued existence of the other by the principle of the "survival of the fittest." But that is no answer for an Anglo-Catholic; nor does Canon Liddon give any hint as to what his answer would be. Important as the question is from any point of view, and absolutely necessary to be determined from his point of view, he does not even mention it. He marches on into the enemy's country with this fortress of an unsolved problem in his rear, which he must one day capture or admit defeat.

But if we take for granted, as Canon Liddon does, that some elements of the Apostolic organization of the Christian communities were destined to lapse, it is necessary to note the two large assumptions which have to be made before any one can begin to prove what he wishes to prove in regard to an element which has survived. The first assumption is that the Apostles had authority to appoint successors to their own office; the second is that those successors were invested with the same powers as the Apostles themselves. In proof of the former of these assumptions, Canon Liddon quotes a well-known passage of Clement of Rome; that passage may be held to prove the historical fact, but it does not prove the Divine authority. In proof of the latter assumption, he quotes the words of Jesus Christ: "As the Father hath sent Me, so send I you." He interprets these words to mean that the Apostles were "invested with the fulness of ministerial power," and he includes in this "ministerial power" the power to invest other persons with the powers which they possessed themselves. This is an enormous inference to build upon a slender foundation. It is at least a reasonable hypothesis that the office of the Twelve was unique; and to a certain extent even Canon Liddon admits this, for he says, "In another [sense] the Apostles have no successors; they alone were privileged to found the Church of Christ, and, while founding it, to wield a world-wide jurisdiction." This admission as to certain of their functions is fatal to the inference as to other functions. A controversialist is not entitled to give to words which he quotes an arbitrary limitation; they must be held to apply universally, or not at all.

It is only by thus building assumption upon assumption that we can at length reach a point at which it becomes possible to deal with the theory that modern bishops are the successors whom *ex hypothesi* the Apostles appointed, and who, "in addition to the fulness of ministerial capacity, had also the power of transmitting it." The main proof which Canon Liddon brings forward for this theory (for the argument from the "angels" of the Apocalypse is too shadowy to call for examination) is singularly complex. It is, in effect, that, since in the New Testament the words bishop and presbyter are used interchangeably of the same officers, the modern bishops are not those whom the New Testament calls bishops, but that another order of officers, who are the historical predecessors of modern bishops, may be discovered in Titus and Timothy, and that the Apostles did not bequeath their functions to those who in the succeeding generation were called apostles, nor to those who were at the time called bishops, but to this order of which Titus and Timothy are the representatives, to which no distinctive name is given in the New Testament, but by which subsequently the title of bishop was appropriated. This argument is a somewhat slender instrument with which to demolish all the non-Episcopal Churches of Christendom. It may be observed to involve at least two assumptions. The one is that the offices which Titus and Timothy held were not temporary, but permanent, or, in other words, that their commission from St. Paul was not a commission to do certain things at a certain place and at a certain time, but a *delegatio perpetua*: of this there is no evidence whatever. The other is that the powers with which they were invested were the plenary powers of Apostles, including (on the assumption that the Apostles had such a power) the power of transmitting the same powers to their successors for all time to come. A large inference like this requires specific evidence; the total absence of any such evidence raises a presumption against the truth of the theory which requires it.

But even if Canon Liddon's inferences from the position of Titus and Timothy were more cogent than they can be said to be, there would still be two considerable difficulties in the way of believing that modern bishops are, in Canon Liddon's sense of the words, successors of the Apostles.

The first difficulty in the way is that which is presented by the Ignatian Epistles. Those Epistles, which, whatever may be their precise date, certainly lie within the penumbra of the Apostolic age, not only ignore Canon Liddon's theory, but also state a theory which is incompatible with it. In the view of the writer of those Epistles, the bishop stands in the place, not of the Apostles, but of Jesus Christ; the successors of the Apostles are the presbyters (*ad Magnes.* 6, *ad Trall.* 2, *ad Philad.* 5, *ad Smyrn.* 8). It is inconceivable that, if Canon Liddon's theory had been the accepted theory at the time, the writer of the Ignatian Epistles would not have known it; it is also inconceivable that, if he had known it, he would have silently passed it by, and stated not once only, but in four separate epistles, and not as a novelty, but as a commonly accepted belief upon which he builds an exhortation, the incompatible view that it is presbyters, and not bishops, who stand in the Apostles' places. The absence of all reference to these Epistles in Canon Liddon's sermon is singularly significant. He quotes the one passage in the literature of the first two centuries which, when detached from its context, appears to support his view; but he seems to show his consciousness of the grave difficulty which the Ignatian Epistles present by omitting to mention them.

The second difficulty is that which arises, if Canon Liddon's premisses be accepted, from our Lord's words to St. Peter. Whatever His words to the Apostles prove as to the powers of their supposed successors in the Episcopate is proved with far greater force by His words to St. Peter as to the powers of his supposed successors in the Papacy. If the powers given to the Apostles were given to them not personally, but officially, and not to them as representing the Church at large, but as representing the long line of their successors, it is difficult to see how the contention can be met that the "power of the keys," and the special power of discipline which is implied in the words "Be the shepherd of My sheep," were also given to St. Peter not personally, but officially, and not as the representative of an order, but as representing the line of his own successors. If once I accepted Canon Liddon's premisses, the force of an irresistible logic would drive me from the Church of England to the Church of Rome, and not to the Church of Rome only, but to the straitest sect of Ultramontanism. For I cannot forget that the great writers who, within the Church of Rome itself, have from time to time attacked what is known as Papalism have found it necessary to abandon the whole theory of transmitted powers, and to rest their case upon the theory which Canon Liddon repudiates, that all bishops, including the Pope himself, derive their powers from the community of which they are the ministers.

With these difficulties in the way, and with this succession of large assumptions which it is not given to every one to accept without adequate proof, some of us who hold the Christian faith not less strongly than Canon Liddon must be forgiven if we do not attach the importance which he attaches either to organization in itself or to a particular form of it. To us, no less than to Anglo-Catholics, Christ is "the power of God and the wisdom of God;" but we cannot find any command of Christ which requires us, when we are drawn together into communities by the constraining force of a common faith and a mutual love, to have a particular class of officers. We believe that if organization had had the importance which many persons attach to it, that importance would have been marked in the sacred record. The main facts of that record are clear enough for those who in any sense accept it. The cardinal doctrines of the existence of sin and the efficacy of Christ's redemption are put outside the region of precarious inferences from uncertain phrases. But upon Canon Liddon's own showing, and even if all his arguments be true, we have in the doctrine of the necessity of the Episcopate a doctrine which depends upon what must at best be called a curious jugglery of words, upon the hypothesis that the New Testament bishops are not now bishops, but presbyters, and that those who are now called bishops have succeeded to the functions of those who were once called apostles. It is incredible that a doctrine which is thus based, if it has a basis at all, upon complex and uncertain inferences should be a vital doctrine of Christianity, and that those who do not hold it should have no sacraments, no share in the communion of saints, and no right to bear the Christian name. There is not, on the other hand, a single statement of the New Testament, or a single fact of Church history, that is not compatible with the belief, which is parallel to almost all else that we know of the working of God, whether in nature or in grace, that the Christian communities have a free right of organization, that different forms of organization have been developed by the force of circumstances as the ages have gone on, and that the forms of organization which survive are survivals of the fittest, and thereby part of the moral government of God.

EDWIN HATCH.

PEASANT PROPRIETORS IN IRELAND.

IT seems generally admitted that it would be desirable to facilitate the acquisition of their holdings by tenants in Ireland. Before, however, any steps are taken, it is necessary to consider whether these facilities should be given, with a view of providing a market for encumbered estates, or whether the object ought to be to turn Ireland, for the most part, into a country of peasant properties.

A few considerations on the real cause of the Irish agrarian difficulty may be welcome to those who take an interest in this question.

In the first place, it is essential to bear constantly in mind that it was only in 1605 that the illegality of the native Irish tenures of land was affirmed, that tribal rules of succession to landed property were abolished, and that the English common law was declared to be in force in Ireland.* The indifference to existing rights with which this measure was carried out has done as much as any other event in Irish history, not excepting repeated confiscations, to bring about the agrarian difficulty. Under the tribal system the clan had a vested interest in the soil; when, therefore, it was assumed that the land was the absolute property of the chief, the great body of the people were deprived of proprietary rights. Undoubtedly it was necessary to reform the archaic land system then prevailing in Ireland; but care should have been taken to effect a composition of the complicated rights of chiefs and clansmen. No effort of the kind was made; gross injustice was consequently done to the clansmen, and the seeds were sown of lasting discontent. This reform, moreover, was followed almost immediately by the plantation of Ulster, and the era of intermittent confiscation began.

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* In Hilary Term, 3rd James I. See "Sir John Davies' Reports," p. 40.

In consequence of the outlawry of some great Ulster nobles, an area of two millions of acres, comprising the six counties of Donegal, Londonderry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh, escheated to the Crown. It was determined to plant this territory with English and Scotch settlers. But, whatever may have been the guilt of the lords, the clansmen had done nothing to forfeit their proprietary rights in the soil. Nevertheless, in consequence of the decision of 1605, these rights were entirely ignored. The clansmen were driven from their old homes. They were, it is true, promised land to be selected for them by agents of the Government; but the land in which they possessed a clear and definite estate was handed over to strangers. Although their deepest feelings were hurt, and their most cherished traditions disregarded, nevertheless they would in time have condoned this high-handed action if authority had shown them that it would respect the rights of property in future. Instead of doing so it acted in such a way as to convince the people that the settled policy of the State was to deprive the Irish race of all property in the land. The promise of compensation to dispossessed clansmen was not always fulfilled. In many cases they were deprived of their lands without any means of subsistence being assigned to them. This was the manner in which the clansmen were treated. Persons called Discoverers then appeared upon the scene, who received commissions to inquire into defective titles of landlords. In a country where an archaic system of land tenure had only just been abolished, and where tribal wars and other circumstances had done much to confuse titles, it was not possible for the landlords always to produce overwhelming evidence of title. If, however, the slightest technical flaw in this evidence was discovered, the estate was adjudged to the Crown, and the owner received it back on paying a heavy fine or a high quit-rent, or it was given to some favourite of the Government, or some discoverer as a reward for his efficiency. This policy could only end in one way. The people were exasperated beyond endurance. The impoverished lords and foreign intriguers excited their wildest and most angry passions, and on the night of the 22nd of October, 1641, the great Irish rebellion broke out.

The struggle lasted eleven years. Lord Clare described it in his great speech on the Union as a war of extermination. Sir W. Petty* calculated that, out of a population of 1,466,000, as many as 616,000 perished by the sword, pestilence, and famine. When tranquillity was restored, almost all the land belonging to the Irish in the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster was confiscated; and the province of Connaught, which had been almost entirely depopulated and laid waste in the progress of the rebellion, was selected by Cromwell as the future home of the disinherited race.*

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* Quoted by Lecky, "History of England," vol. ii. p. 172.

The principles on which the confiscations of Cromwell rested were capable of so wide an application that hardly any one could escape. In the first place, all persons who had taken part in the rebellion before November, 1642, or who had in any way assisted the rebels before that date, and also some hundred persons belonging to the aristocracy of Ireland, were condemned to death, and to the absolute loss of their properties. Secondly, all landowners who had at any time fought either for the rebels or for the King against the Parliament were to lose their estates, but to receive one-third of their value in Connaught land. Lastly, Catholics who had never resisted the Parliament, but who had not taken the Parliamentary side, were to be deprived of their estates, but to receive two-thirds of the value in Connaught. The disinherited people were ordered to retire to Connaught by a certain day, and were forbidden to recross the Shannon on pain of death. This sentence was rigidly enforced until the Restoration. With the return of the Royal family, matters mended a little, but no serious attempt was made to remedy the gross injustice which had been done by the Commonwealth. The confiscated land had been given either to the soldiers and officers of the Republican army, in satisfaction for arrears of pay, or it was held by persons in payment for money which they had advanced with the Royal sanction to the Parliament at the beginning of the insurrection. It would, of course, have been a gross injustice to have disregarded their interests. At the same time it is quite impossible to defend the Act of Settlement and Explanation by which it was sought to satisfy the various claims to Irish land. This Act simply disturbed the Cromwellian settlement; it did little or nothing to rectify the high-handed wrongs which had been perpetrated under the Protector's rule. Thousands of the old Irish proprietors, who had been dispossessed for their attachment to the English Crown, had their claims to compensation disallowed, and were excluded for ever from their old possessions; and no less than 7,800,000 acres of land were set out under this Act to a number of English adventurers, to the total exclusion of the old inhabitants of the island.†

When James II. came to the throne, the Irish hoped to regain some of their ancient power, and at the Revolution they made a desperate effort to recover it. They were again defeated, and there was a fresh confiscation of more than a million acres of land, of an annual value of over £200,000.‡ This property was sold to defray expenses incurred by the Government during the war, and a new set of adventurers were introduced into the country. This was the last of the wholesale confiscations. "It was, to say the truth," Burke wrote, "not a revolution, but a conquest." During the seventeenth century no inconsiderable portion of the country had been confiscated twice and three times over. So that, as Lord Clare remarked, the situation of the Irish nation at the accession of Anne stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world.

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* For a description of Connaught at this time see Prendergast, "Cromwellian Settlement," p. 47, *et seq.*

† Lord Clare, "Speech on the Union," p. 19.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 20.

During the eighteenth century the penal laws against the Catholics intensified still more the agrarian difficulty.* Under this system no Catholic could buy or inherit land from a Protestant. He could not hold a lease for more than thirty-one years, or any lease under which his profits exceeded one-third of his rent. If he bought land from a Protestant, the first Protestant who informed against him became the proprietor. The few Catholic landlords whose estates had not been confiscated were not permitted to bequeath land; and, with a view of destroying the social position of the Catholic aristocracy, the landed estate of a Catholic landlord was divided equally among his sons, unless the eldest became a Protestant, in which case he took the whole estate. If a grown-up son became a Protestant, he could force his father to produce the title deeds of his estate, to declare its value upon oath, and the Chancellor had power to confer as much of it as he pleased upon the son. Of course, the result of all this was to sow discord and insubordination in families, to create a motley crew of miscreants who preyed upon property, and to intensify the antagonism between classes. This antagonism was further developed by economic causes. In 1739 a cattle plague broke out in Holstein, spread rapidly over Germany and Holland, and finally extended to England. The price of cattle rose considerably, and this circumstance, together with the fact that pasture land in Ireland was exempted from tithes, led to the wholesale eviction of small tenants, and the consolidation of their holdings into large grazing farms. These evictions produced intense exasperation and induced the peasantry to band together in secret combinations, which, under the designation of Whiteboys, Ribbonmen, Rockites, Threshers and Carders, Terry-Alts, Starlighters, Moonlighters, and other vagrant names, have since then from time to time thrown the country into a state of turmoil and confusion.

The various attempts to deal with the Irish agrarian difficulty made during the nineteenth century have been remarkable for their want of consistency. Within the last five-and-thirty years there have been four Irish Land Bills, each passed by a Liberal Government, and each was considered at the time it passed to be the true remedy for the ills of Ireland. These were the

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* The list of the principal penal laws against the Catholics will be found in Lecky "History of England," vol. i. p. 286, *et seq.*

Encumbered Estates Act, the Act of 1860, the Act of 1870, the Act of 1881. It is impossible to pretend that these laws were the outcome one of the other, or that they can be regarded as expressions of a consistent policy.

The Encumbered Estates Act disregarded in the most ruthless manner existing interests and settlements. Its effect was to plant a new set of adventurers on Irish soil, who ignored all the old customs which had done something to mitigate the exasperation of the people. The Act of 1860 went a step further. It endeavoured to destroy the last remnant of the old land customs, and to substitute for them a law of contract almost as rigid as that which prevails in France, and stricter than the English law. The Act of 1870 was an attempt to protect the children and representatives of the old clansmen by hardening into positive law the practices which still lingered on unsold ancestral estates. The Act of 1881 proceeded further in this direction, and endeavoured to solve the agrarian difficulty by restoring to the tenantry all over Ireland the old custom which obtained in the province of Ulster alone the force of law. Beyond all question, the Acts of 1870 and 1881 have placed the tenant-farmers of Ireland in a position infinitely better than that occupied by the hirer of land in any portion of the civilized world. Nevertheless, further legislation is absolutely necessary in order to bring to a close those intermittent agrarian revolutions, first begun by Sir John Davis and his colleagues in 1605, and which have been perpetually recurring for the last 280 years. These revolutions have completely unsettled the peasant-mind with respect to property in land, and the injustice they have wrought, at one time to the landlords and at another to the tenants, is kept fresh in the memory of the Irishman by many circumstances of his daily life. There has not been a single agitation in Ireland of which the propelling power has not been the desire of the peasant to become possessed of the land. The struggle for Catholic emancipation was no exception. During the height of that struggle a very keen observer, Prince Pückler-Muskau, travelled in Ireland. He associated with all sorts and conditions of men. He stayed with the Lord-Lieutenant, and with some of the great nobility. He was the guest of semi-barbarous squireens, of Catholic priests, and of fanatical Orangemen. The circumstance of his being a foreigner induced these persons to speak more freely than they would otherwise have done. He went, among other places, to Derrynane, and one day, riding with O'Connell, he expressed his opinion that the real enthusiasm for emancipation was not so much because it would render Catholic gentlemen eligible for the public service, and open to Catholics the prizes of the Bar, as because it was a breach in the citadel of Protestant ascendancy, the outward and visible sign of an agrarian settlement, which the people longed to overthrow. O'Connell unwillingly admitted the justice of the observation.* The hope of getting the land from an Irish Parliament was at the bottom of the enthusiasm for the Repeal movement, and of whatever sympathy the peasant had with the Young Ireland party. The Phœnix conspiracy of 1859, the Fenian conspiracy of 1865–7, were so far supported by the peasant as they seemed more or less likely to obtain for him the possession of the soil. Just about 1860 there was a very widespread notion among the peasantry in Kerry that war might break out between England and France. The wish was father to the thought. They all hoped the French might land in Ireland. "What good would that do you?" said Bishop Moriarty one day to a peasant who expressed a wish for a French invasion; "they would drive off your cattle, and they would take your hay for their horses." "What matter, my lord?" was the reply, "they would give us the land." That the desire of the farmer to become the owner of his holding on as cheap terms as he can is the real strength of recent Irish movements, few, I suppose, now doubt, and nothing better characterizes the present state of things than Lord Clare's comparison of the Irish gentry to a garrison hemmed in by enemies brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation.

If the object of statesmen be to win the peasant from passive or active sympathy with revolution, they clearly ought to aim at placing him in such a position that he has nothing to hope from revolutionary change. Now, the first act of an Irish Convention would undoubtedly be to declare the occupiers of the soil the owners. Give the Irish tenant the certainty that if he only complies with some fixed, and not very onerous obligations, his holding will belong absolutely to him, and every year that passes over will leave him less disposed to sympathize with sedition, and more and more to realize that he has no interest in disorder.

Before suggesting how this can be accomplished, I propose to glance rapidly at the legislation of other countries.

With the exception of Norway, where the peasant never ceased to be the *de facto* owner of the soil, there has hardly been a State on the Continent where laws have not been made to establish a free peasant proprietary. As long ago as the thirteenth century the Republics of Bologna, Treviso, and Florence made the peasants absolute owners of the land they occupied, under conditions which involved compensation to the landlords. Ferdinand, the Catholic, promulgated an agrarian law conceived in a similar spirit for Aragon and Catalonia in 1486. I cannot here refer at any length to these examples. But those who may desire to investigate them will find them described in Muzzi, "Annali della Città de Bologna della sua Origine al 1796;" Muratori, "Antiquitates Italicæ," vol. xii.; Lastri,

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* "Briefe eines Verstorbenen."

"L' Osservatore Fiorentino sugli Edifizi della sua Patria;" and Çurita, "Anales de la Corona de Aragon," vol. iv.

The evils of dual ownership in the soil, and the bitter feelings between classes, which a complicated system of land tenure engenders, intensifies, and develops, is written so largely in the black and bloody characters of the French Revolution that he who runs may read. Throughout the whole of the eighteenth century every serious French writer pointed out the necessity of removing the ill-feeling between noble and peasant, which was kept up by their perpetual lawsuits on the subject of land. Those in high places, however, went on living in their fool's paradise. When Boncerf proposed the adoption of a scheme which had for its main object the simplification of tenure, he narrowly escaped imprisonment. The excitement caused by the publication of his book "Les Incovéniens des Droits féodaux" was not without influence in bringing about the dismissal of Turgot, and with the fall of that Minister the last hopes of an equitable and peaceful settlement disappeared. Thirteen years followed, during which various considerable reforms were made; but, as none of them went to the root of the evil, they simply intensified discontent. At last in August, 1789, and again in October, 1791, two laws were passed by the Constituante and the Legislative, to disentangle property in land, and to compensate for acquired rights which had to be abolished. But it was too late. Authority had slipped from the executive, and reform could not make itself felt during the progress of the Revolution. Anarchy ran riot. The châteaux of the nobility were sacked and burnt, not so much out of personal hatred to the owners as for the purpose of destroying the muniment-rooms and obliterating the documentary evidence which the nobles had to rely upon in their perpetual litigation with the peasants. The Convention appeared upon the scene, and wholesale confiscation became the order of the day. After the 18th Brumaire, when Bonaparte restored to France the blessings of a civilized existence, the old proprietors who acknowledged the *de facto* government had their properties returned, or were otherwise compensated. But the honour of bringing to a close the French agrarian struggle was reserved for the Government of Charles X. This was accomplished by M. de Villèle when, by his great scheme for the *Conversion des Rentes*, he found means to compensate handsomely all those who had lost their properties during the Revolution.

This financial scheme is not sufficiently applicable to the state of things in Ireland to warrant any notice here. The great abiding lesson of French history, as far as it relates to land, is the pernicious and fatal effect of endeavouring to maintain a dual ownership in the soil. If we would get hints as to the best and most equitable mode of getting rid of such a system, we must turn our attention to countries east of the Rhine.

The princes of the House of Hohenzollern were the first German sovereigns who gave their attention to land reform. Frederic I., under the influence of Luben v. Wullffen, began the movement, and the reigns of Frederic William I., Frederic the Great, and even of Frederic William II., were distinguished by some useful agrarian laws. But it was under Frederic William III. that agrarian reforms, of a great and searching character, were carried out, and an example set which has since been followed by almost every State in Germany, and by the two great empires of Austria and Russia.

At the time of the accession of this sovereign land in Prussia was occupied by three sorts of persons. There was land held by nobles, land held by peasants, and land held by burghers. Each of these groups might exchange land within its own limits, but not beyond. A nobleman could not acquire peasant or burgher land, nor could a burgher become possessed of the landed estate of a noble or of the holding of a peasant, nor could a peasant buy the landed property either of a burgher or a noble. The whole monarchy was organized on the model of the old manorial organization, and the peasants were bound to render feudal service and pay dues to the lord of the manor. The peasants differed considerably in position according to the province in which they lived, and the local customs which regulated their relations to their lords. They may, however, be described with sufficient accuracy as being divided into two classes. One class held by hereditary tenure. When a peasant belonging to this category died, his eldest son, or where a custom similar to borough English prevailed, his youngest, took possession of the farm and became responsible to the lord of the manor for his claims. These consisted of certain dues in kind or money, and the right to the labour of the owner of the farm for two or three days in the week. The lord had, moreover, the right to send his cattle to graze on the holding of the peasant. On the other hand, he was obliged to support the peasant in misfortune, to supply him with fuel, and to keep his house and farm-buildings in repair. The hereditary occupier had also a certain limited right to graze his cattle on defined portions of the lord's estate.

The second class of peasants stood very much in the same general relations to their lords as the above-named category, but they did not hold by hereditary right. They lived, for the most part, in Prussia proper, Pomerania, Upper Silesia, and the Mark, and held, generally speaking, under lease which the lord might renew, or not, at its expiration. He could not, however, take the land into his own hands, or incorporate it in his domain. He was obliged by law to let it under conditions to a peasant. It was peasant land, and could only be held by a member of the peasant class.

This was the agrarian system of the country when the Peace of Tilsit was signed, and when, in the darkest hour in the history of the Prussian monarchy, Freiherr v. Stein was called from his home in Nassau to the foremost place in the councils of Frederic William III. He was assisted by colleagues, more than one of whom was of exceptional genius, and all of whom worked with untiring energy, in their various departments, to restore the broken fortunes of the State. Agriculture had suffered most severely during the war, and Stein was anxious that those whose fields had been wasted, and whose farm-buildings were destroyed, should receive some assistance. Subsidies, subventions, and the like were thought of, but it was evident that some more effectual remedy was required. Among the colleagues of Stein there was a man who had been a pupil of Kant at Königsberg, and a disciple also of Kraus, the well-known commentator on the "Wealth of Nations." This was Theodor v. Schön. It is hardly necessary to say that, under the influence of such training, he urged most strongly that it was in the real interest of all that forced labour should be abolished, free trade in land established, and all restrictions on its easy transfer removed. These views found favour with the King and the other Ministers, all of whom had been much influenced by the teaching of Adam Smith, and they were embodied in the memorable edict of 1807. Shortly afterwards Stein was driven into exile by Napoleon, but he was replaced by Hardenberg, and agrarian reform went on. In March, 1811, a decree was issued, permitting all peasants who lived on the Royal domains to redeem their dues and services by paying down in money twenty-five times their annual value. This edict was followed by another in September, which enacted that all dues and services hitherto paid by the peasants to their lords should cease on certain conditions. These were, that the peasant should renounce all rights to graze his cattle on the lord's domain, all claims on the lord for fuel, for assistance in misfortune, for the erection and repair of farm-buildings. Moreover, if he held by hereditary tenure, he was to surrender one-third of his land or its value, if for a fixed period, one-half of his land or its value, for the absolute use and benefit of the lord. The latter had a right to demand his compensation in land, but only in case the holding would still remain of fifty acres or upwards in extent. This edict was followed by another in 1816, giving some further compensation to the landlords of an indirect kind; and, lastly, by a law promulgated in 1821, which enacted that all dues in kind and feudal services should be compulsorily commuted into money, then they should be redeemable by the payment of a sum amounting to twenty-five years' purchase. If the money was not paid, the holding was subject to a yearly rent of 4 per cent. on a capital amounting to twenty-five years' purchase of the dues. But the rent could at any time be got rid of by paying down the capital sum. This law may be said to close the era of what is called the Stein-Hardenberg legislation. Up to this time there was no question of direct State help to enable the peasants to redeem their charges, and in many provinces they were so poor, and so sunk in debt, that during the forty years following the legislation of 1807 not one per cent. out of more than eight millions of persons engaged in agriculture became proprietors.[*] A new departure was taken in 1850, and in this year all rent-charges were made compulsorily redeemable, either by an immediate payment of a capital sum equal to eighteen years' purchase, or by the payment of 4½ per cent. for fifty-six years and one month, or 5 per cent. for forty-one years and one month, on a capital sum amounting to twenty years' purchase of the rent-charge. The Prussian statesmen, however, did not stop here. They determined to provide an effective machinery to ensure the swift and easy working of the law, and, following the example which had already been set by the Kingdom of Saxony and the Grand Duchy of Hesse, they resolved to establish land banks. A bank was established in each province, and was carried on by a manager and necessary staff under Government supervision. The bank advanced to the receiver of the commutation fund debentures representing a capital sum equal to twenty years' purchase of the rent-charge. These debentures bear interest at 4 per cent., guaranteed by the State, and are payable half-yearly. The method by which the annuity due by the occupier of the soil is paid is described with admirable clearness by Sir Robert Morier in his essay on the land tenures of Prussia. The peasant along with his rates and taxes pays the district collector every month one-twelfth part of the rent, calculated at 5 or 4½ per cent., according as he elected to free his property in forty-one or fifty-six years. The effect of this legislation was instantaneous. During the fifteen years following the introduction of the banks, purchase-money to the amount of some two millions sterling had been paid down. Debentures amounting to considerably over twelve millions sterling had been issued, of which nearly one-sixth had already been liquidated. In 1865 the banks were receiving about three-quarters of a million on account of rent, and that year very nearly a quarter of a million had been paid down to free rent-charge, redeemable at six months' notice.[†]

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[*] Dönniges, "Die Landes-Kultur Gesetzgebung Preussens," vol. iii. See also "Sugenheim Aufhebung der Leibeigenschaft," p. 474.

[†] See Lette and Ronne, "Landes Kultur Gesetzgebung des Preussischen Staats;" Mr. Henry Dix Hutton's pamphlet, "Prussian Land Tenure Reforms," and Sir Robert Morier's essay on "The Agrarian Legislation in Prussia during the Present Century," published by the Cobden Club.

The agrarian development of the other German States, with the exception of Mecklenburg, where the old state of things still continues, has been so similar to that of Prussia that I need not describe it in detail. It may be well, however, to say a word about Bavaria, because of its importance as being, after Prussia, the most important and powerful of the confederate States of the new German Empire.

Previous to 1848 the Bavarian peasant held his land under one of four kinds of tenure. These were called *Erbrecht*, *Leibrecht*, *Freistift*, and *Neustift*. If he held under *Erbrecht*, his heir succeeded on paying a fine to the lord of the soil; if by *Leibrecht*, the tenancy was determined on his death. In the case of *Neustift*, the farmer forfeited his occupation-right when the manor changed hands. Those who held by *Freistift* were tenants at will, but they could not be deprived of their holdings without full compensation for improvements and receiving back the fine which all tenants had to pay on coming into possession. All these peasants had to render services and pay dues to the lord of the soil. Generally speaking, they were quite secure in their holdings, and many farms in Bavaria have been occupied by the same family for several centuries. A short time, however, previous to 1848, some lords began to refuse renewal as the holdings fell in, and this circumstance, together with the friction produced by the whole system, produced very serious agrarian trouble. To meet the exigencies of the case, the State stepped in and offered any lord who wished to surrender his estate to take it off his hands. His dues were commuted into money, and to this was added an amount equal to treble the fine which he could claim on farms held under *Erbrecht* and *Freistift*, and double the fine he would be entitled to in cases of farms held under *Leibrecht* and *Neustift*. The State then gave the lord twenty times this total sum in special securities bearing interest at 4 per cent., guaranteed by the Government, but redeemable at par. An illustration will show how this worked. Suppose a lord had an estate consisting of four farms, each held by one of the four kinds of tenure, paying him dues to the amount of £100 a-year each, and each subject to a fine of £20 when possession had to be renewed. The lord would receive £60 as the value of the fines on the two farms held under *Erbrecht* and *Leibrecht*, and £40 as the value of the fines on the other two. So that the total value of the fines on his estate would be estimated at £200. That £200 was therefore added to his yearly rent of £400, and he then received debentures equal to a capital sum of twenty times the total amount—that is to say, £12,000. To meet the interest, and to provide a fund to extinguish the debentures, a rent-charge was imposed on the holdings, and a certain number of debentures are paid off every year. The whole business will be wound up in about seventy-two years from 1848.

The Austrian agrarian legislation is very similar, and requires hardly any special remark. There is, however, this difference, which may be noted. It made the province partly responsible for the claims of the landlords. When the value of their rights was determined, the State undertook to pay one-half the sum in 5 per cent. bonds; the remaining half is assessed as a sur-tax on the local taxation of each province.

The abolition of serfage in Russia is the last great event in the agrarian history of Europe. This institution in Russia did not, as in other countries, originate in conquest; it arose from the direct action of the sovereigns. It was first legalized by Boris Godùnow at the end of the sixteenth century, and it did not exist in Little Russia or Lithuania till the reign of Catherine II. So that when it was abolished in 1861, there were men alive who could remember its introduction into some parts of the country. Three kinds of estates existed in Russia in 1861. There were those which the proprietor cultivated himself, by means of the forced labour of his serfs. Then there were estates on which there were more serfs than the owner could employ. Under these circumstances, he allowed them to go and work where they pleased, on condition of their paying a fixed yearly sum. Lastly, there were estates which the proprietor did not cultivate himself. In this case he arranged with the commune to farm his land, and he treated all his serfs like the supernumeraries on the second class of estates. In 1861 the serfs were declared personally free, and it was also considered necessary for high reasons of public policy that they should receive a certain quantity of land. This land was taken from the proprietors, but a yearly sum had to be paid for it, for which the commune was made responsible. The State, however, on its side, agreed to assist the commune. It was arranged that the purchase-money might be capitalized at 6 per cent., and that the State should hand over to the landlord four-fifths of the purchase-money, and the commune the other one-fifth. If the commune refused to enter into this agreement, then the proprietor might demand what was called obligatory redemption. This consisted in his agreeing to accept the four-fifths advanced by the State as payment in full; then the matter was arranged, whether the peasants liked it or not, and they have to pay the Government a sufficient sum to meet the interest and extinguish the capital in fifty years.*

The question now arises, What lessons may be derived from this foreign legislation in dealing with the Irish problem? Many persons, without, perhaps, sufficient consideration, urge the formation of a bank on the model of the German land banks. The attraction of this plan is that it seems to provide at the same time an effective machinery for the creation of a peasant proprietary, and an intermediary between the State and the peasantry. But the value of the bank as an intermediary may be easily overrated. In the first place, it is really idle to hope that an Irish land bank can carry on any operations worth talking of without a State guarantee. The success of the German banks rested on the fact that all their obligations were guaranteed by the State. But if the State gives a guarantee, or advances money to any extent, it surely must have efficient control over the operations of the bank. Indeed, it will be driven practically to take over the management. To imagine, therefore, that a bank of the kind which it is proposed to establish would be an independent body, acting as an intermediary between the Government and the people, is a grave delusion.

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* See Wallace, "Russia," Leroy-Beaulieu, "L'Empire des Tzars;" Bernhardi, "Geschichte Russlands;" and a very suggestive work by the last-named writer, "Versuch einer Kritik der Gründe die für grosses und kleines Grundeigenthum angeführt werden."

Neither would the establishment of a bank by itself provide an effective machinery for the creation of a peasant proprietary. This will be evident if the nature of the difficulties which now affect the transfer of land be considered. As long as an efficient system of registration of title is not introduced into Ireland, there can be no dealings in small quantities of land on any considerable scale. There are incidents connected with our present system of land tenure which practically prohibit transfer. It frequently happens that the apparent owner of the land has very little interest in the property. He may be a trustee, administering it for the benefit of others, or he may be, and on large estates he generally is, a tenant for life. A few years ago a tenant for life, or limited owner, as he was called, had no power to sell. Now he has, and I will suppose he has got over difficulties and sold his land to his tenants. The question arises, What is to be done with the purchase-money? The limited owner has only the right to the use of it for life. All the encumbrancers must be satisfied, and the interests of children secured, before the estate can be transferred to the tenants. The money would have to be paid into court, and it might take years to wind up the transaction. In the meantime every application for payment of interest or principal would involve expense. Counsel would have to be employed, titles investigated, affidavits sworn, and various payments made. The expense of this judicial proceeding would prevent any conversion of settled estates into peasant properties. The establishment of a land bank would have no effect whatever in mitigating this expense, and thereby removing the difficulty.

The easiest and simplest plan would be to appoint a Commission for the purpose of converting large tracts of Irish land into peasant properties. The Commission should have power to divide Ireland into districts for the purposes of registration of title, and to decide by what assistant registrar, officers, and servants the registration in each district should be conducted. They should also have power to buy the estate of any landlord who offered to sell it to them, and to pay for it in debentures bearing interest at 4 per cent., and amounting to twenty-two years' purchase of the judicial rent.

On the sale being effected, the holding of the tenant should vest *ipso facto* with a parliamentary title in the tenant, and the purchase-money should be distributed administratively by the Land Purchase Commission. This could be done by the Commission much more cheaply than by a Court. A Court would have to satisfy itself as to the absolute truth of every fact before it could take any step. A Commission acting administratively would avoid a large amount of expense necessarily incurred to obtain evidence sufficient to satisfy a Court.

From the moment the holding was vested in the tenant, he might be fairly asked to pay an annuity for the period of fifty-six years of such an amount as would be equal to 4½ per cent. on twenty-two years' purchase of the judicial rent. An illustration will show how this arrangement would work. Suppose A. has a farm which B. occupies, paying for it a judicial rent of £100 a-year. A. sells that farm to the Commission, and receives for it £2,200 in debentures, the interest of which amounts to £88 a-year. When the sale was made, B. would become the absolute owner of the farm subject to a rent annuity of £99, or 1 per cent. less than his judicial rent, which would expire in fifty-six years.

Supposing that in all cases the rent annuity were punctually paid, there would be no difficulty in meeting the interest on the land debentures. But although the universal experience on the Continent entitles us to hope there would be no ultimate loss, still a contingent loss must be provided for and provision made to meet it. How is this to be done? There is a tax now paid by England from which Ireland is exempted. This is the inhabited-house tax. It was paid by Ireland up to the year 1825, and it seems not unreasonable to suggest that it should be re-imposed for a special Irish purpose. Considering, however, the small number of Irish houses of the better class, and that good houses are the first signs of the upward movement from barbarism to civilization, it would hardly be politic to impose a tax which might hinder the improvement of dwelling-houses. This remark does not, however, apply to messuages and tenements. The annual value of messuages and tenements assessed for income-tax in Ireland is £3,263,490. A very small tax—so small as to be a hardship to no one—put on their value would produce the nucleus of a guarantee fund. This fund should be vested in trustees, and, if it were not required for certain strictly defined purposes connected with the extinction of debentures or meeting interest due upon them, it should be employed for the purpose of founding agricultural schools throughout the country.

Of course various inducements could be given the tenant to fine down the annuity, and even to extinguish it. Regulations might also be made with a view of moving the existing banks to assist him in so doing, and thereby becoming themselves directly interested in the agrarian settlement of the country.

The return of confidence in Ireland would, it is to be hoped, be followed by the investment of peasant money in land debentures. The experience of the Continent shows that everywhere this kind of security has a peculiar attraction for the peasant; and I cannot but think that this would also be the case in Ireland, where a great quantity of peasant money is now idle or bringing in only 1 per cent. The great body of the people would thereby become at once interested on the side of order, and in the payment of the rent annuity. As for the farmer, he would know very well that every year increased the value of his property, and he would be anything but disposed to risk its loss by not meeting his obligations. If he did default, the rent annuity should be recoverable by a simple proceeding analogous to action in bankruptcy. This would be of itself a most useful reform.

With regard to the collection of the rent annuity, the wisest thing would be to allow the Commission to collect it as might seem desirable according to local circumstances.

It will be observed that I do not recommend any attempt to get a local guarantee for the payment of rent annuities. I feel certain it would be a mistake. The precedents of Russia and of Austria do not apply. In the former case there is a strong executive which can bring an amount of pressure on local authorities unknown to us. With regard to Austria, the great nobility are all-powerful in the provincial Diets, and there never was in Austria anything of that bitterness between classes which exists in Ireland. Any attempt to get collateral security for the payment of the rent annuities from the Irish Boards of Guardians, or other local bodies, would lead to endless discussion, increase friction, and, as everybody who knows the country is well aware, would be really worthless as a guarantee.

It is a matter of prime necessity for the pacification of Ireland to reduce the friction in the working of laws which is caused by the antagonism of classes. Men are loyal in proportion as they enter into the spirit of the political system under which they live. They never will do this if laws are not simple, and do not work with smoothness and ease. Complex legislation produces uncertainty, doubt, and discontent. If it be objected to my scheme that a rate on messuages and tenements would fall unduly on one class in the community, the answer is that the pacification of the country is pressing interest to all connected with it by d. It would be scandalous, and, indeed, impos- e landlords alone to make further sacrifices. But pertied classes, as a whole, might be fairly called upon te something for the purpose of bringing to a close the isorder. Civil war is the greatest material calamity that can a nation. It is painful to think what a position Ireland might occupy in the British empire and among the nations of the earth if her national movements had not always been paralyzed by civil discord, betrayed by self-seeking politicians, distorted and disgraced by demagogues and criminals.

> "Heu! quantum potuit pelagi terræque parari
> Hoc quem civiles hauserunt sanguine dextræ!"

ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT I THE UNITED STATES.

THE World's Exposition at New Orleans has very naturally turned the eyes of Americans as well as the eyes of not a few Europeans towards that vast region of the United States which we call the South. Embracing all the territory stretching away from the sunny side of Washington to the Gulf of Mexico, it consists of no less than about 887,480 square miles, an expanse nearly equal in extent to the whole of Europe lying west of Russia. The population of this vast region, according to the census of 1880, numbered only 17,425,575; it follows, consequently, that if three times the present number of all the people in the United States were to be added to the population of the South, the region would still not be so closely crowded as are the leading countries of Europe. These impressive facts are enough to show that the South is at least a region of enormous possibilities. They also show that before 1880 the growth of the South had been comparatively slow.

The reasons for this tardy development, when once mentioned, are too obvious to need explanation. The advantages of superior soil and climate were, until the war, far more than counterbalanced by the presence of an institution which made free labour disreputable, and which therefore presented no attractions to the European emigrant. Virginia and the Carolinas were what were called old States when the first settlers began to establish homes in the region of the Great Lakes; but the entire valuation of those two States in 1880 was less than what had been the increment to the value of the two States of Illinois and Michigan during the years between 1870 and 1880. Still more noteworthy is the fact that, while the entire valuation of the sixteen Southern States, as revealed by the last census, was only 3,470 millions of dollars, the mere increase in the valuation of the ten North-western States was no less than 2,503 millions. In other words, the increment in twenty years of the value of the North-western States was more than two-thirds of the total value of all the sixteen States of the South.

This comparative poverty of the region south of Washington is of

rect result of the war. The emancipation of the
l the slaveowners by about 800 millions, and the
have accumulated very little that can fairly be set over
normous debit. Then, too, the devastations of moving
, with a very trifling exception, entirely confined to the
rtunate region: the manufactures of the country were
clusively in the North. While, therefore, on the one side the
ries flourished through the extra demands made upon them and
high prices that prevailed; on the other the armies of North and
outh alike were gratuitously appropriating to their own uses whatever could be made to subserve either their necessities or their convenience.

But there was still another cause, and one of much greater significance. Society in the South was disorganized in far more than the ordinary sense of that term. At the outbreak of the war all its institutions, while having a democratic form, were as strictly aristocratic in fact as those to be found in any country of Europe. The control of all the activities of organized society was in the hands of a rich patrician class, well educated, proud as mediæval barons, given to a charming hospitality, and devoted to the management of social and political affairs. The war like a cyclone swept off the whole upper story of Southern society. Many a slaveowner who had safely left the care of his vast estates in lands and slaves to his agents found himself reduced to the necessity of beginning anew at the common level; and many a proud matron, who had been as dependent on her slaves as were the Cornelias and the Livias at Rome, was obliged to cast about for the means of earning her own subsistence. And what was there in the place of that which had been swept away? In the first place, there were five millions of freedmen, without property, for the most part without knowledge, the easy prey of all the vices, with the loose moral fibre that was the result partly of their primitive barbarism and partly of their subsequent bondage, and with a religion that was largely if not chiefly a pagan superstition. These people were raised by the fiat of war to the obligations of full citizenship, including not only the duties of legislation, but also a share in the administering of the various offices of honour and trust. And by the side of these was another class known as "the poor whites," the counterpart of the Roman proletariat. Attention has often been called to the fact that the saddest result of human slavery is its depressing effect on the humbler classes of the free. From a political, though probably not from a humanitarian point of view, such was certainly the case in antiquity. Still more emphatically was such the result in the United States. Probably the relation of master and slave was not so bad as it has often been painted. After all is said that can truthfully be declared in regard to the separation of families and the occasional cruelty of masters and slavedrivers, it remains nevertheless true that the condition of the negro in American slavery was better than his condition had been in Africa. This is equivalent to saying that in America he has undergone a gradual process of elevation, and that the negro of to-day is in a less abject condition of ignorance and degradation than were his ancestors who were stolen from Africa one or two hundred years ago. But while the condition of the negro has

been tending gradually upward, the condition o
been tending in the opposite direction. This o
surprise whatever; for such has been the inevitable
always and everywhere. The workings of the evil have
and therefore have not always attracted attention. But
period of silent operation they at length show the terrible e
which the poison pushes itself into all parts of the socia
Here is a picture, given by the Rev. Dr. Mayo, who for some ye
been working in the South, and all of whose labours have been insp
with a hearty admiration of the efforts that are being put forth by th
people of the South themselves to improve their condition. These are his words, chiefly significant because they are designed to describe a class:—

> "I stood one day in a village of Northern Alabama, and looked at a typical group, a family of these poor white mountain-folk journeying toward some new home; a wretched scarecrow of a beast dragging a shaky waggon loaded with the miserable effects of the household, and a woe-begone, aguish man, sprawled in front, driving the team. Behind came the wife, bareheaded and barefooted, her skirts in strings below her knees, leading the lean and sickly-looking family cow. Then tramped the children, two or three wild-looking boys, romping with the inevitable crowd of dogs that is the annex to every poor Southern family; two pairs of girls, with hair in snarls and bare feet heavy with the red mud of the roads, and such strange looks in their faces, with arms thrown over each other's shoulders, slouching in the rear. There may be a larger number of such folk in these sixteen States than there were people in the United States of America when Washington became our first President, and not immigrants, all of them home-made, descended from original English, Scotch, Protestant Irish, or good Continental stock."

Such were the three classes of which the Southern States were made up. Before the war they were separated by impassable walls of partition, but those walls were thrown down by the general cataclysm, and the classes are now, if not indeed intermingled, at least politically very much on the same level. It is not singular that society did not readily adjust itself to its new conditions. It would have been miraculous indeed if the old planters and their families had yielded gracefully to the necessities of the new situation. One might as well have expected the barons of the Middle Ages to submit their affairs willingly to the decision of universal suffrage.

But the inevitable turbulence growing out of the inherent elements of the situation was aggravated by certain extraneous considerations. At the close of the war the Federal Government of course kept its hand upon the region that had been in rebellion. This was done through an army of federal officers scattered over the South. They were the representatives of a conquering and a hated power, and, apart from all the characteristics of their rule, were looked upon by the people much as were the fifteen hundred Norman barons distributed over England to keep the Saxons in subjection. But this was not all. These modern Norman representatives were accompanied or followed by an army of adventurers. Doubtless a considerable number of them were moved by the best of motives. But it is beyond question that thousands went simply as beasts of prey. The more or less general desolation, the confiscated lands, the existence of universal suffrage, the inclination of the negro to put his trust in those who had set him free, were

ut powerful attractions to the unscrupulous and
What is popularly known as the era of the "car-
ded for somewhat more than ten years, or until the
e of President Grant was succeeded by the less energetic
esident Hayes. As Federal interference, or perhaps I
y Federal control, became less energetic and less general,
f the carpet-bagger and the negro was obliged to give way.
one of the acute observations of John Stuart Mill, that "govern-
is always either in the hands, or passing into the hands, of what-
er is the strongest power in society." The law embodied in the saying had a good illustration in the South. In the course of the four years after Mr. Hayes' administration, the Federal power was practically withdrawn. The control of affairs then gradually lapsed back into the hands of the more intelligent, and for this reason the ruling, class. But in the meantime the process of ruin had been going on. The struggle between the various political and social elements was so general and so intense, that almost nothing was done to repair the damages wrought by the war. All the energies of society were so generally devoted to the work of getting control, that no advance whatever was made in the agricultural and industrial development of the country. This is strikingly shown by the fact that the census of 1880 reveals a lower valuation in the South than that of the ten years before.

But there is now incontestable and most gratifying evidence that the crisis is past, and that the South is entering upon a new career. There are of course not a few in the South, as well as in the North, who are trying to keep alive the passions engendered by the war; but they are having very little success. The people are turning away with irresistible determination from the old issues, and are directing their attention to the present and the future needs of the country. The old planters, the survivors of the awful wreck, are the ones who perhaps take the least cheerful view of the situation. But even in their case there is evidence of patience and a spirit of returning friendliness. Their children, who not unnaturally have found it hard to adjust themselves to the new environment, are going to the cities, and plunging into the activities of commercial and professional life. Here they are thrown into the great currents of national affairs, and the uniform result is a softening of prejudices and animosities, a readiness to welcome new ideas, and something even like an enthusiasm for the development of the material resources of the country. A generation ago the planter's son settled upon his paternal acres with no other desire than to be a local magnate, and to enlarge his influence through political and social means; but now he is recognizing the necessities of the situation, and is coming rapidly to adopt the methods that have been so successful in the North.

This tendency is revealed in many ways. Ten years ago the South seemed determined to shut out all intruders, but now they are not only welcoming emigrants from the North and from Europe, but are taking active measures to induce them to come. For this purpose a Southern Immigration Society has been formed, and an office established in New York is actively disseminating information in regard to the agricultural and industrial capabilities in the South. This society is skilfully directing the attention of immigrants the fertile soil, and the plentiful rainfall, as well opportunities for the development of mineral and in is also taking measures to open direct communication b the cities of the South and the ports of Europe; and held out by the somewhat fervid rhetoric of the immig seem to be fairly justified by the awakening enterprise of the people themselves. The Expositions at Louisville and Atlanta in a rapid influx of capital and population from the North and Europe; and the ensuing industrial revival led in turn to the m extensive project of the World's Exposition at New Orleans. The resul of this greater movement it is easy to foresee. It will prove to have been a revelation to the world at large of enormous possibilities. It will doubtless show to thousands of indiscriminating people simply the crudities of a dwarfed and one-sided civilization, that in many ways is but little removed from the semi-barbarism of the Orient. But to the more thoughtful observers it will reveal a new and immense region, with a soil and a climate capable of producing in exuberance all the grains and fruits of the temperate zone, with forests containing millions of acres of the best known qualities of timber, with mineral resources that are perhaps unsurpassed in the would, and with a people that are at least ready to welcome all those who are willing to join them in the work of developing these agricultural and industrial possibilities.

But there is another point of view, and one that is far more important than that which confronts the material side of the question only. There can be no adequate understanding of the real verities of the situation without looking at what may as well be called the moral and intellectual phases of the subject. And when one begins to contemplate the South from this point of view, there looms up the stupendous and overshadowing fact of universal suffrage, accompanied with an inability on the part of a full half of the voters to read the ballot they are expected to cast. This fact is not only more important than any other, but it so far preponderates in importance that it may be said to render all others insignificant. He who forms his judgment of the South, and acts upon it from a contemplation of the material facts alone, simply invites that *rovina* with which the great Italian threatened those who lose sight of the things that are in the study of those which ought to be.

This evil, like most others, has its roots running far back into the past. Those at all familiar with the history of America during the Colonial period need not be informed that the subject of education received the thoughtful attention of the English colonists. But the efforts put forth in the North were very different from those put forth in the South. Indeed, it may be said that while in the colonies of the North education became a public interest, in those of the South it was left to the Church and to individual families. In New England the schools of all grades were the care of the State. Before there were two thousand families in Massachusetts, Harvard College was founded by a vote and an appropriation of money by the Colonial Legislature, and only a little later provision was made, also at public expense, for the several grades of elementary and intermediate instruction. The t education became general in New England, y be called the New England policy was extended th and North-west. The fundamental law known of 1787, providing that throughout the North-west the means of education shall for ever be encouraged," e than the provision of the Constitution of Massachusetts he subject. But in the South what may be called the *laissez-* olicy was adopted. Virginia was the most forward of the hern colonies; indeed, in all material ways the most forward of all e colonies, either North or South. At the end of the first century she had a quarter of the inhabitants of all the twelve colonies on the Atlantic coast. But the spirit of the colony was strongly autocratic. An early governor had publicly thanked God that Virginia had neither a free press nor a free school. A natural but deplorable result followed. There is extant an account of Virginia, written about 1696, in which it is said that the colony contained neither printing-press, public school, nor college. The writer then goes on to say of the region: "As it came out of the hands of God, it was certainly one of the best countries in the world; but as respects well-educated children and an industrious and thriving people, it is certainly one of the poorest, miserablest, and worst countries in all America that is inhabited by Christians." And probably this is not an unfair statement of the impression that would have been made upon any impartial observer of life in the several colonies. Certainly it is true that quite down to the Revolution there was a very considerable prevalence in the Southern colonies of the characteristics noted at the end of the seventeenth century.

It would, however, be unjust to leave the impression that this condition was not recognized and deplored by some of the Southern people. So far was this from being the case that what on the whole was probably the most admirable educational plan devised in America was the work of that representative statesman of the South—Thomas Jefferson. There was no one thing on which Jefferson thought more carefully, or to which he more fondly devoted his energies, than the elevation of Virginia by securing the adoption of a broad and a comprehensive system of public education. Not many thoughtful persons can even now look over the plan, as preserved in his work, without a thrill of admiration, if not indeed of enthusiasm. But although he laboured earnestly for fifty years to secure the adoption of his scheme, he was not successful. His noble effort was almost as bad as a failure; for although he succeeded in founding the University of Virginia, he was not able to secure any provision for primary and intermediate schools, and consequently the result was simply an effort to build a pyramid by planting its apex on the ground. Nor ought the failure to awaken any surprise, for it was the natural product of what were at that time the fundamental characteristics of Southern civilization. That civilization did not rest for its support upon the broad basis of an intelligent and educated middle class, still less upon any intelligence of the masses; it had its dominant characteristic in the higher education and the preponderating influence of the Brahmin class of planters. This class could send its sons to the North for an education; it could even send them to Europe; it had no interest in providing a system the first

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educated oligarchy accustomed to govern, to the hands of an ignoran
democracy accustomed to be ruled over.

Of course this confusion could not last. At the end of ten years, in accordance with the law so well stated by Mill, society was seen to be gravitating back into the control of the all-ruling class. But in the meantime, while the North had been going forward with prodigious strides, the South had been really going backward. In nearly every one of the sixteen Southern States the assessed valuation in 1880 was less than it had been in 1870, much less of course than it had been in 1860. In Alabama the assessment rolls showed a depreciation in twenty years from 432 million dollars to 122 millions; in Louisiana, from 435 millions to 160 millions; in Mississippi, from 509 millions to 110 millions; and in South Carolina, from 489 millions to 133 millions. But while this steady process of impoverishment has been going on, the population, on the contrary, has been as steadily increasing. In the twenty years just indicated the population of Alabama increased 31 per cent.; that of Louisiana, 33 per cent.; that of Mississippi, 43 per cent.; and that of South Carolina, 41 per cent. And the same opposing tendencies were observable throughout the whole South. During what is commonly called the period of reconstruction, but what was really the period of anarchy, the white man and the negro were growing poorer together. Meanwhile they did not forget the injunction to multiply; and the negro obeyed the injunction more faithfully than the white man. In such a state of affairs, naturally enough, no advancement was made in educational matters. The proportion of illiteracy remained with but slight variation at one-half of the entire population above ten years of age. Of the negroes the proportion that can neither read nor write is about seventy per cent.

Not very much had been done to relieve this alarming condition of the South before about 1880. But since that time a very manifest change has been taking place for the better. The period of turbulence may fairly be said to have come to an end. It is by no means true that anarchy has been followed by the universal prevalence of justice. On the contrary, there are some who hold that the prevailing quiet is only the success of something like an irresistible tyranny. But however that may be, general good order has been restored, and at last it must be admitted that the South, if not carrying out General Lee's advice and "cultivating its virtues," is at least striving in many commendable ways to improve its condition. And by far the most important of these ways is in the effort that is making in behalf of education. Perhaps it would be too much to say that the South is thoroughly aroused on the subject; and yet the phrase would be [illegible] There are unmistakable symptoms that in [illegible] t vast and illiterate region the notion is taking [illegible] sses that there is no ground for hoping for any [illegible] ept in the renovating and elevating influence of [illegible]

[illegible] mpressive evidence of this changed and improved spirit [illegible] the general establishment in the several Southern States of [illegible] f common schools. Notwithstanding that prevailing poverty [illegible] ch I have spoken, the people of the South are now taxing them- [illegible] es to the amount of about fifteen millions of dollars a year for [illegible] ementary education. Of this amount about five millions are for the education of the negroes. These figures in themselves are enough to indicate that the people are thoroughly alive to the importance of the subject. But specific instances still more significant might be given. The school-tax of Charleston, for example, is a mill on a dollar more than that of Boston. In the opinion of those best acquainted with the condition of the people in the South, as well as with their educational needs, nothing more can reasonably be expected than what is now doing. This at least is the opinion of Dr. Mayo, whom I have already quoted, and whose intelligent interest in education in the South entitles his judgment to the highest respect. He uses these carefully guarded words: "We may say, ideally and abstractly, that the Southern people can give more than they do for education; but practically, looking at them as we look at every people in the world, I believe the limit is reached." And testimony of this kind comes to us from every quarter. In a word, we are forced to believe, not only that remarkable progress has been made in the last few years, but also that the common school is fast becoming as dear to the people of the South as to the people of other parts of the country.

But efforts for the improving of the schools of the South have by no means been limited to the Southern people themselves. Not only have numerous associations in the North been formed for assisting in this laudable purpose, but several special funds have been created by private benevolence with a view to the same end. In this way colleges and training schools in considerable number have been established, more especially for the education of teachers, and for giving to the negroes educational privileges from which they have heretofore been excluded. But all of these efforts combined, worthy and important as they are, seem a mere pittance when compared with the magnitude of the work to be performed.

That the nation at large appreciates the gravity of the situation is shown by what is known as the "Blair Bill," now awaiting the action of the House of Representatives. The Senate, after a long debate, passed a measure which proposes to expend for popular education in the next five years no less than seventy-seven millions of dollars; and although no allusion to the South is directly made in the Bill, yet, as the distribution is to be made on the basis of present illiteracy, it is obvious that nearly the whole of the amount, if the Bill becomes a law, will be expended in the Southern States. Even the nature of the opposition to the Bill reveals the strength of popular conviction. There are grave reasons for doubting the constitutionality of the measure. As one looks over the debates in the Senate on this question, one looks in vain for anything that may be called conclusive justification. One phase of the subject was by Senator Garland, now Attorney-General und But his argument was directed simply to justify right to appropriate public lands for educational p an enormous amount of the public domain was gi States for this purpose. The amount so appropriated in is no less than 150,000,000 acres. And the question is a may not the country give money if it may give lands? Th is, that the Constitution expressly confers the right in one cas it does not confer it in the other. Among the enumerated power Congress we find: "Congress shall have the power to dispose of an make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." Here is a plain grant of power to use the public lands for purposes of education; and all the authorities cited by Senator Garland are simply decisions as to the privileges of Congress under this Clause. But there is an unquestionable difference between the appropriation of money in the Treasury, the proceeds of taxation, and the appropriation of "public lands and other property." One is obliged, therefore, to look elsewhere for constitutional authority, but one looks in vain, except, possibly, in what was neatly called by Senator Vest the "blanket clause," as though it were intended, like a "blanket mortgage," to cover everything. One of the sections of the Constitution declares that "Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and *general welfare* of the United States." This "general welfare" clause at first sight would seem to afford due authorization; but the ablest writers on the Constitution, such as Hamilton, Madison, Kent, Story, Coaley, and Wharton, have uniformly held that this clause should be limited in its operations to those objects that are expressly or impliedly included in the Constitution itself. The meaning, under this interpretation, is that if the Constitution gave power to Congress to provide for the education of the people of the States, it would also, under this clause, give power to raise and expend money for that purpose. But no such authorization is to be found. Should the Bill, or another of similar import, become a law, it is quite within the range of possibility that its constitutionality will be brought to a test before the Supreme Court. There is therefore a chance at least that through an adverse decision of the Court the whole subject will fall to the ground, even if the action of Congress should be favourable.

But an objection to the Bill that has even more popular force is that of expediency. The belief has uniformly been held that public education depends for its efficiency on the action and interest of the communities in which the educational efforts are exerted. It is the essential doctrine of self-government that educational methods, and indeed educational means, are best provided for by the people most affected by them. It is the traditional doctrine of the country that the local community provides and pays for the common schools. This may seem to be a contradiction of what has been said above, but a single example will show how it is not. The general law of Massachusetts in 1642 required *that the towns should tax themselves* for the education of their children. The custom established by this precedent is still universally maintained. It is true that this provision has been supple-

[illegible] m Congress and by a tax levied by the [illegible] ental assistance is not of a nature to weaken [illegible] ponsibility. The land in all cases has been [illegible] in trust for educational purposes, and the result- [illegible] large or small according as the trust has been [illegible] ly administered. The tax levied by the State for pur- [illegible] ation is levied as a school-tax, and is not separated in [illegible] gination from the local tax for the same purpose. More- [illegible] State tax is never paid over to the local authorities until a [illegible] tax, perhaps three or four times greater, has been raised and [illegible] nded. The consequence is, that the taxpayer is constantly made [illegible] ware of the burden resting upon him for educational purposes. The value of things in popular estimation is largely determined by their cost. What we desire and pay for we do not very readily submit to see wasted or squandered. Self-government to an American means self-help, and its maxims are, hands off, fair-play, and an open field. It must be confessed that to these maxims the Blair Bill gives a very considerable shock. In just so far as it will serve to supersede local effort it will strike the most damaging blow possible to education wherever its influence is felt. It therefore is a question of serious moment whether, in case of its passage, its effect, notwithstanding all the guards that may be thrown around it, may not in some considerable measure paralyze that spirit of self-reliance that, in America at least, is deemed essential to the highest educational success. The people are more than willing that the money should be devoted to the purpose designed, if they can be convinced that it will prove a benefit instead of an injury. If the measure fails to become a law, it will be from no unwillingness to grant the money, but from a belief that the influence of such assistance would be harmful rather than helpful.

But whatever the fortune of the project for national aid, it is as certain as the shining of the sun and the blowing of soft breezes in that fair land that the future of the South depends upon what is done in behalf of education. The question is as momentous as it was in Germany after the days of Jena and Tilsit. As Fichte in the *Reden an die deutschen Nation,* with an eloquence that aroused and thrilled all thinking Germans, declared that there was no saving of Germany except in a remodelled and thorough-going system of education, so a similar doctrine ought to be preached on every rostrum, and in every newspaper, and in every college, and even in every pulpit of the South. It is plain that whatever else is done, the happy end of present troubles will not be reached till after the schoolhouse door is thrown open to every child, and, to use Mr. Huxley's phrase, the ladder is made continuous from the common school to the university. Every thoughtful observer has occasion to repeat the saying of Bagehot in 1872: "I am exceedingly afraid of the ignorant multitude of the new constituencies."

The remark of Mr. Herbert Spencer that attracted most attention when he was in America was that which related to the indisposition of Americans to complain of petty grievances. It seemed to be his opinion that Americans do not grumble enough. Of a kindred nature was the observation of Dr. Dale, who a year or two before was much impressed by what seemed the gentleness of Americans as compared with Britons. If these acute observers have really hit upon a national characteristic of the Americans, th titled to the credit of having made a verita they are perhaps correct; certainly, if there is typical American hates more cordially than any the typical grumbler. And the reason is not very ha generally grumble only about those things which the But the notion prevails very widely in America, that wh is an evil there is a legitimate and an effective remedy. not a remedy, there is no advantage in making anybody uncom about it; if there is a remedy, it is in the hands of the people, an people have only to be convinced that the evil exists in order to their best to remove it. Popular opinion therefore demands of every man with a grievance that he shall either cease to complain, or that he shall proceed in a rational manner to point out the grounds of his grievance. It says, "If you succeed in justifying your complaint, we will remove the evil; if you do not so succeed, then let us have peace."

The consequence of this somewhat philosophical method of reasoning is doubtless in some respects a deplorable one. It tends to an enormous superfluity of legislation. Every man with a pet grievance seems to think that if he can get a Bill passed against it, that will be the end of it. The country member, on coming to the Legislature, therefore has his pockets stuffed with new measures by means of which he intends to reform the world. These are brought before the honourable legislative body, are sifted, are scrutinized, and in due time at least nine-tenths of them are condemned to the sleep of death. But it is worthy of note that this is one of the ways public opinion is made. The Congress, which to the satisfaction of so many expired on the 4th of March, had before it in the course of two years more than eight thousand Bills. Of these much less than one thousand ever received any serious consideration or even attention; but each of the seven thousand that were smothered in the committee-rooms represented a grievance that under another form of government would end simply in a few private scolds, and perhaps a letter to the *Times*.

But if any particular interest is one of importance, it does not end with the defeat of a legislative measure. Whatever the disadvantages of this method, it is certainly effective in bringing about legislation as soon as the public is convinced. The truth of this assertion finds good illustration in the progress of civil service reform. The "spoils system," planted by Aaron Burr and watered by politicians of the Jackson type, had thrust its roots into every corner of our political life. Even this sweeping statement does not include the whole of the evil, nor a very large part of it. It went beyond what may fairly be called the political offices, and in some of the States swept into its corrupting influence all the positions filled either by election or appointment. In some of the States it even included those in charge of scientific surveys, as well as superintendents of hospitals and asylums, professors in universities, and even librarians of public libraries. An instance of this kind is related. In one of the large cities of the interior an efficient librarian of the State library was removed for political reasons. The qualifications of the successor were simply the fact that he had been a successful "worker" and was urged by a knot of friends whom the party newly coming into power did not desire to disoblige. The result of the new appointment was y than had been anticipated. The discovery ibrarian that a number of changes were needed. king was in the catalogue of the library. The und that his predecessor had committed the error the works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., under the S's der the B's. Of course the name had to be changed to place, and catalogued in alphabetical order as "Bart., Sir Scott, The Works of."

ilar results of change manifested themselves elsewhere. Within w days after President Jackson's inauguration more than a thousand removals took place, for purely political reasons. The effect of this policy is indicated by a single fact. During the administration of his predecessor the cost of collecting the revenue at the New York Custom-house had been 1½ per cent. of the receipts; after the new appointments were made the cost was 5¼ per cent. But the evil went on unchecked. Take as a further illustration the management of the New York Custom-house through a succession of years. Mr. Schell, appointed collector in 1858, removed 389 out of 690 persons employed. Mr. Barney, his successor, removed 525 out of 702; Mr. Draper, 830 out of 903; and Mr. Grinnell, 510 out of 892. Another example is afforded by the New York Post-office. Before Mr. James entered upon his work of renovation in 1873, the administration of that office was perhaps the best illustration that could be found of the deplorable effects of the system then in vogue. A Committee of Investigation afterwards reported that officers were still in service there who had seen half the sorters at a large table too drunk to discharge their duties. They remembered a carrier who, under the influence of drink, wandered miles out of his way and lost his mail, which only reached New York again after it had gone to the General Office in Washington. Yet this drunken carrier, because he was an efficient local worker, was not dismissed. The report referred to declared that when Mr. James assumed the office in 1873, "hundreds of long-neglected bags of mails were found scattered or piled in various parts of the post-office." The work of removing inefficient clerks was at once begun by Mr. James, and a competitive examination was substituted for the old methods of appointment. The result was, that in five years the force in the office was reduced by one-third, the people in the city were given seven daily deliveries instead of five, and nineteen daily collections were made instead of ten. While the efficiency of the office was thus improved, the expense of administering it was reduced by about $20,000 a year. These details are enough, perhaps, to show the magnitude and the importance of the subject in American political life.

As the real state of the service came to be known, the necessity of reform became apparent to all those who, as Mr. Arnold would say, "see clear and think straight." The Pendleton Bill was the first fruit of the agitation that ensued. This measure, which may be roughly described as providing for a competitive examination for all the subordinate appointments in offices employing more than fifty persons, became law on the 16th of January, 1883, and consequently has been a little more than two years in operation. The second Annual Report of the Commission has recently appeared, and has made it obvious that the workings of the law are everywhere meeting the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Not only is the service greatly improved, but the contaminating influence of the old seems likely in the end to be swept entirely aw the agitation has been the adoption of a similar States. New York took the lead, but the Empire lowed by Massachusetts. In both of these States the have received very comprehensive authority, and the uniform that the new system is everywhere received, no general satisfaction, but even with not a little enthusias report says that the effect of the new law in New York is akin feelings of a community at last relieved of the plague. The annual message of the Mayor of Brooklyn after the law came int force reported that the city had saved "in a single bureau double the cost of the new system for a year." Not to go into details, it is enough perhaps to say that the success of the law in the State and municipal service was so conspicuous during the first year of its operation, that in 1884 the scope of its application was greatly extended, and it was made compulsory on all the cities of the State. More than five thousand five hundred places, that in the city of New York were formerly given to "strikers" and favourites as the result of political service of the most disreputable kind, are now awarded as the result of successful competition; and (as foreigners will not be averse to being told) there is abundant evidence that the change is destined to revolutionize the city government. This prospect shows itself in the weakening of the greatest sources of evil. The bane of New York politics has been the existence of certain societies or "halls," of which Tammany is the chief, and which have had no means of existence except assessments on office-holders and office-seekers. Only two years ago an investigation made by the New York Legislature showed that the county clerk, the recorder, and the sheriff were paying from $30,000 to $50,000 a year to each of these patent engines of evil. But the adoption of the improved system has deprived the "halls" of their means of support, and their downfall is clearly impending. Best of all, the good results of the reform are making themselves appreciated not only in the States immediately benefited, but also far beyond their borders. In Maryland, in Missouri, in California, and perhaps elsewhere, the subject is receiving earnest and especial consideration.

The course of President Cleveland during the few weeks since his inauguration has more than justified the hopes of those who may be said to have turned the scale in his favour. Notwithstanding the fact that his party sneered at civil service reform in its Convention, the President has shown since his accession to office that his views on the subject amount to something more than a sentimental sympathy—that they amount, in fact, to a principle of action. It is therefore safe to expect, not only that he will heartily aid the Commissioners in carrying out the provisions of the Pendleton Bill, but also that he will be in favour of extending the reform into branches of the service not yet reached.

The reform, however, can never be made complete till the Tenure of Office Bill of 1820 is repealed. This Act fixes the tenure at four years; and consequently at every presidential election more than a hundred thousand officers and clerks are incapacitated for their legitimate work by their feverish anxiety concerning the result. Here is a picture of what occurred in the Government offices at the time of the election last November:—

[illegible] ms where current work is obliged to be done there [illegible] ng anything. . . . . The women in the departments [illegible] ble to stand the strain than the men. They were pale [illegible] many were really made ill by the strain. On Wednesday, [illegible] oms of the Treasury, as they talked over the bad news, and [illegible] the chances of Republicans keeping their places, a usually staid [illegible] woman burst into a passion of tears. Instantly the contagion spread. [illegible] t-up hearts gave way, and every woman began to sob. In another [illegible] ment a despatch was read on Thursday claiming Blaine's election. A [illegible] man sprang on a chair and called for three cheers for Blaine. When they [illegible] ere given she kept on screaming, and could not stop. She went off into a perfect storm of hysterics. At the Pension Office the excitement was more intense even than in the other buildings. So thoroughly unnerved were the clerks on Wednesday that they were informally dismissed at noon, and again on Thursday very few were to be found at work."

The basis of this excitement was the apprehension that, in case of Mr. Cleveland's election, every Republican, and every person appointed by a Republican, would be dismissed. Even those who thought it probable that efficient officers and clerks would be retained till their terms of service expired, had every reason to suppose that at that time Republicans would be succeeded by Democrats. The crowd of office-seekers who have thronged the avenues of Washington since the election are enough to show that these apprehensions were not altogether ill-founded. A man of less firmness than President Cleveland would be likely to yield to so enormous a pressure. There can be no assurance that in the future men of a yielding temperament will not find their way into the presidential chair; and consequently there can be no safety for the service till the tenure of office is made exclusively dependent on efficiency and good behaviour. And that can only be done by repealing the Act of 1820, and restoring the service to the condition it was in during the first thirty years of our national history.

Nor is there any valid argument in favour of retaining that pernicious Act. Within five years after it was passed a Select Committee of the Senate reported that it defeated its own professed object. Webster struck at the root of the evil when he said that "he who controls another man's means of living controls his will." Jefferson declared that "the law introduces a principle of intrigue and corruption, which will soon cover the mass, not only of senators, but of citizens." He predicted still further that it would "keep in constant excitement all hungry cormorants for office, render them, as well as those in place, sycophants to their senators, engage them in eternal intrigue to put out one and put in another, to make them, what all executive directories become, mere sinks of corruption and factions." This striking prediction has been literally fulfilled; and it is far within the bounds of truth and moderation to say that the Act referred to has been the cause of more political corruption than any other Act in the history of the Government. Therefore, although much has already been accomplished for which every lover of good government has reason to be thankful, there remains much yet to be done before our administrative service can be regarded as in a satisfactory condition.

CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

CONTEMPORARY RECO

I.—NEW TESTAMENT EXEGESIS.

ALL thoughtful readers will welcome a new commentary from th pen of the Rev. Joseph Agar Beet.* Having already dealt with St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and the Corinthians, he proceeds in this volume to explain the Epistle to the Galatians. Mr. Beet's first volume, that on the Epistle to the Romans, at once gave him high rank among contemporary expositors. It received the favourable notice of the best Biblical scholars both at home and abroad. His peculiar merits are thoroughness, independence, and impartiality. Mr. Beet has undertaken the onerous and deeply responsible task of commenting on all St. Paul's Epistles, and the success which he has hitherto achieved gives promise that the complete work will be one of high value. Mr. Beet follows the example set by the Bishops of Gloucester and Durham in their well-known editions of various Epistles. His views of the functions of an expositor are thoroughly sound. He begins in every case with a careful grammatical study of the New Testament Greek, which he examines not only with the aid of the best classical and Hellenistic grammars, but also by familiar intercourse with the writings of Aristotle, Plato, and Lucian, and above all with the Septuagint. He also thoroughly examines the phraseology, availing himself of the labours of Grimm, Bruder, Cremer, and other lexicographers. He gives careful and consecutive attention to the more important parts of the Old Testament; consults the best commentaries, such as those of Chrysostom among the Fathers, Calvin and Luther among the Reformers, Bengel in the Post-Reformation period, Estius among the Roman Catholics; and among the moderns Meyer, Fritsche, Jowett, Godet, and many others. We respect Mr. Beet all the more for his not being ashamed to tell us that he has been the better able to understand St. Paul by the constant endeavour to apply his teaching to his own practical and spiritual benefit, holding that all Revealed Truth is designed for our good, and that only by using it can we acquire the power of looking more deeply into God's great purpose of mercy. So whole-hearted have been Mr. Beet's endeavours, that he has even looked for illustrations of theological truth in social life and in the material creation, believing that "whatever is human casts light on whatever else is real and human."

But Mr. Beet's most distinctive merits are his severe logical analysis of the arguments of St. Paul according to the unchanging laws of the human mind, and his careful examination of dogmatic theology. Having, like the great majority of the ablest modern exegetes, abandoned the theory of verbal and mechanical dictation, he traces the

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* "A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians." By Joseph Agar Beet. Hodder & Stoughton. 1885.

's thoughts as moulded by his natural disposi-
his circumstances; and he takes special pains to
t first principles which St. Paul assumes without
from which he deduces the details of his teaching."
hese were few in number, and the fact that, amid minor
hey, or truths equivalent to them, are assumed by all the
ament writers, lead him to the conclusion that they were
from the One Teacher at whose feet all the Apostles sat.

his edition of the Romans, Mr. Beet had pointed out that the
pistle is the development of five great doctrines—namely: 1. Justi-
ication through faith; 2. Justification through Christ's death; 3. Sanctification in Christ; 4. Sanctification through faith; and 5. Sanctification through the Holy Spirit. He finds, in the Epistle to the Galatians, a view of justification by faith seen from another standpoint and in a different perspective. In Romans, it is "the massive foundation-stone of a compact theological structure;" in Galatians, "it stands alone, a lofty monument in solitary grandeur." In Romans it is expounded in quiet theological thought; in Galatians in living contact with actual and deadly error. Of the valuable dissertations which conclude the volume, the sixth, which is on "Justification by Faith," is the best. There is nothing in it which is wholly new to theologians, but the results are, on one hand, expressed with admirable terseness and clearness, and, on the other, have been thought out with the honest and severe labour which marks all Mr. Beet's work. It is difficult to condense an essay which is already condensed into the smallest compass, and closely-reasoned step by step. Mr. Beet points out that there are *two* justifications, the preliminary and the final—the one obtained by believing the words of Jesus, the other by obeying the commands of God—which are most closely related to each other. The manner in which, with this clue to guide him, Mr. Beet harmonizes the different types of teaching which are found in the various New Testament writers, is very able. He shows how it enables us to retain in their fullest sense the aspects of salvation presented alike by St. Matthew, St. Luke, St. James, St. John, and St. Paul. He concludes his essay with an excellent and very fair comparison of the views of Luther and the Tridentine Fathers. His main conclusions are that justification is obtained simply by faith, before faith has attested itself by any good works, or has produced even hope; that it will be lost unless followed by obedience; and that we do not rely for God's favour on our obedience, but simply on His word, which promises, through the death of Christ, life to all who believe.

We have no space to enter into the details of Mr. Beet's expositions, but we are sure that readers will be struck by the strength and sobriety of his conclusions. Rejecting all parade of learning, all multiplication of authorities, and all discussion of varying opinions, he gives his conclusions as the direct result of close reasoning and examination. Any one who will consult his notes on disputed passages, such as Gal. iii. 16, or Gal. iii. 20, or the one passage in which St. Paul borrows a passing illustration from the Philonian method of allegory (Gal. iv. 21–31), will appreciate the value of the method which gives them the final inferences of sound thought while it spares them the interminable fancies of exegetic superficiality. We heartily thank Mr.

Beet for his work, and we congratulate th Richmond, which has secured his services as Pr Theology.

There seems to be no limit to the demand for com Epistles of St. Paul. The last ten years have produced multitudes, and so long as they are serious and useful, rejoice that so many students seek for guidance in underst thoughts of the great Apostle. Principal Edwards gives us volume on the First Epistle to the Corinthians.* We cannot r so high as the work of Mr. Beet, but we can still give it a meed sincere praise. It is the result of several years of prolonged and solitary study, devoted to an endeavour to find out the real meaning and central principle of St. Paul, of whose words the author quotes the judgment of Wiclif, that they "passen othere writingis in two thingis —thei ben pure, sutil, and plenteuous to preche the people." Mr. Edwards found the principle for which he was in search in St. Paul's doctrine of Christ; of the vitality and power of which doctrine, its sufficiency, and its peculiar fitness to rekindle our dying faith, he became more and more convinced. "To me," he says, "its power was the evidence of its truth. It seemed not merely to answer the anxious questions of the age, but also to raise the entire spiritual life into a higher sphere, in which doubt is put away with the things of the child, and faith in the supernatural made human, becomes a promise of strength, and a pledge of victory." We do not find much that is new in the hermeneutic matter, but the rest of the introduction is valuable. Mr. Edwards points out that during the four or five years of silence which followed the Epistles to the Thessalonians, St. Paul, who had passed a large part of this time with Apollos at Ephesus, seems to have added new elements to his theology—elements due, perhaps, in part to the influence of Alexandria, or to closer acquaintance with Greek ideas. This new point of view rests mainly on the conception of a mystical union between Christ and the believer. St. Paul had never wavered in his belief of the supernatural facts of Christianity, but now he had found a clue to their inner meaning, transforming into spirituality his hopes of Christ's advent, and rendering love to Christ not a short-lived affection, or feeling of gratitude, but a holy well-spring of zeal and consecration. This coré of his theology is first clearly found in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. It is not tentative or inductive, but it is idealistic. St. Paul does not prove it, he *appeals* to it, and bases upon it the superstructure of all his other teaching. It becomes to him an objective unifying principle, "a real cosmical factor," and he regards it as the result of an outward revelation of essential facts, and an inward revelation of the principle involved in them. Thus, in St. Paul's use of the word, "Faith is both the cry of the terror-stricken sinner for pity, and the eye of the spiritual man that can look at the sun without blinking; and it is the one and the other, because it unites the soul to Christ, who is at once the Saviour and the Example." Mr. Edwards proceeds to show that St. Paul solves every question and decides every controversy with which the Epistle deals, by direct reference to this doctrine of mystic union with Christ. "Factions are npurity is destructive of it; marriage acquires a nature in virtue of the sanctification of the family ng meat offered to idols brings the man into sacra- th the antagonists of Christ; the Lord's Supper is the nion. Finally, the headship of Christ over a restored based on his union with humanity, implies a subordination urch that demands order even in the assemblies, and brings n the end a subjection of all created things to Christ that es us of victory over death."

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* "A Commentary on the First Epistle to the Corinthians." By Thomas Charles Edwards, M.A., Principal of the University College of Wales. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

We have no space to follow Mr. Edwards through the rest of his introduction or the excellent sketch which he gives of the merits of previous interpreters. But we regard this introduction as the most valuable part of the book. The commentary itself is founded on grammatical and exegetical notes read to various theological classes in Wales. It is conscientious and learned, and not without a certain freshness of occasional illustration. I cannot agree with some of Mr. Edwards' conclusions, but no one can consult his notes without finding them thoughtful and suggestive.

We need do little more than refer to the translation of the seventh volume of Ewald's "History of Israel."* This is one of the few books of the century to which we may fairly apply the epithet of "epoch-making." Ewald was at once a prophet and a critic. He stood haughtily alone on a peculiar eminence, and combining in an unusual degree the gifts of learning, originality and eloquence, he flung over every part of Scripture the meteoric gleam of his stormy genius. Of all his writings, the "History of Israel" will probably be the most permanent memorial of his lifelong toil. It has already exercised a profound influence over English theology, and it gave one of its chief impulses to the "picturesque sensibility" of the late Dean Stanley. The reader may dissent again and again from the conclusions of his imperious teacher, and may entirely refuse to endorse the dictatorial decisions with which Ewald in many cases sweeps aside the current opinions; but he will feel himself to be in contact with a mind at once lofty and intense, and it is impossible that he should study Ewald's writings without being sensible of their influence and charm. The present volume is equal to any of its predecessors in interest and variety. It traces the history of a period as important as any in the whole world's history—namely, that which witnesses the spread of Christianity and the growth of Christian institutions. We have here the picture of the effect produced on the minds of the Apostles by the appearance of the risen Christ; the narrative of Pentecost; the formation and dissolution of the Church in its primitive form; and a vivid outline of the marvellous life and labours of St. Paul. Interwoven with these we find a most brilliant sketch of the philosophy of Philo; the eventful romance of the life of Agrippa and his strange connection with the reigns of Caius and Claudius, and a detailed picture of "the end of the age" in the siege and conquest of Jerusalem, with its total overthrow of the Jewish nationality. All who are familiar with the previous volumes of this great work will be able to anticipate the pleasure which they cannot but derive from the treatment of such episodes of history by a master-hand; and no without a desire to read and to re-read those to powerful and tragic a conclusion.

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* "The History of Israel." By Heinrich Ewald. Vol. VII.: The Apostolic Age. Translated by J. Frederick Smith. Longmans.

II.—SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

England has, during the past season, been less productive than u in the field of social and economic science. Two of its most impo tant contributions, however, are made to a branch of the subject in which our literature has hitherto been unaccountably defective—the branch of taxation. We are not, indeed, so poor as Professor Walker, the American economist, represented us when he declared, not long ago, that Mr. Gladstone's "Financial Statements" was the only work we possessed on the subject; but it is true that we have no systematic works like those of Parieu or Wagner, and that up till now we have had no good historical works on English taxation. This want is at last considerably supplied by the appearance of a general history of taxes in England, by Mr. Dowell, of the Inland Revenue,* and a more special and minute history of the Custom Revenue, by Mr. Hubert Hall, of the Record Office.† Mr. Dowell's book has its faults, mainly of omission and arrangement, but it is much superior to any previous work on the subject. Sir John Sinclair's "History of the Revenue" ends with last century, and, besides, gives us far more disquisition than fact. This Mr. Dowell avoids—perhaps too much—contenting himself with a simple narration of the movement of taxation. Local taxation is not touched on at all, and for the earlier period the record of imperial taxation is rather meagre. In so wide a field absolute freedom from error is impossible, but the author has manifestly been at great pains to be accurate, and his work is at once important and readable. Mr. Hall's exhaustive treatise is compiled exclusively from original authorities, and throws considerable light on many obscure points in connection with the Customs, hitherto the least understood of the early sources of the Revenue.

Another important work of a historical kind comes to us from America, "A History of Money," by Mr. Del Mar, formerly Director of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States, and already favourably known in Europe by his "History of the Precious Metals."‡ Reserving the history of money in modern countries for a future volume, Mr. Del Mar confines himself in the present one to ancient countries, such as China, Japan, India, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and gives evidence throughout of careful research and solid judgment. The most important part of the work is the elaborate and instructive examination of the successive monetary systems of ancient Rome, regarding which the author subjects accepted impressions to searching criticism, and, among other things, overturns

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* "A History of Taxation and Taxes in England, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By Stephen Dowell, Assistant Solicitor of Inland Revenue. 4 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

† "A History of the Custom Revenue in England, from the Earliest Times to the Year 1827." By Hubert Hall, of H.M. Public Record Office. 2 vols. London: Elliot Stock.

‡ "A History of Money in Ancient Countries, from the Earliest Times to the Present." By Alexander Del Mar, C.E., &c. London: George Bell & Sons.

ncy of the period of the Commonwealth which
gly received from Pliny by modern historians,
ich a double standard, of silver and copper, prevailed
B.C., and a treble standard, of gold, silver, and copper,
date down to the time of the Empire. It is impossible
notion of Mr. Del Mar's argument here, but he comes to
sion that "the Roman monetary system was a numerary
that the numismatic relics which have been so long regarded
learned as copper coins were essentially irredeemable notes
mped (for lack of paper) on copper, and diffused and designed to
pass on the exchanges for a much greater value than that of the material of which they were composed." The silver denarii were also, in his opinion, over-valued in the same way, and were originally irredeemable notes passing for other irredeemable notes, just as in recent years a United States Treasury draft might have been drawn for a given sum of irredeemable "greenbacks." Mr. Del Mar draws many useful lessons from the experience of the ancients, who, he declares, understood the nature of money better than we do, and were not so apt to entertain impracticable ideas on the subject. This is certainly true as far as America is concerned, as we may see from an excellent and interesting little history, the best yet written, of the curious experiences and experiments of the United States in monetary legislation, which has just come from the pen of Mr. Upton, late Assistant-Secretary to the United States Treasury.*

In the present unsettled state of opinion as to the character and prospects of political economy, it is a pleasure to observe the firm grasp of the situation taken by Professor Marshall in his recent inaugural lecture at Cambridge on "The Present Position of Economics."† Rejecting the pretensions of the historical and sociological schools, he thinks political economy must still travel on its old English lines, with certain minor, though not unimportant, re-adjustments. His account of the English school is very true and discriminating. They never claimed for their doctrines the universality and necessity they are charged with claiming, but they failed to realise that the economic theory they were building up could never be a body of universal economic truth, but only an engine of universal application in the discovery of economic truth—"a machinery to aid us in reasoning about those motives of human action which are measurable" by money. Nor will Mr. Marshall admit that they disregarded history and statistics, as is alleged; on the contrary, they did a great deal for both; but they made too little account of the variability of human nature and circumstances. This of course was so far only the natural attitude of science; its interest is in the resemblances, and, when its view of the variations becomes more extensive, it is still the resemblances under these variations that science looks for. This, too, Mr. Marshall recognises, for while it is common to speak as if ages of custom and ages of competition must be absolutely unlike, Mr. Marshall acutely points out that custom is in many cases, and will be found in many more to be, in reality a veiled competition, to rest on a balance of forces, a dislocation of that balance.

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* "Money in Politics." By J. K. Upton. With Preface by Edward Allinson. Boston: D. Lathrop & Co.

† London: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. W. Cunningham's "Politics and Economi marks of the indecision spoken of. While hesitatin renounce the theoretical school, or to espouse the histo for better for worse, he yet declares in favour of practical nature of economics, and describes it—rather factorily—as "a reasoned treatment of the fittest means of ing wealth." His book, however, is more concerned with a th of politics than a theory of economics. It consists partly of inquiri into the conditions that rule, and in different ages have ruled, the economic policy of States, and partly of a review of recent economic and social legislation in England (since 1874) in the light of the principles ascertained in the previous portion of the work. This criticism is very careful and acute, and, whether we agree with it or not, will well repay perusal. His general principle is that the sole and proper business of the State is to enforce morality in the widest sense of the term, under one limitation, that the morality to be enforced is first recognized by public opinion. The State must see "that every man performs that minimum of duty which public opinion demands of every citizen." This covers such interferences as compelling parents to pay for their children's education, and manufacturers to provide healthy workshops for their hands. But besides its function as enforcer of morality—or perhaps as a particular example of it, for Mr. Cunningham leaves it doubtful how he regards it—the State has another office that justifies economic intervention: it is the steward of the national resources, including the physical vigour of posterity, and of this principle Mr. Cunningham makes much use. Strangely enough, he condemns the Irish land legislation throughout, although provisions against rack-renting and other oppressive conduct of the strong over the weak fall clearly, like slave emancipation, under the original and purely political duty of the State to promote justice between man and man. The educative theory of the State's office, which Mr. Cunningham to some extent represents, is more definitely propounded in a thoughtful and uncommonly well-written essay by Mr. F. C. Montague, on "The Limits of Individual Liberty,"† which, if it settles little conclusively, turns over the whole ground in a suggestive and stimulating way. His view is exactly that known in Germany as the "Cultur-Staat." Individuality, in his opinion, is promoted, not hindered, by State superintendence; the individual may be the best judge of what makes for his own opulence, but not of what is best for his happiness or his perfection; he must therefore, for these purposes, be supplied by the State with right intellectual and moral standards, and with adequate incentives and means of realizing them, for "the function of the State is education in the largest sense." And this sense is large enough, for it includes not merely gratuitous national education, primary and secondary, but the concurrent endowment of all churches, the subsidy of the theatre, many sorts of provisions for fine arts, and direct promotion of a better distribution of wealth by means of a cautiously graduated income-tax and other expedients.

A still more thoroughgoing advocacy of positive social reforms in

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* London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

† London: Rivingtons.

on has just been undertaken by Professor ars ago the Professor published a little book ence of Socialism," which was taken up, translated, ted by the Socialists with much rejoicing over one omics who repented, but their rejoicing was premature. seen an unfinished work, which Dr. Schaeffle now at tes by a more positive part, in which he first shows force and acuteness, under ten several heads, how Social acy is utterly incapable of fulfilling the promises it holds o the working-class; and then unfolds his own views of social orm, which are entitled to every consideration which Schaeffle's authority as an important economist and a former Austrian Minister can confer. He condemns Liberalism because it is individualist, and he condemns Socialism (of the Marx type) because it is more individualist still, making the material happiness of individuals the sole end and aim of society, and failing to recognize a social organism of which individuals are but temporary members. For individualism in either of these forms he would substitute a Social Positivism, a work of comprehensive positive reform promoted partly by the Church, and other agencies, but mainly by the State. This work should include a national system of compulsory insurance against disease, want of employment, and old age; a scheme of State credit for agriculture, systematic emigration and colonization; nationalization of railways, banks, gas, coal-mines, electric works, and fire insurance enterprises; bi-metallism; a fair trade union between Germany, Austria, and Russia against English and American competition; and, while he rejects the graduated income-tax, he would instead impose heavy taxes on luxuries of the rich, like dress, furniture, pictures, houses. This is a good specimen of the kind of headlong State Socialism which is growing in Germany under the favour of Bismarck, and which Dr. Moriz Ströll has just tried to show to be merely a resumption of the old hereditary policy of the Prussian State.[†] The evidence he is able to produce in support of this view is much weaker than we expected to find it, and amounts to no more than a quotation from the old Prussian statutes acknowledging the right to assistance on the part of the weak and the right to employment on the part of the able-bodied, and a reference to the Stein-Hardenberg legislation. Ströll's work, though interesting, fails in its intention, and really proves that the State Socialism of the present day, so far from being a continuous development of the "Social Monarchy" of the Hohenzollerns, is a fruit of Lassalle's agitation, and of nothing else. On the subject of Socialism, we have to welcome an excellent English translation of M. de Laveleye's well-known and authoritative work by Mr. G. H. Orpen, who contributes to it personally a very good account of the various Socialistic movements at present working in England.[‡] From America there comes a readable and independent exposition of the Socialism of the Marx school, from the pen of Mr. L. Gronlund, who deduces his system from the principles of the arch-enemy of

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[*] "Die Aussichtslosigkeit der Social Demokratie: Drei Briefe an einem Staatsman." Von Dr. Albert L. Fr. Schaeffle. Tubingen: H. Laupp.

[†] "Die Staatssocialistische Bewegung in Deutschland: ein historisch-kritisch Darstellung." Von Dr. Moriz Ströll. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.

[‡] "Socialism of To-day." By Emile de Laveleye. Translated into English by Goddard H. Orpen, Barrister-at-Law. Together with an Account of Socialism in England, by the Translator. London: Field & Tuer.

Socialism, Mr. Herbert Spencer, laying great consistently are wont to do, on the supposed Capitalism into Socialism.*

The object of M. Alfred Fouillée in his new wo sociale et la Démocratie,"† is to expose the error of ab of property, whether individualist or socialist. By socia understands much more than the public domain and the com of the forest, which some writers lament the loss of so m for that kind of property, he thinks the poor have a much bette patrimony now in the general benefits of collective wealth and ci zation, in the gratuitous education of some countries, and in th political franchise. His doctrine cuts deeper than that. Of the three elements of which the value of property is made up—the original contribution of Nature, the undesigned contribution of growing society, and the positive contribution of individual labour—the last, being an individual creation, may reasonably enough be the subject of absolute appropriation, but the first and second never can be. Over them the first-comer cannot acquire such a right of possession as shall exclude the claim of the last-comer, any more than the first-born children of a family can against the last-born. Now this essential right of the newcomer to the social elements in all property it is the duty of the State, as a matter of simple justice, to see realized, by clearing up to the newcomer the way to the acquisition of property and by re-opening it to him when he has lost it. Orphans are the State's children, and so are the aged and infirm, and the able-bodied out of employ, and they have a children's claim upon the social property which is the family inheritance. In this whole department the work of the State is not a work of charity, but of what Fouillée calls reparative justice—that is, of re-establishing the normal conditions of human association. Fouillée enters here on an argument against the evolutionists in favour of the legitimacy of such philanthropic and reparative labours, and introduces an ingenious, but inconclusive, defence of obligatory insurance against the charge of State Socialism, on the ground of the economy and justice of preventing the evils of improvidence from falling on anybody but the improvident themselves. He always thinks and writes clearly, and, as usual, his book is very instructive and stimulating to thought.

The modern co-operative movement being now exactly fifty years old—having originated, under Buchez's guidance, in the Paris Jewellers' Association in 1834—the time has come when it is at once possible and needful to write its history, and this has just been done in a sympathetic yet critical spirit by M. Hubert-Valleroux.‡ The bulk of his book is naturally devoted to the movement in France, where its fortunes have been rather spasmodic, and he divides his narrative into three parts, according to the successive outbursts of co-operative activity in that country in 1848, 1863, and 1880. The productive society is still the only kind of co-operative association that has found much favour in France, and even it has made much

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* "The Co-operative Commonwealth in its Outlines: an Exposition of Modern Socialism." By Lawrence Gronlund. Boston: Lee & Shepherd; London: The Modern Press.

† "La Propriété sociale et la Démocratie." Par Alfred Fouillée. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

‡ "Les Associations coopératives en France et à l'Etranger." Par P. Hubert-Valleroux. Paris: Guillaumin.

880 than at any previous period. Of such ow fifty or sixty in Paris and thirty or forty in hese do not include the semi-co-operative industrial h as the Maison Leclaire, which have been so successful which M. Valleroux, rightly or wrongly, excludes from his work. In 1883 the Paris productive societies executed e contracts for the City Corporation, varying from £140 to 0, and seventeen of these were obtained by competition in the ary way. The author's investigations have on the whole led him the conclusion that co-operation is not destined to supersede wage labour entirely, or to benefit any but the limited class who are willing and able to undertake the labour of helping themselves by means of it. Another important contribution to the social question is M. Lavollée's elaborate and minute investigation into the condition of the working-classes in the different countries of Europe,* as ascertained from the latest official documents, from personal researches on the spot, and from private sources of information. The author does not include England, France, or the United States in his survey, because information on the state of the working-classes of those countries is already accessible (is it so?), but in regard to other countries his book is a most valuable repertory of varied, full, and carefully sifted information on both the moral and the material condition of the labouring orders.

Professor Neumann-Spallart has struck out the new and excellent idea of furnishing, from time to time, a statistical register of the general welfare of nations.† He proposes much more than a statistical annual such as the useful and well-known "Annuaire" of M. Bloch,‡ of which we have received the forty-first annual issue. His aim is not merely to give us a careful and accurate compilation of figures, but out of those figures to construct for us a complete account of the economic state of the world and of the changes which it manifests year by year. For the purpose of gauging the economic situation, he has devised a tolerably complete scheme of symptoms and indications, which he admits will be susceptible of improvement from future experience, but whose general validity he thinks already sufficiently established. He distinguishes symptoms of three distinct grades: (1) primary symptoms—the amount of production, the amount of consumption, the extent of foreign commerce, the extent of domestic trade; (2) secondary symptoms—prices and wages, rate of interest, number of new industrial or mercantile undertakings, prices of stock, bankruptcies; (3) reflex symptoms—strikes and lock-outs, emigration and immigration. He ventures even to forecast the economic future. In 1878 he predicted the return of prosperity, and he now sees nothing more in the present depression than lingering effects of the influence of the commercial distrust created in 1873. Confidence never returned except in one or two industries. The long depression of 1873–78 (the most widespread and serious the world has yet seen) and the French crisis of 1882 are described and analyzed with admirable clearness and grasp in the new edition of Max Wirth's history of commercial crises, great part of which is an entirely

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[*] "Les Classes Ouvrières en Europe." Par R. Lavollée. Paris: Guillaumin.

[†] "Uebersichten der Weltwirthschaft." Von Dr. F. X. von Neumann-Spallart. Stuttgart: Julius Maier.

[‡] "Annuaire de l'Economie politique." Par Maurice Bloch. Paris: Guillaumin.

new book.* He does not attribute the depre zation of silver in itself, as is sometimes done, bu largely caused by the suddenness with which the m carried out. Instead of issuing the new coinage gra the old, £2,000,000 of gold coin obtained from the Fre were thrust into circulation by the German Government and along with the old currency. The effect of this great a increase of the currency was the extreme inflation of price made Berlin in 1872–73 the dearest city in the world. This w the only part the French indemnity played in producing the cr Most of the indemnity was used to pay off the debts of individua States—in itself not an unwise measure; but the consequence of doing so all at once was the simultaneous release of a large amount of capital looking for other investments, and this capital, Wirth says, was almost entirely invested in the Austrian and American railway schemes, which were at the moment being pushed forward beyond all sound limits. These were the beginnings of the long and perplexing depression, whose effects we are still feeling.—The agricultural side of the depression, so far at least as concerns France and England, is examined with much thoroughness in a work, entitled, "Agrarische Zustände in Frankreich und England," by Freiherr von Reitzenstein and Professor Erwin Nasse.† In one respect they find both these countries more happily situated than their own, their proprietors are less indebted and weather a crisis better, and this is the result of opposite causes—of equal division among children in France, and of primogeniture and family settlements in England. Nasse regrets, in the interest of agriculture, the tendency to abolish these settlements, but he has too high an estimate of the amount of capital devoted by English landlords to agricultural improvements, as compared with the amount devoted by English tenants.

JOHN RAE.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—Alexander Csoma de Körös was one of the heroes of scholarship; a poor Hungarian, who resorted to the East, as his famous countryman Vámbéry did forty-two years later, with hardly a penny in his pocket, and made his way through Central Asia, almost by the same route as Vámbéry, and through like privations and dangers, till he reached Tibet, where he compiled a dictionary and grammar of the language of that country. Dr. Duka has done well in writing a permanent record of such a life;‡ though it is to be regretted that, in consequence of the reticence of the modest but brave-hearted Orientalist himself, he has found only scanty materials for making the narrative as attractive as it ought to have been. Still,

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* "Geschichte der Handelskrisen." Von Max Wirth. Frankfurt-am-Main: J. D. Sauerländer.

† Leipzig v. Duncker und Humblot.

‡ "Life and Works of Alexander Csoma de Körös: a Biography. Compiled chiefly from hitherto Unpublished Data. With a Brief Notice of each of his Published Works and Essays, as well as of his still Extant Manuscripts." By Theodore Duka, M.D., &c. London: Trubner & Co.

s command the author has written a manly
account of a character and career well worth
ait prefixed to the book is rather coarsely engraved
e striking face.
Work and Adventure in New Guinea, 1877 to 1885,"
onaries Chalmers and Gill, gives a very entertaining and
account of that little-known island and its population.
other things, they came upon a famed Amazons' land,
ted only by women, and they confess they never saw so many
en together before; but afterwards found out that the reason was
at the men migrate, as so many in Russia and the Scotch Highlands do, for months together in pursuit of food, and leave all their belongings and work at home to be looked after by the women.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Of verse and prose Mr. Thomas Cooper has written a large quantity, and his present volume, "Thoughts at Fourscore,"* keeps wonderfully up to the level of work done in his stronger years. If his eyes are dim with venerable age, intellectual strength has not much abated. The treatment of burning political questions, in the light of a life of much and varied experience, especially among the working-classes, shows vigorous appreciation of fact. That wars during the present century may be credited with the decline of trade all over the world is too ready an explanation of the mystery which so troubles the industrial mind. But on this and such questions as suffrage, strikes, reform, horse-racing, and evolution he has things to say that are both shrewd and useful. His wise exhortations of a moral and religious character to young working-men and others ought not to be the least valuable portion of a book which has so much of the advice of a literary veteran proud of belonging to the people.—In his "History of the Bengal European Regiment,"† Lieut.-Colonel Innes goes over most of the events of the English occupation of India. He has personal reasons for illustrating with effect the services of this portion of our armies, and he writes with so exact and soldierly a spirit that it is not unendurable that he deals largely with the sections of Indian history which Macaulay so brilliantly treated. His treatment of later periods, especially that of the Sepoy or Sepahi mutiny, has the fulness and value which personal knowledge gives. Though essentially a soldier's book, it has considerable historic importance, and those not very deeply versed in Anglo-Indian affairs need not be deterred from its perusal. It cannot claim much for its literary form, but as to faithfulness to facts and generosity of spirit it is superior to much more ambitious efforts.—In "For Good Consideration"‡ Mr. Edward Butler takes a number of legal maxims for texts to preach on, and, in the old-fashioned spiritualizing way, points many a modern moral in good readable English. The litle book is very tastefully got up, paper, print, and binding being alike pleasing.—Count Moltke's "Poland"§ certainly goes far to support the idea that the great General might have become a great writer had he chosen. It is a singula impartial analysis of Polish history and natio with admirable vigour and precision. Yet it was wri years ago, when the renowned strategist was only a y engaged in surveying and levelling some of Prussian amusing his leisure by this study of the Poles.—Colonel Ol lected his "Asiatic Lectures and Addresses upon Theosoph jects" into a volume for the English public,* because he believ his countryman, Mr. Conway, that London is the place to which e new idea must come "to be tested and receive its mint-mark." T difficulty one has in the present case is to find what the new idea precisely is; so far as one may judge, the Colonel is a good deal of an amiable mystic, and the Theosophy he preaches one of the least interesting and least intellectual of spiritual quackeries.—"Quest"† is a series of quaint and suggestive essays, written, as the title is meant to indicate, under the ruling idea that "in speculation there may be search, but no absolute finding." The author, Mr. Thomas Sinclair, who is already known as a clever and versatile writer, is, we are not unprepared to find, an admirer of the Impressionists in art, for he is himself something of an Impressionist in literature, and in the present volume he flits over almost every subject of any interest to reflecting and cultivated minds, and gives us fresh, rapid, thoughtful, sometimes mystical, impressions of them all. Exact and complete knowledge, he thinks, can be got in mathematics and poetry alone.—Mr. C. P. Ilbert having been unable, from the cares of his official duties in India, to complete the volume on "Justice and Police" for the "Citizen Series," the work has been entrusted to Mr. F. W. Maitland.‡ And the choice has been wise; for Mr. Maitland's handbook is one of the best in the whole series, giving an admirably clear, condensed, and well-arranged account of the judicial and police institutions and procedure in England.—To another series of handbooks, called "The Specialist's Series," and intended for students and practical engineers, Mr. G. May contributes a short, but instructive and interesting, sketch of the history and principles of ballooning.§ Mr. May gives a clear idea of all the experiments and improvements in aëronavigation from its beginnings, and the various useful purposes to which it has been applied.

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* "Thoughts at Fourscore, and Earlier: a Medley." By Thomas Cooper, Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," "The Paradise of Martyrs," "The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time," "Plain Pulpit Talk," &c. &c. With Portrait. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

† "The History of the Bengal European Regiment, now the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and How it Helped to Win India." By Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Innes, late of the 1st Bengal European Regiment. With Illustrations. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

‡ London: Elliot Stock.

§ London: Chapman & Hall.

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* "Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science." By Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society. London: George Redway.

† "Quest." By Thomas Sinclair, M.A. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ "Justice and Police." By F. W. Maitland. London: Macmillan & Co.

§ "Ballooning." By G. May. London: Symons & Co.

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